Crave

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Crave

by Sonamyluffer101

Summary

You're a human.

He wasn't suppose to get this hooked on you.

Love at first sight wasn't supposed to be a thing.

...

Like it or not, he was going to make you his.

Notes
Updates every Monday/Tuesday.

*JENNAJEN WAS HELPING WRITE Y/NS PART UP UNTIL CHAPTER FOUR*
If you were going to judge how your day was going to go based on just the weather alone, you would expect it to be a cheery and happy one.

Well, you were wrong.

But hey, at least it started out okay. You got to sleep in and you made pancakes for breakfast. Your favorite. The only thing you had to do today was go to the grocery store, and then after that you could just laze around and do nothing for the rest of your day off. You were suppose to go out and get the milk after work yesterday, but as usual you got distracted and forgot. Damn reality T.V. shows.

So, now here you are today. Your main focus was to get milk, but as always, you got distracted and ended up getting a lot of other items that you didn’t even necessarily need. This is why you should never go to a grocery store hungry, you didn’t even usually eat half of this junk.

Your cart was already almost full, and you weren’t even near the dairy section yet for God's sake!

For fucks sake, y/n, go get the fucking milk. You mentally scolded yourself as you did, and you tried not to look at any other items in the store, lest you get them.

...Well. Keyword ‘tried’. You kind of failed. Only a little, though! You only got one more thing! And in your defence, it was oreos. You fucking loved oreos. You needed them. They were practically screaming at you as you passed by all of the cookies.

Finally, with no more distractions, you got to the dairy aisle. With a sigh of relief, you started browsing for your certain type of milk.

While you were searching, however, you overheard something… not very pleasant. In fact, it was straight up ignorant.

"We don’t allow monsters here, so how about you put that stuff back where you found it and fuck
You couldn’t help but get a little curious, moving a little toward where you could hear the commotion.

There, you saw a skeleton with a massive hole in his(?) skull. Based on what he was holding, it looked like he only wanted to buy some spaghetti noodles. Poor thing. Just give him the damn noodles.

She continued talking to him like that, insulting him and telling him that he didn’t belong here. She pissed you off more and more the longer she spoke to him. He was a sentient being and he deserved the same fucking treatment as anybody else who tried to buy food here. Ignorant bitch.

...And he was standing there. He was just taking it. He wasn’t arguing, or talking back, or anything. He wasn’t trying to defend himself. His expression was just… blank. Like he was used to it. Like he expected this kind of treatment.

...There was no way you were gonna just be a bystander right now.

“Hey!” You exclaimed, trying to get her attention.

And you succeeded. But instead of just her, both of them looked your way, including some other people standing around and watching. A few people were even recording the scene in front of them. That frustrated you beyond belief. They could stand around and document this, but they couldn’t step in and stop this act of racism!? 

“I’ll be with you in a minute!” The cashier called out to you kindly. Bipolar bitch. “I’m dealing with trash right now!”

You walked closer to the two, being careful not to get too close to either of them, “He’s not trash. He’s a person just like you.” You glared, secretly hoping you called him by the right pronouns. Sometimes with monsters, you found it wasn’t very easy to tell.

“He’s a filthy monster! Go to the back of the line and mind your own business!” The cashier’s tone changed like the flip of a switch and suddenly she was using the same tone she used towards him,
You glared at her, “This is my business now. It’s everyone in here’s business. Stop being racist.” Might as well be straightforward, right? Not like it mattered if you got kicked out, there was like, three major grocery stores in your town.

“It’s nowhere near your business. Would you like to get kicked out too?” Suddenly, she switched to a sickeningly sweet tone. Called it.

Deciding to match her tone, you asked, “Now why would you do that?”

“Because you’re making a scene.”

Are you fucking kidding me?

“Oh? I’m only sticking up for somebody who was being verbally abused, just for trying to purchase something!” She was really pissing you off. You tried so hard to keep your emotions in check and not straight up slap her for how she was acting right now.

“His kind doesn’t belong here,” she stated as if it were a fact. As plain as day.

Spoiler, it wasn’t. Neither fact, nor ‘as plain as day’. It was the exact opposite. He looked just as worthy to be here as any other person who wanted to buy food.

You took a deep breath in, held it for a few moments, and then slowly let it out. Now was not the time to lose control of your temper. “Just because he looks different than you do does not mean he belongs here any less than you.”

Quite frankly, he probably deserved to be here more than her if she was going to act like that.

“Our store policy is no monsters! Mind your own business, ma’am!” she warned you, clearly trying
to keep her cool as well.

“I already told you,” you ground out, “this is my business now.” You glanced around you, taking in all the people watching your ‘conversation’ curiously. “Heh. Now look who’s making a scene,” you told her, amusement clear in your voice.

“You! You both need to leave, now! You’re causing a disruption!” she told you, looking around frantically.

You groaned and crossed your arms, when suddenly a brilliant idea hit you. “...I wanna speak to your manager,” you told her smugly.

As soon as you saw her smirk, you knew exactly what was coming.

“I am the manager.”

...

Well that backfired.

You gulped and looked over to the skeleton you were currently arguing for, and he still held the same blank expression he’s had this entire time.

The lady cleared her throat, gaining your attention once again. “You both need to exit the premises at once.”

"You know what?! Fine! But just so you know, you see all these people around here? At least half of them are against racism. Trust me, before you know it, this store will run into the ground," you warned her, trying to be intimidating.

“Good luck with that. Next!” she exclaimed, looking over to the line that had formed during the whole ordeal. Guess that didn’t work.
While she was distracted, you watched the skeleton simply take the box of pasta, stuff it inside his jacket, then walk out the door. You had to stop yourself before you snorted. A part of you wanted to laugh in her face, but you didn’t wanna get him in trouble.

It took you a second to realise that it would probably be a good idea to tell him about the other better stores nearby. Ones that you knew were monster friendly.

Speaking of which, why did you even go to this store in particular anyway?

Oh yeah. Because you had a rewards card here.

You shook your head and started after him, “Hey, mister?”

He froze when he heard your voice, stopping instantly in his tracks and standing stiffly. Well now you just felt bad. You didn’t mean to scare him.

“Sorry,” you told him, sheepishly, “I know a store down the street that has much better service than this horrid place. I could show you if you’d like. It’s the least I can do.”

“...i’m good. got my pasta,” he said, wiggling the box slightly. Woah, he had a deep voice. Can’t say you were expecting that. Also can’t say you didn’t like the sound of it.

“Yeah, but for later or something.”

“...i uh… gotta go. i’ll figure something out.” You figured he wasn’t very comfortable around humans, which was understandable.

You realised that you were probably just taking up his time and instantly back tracked, “...Oh. Okay! Sorry to disturb you. You go do what you need to!” That argument probably made him late anyway.

“...what’s your name?” he asked suddenly, catching you off guard slightly.

“Y/n. What’s yours?”
“...y/n… okay. uh… see ya.”

Then, he did something you never expected to happen. Ever. Especially right in front of your very eyes.

He teleported away with a small poofing sound.

“...That’s so cool,” you whispered, in awe.

It was only when you got home that you remembered the reason you were even at the store in the first place.

“I forgot the fucking milk!”

Walking up to the cashier, the skeleton already had a feeling he wasn’t going to be able to check out, smoothly. This lady had been glaring at him the entire time he had been here. The only thing he wasn’t expecting was for her to be openly racist. Usually these types of people were either passive aggressive or just silent the entire time, looking down on monsters.

This lady, ‘Betty’, as her name tag read, was just a straight up bitch.

As soon as he set the pasta down on the conveyor belt, she looked him in the eye and just straight up said “No.”

...He raised a brow bone, not exactly one hundred percent sure what she meant. She looked him up and down and shook her head. “No. Get out.”

Oh. So it’s like that, is it?

He picked the pasta back up off of the conveyer belt and stood there. Watching her. Challenging her.
do something about it, bitch, He silently challenged her.

She blinked and then looked around, as if asking people if they were seeing what she was seeing. As if a monster refusing to listen to a human was unheard of. As if he should listen to her.

She recomposed herself and then looked back into his eye socket, but then had to look away, focusing on the crack in his skull. Bitch couldn’t even look him in the fucking eye. "We don’t allow monsters here, so how about you put that stuff back where you found it and fuck off?" she said, focusing down on the screen.

...That’s when you showed up.

You walked closer to the crowd of people and as soon as he saw you, he felt a small buzz in his soul.

....

what the hell.

The feeling wasn’t unpleasant. Not completely, anyways. It was just… sudden. New.

...Addicting?

Huh.

He knew that ‘Betty’ was still giving him shit, but he couldn’t hear it. His mind was fixated on you. He wasn’t directly looking at you, he was just peeking through his peripheral vision, seeing the outline of your body, but also focusing on the hum of your soul.

It felt like it was calling out to him.

What really shocked him was when you stepped in.
“Hey!”

He had an excuse to look at you now, and he sure as hell took it. His head snapped towards you, instantly focusing on your face. Memorising it. Cherishing it. He could swear it was like looking at an actual angel. You were the definition of perfection, and he actually felt dizzy just from looking into your eyes for a split second.

...What the hell were you doing to him?

*What the fuck were you doing to him!?*

He felt a slight rise of panic, but quickly forced it down and focused on his breathing. You were just… attractive. That’s all this is. He finally found a human that wasn’t disgusting to look at, and now he’s just… feeling some type of way. Not a big deal. It’ll go away.

*just breathe.*

He knew you were still arguing with the cashier, but holy shit, why couldn’t he hear anything? Why couldn’t he focus on anything other than the way your eyebrows furrowed together in frustration? Why couldn’t he focus on anything other than the way your lips moved? The way your hair was moving around with each expression you would make with your body.

*Fuck. You looked so kissable.*

...

Wait, what?

No.

No, no no no no.

That’s not… no. You didn’t… he didn’t. Shit.
BREATHE. JUST FUCKING BREATHE, OKAY!?

DON’T FUCKING PANIC!

....He wouldn’t be so fucking panicked if he just had a stupid crush, I mean, he’s had plenty in his life. But this? This was… What was this!? His soul ached! Why did it feel so fucking good !?

Each time your eyes would drift over to him for even a second, he swore he was gonna explode.

keep looking at me. never look away from me.

...

He was honestly frightened by his own thoughts for a moment. What the hell was he thinking!? You were a human . Humans don’t ever love monster freaks like him!

… look at those cheekbones.

and that jawline.

those dimples.

...

fuck.

fuck.

He tuned back in, just in time to hear you say “...I wanna speak to your manager.”
fuck, even your voice was perfect.

He looked over to the cashier and he swears, he wanted to punch her right in the throat when he saw the sudden smirk on her face.

don’t fucking look at her like that.

“I am the manager.”

...Of course she was. The worst people are usually the ones that get the highest jobs.

He felt your eyes shift back to him, and he had to actually hold himself back from just picking you up and running away.

...What the fuck.

He’s never had this issue before with any humans. He’s never had the urge to steal them.

He made sure not to change his expression or move in any way.

But he had to admit, it felt good as fuck to feel your attention on him in any way, shape or form.

He heard the lady clear her throat, but he didn’t take his eye off of you.

He honestly couldn’t.

“You both need to exit the premises at once.” For the record, he was totally fine with that at this point. As long as you came with him.
Or not, that’s fine too. Totally fine with that.

"You know what?! Fine! But just so you know, you see all these people around here? At least half of them are against racism. Trust me, before you know it, this store will run into the ground."

Holy shit you were hot.

The lady said something dismissive and focused her attention back on the line that had formed. He quickly recomposed himself and stuffed the box of noodles into his jacket pocket before leaving as fast as he could, forcing himself not to look back at you and your perfect fucking face.

He started to walk, trying his hardest to force your face out of his mind. Think about anything else. He could get through this. Just a crush. A big, big crush.

That’s all.

Just focus on… Pap. He came here for him to start with. He just had to focus on getting back and giving Papyrus his pasta.

“Hey, mister?”

…

He had never stopped so stiffly in his entire life. He was completely frozen. He actually felt what most people call ‘butterflies’ in his chest.

**WHAT THE FUCK WERE YOU DOING TO HIM!?**

What made you think you had the right to make him feel this way!?
“Sorry. I know a store down the street that has much better service than this horrid place. I could show you if you’d like. It’s the least I can do.”

He swallowed (?) and forced himself to relax. “...i’m good. got my pasta,” he said, wiggling the box around to make his point.

He suddenly felt very exposed. You seemed to be searching his face for a moment, and he swears it was the longest moment of his life.

What were you looking for?

Was he just overthinking this?

“Yeah, but for later or something.”

...Your nose twitched in the cutest way, and he was afraid if he didn’t leave right now he was going to kiss you. And that’s just sexual harassment.

“...i uh… gotta go. i’ll figure something out.” He just had to get out of here, now.

“...Oh. Okay! Sorry to disturb you. You go do what you need to do!” he swears he could hear the faintest bit of disappointment in your voice, and it felt like his soul ripped in half.

If he could stay without fear of fucking you against the cement, he would.

“...what’s your name?”

Why did he ask that!?

How the fuck was he supposed to forget about you if your name was buried in the back of his skull twenty-four-fucking-seven!?
It was bad enough that he already memorised your fucking face!

“Y/n. What’s yours?”

Y/n.


Y/n.

m i n e .

...

calm down.

“...y/n... okay. uh... see ya.”

He teleported away as fast as he possibly could, ignoring his half of the exchange. You didn’t need to know his name.

He just needed to go to sleep and forget you existed.

Forget your face.

Forget your name.

Forget your voice.
Forget you.

…

It didn’t work.

Chapter End Notes

Want more Jenna?

Want more HT Sans?
Chapter Summary

You go for a walk.

Sans becomes even more obsessed.

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for the support and nice comments!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

As soon as he got back, he instantly locked himself in his room. Now usually, this wouldn’t be too weird, but it had been over three hours now, and his brother was starting to get worried. Usually he only hid in there for about an hour, maybe a little longer and then he would come out to talk to his brother. Had there been an altercation at the store? Did somebody hurt his feelings? Harass him?

His brother could hear the pacing of his steps above him from his place in the kitchen. The same pacing he would hear at night, when they were both suppose to be asleep.

Strangely, this was the most exercise Sans had gotten in a long time, so really, his brother probably shouldn’t complain.

But what was wrong? What happened? Why hadn’t he come down for spaghetti?

Finally, his brother had decided enough was enough and went upstairs to knock on his door.

“BROTHER?” He asked, as gently as he could.

The pacing stopped immediately and a soft “yeah?” came out from the other side of the door.

“ARE YOU ALRIGHT?” The concern was clear in his voice.
“...yeah, bro. why wouldn’t i be?”

“YOU’RE PACING. DOING EXERCISE, WHICH IS GREAT, BUT... IT'S BEEN THREE HOURS AND YOU HAVEN'T COME DOWN FOR SPAGHETTI!”

“...i’ll. uh. be down in a minute.”

His brother silently sighed in relief before he exclaimed joyfully, “I’LL HOLD YOU TO THAT!” and threw himself down the stairs to the kitchen.

If you knew his brother, this wouldn’t be surprising in the least.

Sans, on the other hand, was far from joyful. In fact, he was the furthest thing from it. He couldn’t get you out of his head, no matter what he did.

Play some video games? Oh now the narrator sounds exactly like you.

Eat? Nah. Now he’s imagining you sitting at the dinner table and telling him about your day.

Take a nap? Now he’s dreaming about you clawing at his back as he pounds you into the matr-.

**Opps.**

When he looks at Papyrus, he sees you standing behind him. When he looks at his bed, he sees you laying there asking him to cuddle. When he looks *in a mirror* he sees you hugging him from behind.

He couldn’t even just sit on the couch, for fucks sake! He couldn’t do that without imagining you sitting in his lap and looking up at him with that *adorable. fucking. smile.*

*those dimples.*
What the *hell* are you doing to him?!

You had some fucking nerve to show up and start making him feel this way! Who the fuck did you think you were!? You were nobody! You had NO RIGHT TO DO THIS TO HIM!

You were a human. An ordinary, boring human.

An ordinary, beautiful, fucking goddess.

...

*fuck. snap out of it!*

...Okay. So, maybe this wasn’t your fault. You had no idea you were doing this to him. There’s no possible way you even could.

...But *why* was he feeling this way?!

What was wrong with him?!

Well, many things were wrong with him, but that's besides the point.

He was more focused on what was wrong with his *soul*. Why did it hurt so much? It felt better when you crossed his mind. When he imagined your face, and your voice… Anything that had to do with you.

You were perfection.

You were *his*.
...No. No you weren’t his.

But you should be.

That would make this ache go away, right? It had to.

And you will be.

He was going to make sure of that.

It was your last day off before you had to go back to work, and you had no idea how to spend it. You’d have gone shopping, but after what happened yesterday, you decided against it. That probably wasn’t the best idea. It wasn’t very likely anything similar would happen, but still. Mentally you didn’t think you could handle going to any store.

So instead, you decided to go on a walk. It was simple, and not very exhilarating, but it was a nice way to get out of the house without being super social. Plus you enjoyed fresh air on sunny days like this. It should also help you clear your mind. Forget about that awful bitch at the store and move on.

You really wished monsters were full citizens. You really wished that what she did back there was illegal. You wish you could take her to court and sue her for everything she fucking had.

But it wasn’t illegal. You couldn’t sue her.

You gave a frustrated sigh, weakly kicking a small rock across the sidewalk.

You couldn’t do anything about racism, and you hated it.

So, you did the only thing you could do when it came to this subject, and started ranting to yourself internally about what you hated. About how unfair this entire situation was. About how messed up the system is.
That was until you bumped into something - or someone. “Oh, I’m sorry! I wasn’t looking where I was going,” you stated, taking a step back.

You didn’t get a response, and you felt the hairs on the back of your neck stick up a bit as you felt a pair of eyes burning into the top of your head. Feeling a bit uneasy, you finally looked up to see what the issue was.

“Oh! Hello again!” You exclaimed with a smile, happy to see him again, but then realised, “I never got your name.”

You watched him expectantly, and you were a bit confused when he didn’t answer. He just… stared at you. Into your eyes.

The same exact expression as before. When that cashier was yelling at him.

Did he only have one emotion or something?

… It was getting a little creepy to be honest, though you tried not to show it. He was a person like you, after all! He’s probably just spooked out, considering humans can be so mean.

You definitely would be on edge if you went through what he did.

“...You okay there?” You finally asked, after waiting a few minutes for him to respond.

Instead of speaking like you were expecting him to, he leant forward and cupped your chin, a strange look on his face as he gently thumbed your bottom lip. The feeling wasn’t unpleasent. In fact, you felt a small chill go up your spine. But you didn’t know him. Not at all. Strangers weren’t supposed to do this type of thing. It felt way too intimate.

“...Uhh?” You were so confused.

You blinked, your eyes then looking down at his thumb. What the hell was he doing? You looked
back up at him just in time to see his other hand reach out and stroke through your hair gently, once.

When you looked back up, you saw him staring at you rather intently, again. Directly into your eyes. He kind of looked like he was in a daze.

_It felt intense._

“...You alright there?” you repeated your earlier question, hoping faintly to get some sort of answer out of him this time.

He seemed to realise what he was doing and quickly shifted away from you, ripping his hands away from you and stuffing them back into his pockets with a small murmur of affirmation.

...You felt a small rush of disappointment tear through you at the loss of contact. You had absolutely no idea why. “You sure?” you asked, forcing your emotions back.

“...yes,” he answered, finally speaking, “how… how are you feelin’? i - i mean, after yesterday at the store?”

Hearing his voice, again, sent a weird chill through your body.

...You could get used to that.

Hell, you wouldn’t mind hearing it on a daily basis. Then again, he’s a complete stranger and you weren’t about to throw yourself at somebody over them having an attractive voice.

Oh. Right. He asked you a question.

You shrugged. "Well, to be honest, I'm still pretty pissed about how that cashier acted yesterday."

He seemed a little surprised, like that wasn’t the answer he was looking for or something. You also saw a hint of doubt in his expression for a moment… but maybe you were just imagining that.
You were probably reading too far into things. You seemed to do that a lot.

“...not a big deal. but… thank you.”

You huffed, crossing your arms and giving him a look. “It is a big deal, though! Nobody should be treated like that!”

He went silent and continued to stare at you for a moment. As if he was searching your expression. Trying to find something.

Instead of asking if he was alright for the third time in the span of who-knows-how-many minutes, you simply stared back this time. You tried to match him in intensity. Probably didn’t work.

...Okay. You failed miserably.

Were you just imagining it, or did his eyelight just turn into a heart?

...Okay, yeah. That’s definitely a heart.

That’s insanely cool. Holy shit. Could all skeleton monsters do that!? What other shapes could he make!?

"...That's really cool. What's doing that?" you asked, mostly to yourself, but just loud enough so he could hear.

He blinked and the heart was gone, along with that sudden feeling of euphoria it gave you. Damn. More disappointment.

“...doing what?" he asked, seeming genuinely confused.

You sighed, shaking your head slightly, “Nevermind. It’s gone.”
“...uh. okay?” he replied, shifting slightly in place. Was he uncomfortable? “...what are you doin out here?”

“Going for a walk. You?”

“...same, actually. headed anywhere specific?” he asked, looking over his shoulder for a moment. Poor dude was probably always on edge.

“Not really. Just needed to get out and do something.” For once.

“...wanna…” he seemed nervous, “maybe… walk together?”

Well that just about made your heart throb.

Even though you already knew the answer, you pretended to consider it for a second before finally settling on the answer, “...If you tell me your name.” Because you weren’t about to go on a walk with somebody who you had no information on, not even something as simple as a name.

“sans. “ The answer was instant. Maybe he was a bit too eager. But then again, if you met one nice monster in a group of bad ones, you would probably latch onto the nice one a little more than you should.

You smiled. “Alright, Sans, I’d be happy to walk with you.”

...He went silent again. Guy didn’t talk much, did he? He was probably afraid to speak half of the time now that you think about it. If there were people like that bitch from yesterday frequently in his life, it would make a lot of sense for him to be so closed off.

He deserved better than that.

“...So…? Where you heading?” you asked, smoothing out your shirt slightly.
His eye followed your hands as they moved. "just walking. like you... but, uh, we can go do something if you want..?" he said, pointing behind him with his thumb and meeting your gaze again.

"Nah, just walking is good. Unless you wanted to go somewhere, we can just see where our legs take us." That’s what you usually did when you went for walks.

“...okay.”

“Alright, great. Then we’d be able to get to know each other a little better too.”

“...okay,” he repeated.

Apparently he liked that word.

But he also hesitated a bit. You noticed and immediately backtracked, not wanting him to feel pressured, “Unless you don’t want to, of course.”

“no, no. it’s okay,” he assured you quickly, seeming almost alarmed at the thought of you both calling this off.

That caught you off guard momentarily. "...You sure? I mean I wouldn't want to bother you."

"you're not,” he told you, maybe a little too forcefully.

"...Okay, if you're sure."

"i am,” he assured you again.

You smiled at him. "Alright."

You both started to walk on in the same direction that you had been heading prior to the
conversation.

Honestly, this just felt awkward and tense.

A part of you regretted agreeing to this. You’re sure he’s great, it’s just that the awkward tension in the air was making you really uncomfortable, and you really hoped it wasn’t as awkward for him as it was for you.

“So. Uh. Can you tell me about yourself? And I’ll tell you some stuff about me?”

*Fix the awkward silence with questions. Best way out of these types of situations.*

He shrugged, “not much to tell on my end.”

Somehow, you just knew that wasn’t true.

“Well, how about we start with something simple? Do you have any siblings?” Family questions were sometimes a bad route, but hopefully he had a healthy relationship with his siblings, if he had any.

“a brother,” he stated, fondness clear in his voice.

Well that’s good. He has somebody in his life at least.

“Oh! What’s he like?” you asked, enthusiastically.

“cool,” he responded. His answer was vague, so you decided you should probably change the subject.

“Alright. You can ask me a question now, if you’d like,” you offered kindly.

He suddenly stopped, standing still on the path. You stopped too, turning too look at him. He looked… anxious. That was the best way you could describe it. He was looking around, basically
everywhere except for at you. His eye darting all over the place.

Maybe he had social anxiety?

“...how do you feel in your chest?” he suddenly asked, finally meeting your gaze.

Well that was a strange question. But... weirdly timed, since you had been feeling pretty strange in that area for the past few hours. “Uh… kinda fuzzy and warm, I guess?”

“...”

He was... obsessed.

Okay, scratch that, he was straight up addicted.

He told himself it was just innocent curiosity as he started to stalk your facebook page. He found you easily, and he told himself this was fine. This wasn’t weird. It was normal. You were just... so aesthetically pleasing. So easy to look at. If you had a public page, that means you’re okay with strangers looking at you. Otherwise you would have a private account… right?

...You made his head stop pounding.

You gave him a sense of security.

But… why?

He barely knew you! All he knew was that you stood up for him! You could’ve been doing that for attention, it could’ve all been an act to become a viral video or something, he doesn’t know, because he doesn’t fucking know you!
You could be somebody so shady.

...But somehow he does know you. He knows more than someone like him should.

You didn't even know his name for fucks sake.

But yet here he was. And he knew everything he shouldn’t, from where you were last friday all the way up to small things like your mother’s maiden name. Your birthday. Your hobbies. Your interests.

You really liked sushi.

...He was allergic to shellfish, but he would deal with it for you.

He would do anything just to see that fucking smile one more time.

He was convincing himself this was okay as he saved your pictures off of social media to his laptop. You posted them to the internet, so you were basically giving him permission.

Right?

It made sense to him.

Plus you looked so fucking cute in that one…

…

*deep breaths. don’t lose control. don’t leave your room.*

*don’t go find her.*
you don’t need her.

…

Of course he left his room.

Of course he went to find you.

this is why you should always turn your location off on your phone, angel.

You were easy to track.

Too easy.

It was painfully simple. He found you walking down the street, watching your feet instead of where you were going.

you look delicious.

He let himself bump into you gently, to get you to notice him.

Please, please notice him.

He stared intently at the top of your head as you spoke, offering some form of an apology, but he was just… lost.

Your hair looked so soft.

When you looked up at him however, he forced himself to look into your eyes instead.
That’s what normal people do during conversations, right? Maintain eye contact?

....Shit you said something. He should probably start paying attention before you got offended or something.

“...You okay there?”

The concern in your voice made his soul suddenly do a small flip.

...You actually cared? You cared enough to ask him if he was okay?

Before he knew what he was doing, he caught himself staring at your lips. They were so… soft looking. They looked inviting. Comforting.

He reached out to touch them, gently cupping your chin in the process. Even the skin on your chin was soft… everything was just so… soft.

He ran his thumb across your bottom lip, making it tug gently under his light pressure.

fuck.

He’s pretty sure you said something, but he just can’t help himself as he runs his fingers through your hair once. It looked so soft. Everything about you was so fucking soft. Fragile.

You needed to be protected.

“...Uhh?”

Your voice pulled him out of his thoughts, and he brought his gaze down to match your eyes. You were looking at his thumb on your lip, curiously.
This wasn’t normal, was it?

But your eyes were so pretty… and your lips were so soft.

You were such an angel. Too perfect and pure for this world. Too special.

You were *his*.

“...You alright there?”

...

He quickly shoved his hands back into his pockets, realizing just how weird he must actually look right now. He didn’t wanna scare you or make you think he was strange.

He wanted you to like him.

He wanted more than that really, he… wanted you to *need* him.

“You sure?”

He felt another rush of warmth in his chest and he had to hold back the small whimper that was threatening to rise from his throat.(?)

“...yes. how... how are you feelin’? i-i mean, after yesterday at the store?”

Fuck. He really had it bad, huh?

He was *stuttering*. He never fucking stutters.
What the hell were you doing to him?

You seemed to be thinking for a moment before you finally shrugged. “Well, to be honest, I’m still pretty pissed about how that cashier acted yesterday.”

...You were?

Why the hell were you still focused on that? You weren’t the one who was harassed. You didn’t have to feel bad. You could just move on with your life, it wasn’t like it would follow you. You were a human, so you were a first class citizen and wouldn’t have to deal with anything like that ever again.

You were probably just trying to relate to him.

Be friendly.

“...not a big deal. but... thank you.”

It wasn’t a big deal for you. But for him, it was his entire life. He just refused to show weakness. He needed to be strong, for both him and his brother.

You crossed your arms and looked at him strangely. “It is a big deal, though! Nobody should be treated like that!”

...He really wished he could tell if you were genuine or not. The look on your face didn’t falter, and he just couldn’t see any signs of a lie.

Why were you so held up on monster rights?

You were obviously trying to match his gaze. It was adorable, but it just didn’t work. You ended up looking away for a moment and then looking back into his sockets.
You were so precious.

Your face suddenly lit up. “...That’s really cool. What’s doing that?”

He blinked in confusion, and he felt his soul drop when disappointment flashed in your expression.

*no, no, stay happy!*

*smile at me!*

“...doing what?” *tell me so i can fix it!*

You let out a soft sigh and shook your head. “Nevermind. It’s gone.”

You seemed so disappointed.

He never wanted to see you look like that ever again.

For now, he guessed he couldn’t help it, but he swears, if he can ever prevent anything, *anything* from hurting you, he will. He doesn’t care what he has to do.

He just wants to see you smile.

“...uh. okay?” he said, shifting his weight slightly more to the right. “...what are you doin’ out here?”

What a stupid fucking question. He knew what you were doing out here. You were obviously walking.

*idiot*. 
“Going for a walk. You?”

God, your voice made him melt.

“...same, actually. headed anywhere specific?” he asked, looking back behind him.

He always felt like he was being watched. Ironic, huh?

“Not really. Just needed to get out and do something.” That was understandable.

I mean, he would rather stay home all day and just cuddle with you. But. Hey, to each their own.

“...wanna… maybe… walk together?”

please please please please please please

please please please

You looked like you were considering it for a moment, and he swears it felt like an eternity.

say yes.

“...If you tell me your name.”

...Oh.

Oh!

Right. His name. You still didn’t know.
It would probably be weird if you agreed to go on a walk with a random person whose name you didn’t even know. He probably wouldn’t do that, either.

No normal person would. Then again, when was he ever considered normal?

“sans.”

Hopefully he didn’t sound too eager.

Who was he kidding? He probably sounded fucking desperate.

Hopefully you didn’t think he was too clingy and got sick of him.

You smiled, and it made all of his worries vanish in an instant.

“Oh, Sans. I’d be happy to walk with you.”

Happy.

You’d be *happy* to walk with him.

He knew in the back of his mind you were just being friendly, but *fuck*. You chose the wrong set of words and now that was going to *consume* him.

Because what if you meant something by that?

What if you were harboring feelings for him too?

What if, what if, what if.
“...So? Where you heading?” you asked him, pulling him out of his own mind once again as you smoothed out your shirt.

His eye fixed on your hands as he responded. “just walking. like you… but, uh, we can go do something if you want..?” He pointed behind him as he spoke with his thumb.

“Nah, just walking is good. Unless you wanted to go somewhere, we can just see where our legs take us.”

*He would go to hell and back just to be able to walk next to you.*

“...okay.”

“Alright, great. Then we’d be able to get to know each other a little better too.”

“...okay.”

...

*you fucking idiot. you just said that!*

The expression on your face showed concern for a moment. “Unless you don’t want to, of course.”

*oh hell no.*

You couldn’t stop now.

“no, no. it’s okay.”
It was more than okay. He wanted this so bad he was afraid he was going to collapse.

He probably would if you backed out now.

“...You sure? I mean I wouldn’t want to bother you.”

HAH.

Bother him!?

You could never bother him!

You could slap him across the face and he would probably say thank you!

“you’re not,” he assured you, even realizing himself that it might’ve been a bit too forceful.

“...Okay, if you’re sure.”

never been so sure about anything in his entire life.

“i am.” one hundred percent.

You smiled again, (fuck) , and he couldn’t help it as he clenched his hand into a fist in his pocket.

You were such an angel.

“Alright.”

You both started to walk in what he thought was a blissful silence.
He finally had you near him. Everything felt *perfect*. He could finally be at ease knowing where you were, what you were doing and who you were with. He didn’t have to stalk you online, he could just... *talk to you*. He’s never felt so at peace.

Well, not for a long time anyways.

“So. Uh. Can you tell me about yourself? And I’ll tell you some stuff about me?”

*oh, sweetheart. he already knew way too much.*

But you were interested in stuff about *him*?

Well now he had something else to obsess about in the back of his mind.

He shrugged nonchalantly. “not much to tell on my end.” *nothing he wants to share, anyways.*

“Well, how about we start with something simple? Do you have any siblings?”

*family related questions.*

*you’re so predictable.*

“a brother.”

“Oh!,’ you seemed pleased. “What’s he like?”

“cool,” he said honestly, answer instant.

His brother was the coolest guy he knew.
“Alright,” he was glad you didn’t pry any further, “You can ask me a question now, if you’d like.”

....

A question.

He stopped walking and stood still, watching as you took a couple more steps before stopping as well and turning to face him. You searched his expression momentarily, and he couldn’t help but hope he didn’t look as nervous as he felt.

But he knew realistically, he probably did.

“...how do you feel in your chest?” he asked, looking into your eyes.

He knew that was a weird question to receive from a stranger, but he just had to know.

You could feel this too, right?

He waited anxiously for an answer, hoping he wasn’t alone in this.

“Uh… kinda fuzzy and warm, I guess?”

...

Oh.

Chapter End Notes

Want more Jenna?
Want more HT Sans?
Chapter Summary

You and Sans go on a not-so-kind-of-semi-date.

Chapter Notes

He never responded, and you grew worried, wondering if that was the wrong thing to say. Was he looking for a specific answer, or something? Was there something off about the way you explained it? “...Sans?”

...

His eyelight vanished.

Holy shit.

You got increasingly more worried. “...Did I say something wrong?”

You felt relief wash over you when the light in his socket re-appeared, before focusing down on you.

“...no,” he responded, finally, “no, you… you’re okay, angel.”

“Oh. Okay, good.” You relaxed, then registered the second part of his sentence, “...Angel?”

He had an intense look of panic on his face before he practically shouted, “d - do you have any siblings?!”

You blinked, slightly startled by the question. “Um. I’m an only child. And…” You shrugged, “you could call me that, if you want. I don’t necessarily have a problem with it.”
He blinked in what you assumed was surprise and quickly asked, “…you know what we should do?”

Instead of arguing about the fact he just changed the subject, you decided to simply go along with it. “What?”

He smiled at you. “we should get sushi.”

You fucking loved sushi.

Not that many people were into it anymore, so this was exciting news for you. Had you just met another fellow sushi lover?

“How’d you know I like sushi?” You asked curiously, hiding your excitement.

He shrugged casually. “i like it. just a question. see if we have anything in common.”

“Ah, okay,” you nodded in understanding, “Yes, I do like sushi.” Then you suddenly remembered, “In fact, I know a good sushi place right down the street if you’re interested.”

In fact, you knew of many sushi places near by and what ones had the best type of rolls.

“yeah. hell yeah. lead the way.” He sounded excited as well. That really made you happy, knowing he was happy.

He seemed like a good guy. He deserved happiness, and you would love to see him smile more often. It looked good on him, like it belonged there.

…In a totally friend-attractive way, of course.

100% platonic.
...Anyway. Moving on.

You smiled at him before you turned and began to lead the way to the sushi restaurant.

You duly noted that the silence felt comfortable this time.

When you were about halfway to the restaurant, you decided you should probably be having a conversation with him right now. That’s how hanging out works, right? Talking is involved?

“...Um. What’s your favorite type of sushi?” you asked. Fits the situation, so why not?

“california roll.” he replied, his answer instant. “what about you?”

“Shrimp sushi.” It had always been your favorite. People usually thought it was strange that you preferred sushi over things like pizza or pasta.

“nice,” he replied, sounding genuinely interested.

A question from earlier popped into your mind, and you remembered you never really got an answer. You really wanted to know, but... you didn’t want to make him uncomfortable or anything, considering the fact he had dodged the question earlier. Asking again might make the situation awkward, and that was the last thing you wanted. But then again, it was technically your right to know, since it was a question about your body.

“Hey…” you started, gaining his attention, “Why did you ask about my chest earlier? How I felt?”

He had a weird look on his face and, like before, he instantly changed the subject, “...h - hey, look. we’re here.” He pointed towards the place in front of you, seeming to be anxious to end this conversation.
You knew that’d make him uncomfortable. You probably shouldn’t have asked again. Instead of pressuring him right now, you decided you might just… try again later. “Okay.”

The two of you headed into the building, and you were greeted at the door quickly by a man.

“Hello! Welcome!”

...What the hell. This guy was way too joyful.

You noticed Sans step in front of you. It was subtle, but you still caught it.

“Um. Hello.” you nervously responded to the strange man, feeling a pulse of anxiety rush through you for a moment. Nobody was that happy. Something was up with this dude.

“What would you two like?” he asked, smile unusually wider than a normal happy persons should be.

Sans didn’t respond. He only stared at the guy with an expression you couldn’t exactly call ‘friendly’. He looked on edge. Anxious.

“...Well. We’ll get a shrimp sushi roll, and…” you trailed off, your gaze wandering over to Sans. He just kind of gave you a look, and you got the message that he would prefer not to speak. You could understand that well enough. If you were treated the way he was daily, you wouldn’t wanna talk to any humans either. You turned your attention back to the man and continued. “And a california roll, please.”

He visibly relaxed, a calmness washing over him. Well now you felt bad for making him anxious. Again.

“...I’m sorry about that.” you whispered to him, trying not to draw attention

He only shrugged slightly.
Fair enough.

You slowly turned your attention back to the guy, “How much money would that be?” you asked, taking out your wallet.

...Somehow, Sans was already there with his own money, paying.

“How - hey!” You exclaimed in surprise, holding your own wallet and ready to pay.

He turned and smiled at you, causing a shiver to run down your back.

...You really, really liked that smile.

...What?

“...I was gonna pay.”

“next time.” He spoke, finally. He sounded… hopeful? Like he was unsure about there actually being a next time.

Also, you didn’t realize how much you had missed his voice until he had spoken again,

Huh.

You sighed and gave in, figuring an argument wouldn’t get you anywhere anyways, “Okay fine.”

You didn’t realize he was stiff until he visibly relaxed, deflating slightly with a soft look on his face.

...Cute.
“Here! This way!” Thankfully, the waiter led you to your table and successfully distracted you from your thoughts.

Sans slid in front of you and started to walk, while you ended up trailing closely behind.

The overly excited waiter led the two of you to a booth, and you thanked him kindly before taking a seat across from Sans.

Everything was silent after the server left, and you looked over at Sans to see him looking around anxiously, twiddling his thumbs on top of the table.

“Are you alright?” you asked, worried. Was he anxious because of all the people around? You could understand, considering you weren’t much of a people person either.

His eye immediately snapped toward you, and the intensity of it was the tiniest bit creepy. Once again, you had to remind yourself that he was a person just like you. It wasn’t fair to see him as creepy or scary. You knew he was a good guy. Plus all he did was look at you. That shouldn’t seem creepy.

“...huh?” his voice brought you out of your inner turmoil.

“You okay?”

“...yeah.” he said, then repeated a little stronger, “yeah. i’m good.”

“You sure?” You questioned, “We could get a to go container and eat somewhere with less people.”

“no, it’s fine. really. this is fine.” he was quick to reassure you.

“...Well if you’re sure.”

“positive.”
You smiled at him. “Okay.”

In the silence that ensued, you decided to look around the establishment a little more. You always loved the paintings and designs on the walls in these types of restaurants. You looked back over in front of you after you felt the hair on your arms stand up on end, and saw Sans staring at you. Again.

You watched him curiously, but decided not to comment.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, “...you’re really beautiful, you know that?” As soon as he said it, he looked shocked by his own words.

You blinked in surprise and disbelief.

Beautiful? You?

“...Um. No, I’m just average.”

He blinked back with the same amount of surprise in his eyelight, “...you, uh... you’re kidding, right?”

You shrugged, “Not really. I’m an average person. Part of the crowd.”

“...bullshit,” you heard him mutter.

“What?” you wondered if you were hearing things.

“i said, bullshit.” he repeated, a little louder. Okay, so you weren’t hearing things.

Still, you were confused. “Why?”
“because you’re fucking beautiful.” He said it like it was the most obvious thing in the world. Like it was completely insane that you thought any differently.

You blushed slightly, now suddenly finding the polished, wooden table a lot more interesting than it was a few seconds ago. “I’m really not…”

“yes. yes you are.” he sounded a little desperate.

You shook your head, “I’m just average.”

He only stared at you, like he was searching her face. He looked angry and confused.

You curiously looked back at him. Did you say something wrong? It seemed like that quite a lot when you spoke to him.

You noticed in the back of your mind that he slid his hands off of the table and into his pockets, once again looking around anxiously.

Finally after enough confusion on your end, you decided to ask, “Did I say something wrong?”

“...no.” he responded, seeming hesitant.

“...Okay…” now you knew that you said something wrong.

He asked something, but you didn’t exactly register what it was because the food came right as he asked the question.

You thanked the waiter as he set the food down, already feeling your stomach rumble quietly. You didn’t actually realize how hungry you were until now. You may or may not have skipped breakfast that morning.

As soon as you could, you dug in.
You looked up and noticed him staring at you, and by now you were growing used to it.

“...is it good?” he asked, hopeful.

You smiled and nodded.

He smiled back, “good.”

“What about yours?” you asked, subtly prompting him to eat some, since all he had done as of yet was stare at you. He hadn’t eaten any of his food yet.

He glanced down at his roll before he ate a single sushi. “... mhm.”

“That’s good,” you said, smiling at him.

He watched you as you ate the rest of your food. When you were finished, you glanced at him to see him still staring at you.

“...You gonna finish yours?” you asked him, trying to keep eye contact.

In a timeframe of five seconds, he ate everything on his plate. You couldn’t see a single crumb.

You snickered and mumbled, “That was fast.” After a second, you remembered that he asked you a question earlier. “What did you say earlier? Like, right before the food arrived?”

He seemed to hesitate for a split second. “i don’t remember. sorry.”

“...Oh. Alright.” Well that’s a shame. “I’m sorry I didn’t get to answer the question, whatever it was.”
"it's okay. couldn't have been that important if we forgot."

You were unsure about that, but didn’t push anymore. “Okay. Where do you want to go now?”

“anywhere. wherever you wanna go,” he said immediately.

Well shit. That meant you had to decide where to go next, didn’t it?

“...Um...” you trailed off, trying to think of where to go.

“...wanna...” he spoke up, sounding very unsure and hesitant, “watch a movie... at my place?”

You blinked. “Um. Sure, why not?” With a shrug, you continued jokingly, “I don’t have a reason not to, unless this turns out to be some elaborate plan to kidnap me,” you looked at him to gauge his reaction, “which I honestly doubt that’s the case.”

He blinked.

You glanced away awkwardly after a moment, “...Kay sorry that was a bad joke. I’m sorry if I offended you.” you mumbled, feeling embarrassed.

“you didn’t offend me.”

You looked back at him, slightly surprised. “Oh. Okay. But it was still a bad joke. We can head to your place.”

“...okay.” He really loved that word, didn’t he?

But he hesitated again, and even though you didn’t want to seem annoying, you had to ask, “You alright?”
“...i’m fine.”

“...Alrighty then,” you said, “How do we get to your place?”

“We can walk… or…” he looked like he was debating something.

“...Or…?”

“...do you trust me?”

Well. He was still technically a stranger, yeah, but… he never gave you any reason not to trust him.

“...Yeah…?”

His eye socket twitched a little.

“Well I mean.” You rushed to explain, “You’ve given me no reason not to.”

At that, he got out of his seat and reached his hand out to you.

You slowly took the skeletal hand… and you were suddenly pressed to his chest in a hug.

You blinked in surprise.

He was warm. And he smelled good?

You hugged him lightly.

“...close your eyes.”
You did, and then there was nothing.

Warm and fuzzy.

Warm and fuzzy, so… that means you feel the connection…

He’s not crazy.

You can feel it, that means you really are meant to be his! You’re meant to be together, you’re his soulmate, he’s not crazy! Holy shit, you really existed! His soulmate… he always thought he didn’t have one. That he was born to be alone, and to die alone, but no! You were real! He was just trapped for so long, and for some time you just weren’t born yet…

All he knew was that he no longer had to be alone. That’s all he cared about.

He had you, and now he was never going to let you go. No matter what.

“...Sans? Did I say something wrong?”

Your voice pulled him out of his thoughts, and he turned his gaze towards you.

You? Do something wrong? No. That’s just not possible.

You were too pure.

“...no. no, you… you’re okay, angel.”

“Oh. Okay, good,” you responded, seeming calmed by his answer, before your face contorted into a look of confusion. “...Angel?”
Angel?

Did…

Did he say that out loud?

A feeling of pure panic tore through Sans. Holy shit, why the fuck did he have to be so stupid!

You were gonna think he was a fucking creep now!

*okay, keep calm. just change the subject. it's fine.*

*breathe.*

“d-do you have any siblings!?” he internally facepalmed at how truly afraid he sounded. So much for keeping calm.

You looked a little frightened by his outburst, and he instantly felt bad.

The last thing he wanted was to make you afraid.

“Youm. I’m an only child. And… you could call me that, if you want. I don’t necessarily have a problem with it.”

You...didn’t? Holy shit.

Holy fuck, oh God.
okay. calm. calm.

change the subject.

“...you know what we should do?”

“What?”

He smiled, remembering your interests. If you had things in common, you would like him even more. And honestly, he liked this too, so it wouldn’t be a problem in the end.

“we should get sushi.”

That’s an acceptable thing for two acquaintances to do, right? Get food?

Food was always available up here. That he was grateful for.

“How’d you know I like sushi?”

because i stalked all of your social medias and learned everything you were into.

He shrugged. “i like it. just a question. see if we have anything in common.”

And you did. But the things you didn’t particularly agree on he would change to be more accommodating to you and your interests. Your happiness was above his, and he would rather sit through things he disliked than have to ever see you unhappy or unsatisfied.

“Ah, okay. Yes, I do like sushi,” he knows , “In fact, I know a good sushi place right down the street if you’re interested.”
He would be interested in going anywhere with you.

Hell, he would even go to hell as long as you were there.

“yeah. hell yeah, lead the way.” He was unable to contain his excitement at the thought of a semi-kind of-date with you.

In fact this entire outing was kind of like a date….

Holy fuck was he already on a date with you!? He knew in the back of his mind that there was no way in hell you thought this was a date right now, but… still… the smallest possibility made him feel so giddy.

You both started to walk, and he would steal small glances in your direction, just for the satisfaction of seeing your pretty face. The content feeling knowing you were right next to him. The euphoria of knowing you were feeling the side effects of soulmates too.

He had his soulmate now. Something he had only dreamed about on lonely nights where he wished he could cuddle with somebody.

Yeah, he had soft moments too. So what?

“…Um,” you started, gaining his attention. “What’s your favorite type of sushi?”

Small talk. You were adorable.

“california roll. what about you?”

He knew that you prefered shrimp sushi, but having everything in common could come off as suspicious, regardless of the person being your soulmate or not.

Also, he was highly allergic to shellfish. So he would rather not die in front of you.
“Shrimp sushi.”

see?

“nice,” he said genuinely. He found your interests in food interesting. You loved to eat sushi and oreos. Two very different foods, but they both said a lot about you in his opinion. The oreo because of the hard exterior and the softer inside, since you always put up such a hard and protective shell, especially when it came to protecting other people. Sushi, because it was exotic like you.

“...Hey…” you started, once again gaining his attention. “Why did you ask about my chest earlier? How I felt?”

...

shit.

He was really, really hoping you wouldn’t end up asking about that. He didn’t want to explain everything now, and scare you off so early.

Soulmates were a big thing, and he could definitely see it coming off as too intimidating for most humans.

But at the same time… you weren’t most humans.

You were something entirely different on it’s own.

But… it would probably be for the best to just avoid the question for now. And luckily for him, you had both just arrived at your desired location.

“...h-hey, look. we’re here,” he told you as he pointed to the building.
“Okay,” you told him, and he knew that you noticed him changing the subject this time.

But you both went inside anyways.

The atmosphere of the place was very pleasing. It seemed calm, and not many people were inside.

“Hello! Welcome!”

...okay. nevermind.

The person working instantly greeted you both, and he seemed way too happy for it to actually be genuine. Something was off. Wrong, about this guy.

Sans instantly felt the urge to just protect you. He didn’t know if this guy was a threat or not, but he sure as hell wasn’t going to risk it.

...But he didn’t want to cause a scene, or make it seem like he was an overly paranoid person by asking you if you should leave.

So instead, as discreetly as he possibly could, he moved to stand in between you and the overly-happy man.

You spoke up first, which he was grateful for. He would prefer not to speak to humans unless it was absolutely necessary. “Um. Hello.”

“What would you two like?” he asked, with a creepy looking smile.

Sans didn't respond, silently hoping you would speak for him. He told you his favorite, so… maybe you would?

“...Well. We’ll get a shrimp sushi roll, and…” your gaze moved to Sans, and he just looked back at you. He didn’t want to seem rude by asking, but… maybe he could ask you with his eye(light). “And a california roll, please.”
He relaxed instantly. His shoulders falling back in a calm motion.

Of course you would do it for him.

Of course you would be able to read him.

You were perfect.

“...I’m sorry about that,” he heard you whisper discreetly just to him. God you were such an angel.

He shrugged, figuring saying that out loud to you might come off a bit... strange.

You looked back towards the man and asked him, “How much money would that be?” as you started to take out your wallet.

...

oh fuck no.

He asked you here. You weren’t going to pay for something he initiated for you both to do.

He quickly took out a twenty dollar bill and handed it to the guy while you were still busy getting your wallet out.

As soon as you noticed, you started to complain. “Wh- hey!”

He turned his attention back towards you and smirked.

...And to his pleasure, he noticed you shiver a bit.
“...I was gonna pay,” you protested again.

“next time,” he said, sounding a lot more hopeful than he meant to. Hopefully that didn’t sound too desperate? Shit.

You sighed and said “Okay fine.” and that made his worries vanish in an instant.

There would be a next time.

You just confirmed yourself, there would be a next time.

“Here!” the waiter started, ruining the moment, “This way!”

Sans held back a growl as he started to follow the man to a booth, making sure to stand between you and him. He still didn’t trust this guy, not at all.

He sat on one side of the booth and watched as you sat on the other, and then you thanked the man, before he left to go take care of your food.

Sans rested his arms on the table, twiddling his thumbs and thinking again.

Was he doing this right? This whole, dating thing. Even if this wasn’t technically a date, it sure as hell seemed like one, and that was good enough for him to call it one. Maybe he could just call it a trial date? You were hanging out together. That was something, at least.

Did you think this was a date?!

If you both mutually thought this was a date somehow, then it had to be one!
Something in the back of his mind was telling him you probably didn’t think this was a date. You just wanted to hang out, because you didn’t know yet. You had no idea about this pure connection. God, he wished he could just pour his soul out to you, now.

Wished he could confess all of this to you, wished he could tell you how much he lov-

“Are you alright?”

You pulled him out of his thoughts and he snapped his gaze up towards you. “...huh?”

“You okay?”

You worrying about him was never gonna get old in his mind.

“...yeah. yeah, i’m good,” he assured you, forcing himself to visibly relax.

“You sure? We could get a to go container and eat somewhere with less people.” There were about four other people in here, yet you still worried for him.

You were such a bean.

“no, it’s fine. really, this is fine.” He needed to work on his social anxiety anyways, so this was a win-win situation.

“...Well if you’re sure.”

“positive.”

You gave him a smile, and he felt his non-existent heart melt. “Okay.”
Fuck, that smile. That face. Those eyes. Everything about you was just so Goddamn perfect. It should be illegal to be that beautiful. To be that fucking flawless.

He couldn’t keep his focus off of you ever, no matter how hard he tried. He just always wanted you.

You looked at him, and he didn’t even mind that you caught him staring.

You’re really beautiful you know that?

…

Fuck he just said that out loud.

You looked completely shocked for a moment, searching his face as if you were trying to find some trace of a lie. “Um. No, I’m just average.”

…

Average?

Average!!??

What!?

…You’re kidding. You’re fucking with him. You have to be.

“…you, uh… you’re kidding, right?”

You shrugged casually. “Not really. I’m an average person. Part of the crowd.”
are you fucking kidding me!?!?!

He felt like his soul was just stepped on! How the hell did you not see the absolute beauty that he saw!? The complete perfection!

“bullshit,” he muttered softly.

“What?”

“i said, bullshit,” he repeated, this time louder. You looked a little startled by that.

“...Why?”

“because you’re fucking beautiful,” he said sternly. And even that was an understatement. You were perfect.

You blushed, and he couldn’t help that small sting of pride that pleasantly stroked his soul as you looked down at the table, nervously. “I’m really not.”

Why was this so hard for you to accept!? It was a cold hard fact! You were beautiful! Fucking gorgeous! PERFECT!

“yes. yes you are,” he said, noting how desperate he sounded. He really needed to dial it back a little before he scared you. He knew that, yet… he still wanted to make you believe him.

You shook your head. “I’m just average.”

...

breathe.
He remained silent, afraid that if he kept arguing he might accidentally snap at you.

That’s the last thing he wanted to do.

He subconsciously slid his hands off of the table and stuffed them into his pockets. Why was this so frustrating? More importantly, who made you feel like you weren’t beautiful?!

*He would castrate them.*

“...Did I say something wrong?”

...No.

Oh God, no.

You could never do anything wrong.

But whoever hurt you. That person did something *seriously* wrong.

“...no.”

“...Okay,” you said, and it was clear you didn’t believe him.

...Fuck it.

“...i just… who hurt you?” he asked quietly.
He instantly regretted it, so he was happy as fuck when the waiter suddenly appeared with your food.

Guess he was lucky today.

The waiter set down the food and you thanked him before he left.

Sans felt content as he watched you take your first bite of sushi. Something about watching you and knowing first hand you were eating and you were healthy just made him feel so happy. Peaceful.

You looked up after you were about half way finished with your roll, and didn’t seem too unnerved by him staring.

“...is it good?”

You smiled, and gave a small nod.

He gave a smile back. “good.”

“What about yours?” you questioned, probably noticing that he hadn’t even tried his roll yet. For some reason he just didn’t feel the need to eat it yet. Not until you were finished.

Probably because of his past. He always did that with Pap, he made sure he was well fed before he fed himself, so that way he knew he could eat peacefully.

But regardless, that would probably be a weird thing to mention, especially now. That wasn’t exactly a first date casual conversation topic. So he picked up one piece and ate it, to soothe your mind. “...mhm.” The sushi wasn’t the best he had ever had, but it also wasn’t the worst. It was fine.

You smiled again, seeming pleased by his enjoyment. “That’s good.”

Even so, he still watched you as you ate the rest of your roll. It was calming for him.
He felt relaxed.

When you finished, you looked back up at him, and then at his plate. “...You gonna finish yours?”

Of course. He would never waste food.

He finished it in about 4.5 seconds.

You let out a small laugh. “That was fast… what did you say earlier? Like, right before the food arrived?”

...Shit.

lie. you’ve always been good at it anyways.

“...i don’t remember. sorry.”

“...Oh. Aright,” you seemed slightly disappointed. “I’m sorry I didn’t get to answer the question, whatever it was.”

It’s a good fucking thing you didn’t.

“it’s okay,” it’s more than okay, “couldn’t have been that important if we forgot.”

“Okay. Where do you want to go now?”

“anywhere. wherever you wanna go.”
Was that too desperate?

“...Um...” you trailed off, seeming unphased by his desperation.

...okay.

In life you should take risks, right?

... please don’t fuck this up.

“...wanna...” fuck his voice was wobbly, “watch a movie? at my place?”

“Um. Sure, why not?” holy shit, “I don’t have a reason not to, unless this turns out to be some elaborate plan to kidnap me. Which I honestly doubt that’s the case.”

...

What.

What.

What the fuck.

Holy fuck.

Okay, uh, don’t panic.

You’re joking. That's a joke. Hahha. hHAHAAHHAHA.
“...Kay sorry that was a bad joke. I’m sorry if I offended you.”

sick thing is, i dream about it.

“You didn’t offend me.”

You looked a little unnerved by that. “Oh… Okay. But it was still a bad joke. We can head to your place.”

“...okay.”

Fuck, his mind was in shambles.

“...You alright?”

“...i’m fine.”

just deciding whether or not i really should kidnap you.

“...Alrighty then. How do we get to your place?”

...would taking a shortcut be too much for you?

...

No. You could handle it.

You’re special.
“we can walk… or…”

“…Or…?”

“…do you trust me?”

...Was it too soon to ask that?

“...Yeah?”

...ffffuck. You already trusted him.

This soulbond was incredible.

“...Well I mean,” you started quickly, “You’ve given me no reason not to.”

no reason that you’re aware of, baby girl.

...he reached his hand out towards you, signalling for you to grab it. He was instantly pleased when you did, finding no resistance when he pulled you against his chest in a hug either.

fuck you are SO soft.

breathe.

in and out.

don’t do anything you’ll regret later.
don’t pin her down and force her to-

...

We’re not gonna go there.

When you hugged him back he almost snapped.

Almost.

He swallowed harshly, trying to ignore how sweet you smelled. “...close your eyes.”

Once you did, he focused all of his magic and poofed you both out of existence.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you like sushi.

Want more Jenna?

Want more HT Sans?
Chapter Summary

Movie date? Movie not-so-much-of-a-date?

SANS IS CRACKING.

Chapter Notes

Idk how to do notes Jenna usually does this shit.

I just write Sans's part and eat Oreos.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

As suddenly as there was nothing, everything came back.

Fuck, you were so dizzy.

If Sans hadn’t been holding you, your legs would’ve given and you’d have tumbled to the ground.

But thankfully, he had his arms wrapped around you tightly.

“...you can open them.” he told you, voice soft.

You did and glanced around a little. “...What was that?”

“shortcut.” he didn’t explain more, nor did he make any move to let go of you.

“Um.” You realised that your surroundings were different than a few seconds ago. “Was that teleportation?” Ugh. Your head was killing you.
He gently took the back of your head and led you to rest against his chest, soothing your headache slightly.

“...yeah. i guess it was.”

“That’s so cool.” you muttered, “Wait. So that’s what you did back at the store!” you exclaimed in realization, looking up at him.

Instead of answering, he only stuck his face in your neck and took a large breath of air.

Was he sniffing you?

Either way, it made a shiver run down your spine.

“...Um?”

He seemed to realise what he was doing, “y - yeah. yeah. uh, yeah. back at the store… yeah…”

That was four ‘yeahs’. Was he alright?

“You okay?” you asked, slightly amused, “You said ‘yeah’ four times.”

“...yeah.”

“Five yeahs.” You smiled.

“...yyyyeeaahh.”

“Six.”
He chuckled.

...Oh god, that chuckle.

You flushed and hid your face into his chest to hide your face.

*I'm not red in the face what are you talking about?*

He nuzzled your head, causing your blush to get just the tiniest bit darker.

It felt nice… but *too* nice, if you were being honest. This wasn’t something friends/ acquaintances should be doing!

Uhhh… distractions!

“...Sssso. You said we could watch a movie?”

“...yeah.” he responded, “wanna watch a really badly made horror movie?”

“Seven yeahs.” you pointed out, “And yeah, I love badly made horror films.”

He snorted. “me too.”

“Great.” you wriggled slightly in his hold, “Uh. We should probably sit on the couch or something to watch it. Shouldn’t we?”

“...yeah,” He slowly released his grip on you, “...eight yeah’s.” It was your turn to snort.

...You may or may not have missed the physical contact.
He led you into the living room as you tried to collect your thoughts. There wasn’t much, but there was a couch, a coffee table and a tv, and that was all the two of you really needed at the moment.

You and Sans sat on the couch. Sans setup Netflix and asked, “what movie do you wanna watch?”

*Don’t make me choose.*

“How about that one?” You motioned to the most badly-made looking horror movie you could find.

“…what one?”

You pointed to it again, this time his line of sight following your finger.

“oh. yeah, sure. whatever you want.”

...You glanced at him before immediately looking back at the screen.

“...what?” He seemed to have noticed.

“Uh.” Well you couldn’t think of any excuses. Might as well be honest, “Just… you should have a say in stuff too. Not just whatever *I* want.”

“i’m fine with that movie,” he reassured, his expression seeming to soften, “really.”

Well if he was sure, then you saw no other reason not to watch it. “Alright.”

He hit play, and the movie started.

Throughout the movie, you got a little cold and ended up leaning on Sans. You hoped he wouldn’t mind.
“...I bet she’s gonna die.” You said out of the blue, staring at the girl intently. Not to be racist, (obviously) but you knew that in horror films, people of color usually died first. It was so cliche. But since there wasn’t one, you figured it would be the blond.

“...maybe.” He responded slowly.

“Who do you think will die first?” You asked curiously, glancing up at him. Huh. Guess you were leaning on him more than you were before. He didn’t seem to mind, so you didn’t bother moving away.

“that guy.” He pointed to a flimsy looking man with brown hair.

You shrugged, “Guess we’ll have to see.”

...

...The guy died first.

Well you were close enough because the blond died next. You stated as much to Sans.

“heh. shoulda bet something.” He sounded so amused.

“Like what?”

“hm...” he thought, “like who gets to pay the next time we go do something...” He then said a little quieter, “if there is a next time.”

...Scuse me?

"Ah ah. You said I pay next time since you payed this time. Not a good bet."
“but a bet is a bet,” he said, “we should make it. i bet that girl dies next.” he pointed to a girl with brown hair.

“Not making a bet,” you huffed, “Not risking not paying next time.”

“please?”

Please don’t start begging.

“Nope.”

“ppleeeassee?”

Oh no. You were cracking.

“...No.”

"prretty ppleease?"

“I really want to pay next time.” You turned so you wouldn’t have to look at his pleading face.

“then make the bet and hope you win.” He said it like it was obvious.

“I have horrible luck most of the time.”

“come on. luck might change.”

"It did. Like, yesterday when I met you.” You explained, “But I have a feeling it'll go right back to bad luck and you'll end up paying next time we do something involving money."
He went silent.

“...Uh. Sans?”

“...nevermind,” he muttered.

“Nevermind to the bet?”

“yeah.” Nine yeahs.

“Uh. Okay.” You were so confused.

But you couldn’t say anything more, because he turned his attention back to the movie. You figured you should too.

...He was really warm.

“...it’s getting late, isn’t it?”

You blinked, “What time is it?”

“almost five.”

“Oh.” You stood up, “Yeah. I should get home.”

He followed and stood as well. Something seemed to be on his mind. You looked at him curiously.

“...can… can i get your number, or…?” He seemed really nervous all of a sudden.
“Um.” You thought for a second. You had no reason not to give it to him, and you know he’s a great friend, even in the short time you’ve known him. “Sure.”

The two of you exchanged numbers.

"...do.. you want me to bring you home?"

"Mm.. sure. Since I know where you live now, I don't really see a reason not to."

... *Did* you know where this place was?

“okay…” he hesitated for a second, “...uh. address?"

You gave it.

“okay.” Right as he started reaching for you, you realised that you, in fact, did not know where this place was.

“...Hang on one second.”

He made a subtle, cute irritated face.

...Wait. Cute?

“Ooone second.” You told him as you walked out the front door, making sure to leave it open. You glanced at the address, then walked back inside. “Okay, now I know where you live. I’m ready to go now.” You smiled.

He snorted. “kay.”
A hug was needed for teleportation, right? You hugged him.

He gently hugged you back, then everything went dark again.

And once again, you were dizzy when you reached your destination. You were so glad that he was holding you.

"...That makes me so dizzy." You mumbled, "Even though it's so cool."

He pet you, "sorry."

You patted his shoulder in return, "It's fine. I'd rather be able to teleport and end up getting dizzy than not teleport at all. Did I mention teleporting is so cool?"

He snorted, "yeah. you did." Ten yeahs.

“Oh. Well, it’s really cool.” You smiled.

“...I think you’re really cool.”

You blushed, “I’m average.”

“stop. saying that.” He sounded stern.

You didn’t want to argue. “...I should head inside.”

“...okay.” He slowly let go of you.

“It was great hanging out with you.” You started heading toward your door, “Goodnight!” You waved goodbye.
“...night.”

You went inside.

He brought you both back into existence, only you were no longer at the restaurant. Instead, you were at his house. The one he shared with his brother in the secluded part of town, where most monsters lived, away from humans.

Here, they could live in peace, without the constant fear of humans harassing and threatening them.

Here, he could keep his brother safe.

...Speaking of safety, he didn’t exactly think it was a good idea to let go of you just yet. You seemed very unsteady in his arms at the moment and he feared if he let you go you might tumble to the ground and hurt yourself. He wouldn’t forgive himself if you got hurt in any way that he knew he could prevent.

Even if he couldn’t prevent it.

You getting hurt was just not okay.

He looked down at you, checking to make sure you were still all there. That he didn’t lose any part of you in the void.

...

Nope. You were there. Limbs and all.

But, you did still have your eyes closed rather tightly.
You poor thing. That probably scared you.

“...you can open them,” he whispered, trying not to startle you in any way after all of that.

And so he was able to see your pretty eyes again.

You blinked a few times and looked around to take in your surroundings. He watched your expression as you slowly started to realize you were no longer at the sushi place.

“...What was that?”

“shortcut,” he told you instantly. That was always his answer to his magic.

“Um,” you started, looking around a little more intently. “Was that teleportation?”

god, you were so smart. and adorable. and his.

...

Mostly.

He cupped the back of your head and gently pressed your forehead into his chest. It just... felt so natural to hold you like this. To have you close, and pressed against him. You fit like a puzzle piece, and he had never felt so comfortable around anybody other than his brother. But with you, it was obviously different. So different. Non platonic love was addicting and it kept making him feel dizzy. A good dizzy. One that felt like some type of high. But like most highs, this one was getting addictive.

You were one hell of a drug.

Oh. Right. You asked a question.
“yeah. i guess it was.”

You looked up at him, your chin resting against his chest instead, and he saw your eyes sparkle slightly.

_fuck._

“That’s so cool,” you muttered softly, a look of realization suddenly crossing your face. “Wait. So _that’s_ what you did back at the store!”

You were adorable. You sounded like you just solved a mystery and were super proud of yourself.

He loved when you felt any type of pride. You didn’t seem to feel worthless for a mere moment.

He wished you _always_ felt that.

He leaned down slightly and nuzzled his face into the space between your neck and shoulder, unable to help himself. He took a deep breath in and internally shuddered as he inhaled your scent, mentally feeling a small pulse of pleasure as you shivered slightly.

...He could detect the smallest hint of rose mixed in with your natural scent.

He wished that you smelled more like the latter. He would really prefer the smell of your skin over the smell of a flower.

You were like a flower on your own. Small. Fragile. Needed water and sunlight to live.

Your natural scent was intoxicating, and honestly, the hint of rose was more of an annoyance than an enjoyment. When he felt it was appropriate, he was going to ask you to switch to unscented soaps.

“...Um?” you mumbled, pulling him out of his thoughts, as you usually did when he got lost in his
...Shit. That probably seemed really weird to you.

“...y-yeah. yeah. uh, yeah. back at the store… yeah…”

Wow.

*Really sophisticated Sans.*

*You sound like a fucking homunculus.*

“You okay?” you asked, amusement clear in your voice, “You said ‘yeah’ four times.”

*that’s because apparently i have a very limited vocabulary.*

“...yeah.”

*are you fucking kidding me.*

“Pfft… five yea...
He chuckled at the humor in your voice, also feeling pride in the fact he made you smile.

...And was pleased when he also noted the red tint in your pretty cheeks.

He sighed contently and stood up straight again, only to nuzzle the top of your head affectionately.

He just couldn’t help himself.

You seemed to get even redder somehow, and then you anxiously started to speak. “Ssso. You said we could watch a movie?”

...He did. Just… he really didn’t wanna let go of you. Not now.

Not ever.

“...yeah. wanna watch a really badly made horror movie?” he suggested. He really enjoyed those, and he knew you did as well. He knew you got a huge kick out of making fun of them.

You smirked. “Seven yeahs,” you said, your voice holding a cocky undertone, “And yeah. I love badly made horror films.”

...He knows.

He snorted half heartedly. “me too.” at least he didn’t have to lie.

“Great,” you started, suddenly starting to wiggle in his arms, trying to get out of his hold. He almost whined, but forced himself to hold it back. He didn’t want to sound desperate, even though he fucking was. So fucking bad. “Uh. We should probably sit on the couch or something to watch it. Shouldn’t we?”

“...yeah,” he muttered, slowly loosening his hold on you until his arms fell limply to his sides.
“...eight yeahs.”

You snorted, and he duly noted how that was one of his new favorite sounds.

He stepped into the living room, and you followed his lead. He watched your expression as you looked around the room, taking in your surroundings again. He knew there wasn’t much, but really all he and his brother needed was in that room. A worn down couch, a new television, and a coffee table. They didn’t need or want anything else in this room, yet… he still felt somehow weird about it. He had the sudden urge to impress you down to every last detail, even with his living situation.

He took the lead and sat down on the couch, patting the spot next to him for you to sit as well, then holding back the small happy noise that threatened to erupt from him as you did.

He grabbed the remote from the table and turned on Netflix before settling into his seat. “...what movie do you wanna watch?” he asked you, not wanting to pick one you disliked on accident.

That probably wouldn’t happen, considering the fact he knew your interests, but still. Better safe than sorry.

You focused your attention to the screen and looked for a moment before pointing meekly. “Um. How about that one?”

“...what one?”

You pointed again, this time extending your arm.

“oh. yeah, sure. whatever you want,” he told you, noting he had seen this movie before.

When he first got to the surface and got settled in, he kind of fell into a blackhole of movies and anime for a little while.

He noticed you glancing at him for a moment out of his peripheral vision, before instantly turning your attention back to the tv.
“...what?”

“Uh. Just… you should have a say in stuff too. Not just whatever I want,” you told him, turning your gaze back to him.

You were so considerate sometimes, that it just made him want to hold you and never let go.

And then tie you up in his basement.

...

“i’m fine with that movie,” he assured you, trying to keep that thought out of his head, “really.”

Plus, he had seen this movie before, and he knew it was pretty laughable. You would definitely get a kick out of this one.

You turned your attention back to the television, once again, and muttered a small, “Alright.”

He started the movie.

It was mainly for you, considering the fact he had seen this one before, so luckily he was able to watch you from his peripheral vision instead.

And you were a lot better to look at than a lame horror movie.

He was convinced it was just his imagination, but he swears you were getting closer.

He kept telling himself he was seeing things, until he felt your head rest on his shoulder.
He made sure to keep his breathing even, not wanting you to think he disliked the physical contact, and made sure not to move an inch.

This felt so nice. He wished he could keep you here forever, against him like this.

...Would kidnapping you really even be that bad? You could hang out here all day and be lazy with him, and you could help Papyrus later in the evening to make dinner, and after you could do a puzzle with him. Sans would kill to see that. To see you and Papyrus as friends, doing things and having fun right here in this house. Where it was safe, and nobody or anything other than him could touch or look at you besides his brother.

...But you would hate him. Being held here against your will is not what he wants.

He wants you to be here willingly, and happily. Plus he had no idea how he would ever explain that to Pap, and he would no doubt help you escape.

“...I bet she’s gonna die,” you said suddenly, gaining Sans’s attention. You were staring at the girl with blond hair on the screen.

Sans knew that she died soon, but not next, but he couldn’t tell you that.

“...maybe.”

“Who do you think will die first?” you asked, looking up at him.

_well, who’s left…_

He glanced at the screen and quickly realized there weren’t any main characters dead yet, so that meant the first dude had to die.

Sans pointed to the weakest guy with brown hair and said, “that guy.”

You seemed skeptical, but said, “Guess we’ll have to see.”
And, of course, the guy died. Shot in the back of the head.

But right after, the blond died, just like you had said. You were so smart.

“...Close enough,” you muttered softly.

“heh. shoulda bet something.”

“Like what?” you questioned, looking up at him again with those beautiful eyes.

“hm…” he mumbled, starting to think. He wanted to ask you for so many things, but honestly, half of them would get him slapped, and the other half were just too soon. “...like who gets to pay next time we go do something…. if there is a next time.”

That should be acceptable and appropriate.

“Ah ah!” you started, getting adorably offended. “You said I pay next time since you paid this time. Not a good bet.”

He held back a snicker. “but a bet is a bet. we should make it. i bet that girl dies next,” he told you, pointing to the girl who in fact, was going to die next.

“Not making a bet,” you muttered, crossing your arms. “Not risking not paying next time.”

...

“please?”

“ Nope.”
“pplleeaassee?”

you had to crack eventually.

“...No.”

Oh look. You already were.

“prrretty ppleeasee?”

“...I really want to pay next time,” you said, turning your attention back to the television.

“then make the bet and hope you win.” you won’t.

“I have horrible luck most of the time.” yeah, like when you met him.

“come on. luck might change.”

“It did. Like yesterday when I met you. But I have a feeling it’ll go right back to bad luck and you’ll end up paying next time we do something involving money.”

....

Good luck? When you… met him?

...
“...Uh. Sans?” you said softly, after he was silent for a few moments.

“...nevermind.”

“...Nevermind to the bet?” you questioned.

“yeah.”

“Uh. Okay.” you said, sounding confused, but focused back on the movie anyways after he pretended to.

...You felt lucky.

By meeting him.

Your bad luck changed, because he came into your life.

That meant you liked him. Right? That meant you wanted him near you. That meant there was something here. That meant he wasn’t too creepy, and that meant he made you happy. That meant you liked him.

That meant he could have you, and he could keep you forever right?

Right!?

That meant he could push you up against the wall, and that meant he could fuck you senseeeeee-...

...

...He needed to get you out of here before he ruined everything.
“...it’s getting late, isn’t it?” he commented, as the credits started to play on the screen.

You looked up at him and blinked. “What time is it?”

He looked towards the clock and then back at you. “almost five.”

“Oh,” you said, standing up and stretching slightly. “Yeah, I should get home.”

Yeah, you really should, before you’re naked on the floor.

He stood up as well, making sure to keep a bit of distance.

“...can… can i get your number, or…?” he didn’t wanna have to keep waiting for you to leave your house just so he could see you. This way he could text you and ask you to hang out himself.

Y’know, when he wasn’t in this dangerous state of mind.

“Um,” you started, seeming to be thinking. “Sure.”

... *oh thank god.*

You both quickly switched phones and exchanged numbers.

“...do.. You want me to bring you home?” whether he was in a bad state of mind or not, he would be able to push it back if you needed a way home. He’d much rather know you were inside safely than be up all night wondering if you made it back.

“Mm. Sure. Since I know where you live now, I don’t really see a reason not to.”
baby girl, i already know where you live.

“okay,” he started, almost grabbing you and teleporting there instantly. That would’ve been bad. “...uh. address?”

You gave it to him, and that’s when he reached for you.

“...Hang on one second.”

nnnooooo!

“Ooone second,” you said, walking out the front door, and leaving it wide open.

...what the hell?

You walked back inside a few seconds later. “Okay. Now I know where you live. I’m ready to go now,” you told him with a cute smile.

…

breathe.

don’t ruin this.

He snorted light heartedly. “kay.”

You finally hugged him, and he kept repeating the same mantra over and over in his head as he teleported and lightly hugged you back.

don’t fuck up. don’t fuck up.
He held you again for a few moments, knowing you weren’t used to it yet and must me dizzy.

“...That makes me so dizzy,” see? “Even though it’s so cool.”

He pet the top of your head gently. “sorry.”

You pat his shoulder in return for some reason. “It’s fine. I’d rather be able to teleport and end up getting dizzy than not teleport at all. Did I mention teleporting is so cool?”

God, it felt amazing being able to impress you.

“yeah. you did.”

“Oh, Well, it’s really cool,” you said, smiling at him.

“...i think you’re really cool.”

Your face turned beautifully pink. “I’m average.”

...

bet you wouldn’t feel average if i shoved my c-

“stop. saying that,” he told you as sternly as he could. He didn’t wanna fucking hear you degrade yourself anymore.

Nobody talks shit about his soulmate.

Not even his soulmate.
“...I should head inside.”

good idea.

“...okay,” he said, slowly but surely letting go.

“It was great hanging out with you,” you said as you started to go inside. “Goodnight!”

...it was amazing hanging out with you with you knowing he was there.

“...night.”

He watched you as you went inside before teleporting back to his house.

He turned on the shower to mask the sounds of his mental breakdown.

Chapter End Notes

   Here, have a musical meme.
   https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=18skVpw3hF8

   Want more Jenna?
   Want more HT Sans?
Cracking.

Chapter Summary

Sans decided to take a break from you before he did something stupid... It didn't exactly go as planned.

Chapter Notes

Here, have the chapter a day early since it's been a while.

Sorry if it seems a bit rushed, I had two days to do this!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You woke up in the morning feeling pretty good, which was a bit… out of place for you. You hadn’t overslept, and you still managed to get your required 8-9 hours, which in your experience, wasn’t always the case. You didn’t feel groggy, and you were actually in a pretty good mood for someone who wasn’t a morning person. Like, at all.

...Maybe today wouldn’t be shit, after all?

You stood up and made your way to the bathroom, stretching your arms above your head and yawning. You turned the light on and started to brush your teeth, letting your mind wander as you stared at your own reflection in the mirror.

This week had been… eventful.

You got sushi.

Watched a movie.

...Met Sans.

...Got kicked out of a grocery store.
Shit. Speaking of groceries, you were running low on food and toilet paper.

Usually, you wouldn’t mind a quick trip to the grocery store, but… after what happened last time… you weren’t exactly thrilled to go shopping. You would honestly much rather use vinegar as eye drops than go to the store. But, nonetheless, you gotta do what you gotta do.

You could always go to that one store across town! You didn’t have a rewards card for that place, but… at least you knew it was monster friendly.

...And, well, you were kinda banned from the one you usually go to…

Whatever. You’d prefer to start fresh at a new place, rather than deal with a racist bitch of a cashier.

Just thinking back on what happened with her, made your skin crawl and your blood boil. Fucking bitch had uneven eyeliner wings and her voice sounded like nails on a fucking chalkboard. That asshole has no right to treat your Sans like dirt just because he was a monster!

...You paused.

...

W-Wait…

*Your Sans?*

...Fuck, you must still be tired. Why the hell would you call him *your Sans*? That’s just weird. Come on, y/n, wake up.

You finished your usual routine of getting ready for the day and set off on your way to go to the
store. It was gonna be a pretty far walk, but… you would be fine. You could use the exercise after all the junk food you had been eating recently.

You passed by an interracial couple on your way, and it really hyped your mood back up after thinking about the other day. Seeing monsters and humans start to come together in both romantic and platonic relationships really restored your faith in humanity. A little bit anyways. There was always gonna be some trash people out there in the world, but it was comforting to know there were people like you, too. You know.

Respectable trash.

You arrived at the store and walked in, grabbing a basket for your items. You were greeted by the sight of both monsters and humans in the store, all shopping, peacefully. No cashiers yelling at any monsters to leave, and no human customers complaining about the monsters around. It was beautiful. Truly, beautiful.

...You briefly wondered if Sans has found a store he liked yet. One that accepted him. He needed food, too, just like everybody else. It made no sense for people at certain stores to not allow a paying customer into their store!

...Even though he did end up stealing anyways. You didn’t blame him. He at least tried to pay.

...You could always text him later and ask.

Would that be weird?

Maybe. Whatever, that’s not important right now. You needed to focus on your current task.

Let’s see… you needed bread, eggs, milk… Maybe some candy? Yeah. Candy sounds good.

The candy aisle also happened to be the closest one to you when you walked in the door. That must be the universe telling you to get candy. And who are you to ignore the universe?

You went towards your favorite candy, only to find it was up on the highest shelf. You were way too
short to reach it, and there were no workers available near you to ask for help.

...Shit.

There was no way you were giving up that easy.

You tried jumping to get the treat, but not even that worked.

Curse your genetics!

...Maybe this was the universe's way of telling you to lay off the junk foods.

You were just about to admit defeat when suddenly, the candy was placed into your hands.

Thank you universe!

...Wait, that makes no logical sense.

You looked up, only to be met with a skeletal face. He had on… a costume? Maybe? But what really stood out was the fact that he was gigantic. Like, at least 6’9. His teeth however, were a bit crooked and pointing in different directions. He wore a red torn scarf, and that costume mentioned earlier was covered in what you assumed to be tomato sauce or paint.

Needless to say, he looks like he’s seen some shit.

...What was with you and meeting skeletons at grocery stores?

“...Thanks,” you said, voice sounding a lot softer than you had actually intended.

He smiled at you. “YOU’RE WELCOME, TINY HUMAN!” he exclaimed, making you jump slightly. You weren’t expecting him to be so loud. Damn.
You gave a small smile back, and held back a snort when he pat your head and continued to walk on.

“...U-Um!” you started, catching his attention, “I never got your name.”

He stopped, and you had to run to catch up with him, considering he had such long legs. “OH! YES!,” okay ow, still loud, “I AM THE GREAT PAPYRUS! AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE?”

“I’m y/n,” you explained, raising your hand and extending it towards him, offering a friendly handshake. He smiled widely and happily took the gesture placing his on bony hand into yours and shaking it up and down. “Nice to meet you, Papyrus.”

“NICE TO MEET YOU AS WELL, TINY HUMAN!”

Come on, you weren’t that tiny!

But then again, to someone with his height you probably looked like a damn ant.

You noticed his cart out of the corner of your eye and instantly thought your mind was playing tricks on you, until you actually looked at it directly.

*Holy shit.*

He had a *mountain* of spaghetti noodles in his cart. Like, at *least* thirty boxes! “...That’s a lot of spaghetti,” you muttered softly, instantly feeling regret. That sounded a bit judgmental.

“HM? OH! I WAS GOING TO MAKE SPAGHETTI FOR DINNER TONIGHT!” he told you proudly, glancing down at his cart as well, and then back at you.

...He… was gonna make thirty boxes of spaghetti for dinner?
Well, at least you know he isn’t malnourished.

But still… All of that?

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN? THIS IS A LIGHT DINNER!” he asked you, confusion clear in his voice.

…Shit. You said that out loud.

“Um. Okay.”

He seemed happy, so hey, what right did you have to say anything?

He looked you up and down, and you raised an eyebrow as he seemed to he considering something. He rubbed his chin, deep in thought, and you couldn’t help but get a little red under his hard gaze.

“HUMAN!” he yelled suddenly making you jump, again. “I HAVE AN IDEA!”

“Yeah?” Something in your gut says it might be a bad one.

“YOU WILL COME OVER FOR DINNER TONIGHT,” you will? “AND YOU WILL SEE FOR YOURSELF THAT THIS IS NOT THAT MUCH SPAGHETTI!”

Uh. That sounds extremely dangerous and like something some stupid bitch in a horror movie would do.

…But look at that face. He seems so proud of the idea. And you could always text a friend the whole time...

“...Where do you live?”

That was where most monsters lived at the moment so you weren’t surprised, but…

...Why did the number of the house sound so familiar?

...

Wait.

...Wasn’t that…

“...Are you Sans’s brother?” you asked him, finally connecting the dots.

“YES!” he confirmed, a hint of pride in his voice. Daw. What a bean.

“Okay,” you said, smiling to yourself. You were hoping for a chance to meet Sans’s brother, so this worked out nicely.

“...DO YOU KNOW SANS? ARE YOU… FRIENDS!?” he asked, suddenly, sounding rather enthusiastic.

...Yeah. Yeah, you would definitely consider him a friend at this point.

“Mhm!” you replied, noticing you had a hint of pride in your tone as well. Guess having Sans in your life was just something people felt proud about.

“THIS IS FANTASTIC NEWS! WE MUST SURPRISE HIM!” he started, then began to rub his chin, once again. “...although i’m not sure why he hasn’t mentioned you…” his voice went scarily quiet suddenly, catching you a bit off guard.
...But you couldn’t help the small sting in your chest.

Sans didn’t mention you?

But then again, you weren’t really worth mentioning. You didn’t hold any great importance, especially considering the fact you just met less than a week ago. You didn’t really have any right to feel upset. Yet somehow…

“...NONE THE MATTER! MEET ME AT THE HOUSE AT APPROXIMATELY SIX PM!”

Uh.

“...Why exactly six pm?” you asked him, a bit confused. Was there some type of ritual for eating dinner or something?

“...i’m not exactly sure…” he replied, once again being eerily quiet as he rubbed his chin. “JUST BE THERE!

You blinked in surprise when his voice level suddenly intensified again, and raised an eyebrow as you watched him run away.

...Oh well. Back to shopping.

---

You showed up to the house a bit early, 5:57, not wanting to be late after you were told to be there at exactly six. Admittedly, you got a bit lost, since you had never actually walked to their house. Sans had teleported you, so you didn’t exactly know how to get here. Thank god for Google maps.

You knocked three times and then stepped back a bit, as you heard running from inside the house. The door slammed open suddenly, making you jump in shock and fear.
“HELLO!” Papyrus greeted you.

“..H-Hello!” you replied, voice squeaky and slightly cracked.

“COME IN! YOU CAN ASSIST ME IN MAKING MY FAMOUS SPAGHETTI!” he informed you, as he held the door open to allow you in.

You gave him a small smile as you walked inside, noting how it still looked the same. Warm and inviting. Practical.

He shut the door, quietly to your surprise, and then pulled a chair out from the kitchen table. “SIT!” he instructed, gesturing for you to take a seat on the chair. You did, slightly questioning why he wanted you to sit in the back of your mind. Didn’t he just ask you to help him make spaghetti?

He pushed your chair into the table, being gentle and settling you in nicely.

You relaxed and got comfy, when suddenly he slammed some tomatoes and onions down onto the table in front of you, causing you to jump again.

...Damn, this guy really got your heart rate going.

He slammed a knife down on the table and you had to hold back a scream, but regardless you picked it up and thanked him quietly.

You started to cut up the vegetables, feeling rather content in the moment. There was something satisfying about chopping up food, and you always felt some form of peace when doing it. It also gave you time to think. Like, where was Sans right now..? Was he home? Was he gonna get mad you didn’t tell him you were coming over? ...Maybe he already knew you were here?

You cut off your train of thought as you finished cutting the veggies, deciding questioning things wasn’t important right now. You slid everything into a bowl that was nearby and handed the ingredients to Papyrus.

“THANK YOU VERY MUCH. YOUR ASSISTANCE WAS VERY HELPFUL. YOU MAY
GO WATCH TELEVISION IF YOU WOULD LIKE!” he told you as he accepted the bowl, before he continued to chop up some garlic on the counter.

“Want help with anything else before I do that?” you asked, mostly out of common courtesy.

“NO!” he replied, cheerfully, continuing to chop away.

Works for you.

You walked into the living room and sat down on the couch, having a brief flashback to the other night when you and Sans watched that lame movie. That was fun.

...Really fun.

You looked at the TV, seeing that famous robot that all the monsters seemed to love on some show. Apparently, he was a celebrity underground. Good for him.

You didn’t bother changing the channel, deciding maybe you should give him a chance.

---

You watched for nearly half an hour before Papyrus came in and informed you that dinner was done. The show wasn’t bad. Not your favorite, but it wasn’t awful. He just seemed a little… narcissistic.

You got up from the couch and walked back into the kitchen, taking a seat at the table. When you looked at what was on the table, you nearly had a heart attack.

There was a literal mountain of spaghetti.

You looked towards Papyrus, who was sat on the opposite side of you, and he was already piling some spaghetti onto a plate. How the hell were the three of you gonna eat all of this? Is that even possible?
...Speaking of three.

Where the hell was Sans?

“...Um...” you started, “Should I go get Sans?”

He blinked at you, and then turned his face upwards, towards the ceiling before shouting.

“...SAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNS!!”

You cringed and covered your ears, still hearing a dull thump through the ceiling.

Poor dude probably fell out of bed. You briefly wondered if that happened often or not, considering how loud and outgoing Papyrus seemed.

“...That works too, I guess,” you muttered under your breath.

A door slammed open loudly above you, and you heard someone coming down the stairs.

When Sans came into view, you smiled and gave him a small wave.

He looked like a deer in the headlights when his gaze landed on you, and you almost panicked when his eyelight vanished.

That morning was the complete opposite for Sans. He didn’t sleep that well the night before, and whenever he couldn’t sleep he always ended up stalking your social medias and rereading
everything. Studying, and memorizing. It kept him calm. It helped him feel like he was close to you, even when you were all the way across town. Helped him pretend he was a part of your world and like he mattered to you a lot more than he knew he actually did.

Made him feel like he had a purpose.

Sometimes, he would look back on your accounts and find something he missed about you, and it would bring him a small ping of joy. He loved to learn the little things and keep them hidden away in his mind, because he knew one day he might need the information.

Like if you ever asked him to take you somewhere, he could show up with your favorite flowers, or your favorite candy, and make you happy. He could make you smile with the things he knew. Little surprises here and there that really brightened up your day.

He could be a good boyfriend.

He could make you happy, and keep you safe.

You just had to let him in.

He could tell he was slowly making his way past your walls, and it was great. He was so happy you were opening up and letting him in, it’s just… it’s moving so fucking slow.

And he could feel his self restraint slowly fading. He wasn’t sure that he could be around you for another day and not do something he would regret.

...So, he’s here. Forcing himself to take a break.

He won’t call you. Won’t text you. Won’t go near your house.

...Just for a day or two. So he can get himself and his instincts back under control, without going insane from not having you near for too long. Well, more insane, that is.
He would be able to do it. He just needed to go through your accounts to keep himself occupied. Trick his mind, and make him think you were close. Pretend he had you and that you were happy here, with him.

It’s either that, or…

...

...No.

He can’t do that.

You would *hate* him.

He just had to have patience.

He could do it. He knew he could do it, as long as he didn’t run into you. And if he didn’t leave the house, then he *couldn’t* run into you. And Papyrus was already gone... He went to the store, so he wouldn’t be all over Sans, telling him to go outside and get some sunlight. He could just stay inside.

You were both safe just as long as he stayed, and you didn’t message him.

Hopefully luck was on his side, and you didn’t message him the *one* time he didn’t want you to. Usually he would be praying, hoping for a text or a call from you that never came, so if it happened the one time he was trying to keep his distance he would be really upset.

He was scrolling through your facebook when he came across a picture that really showed off your chest. He felt his face get a little blue, along with a small swell of arousal in his pelvis, and he had to will his dick not to form right now.

The last thing he wanted to do was start jacking off to your pictures.

...Again.
He didn’t have enough time for that, anyways. Papyrus would be home any minute now, and Sans would have to greet him like a good brother should. He couldn’t just sit in here, and…

…

...And now his hand was in his shorts.

---

Luckily, he managed to finish just before Papyrus came home, giving him the perfect amount of time to clean up the evidence and change his shorts.

He walked down the stairs and was greeted by the sight of Papyrus setting down some grocery bags onto the table, mostly filled with noodles and sauce, but he was glad to see some ketchup in there as well.

Little brother was always looking out for him. He was the best.

“hey, pap,” Sans greeted him as he took a seat at the kitchen table, watching contently as his brother started to put away all of the food.

“SANS, I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION FOR YOU!” Papyrus said as he set the ketchup down in front of his brother, before moving to the cupboards to put some cans of sauce away.

Well, that can’t be good..

“...alright,” Sans replied, starting to open the ketchup bottle.

“HAVE YOU MADE ANY NEW FRIENDS RECENTLY?”
...Uh.

Well, that was certainly an unexpected question.

“...none come to mind.” just my soulmate.

“IS THAT SO?” Pap questioned, squinting his eye sockets slightly. The gesture seemed almost mocking, in a way.

“...sure is.”

..Did he know?

...

No.

There’s no way he possibly could.

He never even mentioned your name, it was completely impossible. Papyrus was just… probably worried about Sans’s social life.

Like always.

Papyrus continued to stare at Sans for a few moments, before he smiled and turned back to the cupboards. “OKAY! WAS JUST WONDERING!”

...
“...you… wondering for any reason in particular…?”

“NOPE. JUST GENUINE CURIOSITY.”

...For some reason, Sans just didn’t think that was true. But he decided not to press it, considering how set Papyrus was on his answer.

“...alright. well, i’m gonna take a nap,” Sans informed him as he stood up from the table, taking a swing of ketchup.

“I’LL CALL YOU WHEN DINNER’S READY.”

“you’re the best.”

---

Sans didn’t nap.

Instead, he did what he always did. He stalked you on social media.

You mostly just reposted things, rather than creating your own posts, but they still gave him little bits of information about your interests. Still helped him feel closer to you.

Helped him restrain himself.

If he had it his way, he would already have you. You would be here, lying next to him. You would already be his, and he would have already claimed you.

You would be clingy, and you would crave him. Crave to have him around and not be able to feel
comfortable unless he was in your line of sight. Have your body and mind *ache* at the thought of being without him.

You would *need* him.

That’s what he wanted.

He wanted you to need him as badly as you needed to breathe, or to eat, or to sleep. He wanted to be your life source. He wanted it to be *unbearable to be without him*.

He wanted you to feel *empty* when he wasn’t around.

...He knew it would come in time. Perk of knowing you were his soulmate, it was almost guaranteed you would fall for him.

Yet there was still the slightest chance of you not returning his feelings, and that scared the living hell out of him. If you never returned his feelings, he would go completely insane.

...He would have no choice but to take you away and kidnap you.

Honestly, the longer it took for you to want him, the more he wanted to just take you by force.

He *knew* he could get away with it, and that’s why it was so *tempting*! He could totally keep you in the attic, Papyrus never went up there! Eventually you would get stockholm syndrome, and then…

...

*breathe.*

...
...Where were you right now?

It was strange, not knowing.

You could be anywhere, and he would have no idea. That scared him a lot more than it should have. Usually he would at least know your location, and it was so weird for him to not know.

Were you okay?

Were you lonely?

Were you thinking about him?

...Unlikely. But the mere possibility of you thinking about him of all things, thrilled him to no end.

...He couldn’t wait until he could see you again. Your pretty face. Your beautiful smile. Gorgeous personality.

And you had the nerve to call yourself ‘average’. 

You were so, so far from average. You were perfect.

Completeley flawless.

...But then again, maybe he was just biased because you were his.

You were literally made just for him.

His perfect little human.
He often wondered what you would like underneath him on his bed.

Squirming, gasping, panting. Scratching at his spine. Writhing, and trying to pull him closer. Moaning his name. Screaming, and begging for more.

And he would give it to you.

He would give you, e v e r y t h i n g .

And you would take it. You would take it, and you would be so happy. So greatfu-

“...SAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNS!

...Well there goes his boner.

Sans was startled out of daydream suddenly by his brothers voice loudly screaming his name.

He gasped and suddenly fell out of bed, noting he probably deserved that that.

He shouldn’t be having these thoughts right now. Not before you were even technically friends. Or maybe you were at this point? Hell if he knows.

...He could ask you later, after he was done with his temporary suspension from you. But for now, he needed to go downstairs and enjoy Pap’s spaghetti. After he scolded him about yelling like that, anyways.

He opened his door, admittedly rather angrily, and made his way downstairs.
...And there you were.

Sitting directly across from his brother and a pile of spaghetti, smiling at him.

...

...Man, he really needed to get a hold of these daydreams.

Chapter End Notes

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rEC03O3cC5o

This song is underrated.

Want more HT Sans?
Cracked.

Chapter Summary

He didn't mean to slip up.

Chapter Notes

Soooo not gonna lie. Got busy with life and finished this in two days, so I hope it doesn't seem rushed?

Also, serious question.

Should I continue with both P.O.V's or just do Sans's?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sans was completely frozen and unmoving, like a statue.

...Did you just break him?

“...Sans? You good?” you asked, trying to regain his attention and mobilize him again.

...Should you not have come here? Was he mad at you now? You should have texted him, it was wrong to show up unannounced like this!

Even if you were invited by his brother.

You still should have told him! You met him first.

...The last thing you wanted was for Sans to be upset with you.

You felt relief wash over you when his eye light reappeared.
Okay. He’s not broken.

His gaze shifted over to Papyrus, and then settled back on you. “...uh. what... whatcha doin’ here...?” he asked, shoving his hands into the pockets of his jacket.

You were starting to view that as a nervous habit.

“Papyrus invited me over for dinner,” you informed him, crossing your hands and resting them in your lap. A nervous habit of your own that you often did when you felt uncomfortable in a situation.

He looked back at his brother, and then to you again. “...where... where’d ya meet..?”

You smiled, softly. “Ironically, I met him at the store. Weird, right?”

You were expecting him to find that amusing like you did, but all he did was give you a soft, fake laugh.

...He really was upset with you, wasn’t he?

Maybe you were overstepping boundaries? You could see that. You’d been friends for less than a week, and now here you were, showing up uninvited... by him, that is.

You could see it being rude and uncomfortable for him, you being here like this...

...Maybe you’re overthinking this.

“...Are you sure you’re okay?”

His features seemed to soften. “...yeah. yeah, i’m... i’m great,” he told you gently, taking a seat at the table in between you and Papyrus.
You had a feeling that was complete bullshit, but you decided to drop the subject and focus on your plate. Out of the entirety of the… what, twenty boxes Papyrus made, he only gave you about 10% of the noodles. And even that looked like it was gonna be too much for you to eat.

You looked over at Papyrus’s plate and saw that, like, 80% of the pasta was on it… Where the hell was he gonna put all of that?

Sans, like you, had about 10% of the overall spaghetti, yet he didn’t seem like he was intimidated by it in the slightest. Must happen often around here, then.

Whatever, you still had absolutely no right to judge them on their food intake.

You picked up your fork and cautiously twirled it around in the spaghetti, noting that some of the strands looked… a bit burnt, why a few others seemed a bit underdone…?

...How the hell did he manage to pull that off?

Well, the look of the pasta doesn’t really matter. What’s really important here, is taste.

You lifted the fork up to your mouth and took a bite.

...

...huh.

...Well… you really appreciate the gesture and the fact he cares enough to feed you..?

...Honestly the experience of chewing on noodles that were simultaneously crunchy and squishy at the same time was one you wished to never experience, ever again. It wasn’t so bad to the point that it was nauseating, but it was bad enough that you didn’t really want to swallow it.

But, not wanting to be rude, you did anyways.
You managed to choke it down, and then looked up to see Papyrus looking at you, expectantly.

...He looked so hopeful.

“...Wow, Papyrus! The spaghetti sure is... uh... what’s the word...?”

“EDIBLE!?” Papyrus finished for you, excitedly.

... Barely.

“Y-Yeah! That’s the word... Edible.”

Papyrus seemed perfectly happy and proud of your answer. You couldn’t help but smile back at him, before you turned your attention over to Sans.

He was staring down at his plate of food, and lazily twirling his fork in the noodles. He looked deep in thought, as usual.

...You wanted to ask him if he was okay again, but decided against it. You didn’t wanna be annoying. Instead, you focused back on your food. You had to get this down, or else you would upset Papyrus, and probably Sans, too.

You listened to papyrus talk on and on about things, ranging from his birthday all the way to the type of underwear he uses.

...You weren’t really sure what you were suppose to do with this information.

By the time dinner was done, you were honestly amazed by how much noodles one skeleton could consume. He literally ate like, eighteen boxes of spaghetti, total. Where the hell did it go?

...You didn’t really know what to think. That’s a lot of fucking pasta.
But hey, he seemed happy. He wasn’t hurting anybody.

“ARE YOU SATISFIED HUMAN?” he asked you, after you had finished the last of your food.

You smiled and gave a small nod. You were truly stuffed, and quite honestly you were surprised you were able to finish your food.

He seemed pleased with your answer. “FANTASTIC! HAVE YOU SAVED ROOM FOR DESSERT?”

...Oh god.

There was more?

Was this gonna be burnt and undercooked at the same time too?

...You have to be polite. He invited you here specifically for dinner, and you probably should have expected a dessert. Your own fault for being unprepared.

“...Yeah. Yes. Sure.”

Wow you sound like an idiot

.

You looked over at Sans when you heard him snort lightly.

See? Even he thought you sounded stupid.

...But he had that smile, while he stared down at his plate. The one that made you feel weirdly tingly.

... What the hell was happening to you?
You looked over at Papyrus to see him pulling a tray out of the oven. It looked like brownies, and honestly they didn’t look bad. In fact, they looked pretty fucking good. You watched as he cut out a big corner piece and put it onto a plate, before setting it down in front of you.

You looked down at the brownie, and almost drooled. It looked fudgy and gooey and amazing. Papyrus cut out another edge piece and put it down in front of Sans before eating the entire rest of the tray.

Shit.

He sure as hell had an appetite.

...You really hoped it tasted better than the spaghetti.

You could feel Pap’s stare on you, probably waiting for you to eat the brownie, so you did. You picked it up off of the plate and took a small bite.

...

...It was amazing!?  

You couldn’t stop yourself. You ate the rest of it quickly, briefly wondering how the hell he got this to taste so incredible after that spaghetti.

After you finished, you looked up at Papyrus happily. “That was the best brownie I’ve ever had. Thank you.”

“I KNOW!” ...Fair enough, “AND YOU ARE VERY WELCOME! YOU MAY COME BACK ANY TIME! I APPRECIATE A HUMAN WITH A SOPHISTICATED PALETTE! unlike the last human who threw up my delicious food...”

“Oh, thanks. Yeah, I will.” Just as long as it isn’t spaghetti next time .
“WHAT’S YOUR FAVORITE TYPE OF FOOD? I COULD MAKE IT FOR YOU!” he offered, and you felt a bit of relief knowing it wouldn’t be noodles.

...Just as you were about to answer, Sans did it for you.

“She likes sushi.”

“FANTASTIC! I SHALL MAKE SUSHI!”

...How did he…?

Oh yeah. You went to that restaurant together. You must’ve told him.

“WOULD YOU LIKE FOR SANS TO TAKE YOU HOME NOW?” Papyrus suddenly asked you, volunteering his brother.

...Was he okay with that?

“...Sure?” you answered, looking at Sans for clarification.

He just winked in response, and you couldn’t help but feel a bit flustered by it. You felt your cheeks heat up a bit, and a tiny, pleasant shiver shoot down your spine. You watched as Sans stood up and muttered a small ‘thank you’ to his brother, before walking outside and leaving the door open, signaling he was waiting for you.

You stood up and gave Papyrus a warm smile. “Thank you for dinner.”

“YOU’RE WELCOME, SMALL HUMAN!”

You held back a snort and walked outside to meet Sans. He was standing on the porch, and staring down at his phone, seemingly scrolling through Facebook.

“Hey,” you greeted him, trying to gain his attention.
He looked up at you and turned off his phone, before putting it into his pocket. “...hey. all set?” he asked you, his voice gentle.

You nodded, and then moved closer to hug him, wrapping your arms around his torso. After a moment or two, he slowly hugged you back, pulling you a bit closer.

...He was warm. A comforting feeling against the chilly fall weather.

You hummed subconsciously, feeling relaxed in this moment. Safe, somehow. You felt him nuzzle the top of your head gently, and you couldn’t help but smile and nuzzle into his chest, as well.

This felt so natural.

He sighed in contentment, and you wondered if he was going to teleport or not.

“...Sans?” you asked softly, giving his chest another small nuzzle.

He grunted in reply, and you took that as a sign to continue.

“...We gonna teleport...?”

He went stiff for a moment, and then relaxed. “...oh. y-yeah. just, uh... close your eyes.”

You did, nuzzling into him one more time, before feeling the world shift.

...

When you opened your eyes, you were both in front of your apartment, standing on the porch.
...Part of you really didn’t wanna let go, but you needed to go inside.

You released your hold on Sans, and moved slightly, signaling for him to release you.

But he didn’t.

“...” you tapped him on his back gently, and he made a small noise of acknowledgment. “...We’re here. You gonna let go..?”

“...yeah.”

He slowly released his hold on you, hands dropping to his sides limply, before he stuffed them into his pockets again. The look on his face made it seem like he was a bit disappointed. Maybe he didn’t want this evening to end either?

“...Thanks for bringing me home. I had fun,” you told him with a smile as you made your way to the door.

...Just as you were about to turn the handle, you stopped.

Why did the thought of him leaving right now make your chest hurt?

You turned around and looked at him, meeting his eye instantly. He had a faint blue tint on his cheek bones, and his gaze was fixated on you. He almost looked drunk.

“...Wanna come in..?” you asked him before you even realized you wanted him to.

His eye sockets widened in surprise, and the faint blush disappeared. He just looked completely shocked. You noticed a small amount of hesitation, and just as you were about to say nevermind he started speaking.

“...s-sure. for a bit.”
You gave him a soft smile and then opened the door, walking inside. He followed behind you and closed the door before turning and facing you.

“...What do you wanna do? I don’t exactly have much, but…” *it’s enough*.

“youuuuuuuu-.... uh….” ...Did he just…? “... *you have a nice place!*”

...Nice save.

“...Thanks,” you said softly, feeling your face heat up again. Why did he have that effect on you? Nobody else ever did!

He clearly couldn’t meet your gaze, so he focused over on your table. “...heh. uh... wanna just… watch tv again?”

“Oh, yeah. Sure.” *Good idea. Maybe that could be your thing. Watching tv.*

You lead the way into the living room, and sat down on the couch, gently patting the spot next to you. He didn’t hesitate, he sat down and got comfortable.

You turned on the TV and started to go through movies on Netflix.

“...How do you feel about romance movies?” you asked, turning to look at him.

“...depends on if they’re actually good. usually they’re just predictable. like, boy meets girl. they obviously belong together, but you have to sit there and watched for an hour and a half and wait for them to realize that.”

...Wow. That was actually really accurate.
“...I have the perfect movie in mind,” you told him, before you turned on the one romance movie you knew wasn’t like that.

You both got comfortable on the couch, leaning back and watching contently. The movie was a bit different than Sans has predicted earlier, they actually started out knowing they belonged together. Still pretty cliche, but it wasn’t what he said.

You were both mostly silent during the film, up until the kissing scene when he snorted.

“What?” you asked, glancing over at him. What was funny about kissing?

“that is not a kiss. they're just eating each others faces.”

...Sure as hell looked like a kiss to you. “It is a kiss?”

He looked at you, skeptically. “are you kidding me? you think that’s a kiss?”

“Well, it looks like a kiss. So yeah.”

He had a confused expression on his face for a moment, and then it quickly turned to one of realization.

“...you’ve never been kissed, have you?”

...You shrugged.

It wasn’t that you weren’t open to the idea, it’s just… never happened. You never really liked anybody enough to kiss them, and apparently that was a mutual thing because nobody’s ever tried to kiss you either.

“...holy shit.” he sounded shocked.
“It’s not that big of a deal,” you said softly, feeling a bit embarrassed.

“...”

He went silent as he stared at you, and you felt a bit uneasy.

“...Um?”

Silence.

“Sans?”

Nothing.

“...Helloooo?” you tried again, waving a hand in front of his face.

...He grabbed your face gently, cupping it with both hands.

And then he pulled you in for a kiss.

Your eyes widened in surprise, and you made a small noise of surprise.

...Holy shit.

Sans was kissing you.

Sans. Was kissing you.
...You kissed him back, now realizing what he meant. On the movie it was rough and uncoordinated, but this? This was much different. It was gentle, and you could feel his… lips? Or the manageable bone when his lips would be in sync with yours.

Your chest felt so nice, and you just didn’t understand why.

His hands suddenly gripped onto your hips tightly, and he pulled you closer until you were almost straddling his lap.

You couldn’t help the small noise that escaped from the back of your throat as you clung to him by the front of his jacket, and you shuddered when he let out a tiny whine.

...Eventually you found it a little hard to breathe, and you pulled away, panting.

You looked at his face and he looked completely shocked, like he couldn’t believe he just did that. He was panting and staring down at his hands on your hips.

“...Um,” you started, unsure of what to say after a moment like that.

“...”

Poof.

...He vanished.

You felt a small pain in your chest, and a part of you wanted to scream.

“...Sans!?"
Just how obsessed was he?

How messed up in the head could one person be to literally hallucinate that one person was at their house? It wasn’t like he hadn’t seen you in days, or weeks, so it made no sense that he was already seeing things!

...Maybe it did make sense.

This was his dream, after all. To have you and Papyrus be friends, and make dinner together and have that domestic feel… but it was truly sad that he was literally seeing it in his head, and projecting it into his real life.

“...Sans? You good?”

...

That...

This wasn’t a hallucination. It wasn’t a hallucination at all.

Holy shit, why were you at his house!?

He was trying to distance himself from you so he didn’t do anything to fuck up this relationship!

...He blinked and looked over at his brother. Papyrus was smiling, like he was proud to have brought home a friend. But where the hell did he even find you!? And why you of all people!?

His gaze shifted back toward you. You were smiling as well, only your smile was a bit anxious. He understood that. He knew he seemed a bit… upset maybe? Which he was, really, just… not as upset as he should be. He loved you, and he loved that you were in his home. What he didn’t love is that he wasn’t in complete control right now. He knew he could snap at any minute, and nobody needed that. That wouldn’t be good for anybody.
“...uh. what... whatcha doin’ here?” he asked you gently before he stuffed his hands into his pockets.

“Papyrus invited me over for dinner.”

...Understandable. You wouldn’t show up unannounced. That’s just not something you would do with somebody you had only known for less than a week.

Sans looked over at his brother again, and he still looked proud. You however, seemed uncomfortable. He could tell by the way you folded your hands into your lap.

“...where... where’d ya meet?” that’s what he really wanted to know.

You gave him a small smile, and he felt a wave of emotions come over him. All positive and confusing, besides anxiety, He could recognize that one.

“Ironically, I met him at the store. Weird, right?”

Weird?

No, that sounded like fate.

That sounded like you were meant to meet and you were meant to be here at his house.

Still, he let out a small laugh, not wanting you to be creeped out by his real thoughts. What he really thought was that you belonged here.

Now Papyrus knew you, and now things would finally fall into place.

“...Are you sure you're okay?” you asked him, concern obvious in your voice.

...You really need to stop worrying about him like that.
“...yeah. yeah, i’m... i’m great,” he lied as he sat down at his usual place at the table.

Sans knew that his brother ate a lot more than the average person, but that was fine by him. Better than not eating enough. But still, the look on your face was pretty cute.

You seemed a little intimidated by the amount of noodles that were in front of you, and even more surprised by the amount that was on Papyrus’s plate.

But the fact that you didn’t comment on it, made him really grateful.

He expected that from you anyways, considering how you were far from judgemental, even if you were taken aback by something.

He saw you look over at his plate, and he’s pretty sure he saw a bit of relief in your expression. Probably because he had the same amount as you did, and that made it seem a little less weird for you to eat so much spaghetti.

After you seemed to accept the fact that you were given so much, you picked up your fork and started to twirl the noodles around on your fork. You were examining it, probably noting the fact it seemed both overcooked and undercooked at the same time.

Paps always claimed he did that on purpose, for a variety of textures.

Despite the look of the food you still took a bite, and Sans watched out of the corner of his socket.

He could tell that you were holding back a face of disgust, yet you just kept chewing. You chewed, and then you swallowed before looking up at papyrus with a smile.

“...Wow, Papyrus!” you started voice happy and even. “The spaghetti sure is... uh... what’s the word...?”

The fact that you were trying so hard to give his brother a genuine compliment was both adorable
and nerve wracking.

“EDIBLE!?” Paps offered, unknowingly throwing you a life line.

“Y-yeah! That’s the word… Edible.”

*suuuure it was.*

Sans brought his focus back down to his plate and started to twirl the noodles onto his fork as well, feeling grateful that his brother was so talkative. That way he didn’t need to speak, and it still wouldn’t be awkward, and you would have someone to speak with.

...And watching you communicate with his brother really pleased him.

He felt closer and closer to what he wanted now.

To his dream.

You both exchanged conversation and he listened, not learning anything new, but finding enjoyment in the fact you were both learning more and more about each other. Sometimes Papyrus would give you some information that you didn’t necessarily need, but hey, he seemed happy, and you didn’t seem to mind it either.

...Half of the time he found himself tempted to answer for you. He didn’t, for obvious reasons, but the urge was still there.

You seemed to finish your pasta pretty easily, despite the taste, and honestly Sans was really proud of you for some reason.

He knew his brothers food wasn’t… the best, but you still ate all of it.

You didn’t waste anything.
“ARE YOU SATISFIED HUMAN?” Papyrus asked you after the three of you had eaten.

*Sans was pretty sure satisfied wasn’t the word you would use after that meal.*

Nonetheless, you still smiled at Papyrus and confirmed you enjoyed the food. Sans was glad that you were the type of person who could tell a little white lie when necessary to spare someone’s feelings.

“FANTASTIC! HAVE YOU SAVED ROOM FOR DESSERT?”

Now ya see, the thing about Papyrus is he’s not a bad baker. Cooking? Not his strong suit. But when it came to sweets, he was fantastic. But of course, you didn’t know that, so the look on your face was priceless when you realized there was still more where that came from.

What made it even better, was the fact you were unable to say no, even though you obviously wanted to.

“...Yeah. Yes. Sure.”

... *oh my god.*

You are so fucking adorable.

Sans really fucking wished he could have this every day. You, him and Pap. Where you both were safe, and you would be here and you would love him, and you would never leave and you would look so pretty sprawled out undern-

...  

Sans snorted lightly. This was exactly why you shouldn’t be here.
He’s not safe for you.

You looked over at him, seemingly to question what he found so amusing.

...Shit. Did he just accidentally offend you?

He gave you a wink, trying to show you that he wasn’t laughing at you, but he’s pretty sure it just came across as flirty since your entire face lit up.

Hey, he’s not complaining. Red is a pretty color on you.

You averted your eyes and looked over to Papyrus pulling a tray of brownies out of the oven. He cut a piece out for you, and wow. You looked actually excited for this.

Sans was happy that there was at least something you would enjoy from this evening.

You know, besides talking to his cool brother.

Papyrus gave Sans a piece, and then ate the rest of the tray before sitting back down and watching you for your reaction.

...Sans felt his soul thump when your face lit up after taking a bite.

And then you scarfed the rest of it down, not caring about how you looked, and it was so adorable.

You are so adorable.

...
...When you were done, you thanked Papyrus and told him it was the best brownie you had ever eaten. There was something about you getting along with his brother that was just so… right.

perfect.

“I KNOW! YOU ARE VERY WELCOME! YOU MAY COME BACK ANY TIME! I APPRECIATE A HUMAN WITH A SOPHISTICATED PALETTE!” Papyrus told you, and a part of Sans was screaming that he wanted you here all the time, while the other half knew you shouldn’t be here. “unlike the last human who threw up my delicious food…”

...heh. Oh yeah. That didn’t end well.

“Oh, thanks. Yeah, I will.”

...fuck. shit.

That was both the best and the worst news possible.

“WHAT’S YOUR FAVORITE TYPE OF FOOD?” Papyrus asked you, enthusiastically. “I COULD MAKE IT FOR YOU!”

...Sushi.

It was sushi.

He wanted to answer for you…

...and he did. That wasn’t suspicious. You told him that yourself!

“she likes sushi.”
“FANTASTIC! I SHALL MAKE SUSHI!”

well that’s settled.

You looked a little confused at first, and he felt like his non-existent heart dropped into his stomach. Was he wrong? Did you not actually tell him that?

...He felt relieved when a look of realization came over your face. Either you really didn’t tell him and you’re just trying to convince yourself you did, or you actually did.

He’s hoping for the latter.

“WOULD YOU LIKE FOR SANS TO TAKE YOU HOME NOW?”

...Why the hell…

...He knew.

Papyrus fucking knew.

He could tell, of course he could fucking tell you were his soulmate!

fuck!

He was gonna chew him out later for sure.

goddammit.

“...Sure?” you replied, looking over towards Sans.
...Last time he winked you reacted adorably, so he did it again hoping for the same effect.

*heh.* He wasn’t disappointed. Your face lit up like a bright cherry and you shuddered slightly.

He thanked Papyrus for the food and then made his way outside, leaving the door open to signal he was waiting for you.

...He pulled his phone out of his pocket, and it opened to your page.

You were so beautiful…

“Hey.”

... *shit.*

He quickly turned off the screen and shoved it into his pocket, *really* hoping you didn’t see that.

“...hey. all set?”

You nodded and then wrapped your arms around him in a hug.

...Wow.

...You were so fucking *warm*.

He wrapped his arms around you and pulled you in closer, enjoying how *natural* and *right* it felt to have you against him like this.

He heard you hum softly in contentment and he nuzzled the top of your head without even thinking. You were just so cute and seemed content and *happy*. 
And then nuzzled him back.

… breathe.

He couldn’t help but sigh in complete bliss. You were hugging him. You were actually hugging him.

“...Sans?” you started, voice gentle and heavenly.

“mm?”

“...We gonna teleport…?”

...

... oh.

That explains why you hugged him… you thought teleportation required it.

right.

“...oh. y-yeah, just… uh. close your eyes.”

As soon as you did, he took a shortcut.

...

He brought you both to your apartment, and loosened his grip just a little to signal you had arrived. You blinked a few times before focusing on your surroundings, and he felt a bit of joy when you
didn’t immediately let go.

….But after a moment or two, you released him, letting your arms fall to your sides. You tried to back up a bit, but… he just couldn’t let go.

... shit.

let go you idiot.

...You tapped him on the back.

“mh?”

“...We’re here. You gonna let go…?” you asked him softly.

...

“...yeah.”

He slowly released you and le his hands fall at his sides as well before stuffing them in his pockets.

God, he really wanted to hold you forever.

He felt almost high, just from physical contact.

“...Thanks for bringing me home. I had fun,” you told him happily, making your way to the door.

...You weren’t opening it.
Why weren’t you opening it?

You turned and looked at him, and he couldn’t help but note the pink tint to your cheeks, and the way your eyelids seemed a bit droopy.

...

...fuck.

You could feel it too.

“...Wanna come in…?”

...

oh no.

oh no no no, that is a bad fucking idea.

…”’s-sure. for a bit.”

fuck! you fucking idiot!

...He just can’t say no to you.

He followed you into the house, mentally scolding himself. He wanted to be with you of course, just…

Fuck.
He closed the door behind him and turned to you, wondering what you had in store.

...He had a few ideas… *but* they weren’t exactly ‘friend activities’.

“...What do you wanna do? I don’t exactly have much, but…”

“youuuuuuu-” *holy fucking shit what the fuck was wrong with him*, “…uh… you have a nice place!”

...Wow Sans. Amazing save.

“...Thanks,” you muttered softly, face turning from pink to red.

...You really needed to stop doing cute things.

“...heh. uh... wanna just… watch tv again?”

TV was a safe route. He could try and focus on something other than the fact he wanted to kidnap you, or from the reality that he really hated the fact you were just friends.

“Oh, yeah. Sure.”

You lead him into your living room. It looked nice. You had a sofa, and a coffee table and a few chairs along with a TV. The walls were decorated and it seemed put together.

Sans couldn’t relate, but he wasn’t complaining.

You both took a seat on the sofa and you turned on Netflix.

If you were dating he would probably make some lame ass joke about Netflix and chill, but he decided against it.
“...How do you feel about romance movies?”

He honestly wasn’t a fan.

But he knew you were.

“...depends on if they’re actually good,” wasn’t a lie, “usually they’re just predictable. like, boy meets girl. they obviously belong together, but you have to sit there and watch for an hour and a half and wait for them to realize that.”

...That actually sounded a little bit like your current situation.

Huh.

Only the shitty part is he already figured that out and was waiting on you.

“...I have the perfect movie in mind.”

To be quite honest, Sans didn’t pay much attention.

He was watching your reactions from his peripheral vision, like he did last time. Admittedly, he hadn’t seen this movie before, but he didn’t really care.

You were much more interesting than a stupid comedy romance flick.

...He didn’t actually look at the screen until you smiled.

You were smiling at the sappy kissing scene.
They weren’t even kissing! They were sucking each others faces!

He couldn’t help but snort, feeling both amused and disgusted by the scene in front of him.

“What?” you asked, looking at him.

Shit. He didn’t mean to cause attention.

Oh well. Might as well complain.

“that is not a kiss,” he started, still watching the screen. “they’re just eating each others faces.”

“...It is a kiss?” you sounded confused.

“are you kidding me?” he asked, turning to look at your pretty face fully. “you think that’s a kiss?”

“Well it looks like a kiss. So… yeah.”

What the actual fuck?

It was like you had never seen a real life ki-...

... 

holy shit.

holy shit.
You were so fucking adorable.

“...you’ve never been kissed, have you?”

When you shrugged he almost exploded.

“...holy shit.”

You were fucking perfect!

How in the world have you never been kissed before!?

He was worried that he wouldn’t be the first person to ever touch you sexually, but apparently he would be the first person for a lot of things!

This is amazing news!

“It’s not that big of a deal.”

This is an amazing deal!

You would be one hundred percent his!

“...Um?”

You were so fucking pure, and perfect, and amazing and…

fuck!
“Sans?”

*Your lips were so fucking perfectly shaped, and he swears to God they were begging for him to kiss them!*

“...Helloooo?”

...So he did.

He just couldn’t hold himself back anymore.

He snapped.

As gently as he could, he cupped your face and pulled it to his, where he kissed you softly.

You didn’t respond right away and for some reason he felt *angry*.

He was mad at himself for doing this, and he was mad at *you* for not wanting him like you should.

Even if that wasn’t your fault.

...But all of that anger melted away when you responded. You moved your pretty pink lips with his in perfect synchronization, and it took absolutely every ounce of strength in his body not to rip your clothes off.

He brought his hands down to your hips and pulled you *closer*. You let out a small noise and you *clung to him*!

You didn't push him away! You pulled him *CLOSER!*
He whined, unable to contain his emotions. You were responding so positively to him, like a good girl, and he was *SO   F U C K I N G   H A P P Y!*

...Until you pulled away.

You were panting, and you looked confused and unsure and…

“...Um.”

...He had to get out of there.

Shit, he couldn’t do this, he was slipping.

All he could see was you underneath him...

Fuck!

He teleported back to his room *and freaked the fuck out.*

Chapter End Notes

  oH SHIT BOI.
  It's starting.

  [Want more HT Sans?](#)
Marked.

Chapter Summary

*gary come home plays in the background*

Chapter Notes

i am sUPER DEPRESSED

Sorry if this sucks. Falling back into depression.

Shout out to @llamagoddessofficial for helping with some of y/ns dialogue.

go best friend dats my best friend

See the end of the chapter for more notes

...Sans kissed you.

He really just kissed you.

That was your first kiss!

….It definitely wasn’t like the movies. It was so much more than that! It actually felt meaningful and gentle. Not rough and uncoordinated. It felt almost perfect. You wouldn’t say that you felt sparks fly or fireworks go off, but… you did feel kind of tingly. You got goosebumps when it happened and they were just now starting to go away.

You know that kissing a skeleton is probably a lot different from kissing a human with actual lips… but something tells you that you would prefer the soft malleable bone over that any day.

A part of you felt light and airy and just so good.

...But the other part of you was hurting.
Why did he run away like that?

Did he regret it? Was it not good for him? Did he not like you? If he didn’t like you, then why the hell did he kiss you in the first place?

...Did you do it wrong?

...

You wouldn’t be very surprised, if that’s the case. You knew next to nothing about kissing, let alone romance. But didn’t that make it special? Shouldn’t he be glad that he got your first kiss?

...You did have his number. You could always text him. Get him to bring his bony ass back here.

...

You texted him.

Y/N: - SANS!

Y/N: - Did you go home?

A few moments went by where there was absolutely nothing. All you could focus on was the clock on your wall as you watched it slowly move, and heard it tick, seemingly louder than ever. All you could do was overthink and doubt yourself as you waited for a reply of some kind, or for him to come back.

...He started typing.

...And typing.

And typing.
He typed for literally over ten minutes straight, and you started to get a bit fidgety. Was he about to pour his heart out to you? Or explain why you couldn’t be friends anymore!? Or maybe he was gonna say something about how you suck at kissing..?

That didn’t seem like something that he would do, but you had no idea what he was gonna say, and it was driving you insane.

...Then he finally replied.

Sans: - i’m sorry.

...

Are you fucking serious!?

It took his ten minutes to type ‘i’m sorry’!?

You tried really, really hard not to be mad, but that was just infuriating.

...Whatever. At least he responded at all. The only thing that could’ve been worse was if he left you on seen.

Y/N: - Why are you apologizing?

His next response was almost instant, and you silently thanked God. You didn’t think your heart could take another ten minutes of typing.

Sans: - because i’m an idiot. i’m sorry.

...An idiot?
You agreed, but not because he kissed you. He was an idiot for running out as soon as he did! That’s not something you can just ignore.

**Y/N: - You’re not an idiot. Come back.**

Whether he liked it or not, you both had to talk about this. You both needed to get all of this out into the open, and you had to figure out what you were both feeling for each other.

...You’re pretty sure you like him. Romantically, that is.

* ping *

You looked down at your phone and read his response.

**Sans: - are you gonna yell at me?**

...You wanted to.

You *really* wanted to. He shouldn’t have ran out on you like that, and you wanted him to know how upset you were over it.

But if you told him that, he probably wouldn’t come back… so, you decided against it.

**Y/N: - No. I liked the kiss. It was nice.**

You genuinely did. You still felt bubbly and airy from it.

You wouldn’t mind doing it again.
You screeched slightly and then dropped your phone when you felt a sudden gust of air come from the center of the room. You looked up and realized Sans was standing in your living room again.

He looked… stressed.

And that was putting it lightly.

He looked like he was on the verge of having a panic attack, and you were honestly worried he already had one. You wouldn’t be very surprised, since he always seemed like an anxious guy, and even proved that he was from time to time.

“...Jeez. Can you give me a little warning next time?” you asked him, holding your hand over your heart.

“...sorry,” he apologized, yet again. The look on his face showed that he really meant it, too.

“...It’s okay,” you assured him, gently patting the seat next to you on the sofa. “Sit with me? Please?”

You felt a mixture of relief and happiness when he sat, only then realizing you were pretty tense since you half expected him to run away. He was looking at you expectantly, and that’s when you realized you should probably start talking, since you’re the one who asked him to come back in the first place.

“...Why’d you kiss me?”

That was probably a really bad question to ask, since he instantly looked on edge and like he was about to vanish on you again. In his defense, it was a really hard question for somebody to answer, and you could see that.

“Hey, hey it’s okay. I’m not mad or anything,” you reassured him quickly, fearing he would bail on you again. You needed to sort this out or else things would be awkward, and hell, you might even never talk again.
You really didn’t want that.

You gently took his hand in yours, hoping that would both soothe his nerves and prevent him from poofing away again. He didn’t stiffen or flinch at all, so you took that as a good sign. You looked at his face, and he was staring intently down at your intertwined fingers, eyes half lidded.

“...i like you.”

He said it as if it was as clear as day. As if the question itself was blatantly obvious, and the answer was apparent the entire time.

“...Really?” you questioned, even though you didn’t really need to. You couldn’t help your insecurities, and they always popped up at the worst times.

“...isn’t it kinda obvious?” he asked you, looking a little confused.

...Well he wasn’t exactly subtle with his attraction towards you, you’ll give him that. But you were just the type of person who always doubted the hints he made, wondering if you had read them wrong, even when it was something painfully obvious. Like that time he lowkey admitted he wanted to ‘do’ you. You just played it off.

“...I guess,” you admitted, with a small laugh. “...I just… kinda shrugged off the hints, and drowned in my own insecurities. But…” you trailed off, suddenly feeling a bit anxious.

“...but?” he encouraged you to finish.

...You gave his hand a light squeeze. “I like you, too.”

There was no reason to hide it. He had admitted his feeling, so why not admit yours? It felt really nice to finally have it off your chest and to be able to admit that to both him and yourself. You really, really liked Sans.

He was completely silent for what seemed like minutes, but was really only about thirty seconds, and then he looked you in the eye, a shocked expression on his face.
“…wait, y-you do?” he questioned, and you realized he probably had a lot of insecurities as well. He sounded like he was in disbelief.

“Mhm. Isn’t it ‘kinda obvious’?” you questioned playfully, mimicking his tone from earlier.

“…no,” he admitted, sounding a bit defeated.

“…Well I do. A lot.”

He went silent again, as if he was trying to process what you were saying and was having a hard time accepting it as a fact. Why did that seem like such a dream to him? Why was it so weird that you would return his feelings? You didn’t see anything wrong with that.

“…Sans?” you said softly, trying to get his attention, or get him to react in any way.

“…ah… ahahahahaha…” he suddenly started to laugh softly, catching you a bit off guard.

“…Ahaha…A-Are you okay?” you asked him, feeling the slightest bit uneasy by his reaction.

…He just kept laughing. Well, it sounded a bit more like cackling, but...

Did you break him *again*?

“…Ahaha…. Eheh…?” *This made no sense. Why was that funny to him…? “…What’s so funny…?”*

“…oh god, this is ridiculous,” he muttered, and you guessed it was mostly to himself.

You almost squeaked when he pulled you into his lap.
“...you like me, huh?” he questioned you, for the second time. You were starting to doubt that’s what he really wanted?

“...U-Uhuh. Yeah... i-is... that a bad thing?...” you asked him, sounding a lot more nervous than you had intended. You were really starting to doubt yourself.

“no. no, angel, it’s a great thing,” he assured you gently, brushing some hair out of your face and then kissing your forehead.

You felt your face heat up, just a bit.

“...Oh. Oh! That’s great, heh,” you said softly, noting even sounded embarrassed. “...So... what now?”

“...well. the way i see it is we have two options,” he started, shifting both of your positions slightly so he could sit up a bit more. “we either pretend this never happened, and we stay friends...” you didn’t really want that, “...or, you agree to go out with me.”

...

... You kinda wanted that.

Sans as your first boyfriend wouldn’t be too bad. You had a lot in common already, and you’re almost positive you have more that you’re just unaware of at the moment. And he was sweet. So, so sweet. You had no issue with him being your first.

“...Yeah. Yeah, I’ll go out with you.”

As soon as the words had left your lips, you pressed them against his own bony ones. He instantly returned the gesture and started to kiss you back, moving his mouth against yours gently.

Just like last time, it left you feeling bubbly and happy. Like you were walking on air.
“...oh god. you have *no* idea how badly i wanted this, sweetheart,” he told you, leaning his forehead against yours softly.

You let out a small chuckle. You felt almost high, just from kissing him.

You had a really good feeling about this relationship.

“...i mean it. i went through *so* much to get to this point.”

... *Oh?*

“...Yeah?”

“yeah. it’s a lot.”

...Well that sounded ominous.

“...Well… I’m here now! It worked!” you said cheerfully, not exactly liking the way the atmosphere had shifted.

You hugged him, and he nuzzled his way into your neck, causing you to squeak softly.

...That was a new feeling.

You gave off a soft laugh, feeling a bit uneasy. What was he doing?

“...That’s uh… my neck.

He chuckled softly. So softly, that you barely caught it.
...And then he bit you.

Sans has never been so simultaneously pissed off and horny in his entire life.

He just couldn't fucking hold back. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t stop himself? You were just so tempting and beautiful and PERFECT! Not to mention the fact you were made for him specifically! You practically had his name on your forehead, teasing him in bright, flashing lights!

It wasn’t fair.

It wasn’t fucking fair .

...Your lips were so soft. Plump and inviting, practically begging for him to press his own against them.

So he did.

And then he instantly regretted it.

Because of course, just a kiss wouldn’t be enough for him, no, his body craved you now. His pelvis ached with need and his soul was practically screaming at him for leaving, and for kissing you!

He needed you.

It fucking hurt .

...He could kidnap you. He could kidnap you, and he could end all of this.
He refused to let himself have you. He already crossed one line, he wasn’t about to cross any other ones if he could help it. He put up these specific boundaries for a reason, and he was just walking over them with literally no issue. He just kept fucking himself over, with no care in the world about the consequences at the time he decides to be a fucking idiot!

He just completely ruined everything! There was no way you didn’t hate him after that!

...A part of him was so fucking thrilled that he finally kissed you, able to feel the magic the moment your lips touched his, yet the other part was so incredibly pissed. Both sides were screaming at each other inside of his head and it was driving him INSANE!

...breathe.

He tells himself time and time again, to just breathe.

Well breathing wasn’t fucking working.

He still screwed up at every possible chance he got, and no matter what he told himself he couldn’t prevent it!

...He was so fucking turned on. It was physically painful. A dull ache was spreading throughout his entire pelvis, making it hard to think about anything other than the fact he just KISSED YOU.

...Would it be fucked up to get off to one of your pictures right now?

...

...Just as he was about to unzip his pants, his phone went off.

Y/N: -SANS!
You were about to chew him out.

**Y/N: - Did you go home?**

**....did he go home?**

Why did you care where he went? Shouldn’t you be pissed, blocking his number and calling the police or something? Sexual harassment or whatever? The fact that he was a monster would definitely get him in trouble. You could completely destroy him.

...But you weren’t like that. You wouldn’t do that.

**...How was he supposed to reply to this?**

**...**

- *i’m madly in love with you.*

**....Yeah, no.**

*Deleted.*

Uh…

- *i wanna fuck you sens*

Definitely not. *Deleted that one half way through the sentence.*
- I've had insanely strong feelings for you for a long time. I've been hiding it and I've been keeping it all to myself out of the fear of rejection and I ran away because I was afraid you hated me now. I had no right to kiss you like that and I feel like a complete idiot. I am so so sorry and I swear I'll never do it again. Did you know we're soulmates? Hahah lol

...  

He was really fucking bad at this.

Deleted.

Come on you fucking moron! You've been typing forever!

...

Okay.

Sans: - I'm sorry.

He internally facepalmed.

He probably looked like an idiot. He was typing for over ten minutes straight, and yet he only managed to send you a two worded apology. You probably thought it took him literally ten minutes just to write out two fucking words.

This is why nobody liked him.

This was why you would never want him.

Y/N: - Why are you apologizing?
Because he’s stupid. Easy question. He can answer that one, no problem.

SANS: - because i’m an idiot. i’m sorry.

He should be able to hold himself back from you.

Why can’t he hold himself back from you!?

He shouldn’t have kissed you! He made things awkward and he ruined what you already had! You were making progress! Things were going great!

*ping*

Y/N: - You’re not an idiot. Come back.

... what.

There was no way you actually thought that. You were probably pissed and just trying to get him to go back so you could slap the fuck outta him. Maybe you could stab him in the chest repeatedly till he died. He would accept that, gladly. He’d rather be dead than live without you.

...It was strange, really. Because that’s true, even though a month ago he didn’t even know you existed.

…

...But more realistically, you were probably going to yell at him.

You weren’t the violent type, but you could definitely scream. He’s seen you yell, and he’s seen you argue. He always thought to himself that he would hate to be on your bad side, and now here he was.
Undoubtedly, on your bad side.

Right?

...Right.

**SANS:** - are you gonna yell at me?

Your answer came in less than a minute.

**Y/N:** - No. I liked the kiss. It was nice.

...You… liked. The kiss.

You *liked* the kiss?

...You liked the kiss.

...

*Poof*

As soon as he read that message, he knew everything was gonna be fine. You felt this connection a lot more than he thought you did, and you deserved a lot more credit than he initially gave you. Since you’re a human, he was convinced it would take *years* for you to actually return his feelings like you were suppose to, since you weren’t even aware of your soul in the first place… but you felt it. You felt now, what he was feeling when he first saw you. It was slower, because you weren’t a monster, and that was *beyond* frustrating, but at least you felt it at all. At least you returned his feelings in any way, shape or form.

He teleported back into your living room, and the first thing he heard was you shrieking.
...Yeah, he probably should’ve said he was coming back instead of just showing up.

You were still in the same spot he left you on the couch, only now your phone was next to you instead of in your pocket. You most likely dropped it when he teleported in.

You looked startled, and he genuinely felt bad. He didn’t mean to scare you.

Why did he fuck everything up?

“...Jeez,” you started, putting your hand over where you heart was. Fuck, he really freaked you out. “...Can you give me a little warning next time?”

Your tone wasn’t harsh. It had a playful undertone, yet he still felt bad.

“...sorry.” *Man, he was apologizing a lot today.*

“...It’s okay. Sit with me?” you asked, gently patting the seat next to you after moving over just a bit. “Please?”

...You wanted him to sit with you. Why did that make him feel so giddy all of a sudden? You’ve sat together multiple times, this wasn’t anything new.

There was just something so thrilling about the fact you enjoyed it when he kissed you. It made being near you feel... more satisfying, somehow.

He sat down next to you in his previous seat, and that’s when he noticed you had been stiff, yet you relaxed as soon as he was seated... were you expecting him to run out on you again? Well, he wouldn’t put it past himself, so that was understandable.

“...Why’d you kiss me?”
...Fuck.

That was the question he was dreading more than anything.

He couldn’t tell you that you were soulmates, that was just too much. You would probably laugh in his face. But just saying that he had a crush on you didn’t do justice to what he actually felt towards you. He felt like he would die if he didn’t have you, so he had to do this right.

Maybe if he played his cards right, you could actually be together.

Just the mere thought of that made his entire body ache with arousal.

A part of him wanted to vanish, out of fear of the question. It was kinda heavy loaded.

“Hey, hey it’s okay. I’m not mad or anything,” you told him quickly, probably noticing his inner turmoil.

...You grabbed his hand gently, and he internally started screaming.

Your skin was so soft and tempting.

He wanted it.

He wanted to feel every single inch of it.

...Your hands were such a pretty sight, too.

He wondered what they might feel like, clawing at his back.

“...i like you.”
“...Really?” you asked, almost sounding surprised.

Why would you even question that? It was so completely obvious.

Wasn’t it?

“...isn’t it kinda obvious?” Sans questioned, almost dumbfounded.

He wasn’t exactly good at hiding his feelings towards you. Other people? Sure. Easy. But with you, it was damn near impossible.

He even accidentally admitted he wanted to fuck you.

“...I guess,” you admitted after a moment, with a small, almost anxious laugh. “...I just… kinda shrugged off the hints, and drowned in my own insecurities. But...” you ended up trailing off and leaving the sentence unfinished, causing him to feel nervous and uneasy.

“...but?”

“...I like you too,” you said, giving his hand a small squeeze.

...

...You… liked him.

A part of him knew that was coming, yet it still completely shocked him.
You actually liked him. Even after all the fuck ups and the awkward moments, you still somehow had feelings for him and this fucked up mind of his.

“...wait… y-you do?”

He was kind of having a hard time processing that. It just seemed impossible in a way.

“Mhm. Isn’t it ‘kinda obvious’?” you asked, mimicking his tone playfully.

...Absolutely not.

“...no.”

“...Well I do. A lot,” you said gently.

...It took a lot less than he thought it would to get to this stage. He was almost to the breaking point where he would kidnap you, and that’s the moment you decided to tell him you return his feelings. You probably unknowingly saved yourself.

...But if you liked him.

That means you can start dating.

And if you start dating, then that means he can claim you.

And if he claims you…

“...Sans?” you said suddenly in a soft tone, trying to gain his attention.

“...ah…ahahahahaha…” he started to laugh, finding this entire situation completely ridiculous. He went through so much and now you just… liked him. It was so simple. He didn’t have to kidnap you
“...Ahaha… A-Are you okay?” you asked him, and it was completely obvious you were unnerved by his sudden laughter, but he couldn’t help himself.

He kept laughing.

He went through so much for no reason! You liked him by yourself in the end!

Of course he told little white lies to keep you happy and to make himself seem more like you, but he knew that somehow, even if he didn’t, things would still turn out like this!

You would be his no matter what!

“...Ahaha!... Eheh?” you sounded so incredibly confused, it was completely adorable! “...What’s so funny…?”

“...oh god. this is ridiculous,” he muttered, mostly to himself, suddenly pulling you into his lap. You made the cutest squeaking noise out of surprise, and he was incredibly thrilled.

You were just so delicious.

“...you like me, huh?” he questioned once more, just to be sure.

“...U-Uhuh. Yeah… i-is… that a bad thing?” you sounded anxious, and were definitely doubting yourself.

A bad thing?

Oh, princess. it's the best thing.
“no. no, angel, it’s a great thing.”

Nevermind. *That* was the understatement of the century.

Your face heated up in the prettiest way. “…Oh. Oh! That’s great, heh…. So… what now?” you questioned, sounding a bit flustered.

*now we fuck*

“…well. the way i see it is we have two options. we either pretend this never happened, and we stay friends,” *and i kidnap you*, “…or you agree to go out with me.”

...If you rejected him at this point, that was it. He was keeping you in his attic forever.

He couldn’t handle the rejection, especially after all of this shit, and his finally admitting he liked you.

Whether it was willing or not, that was it. You were his.

You seemed to be considering it for a few moments, concentration clear on your face. Times like this he really wished he had the power to read minds over the power to teleport. If he could read your mind, he could ease his own and stop worrying over and over again.

“…Yeah. Yeah, I’ll go out with you.”

*...holy shit.*

As soon as you confirmed it, you kissed him again.

It was complete and utter *bliss* for him. This was the exact moment he was *waiting for*! And now you were *dating!*?
You were officially his girlfriend!

Your lips felt heavenly, just like they did before, and he swears he feels high just off of your lips.

...Imagine what would happen if you actually went further.

It would probably put him in a coma.

When you needed to breathe again, you pulled back. You were panting and blushing, just like the first time.

It wasn’t any less adorable.

“...oh god. you have no idea how badly i wanted this, sweetheart,” he admitted, resting his forehead against yours contently.

You let out a small laugh, and he felt his soul do a flip.

That was such a beautiful sound.

“...i mean it. i went through so much to get to this point.”

...Shit.

stop talking.

“...Yeah?” you questioned softly, clearly confused.

...be evasive.
“...yeah. it’s a lot.”

*that made it sound even creepier.*

“...Well… I’m here now! It worked!” you assured him. You were so cheerful and bubbly. It was completely and utterly *precious.*

*y o u   a r e   s o   p r e c i o u s.*

You hugged him, gently. Your entire body was warm and inviting against him, and he couldn’t help but feel that same dull arousal flush through him again.

...He gently nuzzled his way into your neck, inhaling your scent.

*addicting.*

You squeaked softly, and then played it off with a small, almost uncomfortable laugh.

*You were anxious.*

“...That’s uh… my neck.”

...Yeah.

He bit you.

And then it was *his* neck.

*You* were his. Completely.
fite me

Want more HT Sans?
Chapter Summary

You should've kept your mouth shut.

It was going so well.

Chapter Notes

Oh look I'm a day early again.

I've been sick like, all week. I've had alotta extra time to write.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were in absolute shock.

He just… *bit* you. No warning of any kind, not a verbal one, nor a physical one, he just… *bit you*. It was the weirdest feeling in the world. It had this strange mix of pleasure and pain, and you simultaneously wanted to have this feeling forever, and never again.

...It was confusing.

You let out the tiniest moan, one that sounded both pained and at the same time, not at all. You gripped onto the front of his jacket anxiously, trying to keep yourself calm over this strange mix of feelings. You weren’t sure whether to pull him closer, or to push him away.

So you just… held onto him.

After a few, agonizingly long moments, he released his bite on your neck and gently licked the wound he had just created. You felt a sudden rush of heat in your core, and you almost moaned when he moved away to kiss your forehead.

...You were kind of in disbelief.
Did that *really* just happen?

“...D-Did you just bite me!?” you asked, sounding completely shocked. You brought your hand up to your neck and felt where he had just been.

...Yeah.

Yeah, he definitely bit you.

Stupid question.

“yeah,” he said casually, and you couldn’t help but notice he looked… a lot calmer now, somehow. Like he was at ease. All of the tension from before had vanished, and he was looking at you as if he had done nothing wrong. Like he didn’t just sink his teeth into your skin five seconds ago.

“...Why!?” This didn’t make any sense? Why did he bite you!? Was it some kind of fetish?

It was a bit soon for all that!

He snorted lightly, and rested his hands on your hips. “you taste good.”

You were completely shocked by that.

You could feel your entire face heat up in embarrassment and you felt your shoulders tense up a bit. How did he say that so casually!? Like he was telling you the weather or something, it was just so casual and he said it like it was a stone cold fact!

His eye lights seemed to dim slightly, giving him a more calm expression. “you’re adorable when you’re embarrassed.”

...What!?
“...I-I don’t get embarrassed.” You knew you were lying, but you lied out of embarrassment.

So.

He chuckled. “yes, you do. like the other day, when you were at the store and you dropped that bottle of soda on the floor. you were incredibly embarrassed,” he said, amusement clear in his

“Yeah, well that’s because-!...” you stopped. “...You were there?”

You didn’t remember seeing him at the store the other day. You had gone to grab toilet paper, since you were out, and you accidentally knocked over a bottle of Cola. It spilled, and the employees were really nice about it, but you were still super flustered.

His corners of his smile seemed to twitch slightly. “...heh. y’know, you should really turn off the location on your phone.”

...

...That’s a joke.

He must’ve been there, and he saw you and you just didn’t see him. He probably just has a dark side to his humor, and it’s coming out now. That was fine. You could appreciate dark humor.

“...Pfft.”

The corners of his mouth twitched again. “seriously.”

He picked your phone up from the couch and turned on the screen.

...And then he unlocked it with your password.

...There’s gotta be a logical explanation for that. Just gotta stay calm and figure it out.
“...Hehe, uh… h-how do you know my password…?” you asked, noting the nerves in your voice.

He didn’t answer you. He just turned off the location tracking and continued to stare at the screen.

“...Sans?”

Okay, think. How the hell could he possibly know your password?

...Maybe he just… saw you put it in before? Yeah, that was possible. He would’ve watched you put your password into your phone when you were watching a movie or something. Was a little rude, but it was an explanation.

“hm?” he finally answered you after a few moments. “oh, i saw you put it in your phone before.”

“Right. Yeah, I… I figured,” you said, feeling a bit relieved. You don’t know how else he would’ve known, but it’s a comfort to know that undoubtedly. You gently laid your head on his chest, resting directly below his chin. You still had a perfect view of your phone, and now you had the bonus of being comfy.

You watched as he opened up your facebook app. Unlucky for him, you weren’t logged in at the moment.

“you make it easy to get into your accounts. you use the same password for everything,” he said, almost sounding like he was in a daze.

And then he typed in your email, and then he put in your password. And then he logged in.

...Okay, you had absolutely no idea how he could have possibly known that, too.

“...Uh…” you started, letting out an anxious chuckle. “....You know my facebook, too?”
“it was easy. just had to figure out your email and then get in from there.”

...What!?

“...” you cleared your throat nervously. “...Heh, uh… what?”

You could think of absolutely no excuses for that one. That was just fucking creepy. But… there had to be one, right? There was always a logical explanation for everything... right?

“who’s john, anyways?” he spoke up, now scrolling through your facebook feed.

...John?

John was old friend from high school, why was he bringing him up now? You barely spoke to him these days, except for… when he messaged you the other day.

...Shit.

*How long has he had access to your facebook?*

“... Really old friend. Back from like, freshman year of high school,” you explained softly, still trying to piece together a possible explanation that wasn’t creepy in your head.

“...” Judging by the way his fingers twitched, you could tell his grip on your phone tightened, slightly. “...he important to you?”

The jealous tone to his voice probably should’ve set off red flags in the back of your mind, but… for some reason it was kinda cute to you.

“Not really. Haven’t spoken in a long time, except for the other day, he asked me how I’ve been…” you explained, noticing the tension in his shoulders disappear as you explained. “...Why, you jealous~?” your tone was teasing and playful as you looked up at him, but you genuinely wanted to know.
He was silent.

You looked back down on your phone just in time to see him log into your Instagram account.

...Okay, this was starting to be a bit much.

“...Sans. Look at me.”

“heh. you sure? he’s on your Instagram too,” he said, jealousy still present.

You sat up a bit in his lap and shifted to face him. “Sans.”

“he on your Snapchat, too?” he asked you, and you looked back at your screen to see he was starting to log into that platform as well.

...

You gently cupped both of his cheekbones into your hands and tilted his face slightly so he was looking at you.

“Sans,” you said sternly, looking him in the eye socket.

“...hm?” he asked, looking like he was shaken out of a daze suddenly. His eye light had looked a bit fuzzy, but that went away when he focused back on you.

You gently pressed your lips back against his, trying to distract him from your phone and this sudden jealousy of John. It was a stupid reason to feel insecure or jealous, since John was almost completely irrelevant to your life.

You pulled back and looked into his eye socket. “He’s barely even a friend. He’s just on my social medias because I like having a lot of friends on there. Makes me look friendlier,” you explained,
making sure your voice was soft instead of harsh.

He seemed to be searching your face for a moment, maybe unsure if you were being truthful. Apparently he didn’t find any trace of a lie, because he sighed softly and nodded. “...right. okay.”

He put your phone down, back in its original place on the couch, and pulled you a bit closer. He placed a gentle kiss on the left side of your face, right next to your eye. It made you smile.

“...you should unfriend him.”

Wow. You should’ve seen that coming.

“You should stop being a jealous piece of cheese,” you said, trying to lighten his mood. You also kissed him softly, just to make sure he calmed down.

“...pfft. what kind of cheese?” Guess it worked.

“...” This was the perfect opportunity to be funny. “...Bluuuuueeee cheese.”

His face practically lit up when you said that. His smile got wider and he nuzzled the side of your face. “c’mon... that was just cheesy.”

Damnit. Why didn’t you think of that one?

“I thought it was pretty gouda,” you shot back, proudly.

He snickered. “...oh god, i love you.”

Soon as those words left his mouth, you felt your face heat up. He places a gentle kiss on the side of your lips and you couldn’t help but smile.
“...We’ve been dating for less than an hour,” you muttered shoving him playfully.

“mhm. twelve minutes, to be exact.”

...Uh.

“...You’ve been counting?”

“you haven’t?”

...Was that something you were suppose to do in relationships? You honestly had no idea.

*Y/n. Your virgin is showing.* You mentally scolded yourself.

“...Should I be? Do people do that when they’re dating?”

His smile turned gentle. “not that extreme. they usually just remember the date… i guess i’m just a little obsessive.”

You giggled at that. He definitely seemed like the type to be obsessive, even when you were just friends. You didn’t really have any problem with that, just as long as it didn’t get too bad.

“...you’re so fucking cute it doesn’t even make sense,” he started suddenly, sitting up a bit, “you never look bad? it literally doesn’t make sense?”

You felt your face heat up again. Pure embarrassment flooded through your veins. “...C-C’mon,” you protested softly, trying to get him to stop talking about you.

“I mean it. i saved like, half of your pictures on instagram because you looked so perfect,” he told you, that dazed undertone present again in his voice.
Okay, that was a bit weird.

“...Sans,” you started gently, “...That’s a bit creepy.”

He went silent, and his smile dropped for half a second. Shit, you didn’t mean for that to sound so harsh. He’s just… He really likes you. That’s all. There’s no harm in that.

“...You’re hot too, y’know,” you commented softly, trying to lighten his mood again.

“...pfFT-” he suddenly bursted into laughter, and it made you jump slightly. Good thing he was holding onto you, you would’ve fallen on the floor.

“Y-You are!” you exclaimed, feeling embarrassed again, “Don’t laugh at me!”

He calmed down a bit. “oh god… okay, i can’t. you’re too fucking adorable.”

...You aren’t sure how he does it, but... whenever he’s around you somehow feel more confident. Usually you feel... completely average. Ordinary. Not special. But when he’s around, you feel completely beautiful. He makes you feel good.

“...T-Thanks...” you muttered softly. You were embarrassed but happy.

“...i mean it. lookit you. your hair is beautiful, and your eyes are perfect...” he complimented you, his voice getting really gentle. He ran his phalanges through your hair to make his point, his eyelight soft as it examined your locks.

You chuckled nervously, looking down at his chest. You couldn’t look him in the face right now. “...C’mon Sans.”

You couldn’t take this anymore. You felt like you were going to explode.

You could practically hear the smirk in his voice. “not to mention your body… it’s hot as hell.”
“AAaaaaAAaaaaAaaAAAHHH!” you exclaimed, putting your hands on his face to muffle his voice. “STOP TALKING!”

You gently squished his face, trying to get him to *shut up!*

“...” he snickered. “oh nooooo…. c’mon, even this is adorable.”

“SsshhhhShshSHh. Shh.”

“i’ve seen all of your selfies. i’m allowed to tell you that you’re perfect,” he told you seriously, grabbing your wrists gently and holding them so you could no longer smoosh his face.

“Shhhhhh!” you could practically feel steam coming out of your ears.

“i literally have one of your selfies as the background on my phone.”

...

“...I-It is?”

“yeah,” he confirmed, nonchalauntly, as if it was a normal thing to do.

“...Oh… Now I feel kinda bad. I don’t have any pictures of you,” you said, bashfully.

He lifted your chin to look at him. “you don’t gotta feel bad. i saved a lot of your pictures. and i don’t really post anything on social media.”
...The fact that he saved all of your pictures before you were even together made you a bit uneasy.

“...You’re creepy,” you said with a soft chuckle, half joking.

He was silent for a few moments, his expression blank and unchanging.

“...” you gently booped his nose ridge, trying to get some type of reaction out of him. But you got nothing. He was like a statue.

“...You okay?” you asked him anxiously.

Silence.

“...Sans?”

A few more moments of silence passed.

...And then you heard all of the doors in your house slam shut, and then you heard them lock.

You shrieked, feeling fear flood through you at the sudden noises. “What the hell was that!?” you exclaimed, looking at Sans for answers. He looked completely calm, and like nothing had just happened.

...Did he do that?

Why!?

He gently pulled you closer and hugged you. He shushed you, and pet your hair softly.

“...W-What? You shush! A-All of the doors just slammed!” you told him, trying to wiggle away slightly.
“It’s alright,” he assured you softly.

...Yeah, he definitely did this.

“...Um,” you muttered softly, hugging him back. “...Sans?”

...Poof.

—

His.

That’s all that mattered now.

You were his.

Whether that applied in human rules as well or not, didn’t really matter to him. By his and every other monsters standards, you were his. By the rule of law you belonged to him, and him alone.

That thought alone made him feel high.

Made him feel powerful.

Important.

Needed.
Your taste was addicting. That rose scent was still present, but now he could smell the more natural side to it. There was a hint of vanilla, and it was delicious. Adorable, somehow. He always associated that scent with innocence, for some reason.

He released the bite and gently licked the mark, tasting more of you. It was so delicious.

Divine. Ambrosial.

It made his tongue tingle, and almost vibrate.

He could feel you shaking slightly, clearly nervous and unsure of why he did what he did. That only added to your cuteness.

Intensified it.

He placed a gentle kiss to your forehead after he managed to pull himself away from your neck, trying to show comfort and ease a bit of your nerves. “...D-Did you just bite me!?” you asked, clearly in disbelief as you felt your new claim mark. You poor thing. You must be shaken up over this. It was really confusing, huh? Poor baby.

“yeah,” he said, calmness clear in his voice. He wanted to show you that it was okay. Nothing bad just happened, and you were still safe.

He would always keep you safe.

“...Why!?” you exclaimed, and he could hear a bit of panic in your voice.

He snorted, trying to ease the tension, and placed his hands on your hips to give you physical contact to calm your nerves. “you taste good.”

A playful answer should calm you down, rather than the real one.

The real one would probably cause panic.
Your entire face turned beet red. You looked like an adorable little strawberry. He really enjoyed it when you got embarrassed, and he knew you probably knew that at this point. But just in case…

“you’re really adorable when you’re embarrassed,” he told you, really wishing your cheeks would glow even brighter.

“...I-I don’t get embarrassed,” you lied, pouting slightly.

Awe. You were even embarrassed about *being* embarrassed.

How *c u t e*.

He chuckled, feeling amused by the lie. “yes, you do. like the other day when you were at the store and you dropped that bottle of soda on the floor. you were incredibly embarrassed.”

“Yeah, well that’s because…!” you started, and then suddenly stopped. “...You were there?”

Of course he was.

He way *always* there.

He could feel his mouth twitch, uncontrollably. “...heh. y’know, you should really turn off the location on your phone.”

...Shit.

*stop fucking talking.*

“...Pfft,” you laughed. You thought it was a joke. That’s good.
...But maybe you should know?

Maybe you should get everything out in the open, right here, right now.

...

Now that he thought about it, maybe that was the best course of action? It all had to come out eventually, so maybe it was better sooner rather than later...

“seriously,” he confirmed, letting you know he wasn’t joking.

He picked up your phone and turned the screen on, before putting in your password.

Like he expected, you tensed a bit.

But then you forced yourself to relax in his lap.

He could see that your smile fell out of the corner of his visual field, but then you forced it back, clearly trying to find some type of explanation in your head.

“...Hehe, uh…” you started, the anxiety you were clearly feeling showing up in your shaky voice, “...h-how do you know my password…?”

He heard you, but… he didn’t answer.

Should he lie? Or should he be truthful?

Would it be worse to lie to your face, or to tell you the truth about what he’s done?
...Would you still like him?

“...Sans?”

... “hm?” he asked, purposely making it seem like he wasn’t paying any attention. “oh, i saw you put it in your phone before.”

There we go. That wasn’t even a lie, he just… didn’t explain where. Didn’t explain that he was watching you do it at 3 a.m. when you didn’t even know he was there.

“Right, yeah, I… I figured,” you said, relief clear in your voice. What were you expecting him to say? He hacked into your phone like some type of government spy? Seeing you do it was really the only logical explanation there was. You were just being paranoid.

Then again, he couldn’t blame you. He acted strange around you sometimes, even he knew that.

You brought out a weird side in him.

You laid your head down on his chest, getting comfy, right below his chin. You were still looking at the phone, but having you lay so close to his soul made him feel almost drunk.

...Facebook.

He’s been on your account before, but… right in front of you?

...Might as well see your reactions. Gotta come out eventually.

What harm can it do, really? If you get scared and try to cut him off, he’ll just steal you away.
He opened up the app, and of course you weren’t logged in. That’s alright. He can just… log you in himself.

There.

“you make it easy to get into your accounts, you use the same password for everything,” he told you as he started to look at your feed. At was as if he was on autopilot. He couldn’t stop himself even if he tried. All of this was just… coming out.

“...Uh…” you chuckled nervously, “...You know my Facebook, too?”

The corners of his smile stretched ever so slightly. “it was easy, just had to figure out your email and get in from there.”

Which was the easiest part.

He memorized it when he saw you type it in one time.

You cleared your throat anxiously, and he almost laughed. *Were you scared?* “...Heh, uh… what?”

Poor angel. So confused.

He could keep you safe.

...Then he remembered…

“who’s john, anyways?” he asked, starting to scroll down.

He had wanted to ask you that the other day when he saw that a ‘John’ had messaged you on Facebook. He felt nauseous just thinking about the fact you had other guy friends.
You didn’t need them.

You had Sans.

All you needed was *each other*.

“...Really old friend. Back from like, freshman year of high school,” you explained, voice soft and full of confusion.

*Everything was gonna be just fine, princess.*

Things would make sense soon enough.

“...he important to you?” he asked, his grip tightening a bit. He couldn’t help it. The mere thought of anybody holding any importance to you other than him or Papyrus was *sickening*.

He would *kill* them.

Your voice was calm as you started to speak, “Not really. Haven’t spoken to him in a long time, except for the other day, he asked me how I’ve been…” Sans could feel all of the tension leave his body.

*That’s good. Nobody had to die today.*

“...Why, you jealous~?” you asked, your voice playful and light.

That was a relief. You weren’t scared, or weirded out.

Always a good sign.
You even sounded somehow… Happy? To hear him being protective?

*don’t you worry, baby girl. always be protective of you.*

...But what about Instagram?

He logged into your account and you seemed to stiffen slightly.

“...Sans. Look at me.”

Honestly, he thinks he looks at you a bit *too* much.

“heh. you sure? he’s on your instagram too,” he said, seeing that John had posted a picture of a stupid fucking sunset.

We get it. You’re ‘insightful’.

You sat up a bit, and you *ever so slightly* brushed against his dick.

*do it again.*

“Sans,” you said sternly, looking into his eye socket.

“...he on your snapchat, too?” he asked, starting to go to that app, mostly to play as a distraction from what you just did, but he also wanted to see if he really was.

You gently cupped his cheekbones and tilted his face to look at you. He felt high.

Your ass felt *amazing* on his bones.
He wanted to feel your bare skin so bad. To squeeze every inch of your body. Caress it. *Worship* it.

“Sans,” your voice was still stern and demanding, and it managed to pull him out of his sexual thoughts.

“...hm?”

You seemed to be searching his face for a moment… and then you kissed him again. That really wasn’t helping his arousal right now.

His body ached and cried out for you to just *touch him*.

...Good thing he knows how to suppress it. In front of you, that is.

He could be patient. You were his now. He had to keep you comfortable and happy… right? Then you wouldn’t ever leave.

He would never be lonely again.

You pulled back and he almost whined. He wanted *more* of you. He wanted *all* of you.

He wanted you *now*.

“He’s barely even a friend,” you started to explain to him gently, “He’s just on my social medias because I like having a lot of friends on there. Makes me look friendlier.”

...A part of Sans felt bad for you.

He was *insanely* insecure, and you would have to put up with jealousy often.

He constantly needed reassurance and to be reminded he mattered. Papyrus got really good at that,
and he always kept Sans content and alive….

But would you be willing to put up with that?

...Guess you didn’t really have a choice anyways.

“...right. okay.” Honestly, a part of him didn’t really believe you. That wasn’t your fault, it was his own.

He was broken. He had trust issues.

He put your phone down, deciding he was done torturing both of you, and pulled you a bit closer. Now you weren’t directly on his dick anymore. He could relax a bit.

He kissed the side of your face before speaking. “...you should unfriend him.”

If you didn’t, he would probably just do it himself later.

You smiled.

_fuck._

“You should stop being a jealous piece of cheese,” you joked, kissing him gently.

...Cheese?

Why cheese?

“...pfft. what kind of cheese?” he knew you were trying to distract him from John, but honestly he didn’t really care.
He would take care of him later.

“...” your smile got even wider and he knew what was coming. “...Bluuuuueee cheese.”

Even though he predicted it, his face lit up. He nuzzled you gently, feeling happy with your stupid joke.

“c’mon… that was just cheesy,” he punned, feeling a rush of happiness run flow through him.

Puns were his favorite, just… they didn’t come as naturally as they used to.

You brought them out, which made him love you even more, if that was even possible at this point.

“I thought it was pretty gouda,” you shot back at him, a hint of pride in your voice.

fuckkkk.

He snickered. You were amazing. “...oh god, i love you.”

He knew it was a little soon for you to hear that, but he didn’t care. He loved you the moment he saw you, and he was glad he could finally express it. Your entire face lit up again, and he kissed you, causing you to smile even though you were embarrassed.

“...We’ve been dating for less than an hour,” you mumbled, gently pushing his shoulder.

“mhm. twelve minutes to be exact.”

Well. Twelve minutes and 16 seconds.
But who’s counting?

“...You’ve been counting?”

Oh yeah. He was.

“you haven’t?” he questioned, already knowing you weren’t.

Most people wouldn’t do that. Not to that extent, anyways.

“...Should I be?” you asked, clearly confused. “Do people do that when they’re dating?”

He felt his expression soften. You were just so cute and innocent. “not that extreme. they usually just remember the date… i guess i’m just a little obsessive.”

**ONLY A LITTLE.**

- 

You giggled sweetly, and he felt his soul flip and turn. Your smile was gorgeous and your dimples made him weak.

“...you’re so fucking cute it doesn’t even make sense. you never look bad? it literally doesn’t make sense?” during his little ramble, Sans had sat up.

These were things he wished you could see.

You were so… perfect!? He always says it, and that’s because he literally can not think of any other word that fit you more accurately!

You were just… perfect.

Your face turned a brilliant scarlet. Every single time your face turns a slightly different shade of red.
It’s kind of fascinating, really, how you can change so many colors.

“..C-C’mon,” you complained softly.

“i mean it. i saved like, half of your pictures on instagram because you looked so perfect,” he told you, starting to feel light again. High, almost.

You had such a strong effect on him.

Your smile fell, and he almost cried.

“...Sans. That’s a bit creepy.”

...

Huh?

...Creepy.

That...

heh.

He hated that word.

He *despised* that word.

There’s no way you actually just said that. He’s hearing things.
That’s all.

Everything’s fine.

It’s all okay.

“...You’re hot too, y’know,” you said softly, sounding nervous.

...

Wh…

Sans bursted into laughter.

Did you really just say that!?

Oh my FUCK you were so adorable!

He’s so happy you think he’s attractive. He can’t see how but he’s glad you can.

“Y-You are! Don’t laugh at me!” you exclaimed defensively. You sounded almost protective.

Adorable.

“oh god…” he started, after he finally stopped laughing, “okay. i can’t. you’re too fucking adorable.”

Your body seemed to relax a bit, and you looked almost bashful. Did you get embarrassed by compliments? That’s a new one.
You better get used to compliments, angel. He’s gonna give you a lot of them.

“...T-Thanks…” you mumbled, looking down at his chest.

Right where his soul was.

...

“...i mean it. lookit you. your hair is beautiful, and your eyes are perfect…” he complimented you, softly, gently combing his fingers through your hair. It was so soft and silky. Flawless.

“...C’mon Sans,” you protested with a nervous chuckle.

...

“not to mention your body… it’s hot as hell,” he told you with a wink he knew you didn’t see.

You looked at him in shock and covered his face with your hands, trying to shut him up. “AAaaaaAAaaaaAaaAAAAHHH! STOP TALKING!”

f u c k i n g  p r e c i o u s

He snickered behind your hands. “oh nooooo… c’mon. even this is adorable.”

“SssssssShshShh. Shh,” you shushed him enthusiastically, gently smooshing his face.

“i’ve seen all of your selfies. i’m allowed to tell you that you’re perfect,” he protested, gently grabbing your wrists and moving them away from his face.

He didn’t let go.
“Shhhhhh!” *man, you really were embarrassed by compliments.*

You were embarrassed by *everything.*

“i literally have one of your selfies as the background on my phone,” he told you casually, a light tone to his voice.

“...I-It is?”

...Why did you sound so surprised?

Was that… a bad thing?

“yeah.”

What was wrong with that?

“...Oh… Now I feel kinda bad. I don’t have any pictures of you.”

...Oh.

That’s all?

He gently lifted your chin so you could look at him as he spoke. “you don’t gotta feel bad. i saved a lot of your pictures. and i don’t really post anything on social media.”

It was true. He only really had social medias to watch vines or look at memes.

And now to stalk you, of course.
“...You're creepy.”

...

...What?

...w-what...?

No?

...He’s... creepy?

...Just for saving your pictures?

If you thought that that was creepy, just imagine how you would feel when you found out what else he did. That compared to everything else was completely innocent. You would completely flip your shit if you found out anything else.

...He couldn’t let that happen.

He couldn’t lose you.

He wouldn’t lose you.

No fucking way.

...
He didn’t care anymore.

He slammed and locked every single door in your house.

You jumped. “What the hell was that!” you exclaimed, as you looked at him.

...You looked so scared.

Don’t worry, princess.

He would protect you.

He would always keep you safe.

He hugged you and started to pet your hair lovingly, gently cooing and hushing you.

“...W-What? You shush! A-All of the doors just slammed!” you exclaimed, trying to get out of his grip.

Sorry.

He was never letting go again.

He had you right where he wanted you.

“it’s alright,” he assured you, still petting your hair.
“...Um... Sans?” you asked, sounding completely terrified. You hugged him, and he found it sickeningly adorable that you were still clinging to him for comfort.

You still liked him.

Now you always would.

\Poof

Chapter End Notes

¯\_(ツ)_/¯

I mean, are any of us really surprised?

Want more HT Sans?
You searched your surroundings frantically, realizing it wasn’t at all familiar. It was a bedroom, obviously, but not one you had even been inside of before.

The first thing that stuck out to you was the fact that it was a mess. There were clothes all over the floor, some folded, some not, and you couldn’t tell what was clean or dirty. There was a trash bin, but it was overflowing with garbage and some was spilling out the sides. However, the bed seemed pretty clean. Clean enough for a guys bedroom, that is.

You were still in Sans’s lap, and he was seated on the bed, still holding onto you pretty tightly.

“...W-Where are we?” you asked anxiously, looking at his face.

...He looked…

You honestly couldn’t think of any other word to describe it other than insane.

“home.”
He even *sounded* insane.

“...S-Sans?” You knew you sounded nervous and that’s because you were. Why did he bring you here? And why did he look so… detached?

“shhh,” he cooed gently, pressing a small kiss against your forehead.

...This was scaring you. A lot.

“...You’re scaring me,” you admitted softly, even though you knew that was completely obvious.

“you don’t have to be afraid,” he assured you, gently combing his fingers through your hair.

Oh gee, thanks. All better. Look at that, all of your fear just went out the window!

He was being *beyond* creepy now!

“Why are you talking like that!? What’s going on!?!” you exclaimed, not even caring about the fat you sounded terrified.

“...” his expression seemed to soften. “you don’t have to be afraid, baby,” he said, voice soft and gentle. Careful.

...It was a little reassuring.

...Okay. Just keep calm. This is just Sans. He won’t hurt you. He would never hurt you. *That*, at least, you did know. He wouldn’t gain anything out of killing you anyways, because he liked you. He was obsessed with you! You don’t kill things you’re obsessed with!

...Right?
You took another look around the room, trying to keep yourself calm. “...Is this your room?” you asked, even though it was pretty obvious that it was.

“mhm,” he confirmed, looking it over once.

“...It’s, uh... it’s pretty messy,” you said with a small chuckle.

“...yeah. sorry,” he told you gently as he started to stroke your hair some more. He didn’t sound sorry, but then again, he had no reason to be. It was his room, not yours.

“...You’re still freaking me out,” you admitted softly, even though you were leaning into his touch a little bit.

“sorry,” he apologized again, “not on purpose.”

...Well that’s good. He wasn’t intentionally trying to make you afraid, so that calmed you down a bit. You figured that was the case, but you can never be too sure until it’s confirmed.

“...Okay. That’s good,” you muttered softly, leaning into his touch a bit more.

His smile seemed to twitch slightly for a moment. “...wanna lay down?”

“...Sure.”

That’s what people in relationships do, right? They cuddle?

He shifted the both of you so that you were both lying down. You were pretty close, but not exactly cuddling.
...Was that…?

...Sans,” you started, gently, knowing this might get awkward.

He made a small sign of acknowledgment and you continued.

“...Your dick is poking my thigh…” you told him, feeling insanely awkward.

You weren’t experienced, sexually… like, at all, so this made you a bit anxious, but at the same time you found it kind of funny.

You looked up at him, seeing that his eye sockets were a bit wider than before. You couldn’t help but giggle.

“...Oh my Gosh… you’re such a dumbass,” you said, placing a gentle kiss right between his eye sockets.

You were expecting him to laugh or to be embarrassed, but he only said “…you’re not making this any easier.”

...That sentence made you a bit uneasy. What exactly did he mean by that? Making what any easier?

“...Oh. Sorry.”

He groaned softly and rolled over to squish his face into his pillow. Awe, you embarrassed him for a change!
You could have some fun with this.

“...You alright?” you asked, as you shuffled a little closer to him.

“...mmmfine,” he told you, voice muffled.

...Well that's bullshit.

“...You sure?”

“mmmmmmmmmmmmhm!” he exclaimed, in a way out of character tone. Way too cheerful.

“...You sound like you're dying,” you told him jokingly, scooching a little closer.

He didn't respond. He just started breathing heavily... almost panting.

“...What's wrong? You're literally panting?” you were concerned, but at the same time, very amused.

“...heh.”

Awkwardly laughing so you might change the subject, huh? Sorry. Not gonna work.

“...Should I be worried?” you asked, coming even closer. You know. To check on him.

“no,” he said, a little too quickly.

“...You feeling okay?” you asked him in a super gentle voice.
“i feel great,” he lied.

“You look like you’re gonna pass out, Sans.” You gently placed your hand on his shoulder to try and get him to react, and he did. He reached up and snatched your wrist, gently, pulling it away from his shoulder. His breathing was even heavier, and now you were a bit uneasy.

He turned and looked at you, and the look on his face was one of complete insanity.

“...S-Sans!?”

He sat up a bit, still holding onto your shoulder. “i hate to be blunt… but you probably shouldn’t touch me right now unless you wanna get fuck. ”

...Oh.

You gently wriggled your wrist to get him to let go, and he did. You shuffled away a little bit, feeling anxious. You… weren’t exactly ready for that. Just thinking about it made you nervous.

...You weren’t grossed out by the thought of it or anything, you just… weren’t ready for that.

He looked you over for a few moments, before he groaned lowly and shoved his face back into the pillow.

“...Should… Should I just go?” you asked him softly. This was even more awkward than it was before.

“no.” His reply was instant, and his voice was kind of demanding.

“...Okay.”

You decided to get comfortable, lifting the comforter up so you could slide under. You snuggled into it and you couldn’t help but notice how good it smelled.
Like safety, if that made sense.

“...These smell nice,” you commented softly. It must be some type of laundry detergent you’ve used before. It was really nice.

...But then you realized, the smell was Sans. It wasn't the detergent.

“They do?”

“Mhm. They smell like you,” you muttered, nuzzling into them a bit more.

He turned over slightly, so he could look at you. “...” he seemed to be contemplating something for a moment, before he started to speak, “...if you like the way i smell... then you could just... snuggle me?”

...But… didn’t he say not to touch him?

“...A-Am I allowed to right now?” your voice held anxiety, and it seemed a bit strained.

“...yeah. yeah, i’m... i’m okay,” he told you softly.

As soon as he confirmed it, you shuffled closer and snuggled into his chest.

You really, really liked his smell. You had never liked a smell this much in your life, especially not one that came from a person. It felt calm here in his arms, and you felt completely relaxed and at ease.

He gently lifted your chin and tilted your head upwards to look at him, before he kissed you softly.

It felt nice, and you kissed him back just as gently.
As soon as you pulled away, he pulled you back and kissed you again, and you couldn’t help but giggle.

...and then he started to leave sensual kisses along your jawline, down to your neck.

You seemed alarmed, as you searched the room.

Sans could understand that. You had never been in here before, after all.

...But you would get used to it. It was your home now, too, after all.

Even when you were in a state of panic, you still looked beautiful. No matter what your expression was, or what you were doing you always looked beautiful. Nothing could hold a candle to you. Pure perfection.

You didn’t really seem all that surprised by the mess, and he could understand why. He had a pretty messed up mind, so why not have a messed up room to go with it? Heh.

When you had searched the room enough, you turned to look back at him.

“...W-Where are we?” you asked him, and he could hear the fear in your voice.

Where were you?

You were... You were in his territory. You were in your new safe place!
You were…

“home.”

...Wow. Even he could hear how detached he sounded.

“...S-Sans?” fuck.

You sounded terrified.

“...shhh,” he cooed, kissing your forehead gently. He wanted to ground himself by showing you affection, and make you feel less uneasy while doing so.

“...You’re scaring me.”

yeah, that’s kinda obvious sweetheart.

“you don’t have to be afraid.” He gently combed his phalanges through your hair, finding comfort in the way your locks felt against his bones.

beautiful.

“Why are you talking like that!? What’s going on!?”

...Awe. He didn’t want you to be afraid. You were safe now.

“...you don’t have to be afraid, baby.” He made sure his voice was gentle, and that his expression
was soft. He wanted you to feel calm.

Feel safe.

...Apparently it worked.

Your body seemed to relax the slightest bit, your shoulders falling back down to their original place on your body. Your back seemed to relax as well, and your anxious facial expression turned a little less fearful.

He probably should have used a soft voice from the beginning. Could’ve saved you a lot of anxiety.

You started to look around again, which seemed to calm your nerves even more, which was good. Very good.

“...Is this your room?”

“...mhm,” he confirmed, looking around and noticing, for the first time in a while, just how messy his room was.

Sure, Papyrus always scolded him and told him to pick up, but he never honestly thought it was that messy. He lived comfortably in here, but for some reason he felt self conscious about it now?

...You had weird effects on him.

“...It’s uh… it’s pretty messy.”

...

...Well.
That explains why he felt so self conscious. He could practically feel you judging the room through the pulsing of your soul.

...How did that even work?

“...yeah. sorry.” He really wasn’t all that sorry. You would get used to it, and someday you would feel the same comfort in this room that he feels daily. He gently ran his fingers through your hair some more, still finding pleasure the feel of it.

Soft.

“...You’re still freaking me out.”

...Shit.

He was trying to stop.

“...sorry. not on purpose.”

...Was it?

He couldn’t even tell anymore.

Did he want you to be afraid of him so you submitted, or did he want you to find comfort in him?

...Both?

“...Okay. That’s good.” At least you seemed pacified by that answer.

You even leaned into him a bit.
“...wanna lay down?”

He just… had this urge to touch you. But he was afraid to, at the same time.

...You couldn’t leave him… but you could still hate him.

“...Sure.”

You hesitated slightly, and he took a mental note of that.

He moved you both so you were laying down, you next to him, but not too close since you hesitated. He really didn’t wanna make you even more afraid.

...All he really wanted to do was fuck you.

Also his dick had been formed for a while now, and it was almost painful at this point.

...And you were warm. So warm. Against...

“...Sans.”

...

He made a small grunting noise to signal he was listening so you would continue. He didn’t exactly trust his voice right now.

“...Your dick is poking my thigh.”

...
That’s it.

This is how he dies.

This is how he loses you, and then he dies.

He was literally on the verge of screaming, but… then you giggled.

It was the most reassuring sound of his life.

“…Oh my Gosh… you’re such a dumbass,” you told him half heartedly, before you leaned over and kissed right between his eye sockets.

fuck.

“…you’re not making this any easier.”

He was on the verge of pinning you down and forcing himself insid-

“…Oh. Sorry.”

...You really didn't have any reason to be. And he knew that, it just…

...He groaned and rolled over, pressing his face into his pillow. He wanted to make you scream.

He wanted to make you cry out his name in utter bli-

“…You alright?”
...You shuffled closer.

You were playing a dangerous game, and you had literally no idea.

“...mmfine.”

Well that was a blatant lie. He knew even you could see that.

“...You sure?”

... were you doing this on purpose?

“mmmmmmmmmmmmmmhm!” he exclaimed, as cheerfully as he could. Maybe that would get you off his back.

“...You sound like you’re dying.”

... even closer.

He couldn't speak. He could barely breathe. He felt high and confused.

“...What’s wrong? You’re literally panting?”

“...heh.” shut the fuck up, please.

“...Should I be worried?”

stop coming closer!
“no.” definitely not.

“...You feeling okay?” the tone of your voice was so obviously full of fake concern.

“i feel great.” stop fucking with me.

“You look like you’re gonna pass out, Sans,” you told him jokingly, placing your hand on his shoulder.

...

He snatched your wrist as gently as he could and moved it off of him.

That was a really bad idea on your part.

...And you looked scared again..

“...S-Sans!?”

He sat up, not letting go and looked into your eyes. Better to be blunt, rather than to beat around the bushes. “i hate to be blunt…” especially about this, “but you probably shouldn’t touch me right now unless you wanna get fucked.”

You looked completely shocked, and even terrified.

You wiggled your wrist slightly, to signal you wanted him to let go, and he did. He didn’t wanna make you even more afraid than you already were.

You shuffled away, back to your original place on the bed and looked away from him.
...At least you were safe over there.

Man, he really needed to get a hold of himself.

He shoved his face back into his pillow, where he belonged, and tried to calm himself down.

*breathe.*

“...Should… Should I just go?” your voice was soft and timid, like you were afraid to even ask at the moment.

“no.” *absolutely not.*

“...Okay,” you didn’t argue. That was good. Very good.

He could feel you shuffling around a bit, and he peeked over to see you getting comfortable under the comforter. *His* comforter.

“...These smell nice.”

...They smelled like anxiety and his jizz. Probably mixed in with sweat.

“...they do?” That actually wasn’t all that surprising. You were suppose to like the smells he had.

“Mhm. They smell like you,” you practically oozed happiness from that sentence. It was adorable.

...He shuffled his body to turn and look at you. Your cheeks were flushed and you looked *happy.* How did you feel happy after all that just happened.

...He wanted to hold you.
“...if you like the way i smell… then you could just… snuggle me?”

...He should be fine now. He felt a little better.

“...A-Am I allowed to right now?”

....You sounded so scared.

“...yeah. yeah, i’m… i’m okay.” He was. He really was.

As soon as he said that, you shuffled closer and snuggled into his chest.

You were warm… So incredibly warm.

...And soft.

...

...Why was he even fighting this?

You already agreed to be his, this was completely ridiculous.

He could have you. You were already his!

He grabbed your chin gently, and tilted your face upwards to look at him so he could kiss you.

You tasted sweet. So so sweet.
And then you kissed him back, confirming his thoughts! This was fine!

When you pulled away, he whined, kissing you again, and you giggled.

You felt happy with this! Everything was perfectly fine!

he could fuck you!

Chapter End Notes

SANS NO THATS NOT WHAT THAT MEANS

Also hey, I wrote a one shot.

http://archiveofourown.org/works/13685034

Want more HT Sans?
Chapter Summary

...Can't call you a virgin anymore.

Also we got over 10,000 hits smh thanks but what is wrong with us

Chapter Notes

Somebody help this boye he's so head over heels for you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The more he kissed your neck, the more it tickled.

He was trailing them up and down your neck, and you couldn’t help but giggle a bit. “S-Sans, that tickles,” you complained softly. Even though, you wouldn’t exactly call it complaining.

It felt kinda good.

He didn’t respond, only continued to leave more and more kisses on your skin. The tickling feeling started to go away, and what was left was...

Well… it felt nice.

New, but nice.

“...A-Ah....” you let out a small sound, and you couldn’t stop the small whimper that followed it after. You couldn’t deny the fact that you kind of liked this.

The kisses turned into nibbles, and you gripped onto the back of his jacket, trying to relax your nerves. You felt… twitchy all of a sudden.
In a good way.

“...Ah… mmm…” you moaned. You actually moaned.

You can’t recall a time in your life where you had actually felt like this, and that made it feel all the more overwhelming, but you didn’t really mind that. It wasn’t necessarily a bad thing.

You felt his hand land on your hip, and then give it a gentle squeeze. It felt strange.

...You wanted him to feel nice, too.

You leaned your head a little closer, and you placed a gentle bite on his collar bone.

How did he like getting bitten!

You felt him stiffen slightly, and then suddenly there was a ripping sound.

...You looked down and realized that he had ripped your shirt completely off of your body, and he was growling.

...Why did that turn you on so much?

You felt a rush of embarrassment and moved your arms over your chest to cover your bra. “Sans! That shirt costs money!” you scolded him, even though you were pretty sure he wouldn’t give a fuck.

And apparently he didn’t, because all he did was move your hands away from your body and started to leave little kisses on your chest.

You moaned in the back of your throat, unable to keep it down, and you found yourself feeling a bit nervous.
...This was pretty early in the relationship, but…

Why didn’t you care?

For the first time in your life, you genuinely wanted to have sex.

Sure, you were afraid and all, since you were a virgin, but… you trusted him?

A lot more than you probably should have.

“...U-Uh,” you muttered softly, feeling a little anxious as he kissed your chest.

...A part of you really felt like you should be running away or something, but… another part of you was telling you this was okay. Your chest felt… good? In the weirdest way, but you wanted this. You wanted this really bad.

*Why did you want this?*

You just met! You probably looked like a whore!

...But despite your worries, you weren’t telling him to stop.

You could hear and feel him purring as he let go of your hands and moved his back to your hips again. He squeezed, and you shuddered, bringing your hands back up to grip onto his shirt.

You had to let go almost instantly though, because his kisses started to trail downwards…

He started from right between your breasts, down to your abdomen, and then right below your belly button, and it then hit you what he was really doing.

“...W-Wait!” you squeaked, trying to sit up a bit. “What are you doing?” you asked, even though
“shhh,” he cooed, kissing your stomach a few more times, “relax.”

His voice did sound relaxing…

You moaned again, very softly at the small kisses he left on your skin. “…Y-You shush… that feels weird.”

He stopped kissing suddenly, and you had to hold back a whine as he laid his chin down on your tummy so he could look up at you. His expression was soft, and you found comfort when you looked into his eye socket. The warm red glow made you feel safe somehow.

“do you trust me?”

...You did. A lot more than you should.

“...Y-Yeah?” you confirmed, feeling your face heat up, slightly.

...You noticed the corners of his smile twitched a bit when you confirmed it. “good. shush.”

“...B-But-!”

He bit the side of your belly, gently, and you squealed in surprise. It didn’t hurt, it just spooked you.

“shush.”

You relaxed a little bit into the pillows, but you jumped back up almost immediately, because he ripped your fucking pants off.

“W-Wait Sans, stop!” you exclaimed, irritation clear in your voice.
And he did. He stopped and looked up at you.

“...C-Can you just... slow down a bit?” *This was all a little too intense for you.*

He looked confused by your words.

“..I-I’ve never done this before,” you told him, even though he already knew. “I just... be gentle?”

His facial expressions softened once again, and you felt a sudden sense of euphoria wash over you.

“we don’t have to go all the way,” he told you, which was obviously reassuring to hear, but...

“N-No, I... I want to, just... please don’t rip anymore of my clothes?” you asked, letting out a small, yet nervous sounding giggle.

...He looked completely shocked.

“...you... want to?” he sounded like he was in disbelief.

“...Yeah,” you confirmed softly, feeling your face heat up once again.

Intimacy was embarrassing.

He was silent, and seemed to be searching your expression for something. Maybe he thought you were just doing this to appease him, but that really wasn’t the case.

Your chest felt nice.

You wanted this.
You were about to say something, but suddenly he ripped your bra off.

*Are you fucking serious!*?

“SANS!” you scolded loudly, covering your breasts with your arms.

His smile seemed to get wider somehow, as he removed your arms from your front. He pinned them down to your sides and looked over your chest. “didn’t know how to take it off.”

*Could have asked!*?

He leaned down and pressed a gentle kiss to your right boob, and you felt your body heat up slightly.

“N-No, wait!” you sounded kinda terrified, but that wasn’t on purpose.

He seemed to sense the tension in your body, because he crawled up over you and placed a small kiss on your lips, and then moved back down to your boobs.

He wanted you to calm down.

“...Wait, wait-!” you protested again when he went back to your chest.

He let out a small chuckle and rested his skull in between your breasts.

“waiting.”

“...S-So… do they… look weird?” you asked him, softly.

...
He looked confused. “...what?”

You turned away from him, unable to hold his gaze as embarrassment flooded through you. “...My boobs…”

You were never the most secure person, that was one thing you always knew. You felt insecure over a lot of things, especially your body. Your chest in particular, was always something you felt weird about. They were... weird. They were too small. You always saw these other girls with big, bouncy breasts and then you compared them to your own, and just... you always lost.

You never liked your own body.

“no,” he replied instantly. He even sounded a bit offended.

“...B-But… they’re-...” you started again, anyways, but he cut you off

“perfect,” he finished the sentence for you.

... Perfect.

You were so far from perfect...

“...I-I don’t…” you muttered, your voice cracking slightly. You felt embarrassed and vulnerable.

You didn’t want him to see you the way you saw yourself.

He reached up and gently turned your face to look at him. His expression was soft, yet still stern somehow.

“you’re beautiful, y/n.”
That was the first time he had ever really said your name. He said it once when you first met, sure, but that was it.

It sounded *amazing* coming from his mouth.

He leaned down and placed a gentle kiss to your lips, and you kissed back happily.

You didn’t know how he managed to do it, but he always made you feel *good* about yourself. Insecurities just weren’t allowed around him. He made them go away.

...He started to kiss down your body, and this time you didn’t stop him. You relaxed into his bed, finding comfort and safety in the scent and feel. Guess you found another safe space.

You were expecting him to rip your underwear off, like he had done to your other articles of clothing, but luckily he took those off properly. He was careful as he removed them, and he placed a gentle kiss to your thigh as he slid them down.

“...that wasn’t as satisfying,” he admitted, tossing your panties onto the floor along with the rest of your clothing, (that were all torn to shreds), and then looked up at you.

You felt your face flush a bit. “...B-But hey, at least I get to keep *some* of my clothes,” your voice was accusing, but still light.

His smile twitched a bit when you said that. “mmmmhm.”

You watched as he placed a small kiss to your crotch, yet it still made you jump a bit. You weren’t used to having anybody touch there besides yourself, so you were a bit on edge.

But you trusted him.
You saw his smile turn into a smirk as he spread your legs wider. You didn’t fight it. You were kind of excited.

...But you did have to hold yourself back from covering your exposed flesh.

He made a small purring noise, and then suddenly… he licked you.

You jumped and squeaked at the feeling of something so wet on your most sensitive part.

You couldn’t really describe it, but.. It tickled on your clit, while your entire stomach was starting to heat up. You could also feel tingles rushing down your legs and making you feel almost like you were vibrating, and that caused them to twitch.

It was something you wanted to stop, and at the same time you never wanted to stop.

He continued to lick your clit specifically, and you couldn’t stop the twitching in your thighs. You moaned loudly, reaching down to cling to the bed sheets. You knew it wouldn’t take you much to reach an orgasm, considering the fact you had never done this before. You were sensitive and inexperienced.

You could already feel what felt like a ball of heat in your stomach, growing and pulsing and you felt like it was gonna snap at any moment.

He continued to lick, and lick and finally the heat exploded. You came, almost tearing the sheets below you as he licked you through it.

He didn’t stop until it was truly over, and you watched hazily as he wiped his mouth and then crawled back up over you. He hovered above you and planted sweet kisses all over your face while he praised and cooed about how good you did.

...Even though you really didn’t do anything.

Your entire body felt light after that experience, and your mind felt foggy. The content feeling was only increased by the small kisses he gave you, making you feel totally blissed out.
...You didn’t even notice him pull his dick out of his shorts until he placed it against your pussy.

You jolted a bit at the sudden feeling of a warm appendage against your overly sensitive skin. You blinked a few times and looked down, instantly feeling a bit overwhelmed by the size and color.

It was a pretty blue, and you honestly weren’t sure if it was gonna fit.

“...I-It’s… It’s pretty,” you commented softly, unable to stop yourself. You looked up at his face after you said that, not sure how he was gonna react.

His cheekbones flushed a dark blue color, and he looked down at your touching bodies.

“...thanks, sweetheart.”

“...I-I like the color… uh… i-is that gonna fit?”

He snorted and you felt another rush of embarrassment. It was big! It looked like it could break you, why was he laughing!?

“I-It’s huge!” you exclaimed, knowing that you probably sounded like the world’s biggest virgin.

His smirk seemed to widen. “oh really?”

...

Oh okay. You get it now.

...Maybe you should be stroking something *other* than his ego.
You reached down slowly, and gently touched his dick. He tensed momentarily, but then relaxed and shuddered. You took that as a good sign.

You gently started to stroke it, up and down, enjoying how warm it felt in your hand. It was almost vibrating, and you guessed that was due to magic. The pulsing, however, you were pretty sure was due to him being turned on.

“...f-fuck,” he groaned softly, suddenly taking your hand away and then pinning both of your arms above your head.

You jumped a bit when you felt him reposition himself at your entrance, and then lean his skull down to kiss your neck some more. You took a small breath, but it hitched when you felt him slowly start to push in.

“A-Ah! Sans!” you moaned, feeling a bit of discomfort.

“...mmm... ah... hm?” he moaned, stopping momentarily to look at you.

“I-It’s too big!” you whined, feeling tense and uncomfortable.

Sex was scary.

His expression softened, and he started to kiss you again. It felt nice. It soothed some of your nerves.

He pulled away from the kisses and placed his forehead against your gently. “it’s not too big. your body is tense. you need to relax, angel,” he cooed gently.

“...I-I can’t relax,” you complained, whining in the back of your throat.

“why not?”

“B-Because it’s too big!!” you knew in the back of your mind you probably sounded a bit childish, but you couldn’t help it. You were anxious.
He kissed your forehead sweetly and then stroked your hair once.

“don’t think about it.”

“...L-Let go of my hands,” you requested, wiggling your arms slightly.

He did, not protesting at all, and you looped your arms around his neck. You felt more comfortable having your hands free.

His smile seemed to soften. “...better?”

“M-Mhm.” Much.

You squished your face into his shoulder, feeling embarrassed and uneasy. It helped somehow.

“can i move?” he asked gently.

“...” You took a deep breath, “...Y-Yeah.”

He gave you one more kiss, and then gently started to push in some more.

You did what he said, and you kept your body relaxed. You took deep breaths, and help onto him tightly. When you weren’t so tense, it wasn’t so bad.

“you’re doing so good,” he praised you lovingly, leaving a gentle kiss on your forehead.

It felt really good to hear him praise you like that.

“you... hn, you feel amazing,” he moaned, finally getting all the way inside.
...It wasn’t as bad as you were expecting.

He started to thrust gently, and you continued to focus on keeping calm and relaxed. It didn’t hurt it just… felt strange.

He was groaning above you as he continued to thrust, and the noises he was making were making your body feel a little hot.

...You were starting to feel kinda good.

You moaned softly, wrapping your legs around his pelvis and trying to pull him deeper. He purred in response and started to go faster.

You could feel it again, that ball of heat in your stomach.

It was growing, and you screamed when you felt him bring a hand down to rub your sensitive clit again.

And then it snapped, and you came again.

He growled and came right after you, leaning down and biting your neck. You moaned loudly, finding that this time when he bit you, it didn’t hurt.

It felt good.

He pulled back and kissed you roughly, and you felt your face heat up a bit more as you felt him cumming inside of you.

You wrapped your arms around his neck again, and pulled him closer for a hug, nuzzling into his shoulder. You felt warm.
“...i love you,” he purred, nuzzling into your neck.

...

“...I-I love you too....”

Your neck was soft and warm, and it smelled like vanilla and roses.

Sans trailed gentle kisses all over it, feeling immense joy in the way you giggled. The fact that you weren’t pushing him away only made his previous thoughts all the more true.

He could fuck you.

“S-Sans, that tickles,” you giggled, your face flushed pink.

He liked seeing you happy.

He liked hearing you giggle.

He wanted more of it. He wanted to hear more happy sounds from you and he wanted to make you feel good.

He kept kissing, and his efforts were paid off when you let out a small moan.
“...A-Ah…” your voice was breathy and slightly higher than usual, and it sounded delicious.

And then you whimpered.

It made his pelvis throb.

He thought your voice normally sounded painfully arousing, but no, this, *this* was something insane. Every single bone in his body was vibrating with arousal and he couldn’t believe he was touching you like this.

And you *liked it*!

He started to nibble along your neck and you reached up and clung to the back of his jacket, pulling him even closer somehow.

Having you this close felt heavenly. That was the best way to describe it.

“...Ah… mmm…” you moaned, again, and he could feel your fingers twitching as you held onto him.

Every single noise that left your lips made his body ache.

His hand reached down and landed on your hip, giving it a gentle, yet firm squeeze. He wanted to send tingles down your spine. To make your body ache the same way that his was.

*He wanted you to feel his lust.*

*Taste it.*

You leaned your head closer to his chest suddenly, and then you gently bit down on his collarbone, as if he already wasn’t aroused enough as it was. He felt his dick twitch in his pants, and he had to restrain himself from ripping them off and just fucking you right then and there.
But he couldn’t do that.

You were new to this. That would destroy you. Physically and mentally.

...He couldn’t rip his pants off, but..

'Riiiiiiipppp!' 

He ripped your shirt off and then tossed the piece of fabric onto the floor. You wouldn’t be able to use that anymore, and that wasn’t exactly an issue. You could wear his clothes.

Then you would smell like him, and everybody would know who you belonged to.

'Him.'

You looked completely shocked by what he did, and he was pleased when your face got even redder than it already was. You quickly moved your arms over your chest, (much to his displeasure), and gave him an angry look.

Well, as angry as you could be towards him.

“Sans! That shirt costs money!”

He made a mental note to buy you some clothes after this, more than you necessarily needed to make up for it.

He moved your arms away from your chest effortlessly and leaned down to kiss your chest.

It was soft and squishy.
Perfect.

He heard you let out a strangled moan, clearly trying to hold back your reactions. He understood why, considering the fact you were embarrassed.

And probably nervous.

...Or beyond terrified.

...

If you wanted to stop, you would say something, right? So this was okay. He really could fuck you. You were fine with it.

This was fine.

“...U-Uh,” you murmured anxiously, watching him place gentle kisses all over your chest.

That proved his assumption of you being nervous to be true, at least. But you still weren’t protesting, so he wasn’t going to even consider stopping.

...At this point he didn’t even know if he could.

He purred as he gripped onto your hips again, giving another squeeze. This time you shuddered and reached up to grip onto the front of his shirt, probably trying to keep your hands busy so you didn’t push him away.

He was grateful for that.

You had to let go when Sans started to trail kisses down your body, past your chest, down to your belly.
He wanted to taste you.

And apparently you figured that out, because you tried to sit up. “W-Wait!” you exclaimed, as he held you down by your shoulders. “What are you doing?”

He didn’t bother answering, since you already knew. “shhh. relax,” he cooed as he continued to kiss your stomach, gently.

“...Y-You shush… that feels weird,” you moaned, and once again he felt a rush of arousal tear through him.

_Fuck, he was getting impatient._

He laid his chin down on your tummy, gently, looking up at you. He made sure his expression was soft so he didn’t frighten you. “do you trust me?”

If you said no, he wouldn’t be able to go through with this. What is sex without trust?

Just a pointless hook up.

And he knew neither of you wanted that.

“...Y-Yeah?” you told him, clearly confused by the question and not questioning if you trusted him. You went even more red, and your eyes averted his.

He wasn’t surprised by your answer, but it still filled him with a sense of euphoria. “good. shush.”

“B-But-!” you quickly started to protest, so he but your belly as gently as he could.

You squealed in surprise, and he shushed you again.
You did as he said, and you relaxed your body into the pillows and blankets. You did seem a little more calm.

But that changed when he ripped your pants off.

“W-Wait Sans, stop!” you exclaimed, sounding a bit agitated.

He looked back up at you and waited for you to continue speaking.

“...C-Can you just… slow down a bit?” you requested, softly.

...Slow down? He hadn’t even started yet. How was he supposed to slow down? If this was too fast for you, then he couldn’t imagine how you would react to the next step.

“...I-I’ve never done this before… I just… be gentle?” you muttered softly, face flushed a deep red.

...He didn’t wanna scare you.

He… he could wait.

He could wait for you to be ready.

He knew he could. Because he loved you.

“we don’t have to go all the way,” he assured you, voice gentle and hopefully comforting.

He wanted you to feel safe here.
“...N-No, I... I want to, just... please don't rip anymore of my clothes?” you asked, giggling softly.

...You... wanted to...?

You wanted to go... all the way. With him.

“...you... want to?”

Your face turned a scarlet red. “...Yeah.”

...

....You... wanted him. Like he wanted you.

Of course there was no way you would want him to that extent, but... you wanted him. In any way shape or form, you wanting him was the best thing in the world to him. He had worked so hard to get to this point. Pictured it in his head over, and over. To have you naked underneath him.

...Well. Half naked.

...

Riiiiipppp! There goes your bra.

“SANS!” you exclaimed, scolding him and covering your chest with your arms.

Hell no, he had worked so hard to get to this point, he was gonna see your chest.

He moved your arms away from your front effortlessly and pinned them to your sides before looking you over.
...There was no word in the English vocabulary that could accurately represent how beautiful you were.

“didn’t know how to take it off,” he admitted, and while that was true, he also knew he could’ve just asked.

He leaned down and started to kiss your right breast, taking in how soft the skin felt against his mouth. It was like a cloud, and he wanted to feel the rest of your bare skin.

Was it all this soft?

“N-No, wait!” you exclaimed, sounding genuinely afraid. He froze momentarily and then crawled up so he could kiss you, gently, before making his way back down to where he was.

Just calm down.

you’re okay.

“...Wait, wait-!” you started again, still not calming down.

He chuckled softly, trying to make the situation seem more playful so you felt calmer. He rested his head down in between your breasts and looked up at you.

“waiting.”

He would wait forever.

You visibly gulped. “...S-So... do they... look weird?”
...You… were self conscious.

...He had forgotten. He still found it hard to believe that somebody so perfect could have insecurities.

“…what?” *what did you mean by weird?*

They looked perfect and inviting. Like two squishy water balloons.

You looked away from him out of embarrassment. “…M-My boobs…”

“no.” *absolutely not.*

“…B-But… they’re-”

“perfect.”

One hundred percent.

He loved them and he loved *you*, even if he was fucked up and bad at showing it.

“…I-I don’t…” you muttered, your voice cracking.

You were so precious.

*He wished you could see yourself the way he saw you.*

He reached up and turned your head to look at him. “you’re beautiful, y/n.”
Your face softened after he spoke those words, and he knew you were ready. He kissed you again, and this time you kissed back. He knew he had built up your confidence a bit, even if it was only temporary.

He started to kiss down your body again, and you didn’t stop him, so he went further. He felt you relax into his bed and he felt a flutter in his soul.

He decided not to rip your underwear, instead deciding to take it off carefully. He kissed your left thigh as he did so, and he felt a bit disappointed.

“...that wasn’t as satisfying,” he admitted as he threw your panties on the floor.

He much more prefered to rip clothing off of you.

“B-But hey, at least I get to keep some of my clothes,” you told him jokingly, your face flushing a bit.

“mmmmhm.” can’t argue with logic like that.

He kissed your cunt, softly, finding joy in your reaction. You jumped in surprise, even though you were looking at him as he did it.

What was more adorable than that?

He gently spread your legs apart, and smiled to himself. You were so pretty.

flower.

He licked your clit gently, and he almost laughed when you jumped and squealed.

You were sensitive.
It was adorable.

There were no words to accurately describe the way you tasted. All he knew was that it was addictive and he loved it. He kept licking, deciding not to tease you this time. You probably wouldn’t appreciate that on your first experience.

He focused on your clit since it was the most sensitive spot, licking it rhythmically and applying steady pressure. You seemed to like it, based on the way your thighs twitched and the way you moaned.

He knew you were already close based on the way you clung to the sheets and how heavy your breathing was. You were twitching even more violently, and getting louder.

He kept liking, applying more and more pressure as he went on, and then you finally came.

He didn’t stop until you were too sensitive for him to keep going, which was when you moved your hips away from him.

He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and then crawled back up to hover over you. He kissed all around your face and started to whisper small loving phrases, and told you how good you did and how much he loved you.

He loved you so much.

You looked high, and it was honestly one of the cutest things he had ever seen. You were a mess, tangled in his blankets, underneath him on his bed.

It was so good it felt wrong.

He couldn’t wait any longer. His dick ached as he pulled it out of his shorts.

You were too foggy to notice, so he gently placed his cock at your entrance to make you aware.
That got your attention just fine.

You jolted at the feeling, and blinked a couple times before looking down at the source of heat. Your eyes widened a bit, and he almost snorted.

“...I-It’s... It's pretty,” you said softly, looking up at him.

...pretty?

You thought his cock was pretty?

...Alright. He’ll take it.

“...thanks, sweetheart.” He would never use an adjective like *pretty* to describe his dick, but he did see how you would think so. It did glow, and it was a deep blue.

“...I-I like the color,” you told him, your face burning. “Uh... i-is that gonna fit?”

...

He snorted, looking back down at your bodies.

You were such a virgin.

“I-It’s huge!” you exclaimed, defensively. Guess you didn’t like being laughed at.

He just couldn’t help it.

You were too cute.
“oh really?”

*way to stroke an ego, baby girl.*

...He really wished you would stroke *something else.*

His prayers were answered apparently, because you reached down and grabbed his dick gently. He stiffened for a moment, taken by surprise, but relaxed almost instantly and shuddered.

*fuck.*

Your hand was so *warm.*

You started to stroke him, and he could feel his cock *throb*ring. He wanted you so bad. He still couldn’t believe this was actually happening. You literally had your hand around his dick and he was about to be *inside* of you. He had *dreamed* of this moment, and now it was here.

Guess wishes really do come true.

“...f-fuck,” he couldn’t help but moan. Even inexperienced, you still stroked his dick *just* the right way.

He took your hands away, pinning them above your head with one of his hands so you wouldn’t push while he was doing this. He positioned himself in front of your entrance, *(you jumped)*, before leaning down and kissing your neck again.

It always felt nice to put his face there.

Safe and warm.

*home.*
He gently started to push in, and your breathing hitched. “A-Ah! Sans!”

You sounded slightly pained, so he stopped. “...mmm... ah... hm?” he asked, moaning at your warmth.

“I-It’s too big!” you whimpered, and he felt his soul throb.

You were afraid, and he hated it.

He didn’t wanna hurt you.

He gently kissed you on the lips, trying to send out some calming energy.

You were safe. He had you.

He pulled away from your lips and gently laid his forehead on yours. “it’s not too big,” he assured you gently, “your body is tense. you need to relax, angel.”

*Can’t enjoy yourself when you’re tense.*

“...I-I can’t relax,” you whined, discomfort clear on your face.

“why not?”

“B-Because it’s too big!!” you exclaimed, and he felt your thighs twitch anxiously.

He ran his fingers through your hair and kissed your forehead softly. “don’t think about it.”

*Can’t calm down when you don’t stop thinking about it.*
“...L-Let go of my hands,” you asked, wiggling your hands in his grip.

He released his hold on you, and you wrapped your arms around his neck, pulling him a bit closer.

He felt... genuinely happy.

“...better?”

“M-Mhm.”

You nuzzled your face into his shoulder, softly.

“...can i move?” He didn’t wanna move if you weren't ready.

You took a deep breath before speaking. “...Y-Yeah.”

He kissed you again, and then gently started to push in the rest of the way.

You felt much more relaxed this time, and as you did more things started to become apparent to Sans. Like how warm you were, wrapped around him like this. How tight and squishy.

How right this all really felt.

Everything felt perfect.

“you’re doing so good,” he praised you, placing a gentle kiss to your forehead.

You really were, You were taking it a lot better than most people would. He was proud of you.
“you... *hn*, you feel amazing,” he moaned breathily, reaching all the way inside of you.

It felt magnificent.

He started to roll his hips softly, making sure to keep a slow but steady pace. He wanted you to feel just as good as he did.

Even *better* than he did.

He wanted to make you cum... Again.

He groaned and moaned, unable to stop himself as he fucked you, and eventually you moaned too. You wrapped your legs around his pelvis and you pulled him in *deeper*.

He purred softly and sped up his thrusting, noting how you were trying to match his thrusts now.

*hq cute.*

He knew neither of you were going to last very long, and that was fine with him. He sped it up even more by bringing his hand down and rubbing your small pearl.

You came almost instantly, and the way you squeezed and contracted around him during your orgasm made him reach his peak as well.

He came pretty violently.

He growled and bit down on your neck, leaving another mark on your skin. You moaned this time, and he knew it didn’t hurt.

*good.*
He pulled away from your neck and kissed you again, only this time it was rough. He wanted to show you how he was feeling. To make you feel his happiness, and make you understand how much he really fucking loved you.

After he broke away, you wrapped your arms around his neck and pulled him closer for a hug, nuzzling into his shoulder. He felt high.

He felt his soul pulsing.

He felt your soul pulsing.

...He felt love.

“...i love you,” he told you, nuzzling into your neck where he had previously bitten you.

mine.

“...I-I love you too…”

...

...what?

Chapter End Notes

Want more HT Sans?
Chapter Summary

Blissful day in paradise, huh?

Chapter Notes

You guys are honestly?? So sweet??? Like???? I love your comments????? They make me so happy??????

Thanks for staying with me so far <3 hopefully the story only gets better.

As soon as those words left your mouth, he looked completely and utterly shocked. As if you had just told him he won the lottery or something.

...You just gave him your virginity. Of course you loved him. You wouldn’t let him touch you like that otherwise.

Why was it so hard for him to believe you loved him? There was literally no reason for you not to! Sure, he was a bit... obsessive, but still. He’s great and loving and always there for you! He was like a security blanket. Warm, and comforting.

“...Sans?” you said his name after he had been silent for more than a few moments.

You still didn’t get a response from him, and it made you more and more worried. Did he not want you to love him?

...You knew that wasn’t the case, but it still made you nervous to think about. It wouldn’t even make any sense. He said he loved you, so of course he would want you to say it back.

That’s how relationships work, right?
“Sans?” you tried again, and this time you got a response.

He blinked a couple times, as if snapping out of a daze, and then focused his eye light onto you. “...what?”

“...You okay?”

His eye light seemed to flicker momentarily. “...what did you just say?”

...You knew what he meant.

“...I love you too?” you told him, voice gentle but honest.

His reply was instant and kind of demanding. “say it again.”

“...I love you too.”

“again.”

“I love you too.”

He shuddered. “...one more time.”

“Love you too.”

This time, he leaned down and kissed you before you could even finish saying ‘too’.

You kissed him back, trying to match it with just as much affection as you could feel from him. And you could feel a lot from him, at all times. Even when he was just looking at you, you could feel love
radiating off of him, like light from the sun.

It was strange, but… you liked it.

He never looked at anybody else the way he looked at you.

It made you feel special.

*Important.*

After you both broke away from the kiss, he… started laughing.

It wasn’t a normal laugh, no, you… had never heard him laugh like this before. You couldn’t really think of a word to properly describe it…

….Crazy?

Psychotic?

It was… strange.

But it didn’t scare you. Not like it would’ve if you hadn’t known him personally. But honestly, if you didn’t know him then it would’ve scared the shit out of you.

Your face scrunched up in confusion, and that seemed to calm him down a bit. Pull him out of whatever was going on in his mind. His laughter died down slowly, and he kissed you again.

...But this time the kiss was hard. You didn’t hate it or anything, it was just unexpected and caught you a bit off guard. He was acting different than usual, and you weren’t really sure whether that was a bad thing or not. It didn’t *seem* bad, but it still made you a bit uneasy.
You didn’t like being unfamiliar with things.

While he was kissing you, you realized he had never pulled out and was still inside you. You felt him twitch, and it made a flutter run through your stomach.

This felt nice. New, but nice.

He pulled away after a moment and then nuzzled his face back into your neck, where it had been previously and he… sniffed you?

...Weird. But okay… probably something to do with sex.

Probably normal.

“i love you so much…” he started, gaining your attention, “like… so much. you really have no idea.”

*There go the butterflies.*

“...I love you too,” you told him, truthfully.

He seemed happy by that answer. He smiled, and then he cuddled into you before falling asleep. It only then really dawned on you how late it was. You could see dark gaps of night peering through the shades like an upside down ocean…. How long had you been here?

...But still, you can’t remember the last time you felt this content.

*Happy.*

You knew in the back of your mind that saying ‘I love you’ this early could lead to bad things, and you had some red flags going up, but you ignored them.
This was fine.

You were happy.

You loved each other.

...But no matter how hard you tried to fight it, you couldn’t stop the anxiety. You couldn’t push it away, because if you tried it pushed back like a tidal wave. You knew that in life, the things you loved the most were the ones that could hurt you the worst. Like that time you burnt your tongue on soup. You loved that soup, and it betrayed you.

And what happens when you move into a relationship too quickly? What happens when you use up all of that fire?

You burn out, and end up like a used lightbulb.

*End up broken.*

...

...You decided not to think about it anymore.

You closed your eyes.
When you woke up the next morning, it wasn’t from your alarm clock beeping obnoxiously. No, instead you were woken up by your boyfriend kissing your face.

It was a new experience, and you absolutely loved it. Best way you could ever imagine waking up.

He planted kisses all over your face, and it tickled a bit, causing you to wake up out of your restful sleep. You smiled and kissed him on the cheek before rubbing your eyes and sitting up a bit. Well, as much as you could anyways, with him still being inside you.

...Was that normal?

You heard of morning wood, but this was just ridiculous.

“...Is it morning?” you asked as he placed a kiss between your eyes.

He gave you a playful look as he started to stroke your hair. “nah. the sun and the moon just switched places.”

You smiled back at him. “That mean I can stay asleep?” you asked him, fake hopefulness in your voice.

“nope. breakfast is the most important meal of the day.”

Damn.

Then again, you didn’t really have a problem with that. You hadn’t felt this well rested in a long time. His bed was almost as magical as he was!

...

...And food did sound nice.
“Carry me,” you demanded playfully.

He just smirked. “duh,” he muttered, and he gently started to pull out. You bit your lip softly as he did, feeling a bit sore after last night. He pulled his shorts back up, before kissing your forehead softly.

You watched him as he stood up and walked over to his closet, where he opened it and took out a shirt. It was a white one, like he usually wore, only this one didn’t seem to have many stains on it. He walked back over to you and handed it to you, after placing a gentle kiss to your forehead.

“Thanks,” you said with a smile, before pulling the shirt over your head.

You hadn’t really paid any mind to the fact you had been naked. You just felt comfortable around him, even like this.

Even when you were completely vulnerable.

When you finished putting on his shirt, which was a little too big for you, you looked up and realized he was handing you your underwear now.

You couldn’t help but blush as you took that from him, and then slid them on under the covers. As soon as you did, he picked you up and started downstairs. You hadn’t really taken notice of the fact he never took his clothes off last night until now. He just… kinda pulled his dick out.

“...Your shirt smells nice,” you told him as he walked you both down the stairs.

“mm,” he hummed, the corners of his smile twitching.

*You still had no idea what that meant.*

He reached the bottom of the stairs, and then turned into the kitchen, where he sat you down on the counter next to the stove. You shivered a bit, the granite countertop feeling like ice underneath your ass and thighs.
“...The counter’s cold,” you complained softly, clinging to his arm.

He gave you a gentle smile. “sorry,” he apologized before taking off his jacket. He draped it around your shoulders and you instantly pulled it tighter around you. You had always wanted to wear this thing, so you felt incredibly satisfied now.

You nuzzled into it as he made his way over to the fridge, where you watched him pull out a carton of eggs before walking back over to where you were sat.

He reached over your head to get into the cabinet above you, where he pulled out a frying pan. He shut the cabinet and then kissed your forehead, making you smile, and then placing the pan onto the stove. You watched him put some butter into the pan before cracking a few eggs in.

This all felt domestic.

You really liked it.

Your mind felt fuzzy, but… in the best way possible. You felt warm all over, and your body still felt slightly tingly.

It was almost as if you were high off of love.

...Okay even you had to admit that sounded cheesy and stupid.

He walked back over to you after he was satisfied with where the eggs were, and he wrapped you in a hug. You smiled and wrapped your arms around his back, before grabbing onto his shirt. He smelled good. Like safety and… ketchup?

Huh.

“...how you feelin’?” he asked you, suddenly, looking down at your face.
“Warm,” you replied instantly. Your entire body felt like it was enveloped in a warm, fuzzy, invisible blanket.

“warm?”

“Mhm. Like… in my chest, mostly,” you admitted, placing your hand over the middle of it.

His expression seemed to soften. “gotcha.”

You smiled. Everything felt so good right now.

...Except for your bladder. You really had to pee, actually. You hadn’t really noticed until now.

“...I need to pee,” you told him, pulling away from the hug a bit, “I’ll be right back.”

He made a face like moving away from you would be painful, but he did anyways. You smiled and gave him a soft kiss before hopping off of the counter and making your way back up the stairs.

You made your way into the bathroom and locked the door. It was pretty small, but perfect for one person. Luckily, they had toilet paper on hand, even though they didn’t actually have to use it.

Must be for guests.

You sat down on the toilet, and did your business.

When you finished, you washed your hands. The soap they had available was… really fancy looking. The soap itself looked like a violet rose, and it smelled like lavender. It felt moisturizing on your skin, too, so you were happy to use it.

_Papyrus must’ve picked it out._
You definitely couldn’t imagine Sans shopping for soap, anyways.

...While you were drying your hands a thought crossed your mind.

You should probably go and clean up all the clothing Sans had ripped off of you in his room. It was all still in taters on his floor, and it seemed like a good idea to just get the cleaning out of the way while he was busy cooking.

You walked out of the bathroom and turned the light off before making your way back to Sans’s room and shutting the door behind you.

You turned on the small lamp, even though there was plenty of light peeking in through the shades, and started to gather up the pieces of fabric that were left from your clothes.

*You really liked that shirt, too.*

Shame.

...Now that you thought about it, Sans had a lot of dirty laundry on the floor. It wouldn’t hurt to put all of his laundry in the hamper, right?

You placed the shredded pieces of fabric onto the bed before opening his closet door. He had to have a hamper in here somewhere, right?

You looked all around the closet, an-

...

...You felt a sharp zap of fear run down your spine, fast and as cold as ice.

..You didn’t find a *hamper*, but you found the three pairs of your underwear that had gone missing about a week ago from your laundry.
...You didn’t… he...

...

...You felt a sudden wave of nausea hit you like a bullet.

...Who the fuck were you dating!?

...

...Love.

...Sans never thought he would receive love from anybody other than Papyrus, before he met you. The thought of romance was but a distant day dream that he never could properly grasp. Sure, he went on dates. He went on dates, but nothing ever felt like this. Nothing ever felt like you.

He never felt love.

He never thought of himself as somebody who was even capable of receiving love, especially not from somebody as pure and sweet as you.

He didn’t deserve it, and he knew that.
He didn’t deserve you.

“...Sans?”

What could you possibly see in him?

All of this that you fell for, was partly built on a lie. If you ever found out about the things he did... fuck. You only knew a fraction of the fucked up things he did, and the part you knew was the most innocent. Hacking your social medias? Please.

Child’s play.

...If you knew, you wouldn’t love him anymore.

You would despise him.

He couldn’t have that.

That just wouldn’t do.

“Sans?”

...Oh. Right.

As of right now, everything was still okay.

“...what?”

“...You okay?” you asked him, still always making sure that he was okay. You always cared about his mental state and it made every single bone in his body ache.
He was, because you made him okay.

Before he knew you, he was so much worse. He wasn’t living, only existing. But now, he felt more alive than he ever had before. He was more than okay. He was happy.

Because you loved him.

“...what did you just say?” He needed to hear you say it again.

“...I love you too?” you confirmed, clearly wanting to make sure you were repeating the correct thing.

....fuck.

“say it again.”

He needed you to.

“...I love you too.”

“again.” He could hear this all day and be content with it.

“I love you too.”

That one made him shudder. “...one more time.”

“Love you too.”

He couldn’t help it. He leaned down and kissed you gently, before you could even finish what you
were saying. You kissed him back, and he couldn’t help but worry a bit in the back of his mind.

Things were going so, so well.

So that meant something was going to come and fuck it up soon…

...But he would cross that bridge when he came to it.

...When he really thought about it, the situation was a bit fucked up. You were oblivious to everything. How many times he got off to your pictures, or how many times he slept under your bed… he even stole thing that smelled like you and you had no idea.

...He couldn’t help but laugh.

You loved him, and he got away with so much shit!

He could do anything he wanted, couldn’t he!? You would still love him, now!

You looked incredibly confused as he laughed, harder than he had in a long time.

He slammed his mouth back onto yours, kissing you roughly. You didn’t push him away, instead kissing back and trying to match his intensity.

It made his cock throb.

_Ache._

When he pulled away he nuzzled his face back into your neck, where he had claimed you. You were all his now. Completely and utterly _his._

And you smelled like _heaven._
“i love you so much… like, so much. you really have no idea…”

None.

“…I love you too,” you replied, and it sounded so honest.

He practically trilled as he nuzzled you some more. You were so warm and squishy… he felt so happy.

Everything was falling into place.

...He just hoped it would stay that way.

...

...He fell asleep.

***

...Waking up to you in his arms was something that Sans was never sure he would be able to get used to. It was the best thing he could ever imagine, aside from what you both did last night, of course. Cuddling was just so addictive. It felt nice and he felt warm all over. He felt safe, because he knew you were safe.

He could protect you here.

You were still curled up against him, resting peacefully, as he was still inside you.

He knotted last night. And you didn’t even seem to mind.
...Or even notice, really.

As you slept, your eyelids would flutter and twitch. He was pretty sure that indicated dreaming, but... he could be wrong.

...He hoped you dreamed about him as often as he dreamt about you.

Occasionally, as you drew breath, your bottom lip would quiver slightly.

He would usually use words like adorable or precious to describe you, but... those words really didn't do you any justice at all. You were just too perfect for the word perfect itself to accurately describe you.

He didn't wanna wake you, and yet at the same time he wanted you awake. He wanted to talk to you and to discuss random interests you had. He wanted to hear you gush about the things you loved, and what made you happy to think about. He wanted to kiss you, and most of all he wanted to fuck you again.

Last night was an amazing experience, and he hoped you felt at least half as good as he had.

He felt so, so good.

He could still feel how warm you were, and every now and then, you would contract around him ever so slightly. It felt right.

It was blissful.

He was content... for a little while, but then he really wanted to talk to you.

So he started to kiss you.
He started with your forehead, and he didn’t get any type of reaction from you. He moved to kiss between your eyes, and this time your nose twitched ever so slightly. Cheek, and you started to shift a little bit.

And lips. You opened your eyes sleepily, blinking a few times.

You gave him a soft smile, and he felt his soul throb. You leaned up, and planted a soft kiss on his cheekbone before rubbing your eyes and sitting up as much as you could. Kind of hard to do when he’s still hard inside of you, apparently.

He kissed you between your eyes again, unable to stop himself. You were just so cute with your hair all messed up and that sleepy expression on your face.

“...Is it morning?” you asked him, as he did so. Even your voice was adorable when sleepy.

Were you ever not cute?

He started to stroke your hair, trying to gently untangle the knots that formed while you slept. “nah. the sun and the moon just switched places.”

You gave him a playful smile. “That mean I can stay asleep?”

“nope. breakfast is the most important meal of the day.” and he was going to make sure you ate every meal of the day.

You made a face, but he heard your stomach growl softly at the mention of food.

“Carry me,” you demanded.

Don’t have to ask him twice.

He would carry you anywhere.
“duh.” He gently spread your legs a bit more, before he started to pull out. He made sure to be gentle, as he watched you bite your lip in what looked to be discomfort. He went slow, and planted a gentle kiss on your forehead when he was out before pulling his pants back up.

He stood up from the bed and made his way over to his closet, before opening it and pulling out a white t-shirt. It was his cleanest one, so naturally, he was going to let you borrow it.

Least he could do after destroying your clothes, anyways.

He walked back over to the bed and handed it to you, after he kissed your forehead again.

_He just liked giving you affection. Couldn’t help it._

You thanked him with a bright smile, and pulled the t-shirt on over your head. He already missed your boobs, but seeing you in his clothes _really_ made his day.

He picked your underwear up off of the floor and handed it to you when you finished smoothing out his shirt on your body. You blushed a bit, and then proceeded to put them on under the covers.

_daw. how precious._

Once you finished doing that, he picked you up off of the bed and started to carry you downstairs. It was pretty early, so Papyrus would be out jogging. He wouldn’t see you in your underwear, so Sans didn’t care that you weren’t wearing pants.

“...Your shirt smells nice,” you commented softly as he walked down the stairs.

_good. wear my clothes all the time._

He hummed in response, continuing to walk. He reached the bottom of the stairs and brought you into the kitchen, before setting you down on the countertop next to the stove.
He saw you shiver, and he couldn’t help but think about how fragile humans were to cold for a moment.

“...The counter’s cold,” you complained softly, clinging to his arm.

It was addicting, having you go to him for any type of comfort.

It just felt right.

It was right. This was how it was supposed to be. You were suppose to lean on him and he would take care of you. Always.

He couldn’t help but smile. “sorry,” he apologized, taking off his jacket and putting it around your shoulders. You pulled it tighter around you and smiled. You looked adorable like that.

He let you get comfy on the counter as he walked over to the fridge, where he pulled out the carton of eggs Papyrus had bought the other day. He then shut the fridge and walked back over to where you were and sat the carton down next to you. The pans were right above you, so he had to reach over your head to grab one, and after he did he used that as an opportunity to kiss your forehead again.

He would never get tired of that.

He placed the pan down on the stove and placed a bit of butter into it, which was kept out to be softened, and then turned on the stove. After it melted a bit, he cracked a few eggs in as well.

He liked this. Cooking for you was fun and relaxing.

He knew you what and when you were eating.

He really enjoyed having control of food, even when it wasn’t his. Especially when it was for someone he cared for. Part of the reason he prefered to do the grocery shopping for him and Pap. He hadn’t done it in a while, since he had been trying to avoid you, but still.
He liked it.

He watched as the egg whites turned from translucent to white before walking back over to you.

His angel.

He wrapped his arms around you, and couldn’t help but smile when you wrapped yours around his back as well and grabbed onto his shirt. You were so cute and you looked so happy.

It was great.

He wanted you to be happy.

He wanted to make you happy.

Things were going so good.

“...how you feelin’?” he asked, looking down at your beautiful face.

It always took his breath away.

“Warm,” you replied instantly.

...

“warm?” he questioned. Didn’t you say your butt was cold?

“Mhm. Like… in my chest, mostly,” you told him, placing your hand over where your soul was kept.
...Oh.

That kinda warm.

The best kind.

Everything was falling into place, and your soul was happy to be near his for so long.

It was intoxicating, and you were almost literally *high off of love*.

“gotcha.”

You smiled up at him, and he felt his soul do a cartwheel.

He was about to kiss you again, but you started speaking.

“...I need to pee,” you pulled away from the hug. “I’ll be right back.”

Oh right. Some humans had to pee as soon as they woke up.

And he knew for a fact, that you were one of those humans. And since you both fell asleep right after sex, it made sense you would need to use the restroom.

...Only problem was, he *really* didn’t wanna move away. Whenever you weren’t with him it felt like a piece of him was missing. Like somebody had chopped his arm off and threw it away.

*it hurt.*

But of course, he knew you couldn’t control your bladder, so he did move out of the way, slightly to
the right of you. You smiled and leaned up to kiss him softly before hopping off of the counter and going back upstairs.

...

...He watched you as you walked away, and he felt his dick twitch at the way you swayed your hips, naturally.

*You were just too perfect. It was dangerous.*

Once you had disappeared from sight, he turned back to the stove and watched as the eggs continued to cook.

...Everything was going so well.

*Too well.*

Something was bound to go wrong, and he had a *bad* feeling it would happen sometime soon.

Chapter End Notes

Want more HT Sans?
Truth.

Chapter Summary

The truth is coming out.

Like me.

I'm trash.

Chapter Notes

Lowkey didn't edit this very much.

aLSO I WANT FANFIC BUDDY.

SOMEBODY TRADE ONE SHOTS WITH ME.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

...

...No matter how many times you tried to come up with a good excuse for this in your head, you just couldn’t.

You would never leave your panties anywhere other than your own house. That was just ridiculous, and completely impossible. You never slept out of your house anyways, so that was just out of the question. And you remembered wearing this specific pair a few weeks ago and then putting them in the laundry basket and then realizing they were gone literally an hour later when you went to wash them in your laundry room?

*How the hell did he have these in his closet!*?

...You were almost too afraid to look again, but… you had to. If there was other stuff that belonged to you, you needed to see it.

You looked where you had just picked up the pair... and you found another one! They were one of your favorites, and you specifically remembered wearing them a few days ago when you were just
lounging around in your underwear!

...You didn’t even know they were missing!?

...Upon closer examination, you discovered that the panties were dirtier than you thought they were. Than they should be. They were covered in blue stains, that looked… terrifyingly familiar.

...

You had a really bad feeling about all of this.

...You walked over to the bed and lifted up the comforter, searching over the mattress with your eyes. They were damp with sweat and… well. Blue stains.

Blue like the ones on your underwear.

...FUCK.

You felt nauseous, and confused, and slightly terrified!?

Why the fuck was this happening!? Were you still sleeping!? This couldn’t be real, right!?...

Yeah. Yeah, you were just… sleeping! This was just a really weird dream! Maybe after sex weird dreams happened!? That might be true, how the hell were you suppose to know!? You’ve never had sex before this!

...Okay, It wasn’t the most logical explanation, but right now it was the only one you had!

...

...Footsteps.
Sans was coming upstairs.

Shit.

*He would be so upset if he found you going through his stuff!* If he found out that you were *already* snooping around in his stuff, he would be so mad!

You quickly fixed the blanket and walked back over to the closet before shoving the panties back in and shutting it. You could confront him about that later, but for now you just wanted to get through breakfast.

...Okay, now look casual…

You picked up some of Sans’s dirty clothes off of the floor and started putting them in a pile on the bed. *You could just claim you were cleaning up!* That was normal and casual! A girlfriend could help her boyfriend do his laundry, right!?

You kept yourself from stiffening up when you heard the door open.

*You were confused, and that made you feel fear.*

You turned around and looked over at the door, where Sans now stood, looking confused as to what you were doing. Made sense, considering the fact you told him you were just using the restroom.

...*Act natural.*

“Hi,” you greeted him, making sure to sound cheerful. You didn’t want him to be suspicious.

“...hey,” he greeted you back, walking closer. “whatcha doin’?”

...A part of you was genuinely afraid as he approached you, but… you also weren’t?
He would never hurt you, so really, why should you be?

“She had clothes all over the floor… I was just gonna put them in a pile and make laundry easier,” you lied, easily. It made sense. You were just being a good girlfriend.

*Please believe it.*

He was silent for a moment, and you almost started shaking when his line of sight shifted over to the closet. You forced yourself not to look over, instead just watching him and pushing a confused expression onto your face in case he happened to look at your face.

...He didn’t respond for a bit, so you decided to change the subject.

“...Breakfast ready? I’m hungry.”

He still didn’t look away from the closet as he responded. “...yeah. all done.”

He didn’t move or respond, so you took it upon yourself to get out of this situation. You put down the shirt you were currently holding onto the bed and walked over to him, where you kissed him directly on the mouth. That was the best type of distraction that you could think of, and also the fastest.

*You needed him to look at you. Not the closet.*

And he did. He brought his line of sight back to your face, and he kissed you in return, softly.

It felt good.

“...let’s go,” he said after a moment of looking you over. He combed his fingers through your hair once, and then picked you up, baby style.
“Okay.”

Everything was fine. I mean really, come on, there’s no way that Sans would actually …

…

...He would totally sneak into your house and steal your underwear, oh God.

He started walking down the stairs, holding you just like he had been earlier. You felt… a strange mixture of safety and complete terror.

*What else was he hiding?* If he could do *this* what else was he capable of?

He brought you back to the kitchen and set you down on the counter, where you were sat previously. This time, the counter wasn’t as cold. It was more like sitting down on an uncomfortable stool rather than a cold counter.

It was preferable, warmer.

...Your mind was still racing and you were trying your best to come up with some kind of an excuse for this. Maybe they weren’t actually yours? Maybe he…?

...Okay, no. They were yours.

Both pairs.

...

...Maybe you should just ask him. That’s what you do in relationships, right? You’re honest, and you don’t hide things? In television shows, you always found that when people kept secrets in relationships, it never ended well. Somebody ended up hurt, and the relationship usually crumbled like somebody’s mental state after they’ve been through trauma. You didn’t wanna have your first relationship fall apart based on a lie.
As you contemplated in your head, Sans had picked up the plate of eggs and now held the fork in front of your mouth with a piece of egg white on it.

...Awe. He was feeding you.

He was so sweet.

...Even if he *did* steal them, you could probably look past it. He was sweet, and he made you feel safety, so… really, what was the big deal?

...Aside from breaking into your house, that is.

You opened your mouth and accepted the food, eating it off of the fork he was holding. The eggs were flavorful and you were grateful he made them for you. Usually, you would just be eating a bagel or a banana or something for breakfast. Something easy that didn’t require *too much* effort, but also something filling enough so that you weren’t hungry again until lunch time.

He offered another bite, and you gladly took it, still trying to find an explanation that was better than him just *stealing your things* in your head.

Like, maybe you somehow had them in your purse when you came over the other day and you left them here?

...Fuck, now you just sounded stupid.

That’s how the rest of the meal went. You being fed by Sans, while also trying to find a way to excuse him having your underwear in his closet. He seemed content with feeding you, being completely silent and just watching you chew.

It all felt very domestic.

Once you had eaten all of it, Sans moved away from you and put your dishes into the sink. He rinsed
them with water before coming back over and standing in front of you.

...It’s now or never. And while you would prefer to choose never, you knew you couldn’t do that. You had to figure this out, or else it would eat at you non stop.

“...Sans?” you asked, looking up at him.

He placed an affectionate kiss on your forehead and made a small sound of acknowledgment. So you continued.

“...I… I love you no matter what, okay?” You figured you should tell him that before you started this talk, so he didn’t have the fear of you leaving him in the back of his mind the entire conversation.

But he ended up stiffening, so that ended up having a negative effect. Honestly, you wouldn’t be surprised if he somehow already knew what was coming. “...uh… alright.”

You gave him a soft smile, and he returned it. “...So, uh… why do you have my underwear in your closet?”

...

His red blazing eyelight extinguished, and what was left behind was an empty void. It left you feeling anxious, and even slightly afraid. Should you not have asked? Should you have kept your mouth shut and just moved on like it never happened?

...You were starting to think that might’ve been smarter to do. When a gorilla has a banana, you don’t try and take it away. You just walk away and you let them be, so you don’t get your face ripped off.

Maybe you should’ve just let Ssans be, and let him keep them. You had other pairs. You didn’t have to confront him. Idiot!

“S-Sans, I’m not mad!” you quickly told him, trying to get the light in his eye socket to come back. He was way too intimidating when he was like this, and you wanted the loving side to come back!
You looked down at his hands and realized they were shaking a bit, and he was completely stiff, like a rock, so it seemed even more violent.

You gulped, feeling a small shudder of fear run down your back. “...Sans?” you tried one more time, as quietly as you could.

He still didn’t respond. Instead, he leaned closer, and he planted a small kiss on your neck.

... *Oh. Okay, he's not mad.*

You were okay.

You could feel your shoulders relax completely, now that you knew you were okay and that he wasn’t pissed at you for going through his things, or for the fact he had been caught. That was good. You were both fine.

He leaned closer again, this time pulling you against him for a hug, his head resting on your shoulder and his arms around you. You hugged him back, feeling a bit of relief wash over your entire body. You gripped onto the back of his shirt and held him close. You felt safe, again.

...Only he was still silent, so that had you a bit on edge.

“...You can tell me the truth. I won't get mad,” you told him, mostly truthfully. If the answer wasn’t completely fucked up, you could get past it. If he didn’t answer you this time, you probably wouldn’t push anymore.

He chuckled a bit, and you looked up at him in confusion. You didn’t find this very humorous, so you weren’t sure why he was laughing. You were genuinely upset because you were confused, and that wasn’t helping.

He seemed to be able to sense that it had made you upset, because he gave you a gentle squeeze and held you tighter. “yeah. you will.”
…”No I won’t!” you told him, maybe a little too defensively.

“mm,” he hummed, clearly not convinced. “wanna go back upstairs?”

...You wanted to push further. You really did… but… going back to bed also sounded nice “I mean… I guess?” And of course, if necessary, you could push further upstairs.

He picked you back up off of the counter, snuggling you close, possessively, and brought you back up the stairs.

When you both re-entered his bedroom, you couldn’t help but feel a bit anxious as he locked the door. You felt a bit trapped, suddenly. Suffocated. But still, you decided against protesting, or asking questions. He set you down on his bed gently, so you were resting on the edge and your feet could still touch the floor. He, however, sat down on the floor in front of you.

“...Sans?”

“hm?” he hummed in response.

“...Can I sit on your lap instead?”

His smile twitched at the corners again. “course you can.”

You stood up and then gently took a seat in his lap, facing him, so you could still talk face to face. You felt safer this way. He was less scary when he was closer. More like protection, and less like a threat.

_You decided to ask one more time._

“...You… gonna explain?” you asked him, voice gentle so he knew you still weren’t mad.

He searched your face for a moment before sighing. “...not sure where to start, exactly.”
“...At the beginning?” you offered, with a small giggle.

“...the beginning…” he started, staring at you for a few moments. After a few seconds of silence, he proceeded, “...okay. right after we met, i started to stalk you.”

As he spoke, you noticed his hands had trailed up your shirt a bit, and he was now playing with the band on your underwear, absentmindedly.

“...H-Huh?” a part of you was really hoping that was a joke, but...

*It made sense.*

“wasn’t hard. looked up your name on facebook, and then i found you.”

...Oh. *Oh.*

“Okay. On social medias.” *Wasn’t that bad.*

Just as you were starting to feel a bit relieved, he continued. “mhm. at first.”

“...F-First?” you questioned, almost regretting it instantly when his smirk grew.

“you had your location on, remember? i knew where you lived the day after i met you, baby girl,” he told you, sounding almost as if he were in a trance, his hands now resting on your lower back.

He started to rub gently, but you were at a loss of words. You had been completely oblivious to his actions, like a dog who was expecting to get taken to the park, who instead was taken to the vet. You were expecting a normal, happy, *healthy* relationship, but instead, you got something terrifying.

You couldn’t speak. You felt like a deer caught in the headlights.
So he continued.

“...it was easy as fuck to find you, yeah, but… it was even *easier* to get inside your house.”

...Your throat felt dry and scratchy all of a sudden. Somewhat swollen. You wanted to cry, but you held back tears and forced yourself to stay calm.

“...*M-My house*..?”

---

Sans finished making the eggs and set them down on a plate, before putting it down on the counter. He still felt incredibly high, and his soul was pulsing pleasantly. He was *cooking* for you. It was domestic and lovely, and it made him feel so, *so* good inside. He finally felt like he mattered. Like he had a purpose.

...He was about to go and yell up to you that food was done, but… he could hear you walking around upstairs. You weren’t in the bathroom anymore.

You were back in his room.

...

*What the fuck were you doing in his room?*

He didn’t like that. He didn’t like not knowing what you were doing, and not knowing *why* you were doing something. It didn't feel...
It didn’t feel safe.

He quickly started up the stairs, really, really hoping you didn’t look in the top drawer of his dresser. If you looked in his sock drawer you would never talk to him again, and he would lose you forever. He can’t… he just can’t.

He stopped in front of his room for a moment… and he heard the closet door shut.

…

shit.

He opened the door and saw you… piling his dirty clothes onto the bed? You turned and looked at him, and he could tell you were over thinking.

what did you see?

“Hi,” you greeted him, voice a little more cheery than it usually was. Forced.

“…hey,” he replied, walking a bit closer. “whatcha doin’?” besides snooping.

He saw you tense a bit for… a fraction of a second. And it hurt.

It hurt a lot.

“…You had clothes all over the floor… I was just gonna put them in a pile and make laundry easier,” you told him, and he… noticed you sounded a bit hopeful. A ‘please believe me’ type of tone to your voice.

…
You were hiding something.

He looked over at the closet, noticing you had also left it slightly ajar, most likely not on purpose, since it was closed before. He knew that for a fact, because he closed it tight when he had gotten you a shirt.

“...Breakfast ready? I’m hungry,” you told him, clearly trying to distract him, but… he had to feed you.

He didn’t want you to be hungry, ever.

“...yeah. all done,” he told you, still looking at the closet. What did he have in there? He had so many things hidden around that could be considered creepy or weird, but he wasn’t exactly sure what you had seen.

...He was just thankful it wasn’t his sock drawer.

He saw you put the clothes you were holding down on the bed in his side vision, before you walked over to him. You kissed him, and he knew it was a distraction, but hey, he wasn’t complaining. He loved kissing you.

_He wished he could kiss down your entire body right now._

He returned the kiss, gently, not wanting to spook you, especially since he was unsure of what you had seen. “...let’s go,” he muttered softly, before picking you up again, like he had done this morning.

You didn’t protest. He felt better about what was going on. “Okay.”

He brought you back down the stairs, noticing you were a bit more clingy than usual.

...Maybe you hadn’t found anything. Maybe he was just paranoid and everything seemed a bit out of
the ordinary to him?

...It was possible?

Maybe?

...He hoped that was the case.

He brought you back into the kitchen and gently sat you back down on the counter. You didn’t cringe this time, so he assumed your butt warmed it up before you went to go upstairs earlier.

As he grabbed the plate of eggs, he noticed the look on your face. You were over thinking, and that made his previous assumption false. You *had* seem something… You found something, and now you were trying to make up an excuse in your head so he didn’t seem like a bad person.

*You were easy to figure out.*

He used the fork and picked up a bit of egg before placing it in front of your mouth. It seemed to snap you out of your daydream, because you blinked a couple times and then took the bite.

Your face seemed to brighten up a bit as you chewed, and he felt a bit of pride in his chest. He knew what you usually ate for breakfast, and you very rarely ever actually *cooked.* It was usually something very carb heavy or a piece of fruit, so he was happy to see you eating something actually prepared for you.

Once you finished chewing, he he picked up another piece of the egg and fed it to you. There was something satisfying about seeing his soulmate consume food.

Which was understandable, considering what he’s been through.

As he fed you another bite, he couldn’t help but let his mind wander back to the closet. You saw something. He knew that for sure, because despite how hard you tried to hide it, he could read you like an open book.
You were thinking about it then, as he was feeding you. It was *written* all over your face.

He continued to feed you until the eggs were completely gone, and just a he was about to put the plate in the sink, you started to speak.

“...Sans?” you looked up at him with those big, beautiful eyes, and he almost melted.

He hummed in response, and kissed your forehead, unable to help himself. You were completely precious.

“...I...I love you no matter what, okay?”

...

*well that was ominous.*

Were you going to tell him what you saw, now? Most likely… and honestly, he wasn’t sure if he was prepared for it.

“...uh… alright,” he replied, knowing he had stiffened up a bit.

You gave him a small smile, which was almost encouraging. You didn’t want him to fear what you were about to say, so he tried not to. He waited patiently for you to start speaking.

“...So, uh… why do you have my underwear in your closet?”

...

... *oh no.*
Oh, no, no, no, fuck.

_He completely forgot about those._

He didn’t think to hide anything, because he wasn’t expecting you to _be_ here. And he definitely wasn’t expecting you to go in his _closet._

He was so fucked.

“S-Sans, I’m not mad!”

…

_right._

He didn’t believe that.

He didn’t believe it _one bit._

How could you not be incredibly freaked out, or _angry_ right now? You should be livid, and screaming and _hating him!_ … you did, didn’t you? You hated him. You were just pretending you didn’t because you were _scared._

_right?_

You were gonna leave him. You were gonna _run away._

“…Sans?”

...He wouldn’t allow that.
He leaned closer and kissed your neck, gently. He would never let you leave. You were all his.

Your body seemed to relax when he kissed you, and it was times like this he was so thankful for the soulbond. He pulled you against him for a hug, your butt sliding on the counter slightly. You hugged him back, reaching around to grip the back of his shirt and pull him a bit closer.

what a good girl.

“...You can tell me the truth. I won’t get mad,” you told him, softly. It was cute that you thought so much of him, because he knew you were expecting it to be not that bad, when in truth, everything he’s done is... pretty bad.

He couldn’t help but chortle a bit, and you looked up at him, a bit annoyed. Aww, poor baby. You didn’t find this very humorous, did you?

You squeezed you a bit tighter, pulling you closer. “yeah. you will.” he knew that for a fact.

“...No I won’t!” you exclaimed, defensively. Aww, what a sweetheart. You still thought it wasn’t gonna be that bad.

He hummed in response. “wanna go back upstairs?”

The look on your face held disappointment, and he knew you wanted to push further, but you didn’t, thankfully. “I mean... I guess?”

He picked you back up off of the counter and held you tighter before he brought you back upstairs. He knew he had to explain now, but... he wasn't sure if he was going to tell you everything.

You both re-entered the bedroom, and he made sure to lock the door. Didn’t need you running away if he said something that was too... sensitive. He sat you down on his bed gently, on the edge so
your feet could still touch the floor and then sat down in front of you. He liked looking at you, and it was the perfect place for him to do so.

“...Sans?” you started after a few moments.

He hummed in response.

“...Can I sit on your lap instead?”

...

oh fuck yes.

“course you can.” you didn’t even have to ask.

You gave him a small smile and stood up before taking a seat in his lap. You faced him so you could still have a conversation if necessary, and he felt joy. He loved having you close.

He was also thankful he didn’t have a boner right then.

“...You… gonna explain?” you asked, once again. You just wouldn’t stop pushing.

He looked at you for a few moments, and then let out a small sigh. “...not sure where to start, exactly.”

what was the least awful thing?

“...At the beginning?” you offered, giggling a bit.

...
so, the store… or, after the store?

“...the beginning…” he looked you over, once again, deciding on what we should really start with. “...okay. right after we met, i started to stalk you,” he told you, as he started to play with the band of your underwear under your shirt.

That sounded a lot less terrible in his head.

Then again, he wasn't exactly the most sane person.

“...H-Huh?” you questioned. Maybe you were finally realizing he wasn’t all that good.

...But he wanted to be.

He wanted to be whatever it took to make you happy. But at the same time, he was so selfish. He refused to let you go, and he refused to let you out of his sight. Even if you decided you didn’t love him after this, he just couldn’t let you leave him.

He had a right to you, after all. As your soulmate.

It was so obvious you were trying to piece things together in your head, and he just couldn’t help but think about how cute your thinking face was.

“wasn’t hard. looked up your name on facebook, and then i found you.”
You looked relieved for a moment. “Okay. On social medias.” you must've thought he had stopped there.

...He wished it had stopped there.

He could’ve lied, and he could’ve said yeah, social medias but… he couldn’t stop himself.

“mhm. at first.”

Your face grew a bit pale in color. “...F-First?” you sounded scared.

“you had your location on, remember? i knew where you lived the day after i met you, baby girl,” he continued to speak, hand now resting on your lower back, starting to rub gentle circles into your skin.

why couldn’t he just keep his mouth shut? It was like his replies were on auto pilot.

...But you didn’t speak. So he continued.

“...it was easy as fuck to find you, yeah, but... it was even easier to get inside your house.”

...

shut up shut up shut up shut up shut up shut up shut up

“... M-My house? ”

Chapter End Notes

WHAT’S IN YOUR SOCK DRAWER SANS!?
Want more HT Sans?
Soulmates.

Chapter Summary

Time to prove it, aye Sans?

Chapter Notes

Early update!

My Grandma did pass, and it was in her sleep peacefully. Thank you all for your kind words and support <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“... My house?” you asked him, anxiously, honestly wondering if you were in a dream at this point. You did feel a little out of it, but that could easily be a result of anxiety, and you sure as hell were experiencing a lot of it. This all felt like a giant nightmare.

Were you secretly in a cliche horror movie where your boyfriend turned out to be a serial killer?

Honestly, you wouldn’t put it past him at this point. This obviously wasn’t a movie, but you could totally picture him killing somebody. You wouldn’t really put anything past him at this point.

“mhm. easy to get into your closet when you were out. easy to take your underwear. easy to sleep under your bed,” he half mumbled, listing off things that completely horrified you. He sounded beyond insane, not just with what he was saying, but also with how he was saying it. He sounded detached and like he was just reading things off of a script robotically.

He sounded wrong.

His hand was sliding up, and you only just then noticed. ...A part of you wanted to be mad, but... at least he was telling the truth...? He could have hid all of this from you and kept being freaky... but he didn’t. He came clean.
“...After he was caught in the act, but still.

“...Under my bed?” you questioned softly, your voice almost on the verge of breaking.

“mhm...” hand sliding up, “right underneath you... you snore really quietly. it’s cute.”

What the fuck...

“...Thanks?” you were trying so hard not to freak out, inside or out. And if you’re polite, there’s less of a chance that this will end badly, right? If it’s too, too much then you can always leave calmly and call the police when you knew he was out of sight...

...

You couldn’t do that. No matter how bad it got, you just... couldn’t do that.

Fuck, your mind was a battlefield right now. Half of you wanted to scream and cry, and the other half wanted to forgive and forget.

You almost jumped when he leaned forward and started to kiss your neck. Before, it would please you and cause you to smile, but in this moment it felt strange. Unsafe, somehow.

You didn’t like feeling that way.

You wanted it to stop.

You couldn’t prevent the shaking, as hard as you tried. Your body wouldn’t listen as you mentally screamed at it to stop acting like a fucking massage chair. He obviously noticed, because his voice went softer and a lot more gentle.

“...i needed to protect you. needed to make sure you were always safe,” he muttered against your skin, continuing to leave little pecks.
...You could understand that to an extent, but this!?

“E-Even when I was sleeping!?” you exclaimed, a little more accusing than you had anticipated.

“yep… you wanna know why?” he asked, his voice almost cocky as he squeezed your hip once more.

“...W-Why?” You really didn’t really wanna know. The truth was terrifying.

“because you were mine the moment i met you.” He squeezed your ass and you almost screamed.

...What kind of fucked up shit did you get yourself into with this guy? Sure, you loved him and all, but some things were just hard to overlook.

You had no idea what to say as he pulled away from your neck and left a gentle kiss on your forehead. You were still pretty convinced that you were in a nightmare of some kind. A sex coma? Something just felt off.

When you didn’t respond, he chuckled. “...it’s all because you’re my soulmate.”

...Oh so now he was gonna try and act all sappy and romantic like!? Fuck that.

“Soulmate?” you asked, clearly unamused.

His smirk twitched, like he was deep in thought for a moment. “mhm. soulmate.” he kissed you once more, and this time you gingerly returned it.

“That’s not a thing,” you told him, unapologetically. You weren’t about to let him talk his way out of this one by being sweet.

“...pfft,” he laughed softly, “it is very much a thing angel.”
“...Well I mean, it’s a metaphor.” You often saw it used in TV shows and sappy romance novels, but never in real life, unless somebody was gushing about their crush.

“not a metaphor. a real thing, baby girl,” he told you with confidence, and as you looked into his eye socket, you really couldn’t find any indication that he was lying.

Maybe he just truly believed in spiritual things?

He kissed you softly, again, and you decided then that he was just crazy.

“...Sans,” you started gently, “Soulmates aren’t a real thing.”

He smirked. It was almost sadistic, really, and it scared you shitless. “...want me to prove it?”

Prove it? How the hell was he going to prove something spiritual?

“You can prove it?” you questioned, obviously in disbelief. You really couldn’t think of anything that would make you believe him, so this should be interesting.

His smile grew somehow, and he nodded.

“...How?”

“...do you trust me?”

...

You did. You definitely did, but… did you still?
“...Y-Yeah.”

He blinked once, and then his expression was completely blank. “you hesitated.”

One thing you learned about Sans over the past month was that he had an amazing poker face. It was kind of scary, actually, because you had no idea whether he was pissed or just upset. But of course you hesitated. He was literally stalking you!

“Well I mean, you kind of stalked me. And stole my underwear,” you said softly, trying not to sound angry.

He froze up again, and you instantly regretted saying what you did. He looked unstable, and you suddenly felt a bit unsafe. You weren’t use to it, the feeling of being unsafe around Sans. You didn’t like it.

You still wished you were living in ignorant bliss.

...You kissed him on the jaw, softly, as to try and get him to calm down again. As soon as you did, his hand reached up and held you there by the back of your head, gently. You didn’t mind really, you would stay there as long as he needed.

He took a few deep breaths before letting go.

“...I’m still here, right? So I trust you.” You did, to an extent. You weren’t lying.

He sighed softly. “...okay... so, uh... just stay relaxed, alright? i won’t hurt you, but... this might be a bit uncomfortable,” he admitted softly, his eyes wandering down to your chest.

You felt your face heat up a bit. ”...Okay.”

You really hoped you weren’t making a mistake by trusting him.

He took another deep breath and shifted you slightly in his lap so he could sit up a bit more. He
focused on the same spot on your chest for a few minutes, before he lifted his hand and made a pulling motion in front of your chest.

Only… it felt wrong!

You squealed in surprise, completely taken aback by the sudden pressure on your chest.

“...shh,” he cooed softly, “...you’re okay.”

You were about to tell him that no, you weren’t okay, when suddenly… something came out of your chest? It was heart shaped… not like the organ, but like the valentines hearts, and it was a vibrant color. It almost looked like it was coming off of a projector, like it was made of light… but you knew it wasn’t because it almost felt like an extra part of you that you had never seen before. It was kind of terrifying, but… it was also beautiful.

“...What… W-What is that?” you questioned, voice soft and breathy. You were almost afraid to move. It seemed fragile.

“your soul.” He sounded high as he spoke, and it really made you uncomfortable for a moment. What did he mean your soul?

Aren’t those things made up…?

Once again, you were at a loss of words, staring at your ‘soul’ in complete awe.

It almost felt wrong to look at it. Like it was something so precious about you that not even you should see it. You were about to ask what it was for, when he suddenly ran one phalange down the center of it, sending the most intense burst of pleasure you had ever felt down your spine. It felt like somebody was putting immense pressure on your chest, only… it wasn’t a bad thing. It felt incredible.

You couldn’t hold back the loud moan that slipped past your lips, causing your legs to twitch slightly, a tremor crawling up your back like a spider.
“...felt that, huh?” he asked, voice soft and almost sexual.

You moaned once again, unable to form words, mind still trying to comprehend that intense pleasure you felt moments ago.

“...it’s beautiful,” he muttered, rubbing it down the center once again.

Your hands gripped onto the front of his jacket, trying to keep yourself from floating away or something. This felt strangely incredible. You had never experienced anything like that before… it put the previous night’s pleasures to shame.

You almost screamed when he kissed it, finding yourself shaky and short of breath. You moaned loudly, unable to contain your noises.

He chuckled a bit at your reaction. “...alright. sit up a bit, baby.”

You took a couple deep breaths, trying to ground yourself, and sat back up in his lap. You could still feel the aftershock of tingles all over your skin, almost like a buzzing sensation.

He took a deep breath, and then you gasped when his soul appeared right before your eye.

---

He was so stupid. Why was it so difficult for him to keep his mouth shut? Why did he have this
stupid reflex to pour everything out to you!?

...Of course he knew why, but that didn’t make it any better. It was still inconvenient and pissing him off.

He could lose you.

“...M-My house?” you sounded almost terrified. It made his soul ache. He was suppose to make you feel safe and loved, not horrified and uncomfortable.

He was so bad at this.

But he just couldn’t shut up. Something in his head just made him keep going.

“mhm,” he continued. It was inexorable. “easy to get into your closet when you were out. easy to take your underwear. easy to sleep under your bed.”

He was making things worse, he knew that, but he couldn’t help it. He slid his hand up your back, feeling the urge to touch your skin.

It helped him feel a little less crazy.

“...Under my bed?” your voice was soft and you sounded like you didn’t want to believe it.

you poor baby.

“mhm... right underneath you...” his hand kept going up, and his mouth kept moving, “...you snore really quietly. it’s cute.”

...Fuck, could he sound anymore psychotic!?
“...Thanks?” he could tell by the tone of your voice and the look on your face that you were trying your hardest not to be afraid.

you still wanted to see the good in him.

He knew you were conflicted and wanted to make excuses for him, but really even he had run out of them at this point.

He leaned forward and started to plant kisses along your neck, feeling both joyful and anxious over how much you wanted this to work. If you didn’t, you wouldn’t still be here. You would’ve ran away a while ago.

Your body was shaking, and it made him feel… gross. He didn’t want that. He didn’t want to cause anxiety for you, he wanted to protect and shield you from it!

“...i needed to protect you,” he started, making sure his voice was soft and even, “needed to make sure you were always safe.”

Your skin tasted like vanilla.

“E-Even when I was sleeping!?” you exclaimed, catching him a bit off guard. You almost sounded angry.

...

“yep... you wanna know why?” he asked, squeezing your hip, softly, trying to be reassuring, but might have just come off as sexual.

Hopefully it didn’t, but he couldn’t tell.

“...W-Why?” you asked, and he could clearly tell a part of you didn’t wanna know. He should have shut up right then and there and moved away from that topic of conversation.
“because you were mine the moment i met you,” he told you, squeezing your ass.

...shit.

He really wasn't helping his case here.

He pulled away from your neck and left a soft kiss on your forehead, hopefully helping you chill out a bit.

It clearly didn’t. You looked horrified.

Yet he just chuckled, and continued on, unable to stop the word vomit that continued to leave his mouth. “...it’s because you’re my soulmate.”

...he didn’t...

He didn’t mean to say that.

He wasn't supposed to say that! You were going to think he was psychoic, if you didn’t already! Humans didn't know shit about souls, how the hell was he going to explain this!? You weren’t going to believe him, and you were going to leave!

he wouldn’t let you.

... “Soulmate?” you questioned, humor present in your voice.
...That was a relief at least. You weren’t horrified, just thought he was an idiot.

Maybe that was for the best? He could stop right now, laugh, and say it was a joke before he dug himself a deeper grave! He had a way out right now, he saw the opportunity. He could take it!

“mhm. soulmate,” he confirmed, kissing you gently. You returned it this time, ever so slightly.

...Why didn’t he take it!?

“That’s not a thing,” you told him, clearly confident in that.

if only you knew.

“...pfft,” he couldn’t but chuckle, “it is very much a thing, angel.”

Very much.

“...Well I mean, it’s a metaphor.”

A metaphor?

It was a metaphor?

Humans took something that important, and turned it into a fucking metaphor?

A part of him wanted to be angry… but he knew it was nowhere near your fault. You just grew up like that. Grew up thinking lies were true.

“not a metaphor. a real thing, baby girl,” he told you, just as confidently as you had before. He
planted a small kiss on your lips.

“...Sans,” you started, almost sounding condescending, “Soulmates aren’t a real thing.”

...

He saw a small flash of red in his vision.

“...want me to prove it?”

He knew there was no going back now, anyways. Might as well go all the way, right?

He didn’t have anything to lose.

you couldn’t leave.

“You can prove it?” you sounded almost amused, in a way. You didn’t believe him at all.

*It was annoying.*

This was why he hid it.

He nodded, feeling his smile grow a bit. After this… you really didn’t have any way out.

“...How?”

“...do you trust me?”

If you didn’t, then this wouldn’t work.
It could ruin everything.

“...Y-Yeah.”

...

...you stuttered.

...you didn’t...

“you hesitated,” he said, trying his best not to sound accusing.

*Maybe you were just anxious. Anxiety can cause stuttering.*

Right?

...Right.

“Well I mean, you kind of stalked me. And stole my underwear,” you said, accusingly.

...

He ruined everything. He broke your trust. He completely fucked everything up and now you didn't trust him at all. You were lying to protect him and his feelings, or hell, maybe even to protect your *self* because you thought he was crazy! This is exactly what he was afraid of. He was terrified of you finding out about everything he did, and hell, this wasn’t even the worst of it, and now you didn’t trust him you didn’t trust him you didn’t trust him you didn’t trust him you didn’t trust him.

He was ripped out of his own mind violently when you placed a gentle kiss to his jaw.
He held your head there, gently, trying to push his thoughts away and calm himself back down. He felt broken.

Detached.

He took a few deep breaths, enjoying the way your lips felt against him, and then finally let go.

“...I’m still here, right? So I trust you,” you reassured him, and honestly, a part of him thought you were only saying that to appease him.

*It worked.*

He sighed. “...okay... so, uh... just stay relaxed, alright?” *if you didn’t, this whole thing could kill the both of you, “...i won’t hurt you, but... this might be uncomfortable.”*

His eyes darted down to your chest, and he vaguely wondered what color your soul was.

Guess he was gonna find out.

“...Okay,” you muttered, and he could practically *hear* how red your face was. In retrospect, he probably shouldn’t have started staring at your chest without any context.

Regardless, he took a deep breath and sat up a bit more, shuffling you to get a bit more comfortable in his lap, before he started to focus.

He focused on what he could feel coming from you, the energy and the pulse of your soul. It almost felt like it was trying to come out on his own, like it was trying to be closer to him.

….So he lifted his hand, and he used his own energy to pull your soul out.

You gasped and then made a small squealing sound, obviously not used to the sensation, and probably in a bit of discomfort.
You probably felt violated.

“...shhh,” he cooed, gently, trying to reassure you, “...you’re okay.”

You really were. Because he had your life in his hands. Quite literally.

He pulled a little bit more, and out it came.

your soul.

It was beautiful. Its color was vibrant and it almost shined. There were no visible cracks, and he thanked the Gods for that. He would hate for you to have been through some extreme trauma.

You looked enticed by it, completely captivated.

Must be magnificent to a human, especially seeing it for the very first time.

“...What… W-What is that?” you asked, voice soft and breathy. You looked almost high as you stared at the love heart that held such great importance.

“your soul,” he told you, noticing his words were a bit slurred. Maybe he looked just as high… he wouldn’t be surprised, if that were the case.

Before you could say anything else, he quickly lifted his finger, and then gently ran it down the center of your soul. It was so soft and it pulsed, so full of life.

He almost laughed when you let out a loud moan. Even louder than any of the noises he got out of you the previous night. He also noted how your legs twitched ever so slightly, brushing against his legs.

“...felt that, huh?” he asked, a bit teasingly. You were precious.
You moaned again in response, and he felt his cock twitch in his shorts.

“...it’s beautiful,” he praised, rubbing it again, softly.

Your hands quickly shot up and gripped onto the front of his jacket, almost desperately.

*It felt amazing.*

...He wondered how you *tasted.*

He brought it up to his mouth, and *very* gently gave it a soft kiss. For a moment, you just shook and tried to catch your breath, but afterwards you *moaned* again. *Louder.*

He couldn’t help but chuckle a bit at how *adorable* you were. “...Alright. Sit up a bit, baby.”

You had to take a moment to catch your breath, and after that you sat up, using him as leverage. You still twitches occasionally, and he cherished it in his memory.

Everything you did was just too adorable for words.

...Hopefully you were as enticed by *his* soul as you were *yours.*

He took a few deep breaths...

...And then he summoned his soul.

**Chapter End Notes**

Serious question, does anybody know what's going on with Net Neutrality? Like, dumbed down cuz I'm stupid?
Want more HT Sans?
Chapter Summary

Sans you can't just... no. You can't just take advantage of... Sans. Sans stop. SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND SANS.

....You soulbond with the skele, without knowing.

Chapter Notes

Ily all <3

If anybody's still interested in a fic trade but doesn't really wanna message me on Tumblr, we could always discuss it in the comments!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

His soul was breathtaking.

It was fractured in multiple places, but somehow that heightened its beauty, leaving you at a complete loss of words. It was an amazingly vibrant white, and it seemed to give off a glow similar to a computer screen. You just… couldn’t look away, because looking at it made your body pulse pleasantly and you didn’t want this feeling to ever stop. It felt so right just to look at... It was magnificent, but broken.

A beautiful disaster.

“...I-It’s so pretty,” you told him, voice breathy and uneven.

He didn’t reply, his gaze just fixated on the two souls. You noticed that they were both buzzing… and almost seemed to be… drawn to each other? Acting as magnets just trying to interact...

Like they wanted to lunge at each other.

…
You were suddenly filled with a dying urge to touch it.

He touched yours… so why not?

You gently lifted your hand up, and gently pressed your finger against the top of the heart, on the right side.

It was… almost fizzing.

You noticed he had flinched slightly, but right afterwards he let out a soft moan… you took that at as good sign and kept your finger there, gently moving it in a small circle.

“…Why is it cracked?” you asked him, softly. You realized then, that you had no idea what he had really been through. You knew monsters had it pretty rough down underground, but… the media never went into specifics and told you what exactly made it bad.

...Then again, being stuck down somewhere is bad enough on it’s own. You just wished you knew what they were hiding.

“...uh… it doesn’t matter,” he told you, and you briefly wondered how he was talking so well, especially since you couldn’t even form words when he touched you like this, “...you see how they keep trying to move towards each other, really slowly?”

“...Mhm?” you asked, giving his soul a gentle stroke down the middle, like he had done to yours.

A low purr started to emit from him, making his body vibrate slightly. It almost tickled on your ass. “they want to be as close as possible. because they were made for each other… we were made for each other… more specifically, you were made for me since i was created first…”

You noticed that he kept pulling them apart from each other whenever they would get too close…

You wondered what would happen if they touched.
“...M-Made for each other?”

“yeah... y’know how people say that your soulmate is the ‘person you were made for’, but instead of it being a genuine fact, it’s all romantic cliche bullshit?”

“...Yeah?” you confirmed, still touching his soul gently, unable to stop yourself. It was just so pretty and inviting. Almost felt like it was calling out for your touch.

*And who were you to deny it?*

“well,” he started, still purring gently like a motor, “it’s true, to an extent. we *were* made for each other, but soulmates aren’t always a romantic thing. sometimes it’s platonic, or the other person might not even *want* their soulmate... and others would do *anything* to have their other half. they would go to any extent just to be with them.”

*...Like he did?*

“...So, we’re like… *destined* for each other?” you questioned, trying to get a clearer understanding of the situation.

“...yeah, in a sense,” he confirmed, and you could tell he was a little doubtful of that statement. Maybe he didn’t believe in destiny?

“...Wow. That’s… a lot to... I-I mean, now that I think about it, it makes sense,” you stumbled over your words, but you got the point across.

“...how so?”

“When I first met you, I instantly felt kind of safe around you... like, more than I do with other people. That never happens. I don’t like being around anybody,” you explained, honestly. You really *did* feel some type of attraction and safety with him that you had never experienced before.
His smile grew and you swear you saw a twinkle in his eyelight. “...yeah, that makes sense.”

“...And... The fuzzy feeling. The warmness,” you added, wanting to make sure he got the full picture of what you first experienced.

He pressed a gentle kiss to the side of your face, “and the ‘butterflies’,” he added for you.

...*How did...?*

“...How’d you know about the butterflies?” you questioned, looking back down at his soul and giving it another stroke. You noticed the buzzing seemed stronger now, than before... probably due to the conversation, but still you were curious. You could be wrong.

“i get them, too.”

...You probably shouldn’t have been as surprised as you really were to hear that.

...If he went through all of that and he suffered so much to get to you, then why didn’t he just tell you the truth in the first place?

“...So... if we’re ‘soulmates’ why didn’t you tell me before? Why wait until now?” It didn’t make any sense to you. All of this could have been prevented if he asked you out normally in the first place... right?

...Right.

“...i didn’t wanna scare you away.”

...Okay, yeah, you could see that to an extent. He was clearly very self conscious, so you understood. And you did know some people who would run away just at the sight of a monster... and you hadn’t believed him earlier about the soulate thing, so...

“...Yeah. I guess that makes sense.”
“...i...i just didn’t want you to be afraid of me, y’know?” he asked, his voice wobbly and uneven. The thought must really scare him.

“I can’t be scared of you, Sans,” you told him before planting a soft kiss to his mouth.

...You could be scared of him though… just… not for very long.

He gave you a soft smile. “...should put these away,” he suggested, gesturing to the two souls that continued to try and collide.

Why did you want them to?

“...Not yet,” you protested, giving his soul another rub, “...I like yours.”

It was so beautiful. The way it glowed, so perfectly.

He shuddered a bit. “...it feels good when i touch it, right?” he asked suddenly, giving your soul a gentle stroke as well.

You shivered involuntarily. “...M-Mhm.”

His smirk grew and you felt more butterflies in your tummy. “...i can make it feel even better.”

“...B-Better?”

“...mh. but... i have to know a few things first.”

You felt a bit uneasy when he told you that.
“...Like what?”

“...you hesitated earlier when you said you trusted me. i need to know if you really do… this won’t work without trust,” he explained.

...

“...Are you gonna lie again?” That was really the only reason you wouldn’t trust him.

“no,” he told, answer instant, “all done lying.”

…Then you really couldn’t think of any other reason not to. You literally had his soul in the palm of your hands… there was a pretty decent level of trust here.

“...Okay. Then I do,” you told him, confidentiality. Everything was out in the open now. So there was no reason not to!

He looked almost relieved by your answer. “...good, good,” he muttered, pressing a soft kiss to your lips, “...do you love me?”

Well that question was easy. “Mhm!” you confirmed with no hesitation, kissing him back in return.

“...how much?” he questioned, leaving another soft kiss on your lips.

“More than anything or anyone else,” you told him, truthfully. He was probably the best thing you had, despite what he did.

He shivered, in what looked like pleasure. “...alright. so, we’re gonna try something… i need you to trust me one thousand percent.”

...Well damn.
“...That’s a lot of percent,” you said with a light chuckle.

He let out a dry sounding chuckle. “sure is.”

“...What’re you gonna do?” you asked him, sounding a bit more anxious than you had anticipated. You didn’t want him to think you were afraid of him or anything, just… you were as inexperienced as you possibly could be in this department, so you were a bit anxious in general.

It wasn’t his fault.

He didn’t really seem to think it was because of him, though, based off of his tone of voice, so you were a bit relieved, “something that’ll feel undescribable… in the best way.”

...You were intrigued, but… also a little scared. You had no idea what these little things were really capable of. If it’s actually your soul… couldn’t it kill you?

You just blinked and waited for him to proceed, finding yourself unable to properly form words or sentences.

“...you ready?”

“...I-I guess?” you were a bit unsure, since you really had no idea what was going on.

He searched your face for a moment, probably finding traces of doubt. “...that’s not good enough, baby,” his voice was gentle, but stern.

“I-It’s just that I don’t know what’s about to happen? W-What am I supposed to say?” you asked, feeling a bit uneasy all of a sudden. You were literally trusting him with your life.

He sighed, softly. “...i want you to say that you trust me, but… i don’t want you to lie about it.”

“...I do. I trust you.” It wasn’t a lie. You really did. You knew he would never hurt you, especially since he had so many chances prior to this, and never did. You felt a weird mixture of security from
him, along with a lot of anxiety because he hid so many things, or kept quiet.

He took a deep breath before speaking. “...close your eyes.”

You did as he said, waiting impatiently for what was coming next. As you waited, your mind ran wild, and a part of you was really nervous. He had your soul in his hands, and you knew for a fact that if he wanted to, he could kill you, and you would be completely helpless and unable to stop him... and for some reason that also excited you.

You almost screamed when you felt the strongest rush of pleasure you had ever experienced in your entire life.

It pulled you right out of your thoughts, and made all of your fears vanish instantly. Your eyes shot open and you instantly gripped onto his jacket, trying to keep yourself from falling over or just straight up fainting.

You saw that your souls were touching... connecting.

“...oh, th-thank fuck,” he muttered under his breath, his voice slightly stuttering. That caught you more off guard than it probably should have.

He gripped onto your hips tightly, and seemed to pull you even closer as your souls both floated above your heads. They seemed to dance around each other, yet always ended up coming back and meeting in what you would call a kiss, or even some type of a hug.

It was beautiful.

“S-Sans!” you moaned, loudly, unable to really think of anything other than his name. Everything felt intense and just on the fence of being too much.

“...easy,” he cooed, softly, his facial expression gentle as could be, “...intense, right?”

Intense was an understatement. It felt like your entire body was being caressed, both inside and out. Everything was tingling, but it wasn’t the type of tingle you would get from your foot falling
asleep… It was something *entirely* new.

You found yourself unable to speak, and he seemed to understand since he continued.

“...did you see anything?”

*All you could really see was white and his face, but you really doubted that’s what he meant.*

“...W-wh… what?” you asked, completely breathless and shaky. You felt like you weren’t even in control of yourself. The entire experience felt out of body, and almost magical, as lame as that sounded.

“...in your head. did you see anything? a color? a memory that wasn’t yours?” he explained, and you were a little astounded he was able to speak so clearly.

...But no, you didn’t see anything… were you suppose to? Were you doing something wrong?

“...N-No?” you answered, a bit anxiously.

He gave you a small, but reassuring smile, probably able to sense your anxiety. “okay.”

He looked up, and you followed his gaze to the souls. As soon as you did, they seemed to push *even closer* together.

You gasped loudly, the feeling finally becoming *too much*, until… you saw something.

He let out a low growl and squeezed your hip, almost as if *he* was trying not to fall over this time.

“...I-I… d… w-what!?" you exclaimed, overwhelmed and slightly terrified.

*mine*
...These weren’t your thoughts.

“...you okay?” he asked, his voice on the edge of cracking. He must be experiencing something similar.

You were unable to speak, only capable of clinging to him like a limpet.

“...what did you see?” he asked, gently gripping your chin and making it so you could look at him a little more clearly.
...What did you see?

...

“...I-it... was a skeleton, I think, b-but... h-he was really tall and p-purple...?”

Who was that? Just seeing him in your mind was enough to make you think you were going to have nightmares... his posture was weird and he just looked... wrong.

Evil.

He was silent, and that just made you even more uneasy.

“...Wh-What’s going on?” you asked, sounding a little more alarmed than you had intended.

He pulled you closer in an attempt to comfort you, and it helped a bit. You hid your face in his neck and let these... flashes play in your mind.

*Papyrus.*

*Purple skeleton.*

*Sans... he was so... different before. Happy. Funny. So... lively. Friendly. Social.*

*...The purple skeleton vanished.*

*A fallen human.*

*Spaghetti.*
...Everyone’s starving.

...

He ate people.

They all ate humans.

...You felt nauseous for a moment, but forced it to the back of your mind… it was terrifying how real it all felt.

Like you had experienced it.

Tasted eerily similar to pork.

You had hold back a few gags.

....A giant fish. Undyne. You recognized her from the news and other television shows…

She cracked his skull.

She ruined him.

Changed him.

These memories went on in your mind for what felt like hours, but really you knew had only been a few seconds… and now you couldn’t stop crying. You held onto his as tightly as you possibly could, shocked that he was still able to function with what he had been through.
He snuggled you back, shaking a bit.

It was silent for a while, before you finally spoke.

“...Y-You had to eat people!” you cried, suddenly hysterical.

“...shhh,” he shushed you, softly, suddenly comforting you when really it should have been the other way around. He gently combed his fingers through your hair, trying to ease your mind.

“A-And Papyrus!? You w-were so hungry!”

“i know,” he cooed, pulling you a bit closer, “shhh. it’s over now.”

“...I-I’m gonna punch Undyne,” you said, completely serious.

“...pfft. no,” he half-laughed, nuzzling the side of your head gently.

“Yes!” you insisted, sounding a lot more angry than you really meant to. You just couldn’t hold it back. That bitch deserves so much worse!

He sighed. “she did this to me,” he started, pointing to his skull, “so imagine what she’d do to you.”

You gave him a sad look, and he pressed a small kiss to your lips.

“...you okay?” he asked. Always making sure you were fine… when really you should be asking him more.

“...I… uh, didn’t just see things... I uh… I felt things, too,” you admitted softly, feeling a bit of nausea return.

“...yeah. i know,” he told you, sadly, so you assumed he had felt things as well.
“...You… really love me, huh?” you asked, even though you didn’t need to.

You felt it.

“...so fucking much. it hurts sometimes.”

“...Yeah. I felt that.”

He snuggled you tightly, continuing to stroke your hair in a comforting manner. “...i love you, y/n. don’t forget that, no matter what.”

“...I won’t,” you told him, confidently. You couldn’t.

Not when you felt the exact same way.

Sans felt uneasy and extremely self conscious as you examined his soul.

The cracks in it were hideous and always made him feel so ugly. Your expression was unreadable, which only added to his anxiety. You could be thinking the exact same things as he was about himself, and he would have no idea.

It was painfully scary.

...But you had to like it… didn’t you? You had to love your other half… Especially the other half of
“...I-It’s so pretty,” you said, catching him completely off guard.

Pretty? It looked like somebody broke a mirror and tried to glue it back together. How did you find that pretty?

He couldn’t really look away from your soul, and the way that it tried to charge at his… like it needed it.

Like you needed him.

His line of sight snapped to your hand when it started to lift towards his soul, and he flinched pretty hard when you actually touched it. It caught him off guard, since he didn’t really think you had the courage to do that… he also shuddered, and let out a slight moan, unable to contain how good and right it felt for you to finally touch him there.

“...Why is it cracked?” you asked him, voice soft and cautious. Like you knew he wouldn’t wanna answer that question, but you just had to ask anyways.

“...uh... it doesn’t matter,” he said, most likely confirming what you thought, “...you see how they keep trying to move towards each other, really slowly?”

They wanted to bond.

“...Mhm?” you confirmed, stroking his soul down be center.

You were learning.

“they want to be as close as possible. because they were made for each other… we were made for each other… more specifically, you were made for me since i was created first,” he explained as he purred from the contact.
He kept having to pull the two souls away from each other before they got too close… if you didn’t really trust him, that could end terribly.

In dust and blood.

“...M-Made for each other?” you questioned, obviously confused, and maybe even slightly afraid.

“yeah… y’know how people say that your soulmate is the ‘person you were made for’, but instead of it being a genuine fact, it's all romantic cliche bullshit?”

You continued to rub his soul as he spoke, rubbing it gently like he had done to yours. “...Yeah?”

“well, it's true, to an extent,” he started to explain, making sure to look you in the eye, “we were made for each other, but soulmates aren't always a romantic thing. sometimes it's platonic, or the other person might not even want their soulmate… and others would do anything to have their other half. they would go to any extent just to be with them.”

anything.

“...So, we're like… destined for each other?” you questioned, clearly skeptical of this whole situation.

And he couldn't really blame you.

“...yeah, in a sense, “ he half muttered. He didn't really believe in destiny… he just believed in taking what he wanted and making shit happen. The universe never helped him, so he learned to help himself.

“...Wow. That’s… a lot to-... I-I mean, now that I think about it, it makes sense,” you told him, stuttering. You must have been nervous. It made sense, considering all of this new information was just being dumped on you so suddenly.

poor baby.
...But it made sense?

“...how so?”

“When I met you, I instantly felt kind of safe around you... like, more than I do with other people. That never happens. I don’t like being around anybody,” you explained to him, and he could just tell you were being honest.

you felt safe around him!

That’s all he ever really wanted.

“....yeah. that makes sense.”

*It made perfect sense.*

“...And... The fuzzy feeling. The warmness.”

*Warm?* To him, the feeling felt more like the hottest planet in the solar system.

He pressed a soft kiss to your cheek. “and the butterflies.” *more like wasps.*

“...How’d you know about the butterflies?” you asked, your attention darting back to his soul.

*He felt it pulsing.*

You were so cute. Of course the effects weren’t just on you. He felt it foo.

*He felt it worse.*
“i get them, too.”

You looked almost shocked by that. “...So... if we’re ‘soulmates’ why didn’t you tell me before? Why wait until now?”

Because he had a crippling fear of losing you.

If he told you before now, you would have called him crazy, and you would’ve ran away. He would’ve had to track you down, and well… things would get ugly.

real ugly.

“...i didn’t wanna scare you away.”

You didn’t even believe him fully now, so there was no chance in hell that you would’ve believed him back then. You would think he was a freak, a crazy freak. You would want absolutely nothing to do with him

He couldn’t have that.

“...Yeah. I guess that makes sense.”

“...i... i just didn’t want you to be afraid of me, y’know?” he told you, his voice accidentally on the verge of breaking. Just the thought of not having you scared him shitless.

Your expression turned soft. “...I can’t be scared of you, Sans,” you told him, planting a soft kiss on his mouth.

You both knew that was a lie.

But he smiled anyways before looking at the two souls. “...should put these away.” Before they
“...Not yet,” you protested before he had the chance to even do anything, “...I like yours.” You rubbed his soul again to make your point.

...It was dangerous to have them out, but... would it really be a bad thing if you bonded with him? It could kill you both, but... was he willing to risk that? In the end, all he wanted was you. All of you, your soul included... and he could have it. Right then and there... but it was risky. You liked his soul, though! So...

You would probably be okay with this.

...

He shuddered slightly. “...it feels good when i touch it, right?” he asked, giving your soul another stroke as well.

You shivered rather violently “...M-Mhm.”

good. he needed you to feel good.

If people who weren’t compatible with you ever got a chance to touch your soul...

He didn’t even wanna think about that.

“...i can make it feel even better,” he promised, unable to stop his smirk from growing.

He could do this. You would be fine.

“...B-Better?” you asked, voice barely above a whisper.
“...mhm. but... i have to know a few things first.”

You confirmed earlier that you had trusted him, but it was obvious you were unsure. If there was no trust while this happened, nothing good would come from it.

*Just pain.*

“...Like what?” he could tell you were nervous by what he said, but you would be fine.

*This would all be fine.*

“...you hesitated earlier when you said you trusted me. i need to know if you really do... this won’t work without trust.” *You would die without trust.*

You seemed to be lost in thought for a moment, before you finally started to speak. “...Are you gonna lie again?”

...Really he never *lied*, he just… hid things.

“no,” he told you without hesitation, “all done lying.”

*Never promised not to keep secrets.* But he would never hurt you... it was all for your own good.

*To protect you and this relationship.*

“...Okay. Then I do,” you told him, with obvious confidence.

*That’s what he liked to hear.*

“good, good,” he muttered, kissing you gently, “...do you love me?”
You answered instantly, making his soul pump a little faster out of joy. “Mhm!”

“...how much?” he asked, kissing you again.

“More than anything or anyone else,” you told him, and he could just tell you meant that. It felt incredible.

He couldn’t hold back a shudder. “...alright. so, we’re gonna try something… i need you to trust me one thousand percent.”

Or else you both died.

“...That’s a lot of percent,” you pointed out with a small chuckle.

You were nervous.

He let out a chuckle of his own. “Sure is.”

“...What’re you gonna do?” you questioned, sounding borderline terrified. He could understand that, since all of this was a mystery to you.

“something that’ll feel undescrivable… in the best way,” he told you in the most reassuring voice he could manage.

You blinked and stayed silent, probably trying to process and guess what was going to happen, so he continued. “...you ready?”

“...I-I guess?” you said, clearly unsure and anxious.

He couldn’t have that.
You really looked so doubtful, and anxious. It made him a bit nervous. “...that’s not good enough, baby,” he told you gently, wanting to make sure you knew he wasn’t upset. You couldn’t help how you felt, and anxiety was almost impossible to control. He just... was paranoid, and needed to know absolutely that you were okay with this... without knowing what it really was.

“I-It’s just that I don’t know what’s about to happen? W-What am I supposed to say?” you said, a little defensively. Anxiously.

“...i want you to say that you trust me, but... i don’t want you to lie about it.” Sans was the type of person who understood little white lies every now and then, but... this could literally kill the both of you.

“...I do. I trust you,” you confirmed, and the confidence in your voice really made him believe you.

He took a deep breath.

“...close your eyes.” He didn’t want you to see them coming closer and then get anxious. He needed this to go well.

You did so, without question, making him feel a bit better about this. You trusted him enough for that at least, so... that was a good sign.

*He literally had your soul in his hands, and it was addicting. He could do whatever he wanted to you.*

...He pushed them towards each other and made them touch.

They rubbed against each other, gently at first, and yet it was still the most intense feeling he had ever felt in his entire existence.

Your eyes shot open, wide and in shock, and you grabbed onto him tightly, obviously overcome with pleasure.
...They didn’t break.

*You didn’t die.*

“...oh, th-thank fuck.” He had never been so relieved in his entire life.

He gripped onto your hips, finding he needed some sort of leverage as well. It was a lot more intense than he had even anticipated, and he was expecting *a lot.*

“S-Sans!” you moaned loudly, causing even *more* joy in his mind.

“...easy,” he cooed, “...intense, right?”

*He didn’t really have to ask, but he thought why not.*

It was obvious you couldn’t even speak, so he didn’t make you. Besides, there was something burning in the back of his mind now...

“...did you see anything?”

You seemed incredibly confused by the question. “...W-wh… what?” you asked, barely even able to force the word out. You couldn’t stop shaking, and you were almost slippery in his arms.

“...in your head. did you see anything,” he asked again, clearly handling this a *little* better than you were, “a color? a memory that wasn’t yours?”

“N-No?” you questioned, obviously a little anxious that you didn’t.

He gave a reassuring smile. He didn’t want you to panic, especially when there wasn’t really a reason for it. “okay.”
He looked up at your souls, which had gravitated upwards, above you both, and willed them to move closer together. They almost seemed to fuse slightly.

The feeling increased ten-fold, and you gasped, clinging harder.

He growled, as he started to see flashes in his head.

_They all seemed to be from your childhood._

He held onto your hips tighter and you started to speak, clearly overwhelmed. “...I-I... d... w-what!?”


He saw it all, and they weren’t anything that belonged to him. It was all from you and what your soul wanted him to see.

Some memories were good, some were bad.

Some were stressful, some were peaceful.

Some were scary, and some brought comfort.

It was confusing and overwhelming for him, so he couldn’t even imagine what you were going through.

_But now he knows why you're so insecure._

“...you okay?” he asked, when he was able to, voice croaky and uneven.

You couldn’t speak. You just clung to him like he was a life raft and you were drowning in a sea of
“...what did you see?” he asked, cupping your chin and making you look at him, trying to bring your attention at least somewhat back to him.

You seemed to be searching your mind for a moment, as if you were trying to figure that out yourself.

“...I-It... was a skeleton, I think, b-but... h-he was *really* tall and p-purple...?”

... purple.

tall.

*skeleton*.

Gaster.

That was one of the few things he was praying you wouldn’t see... but he also knew that you most likely would.

...

“...Wh-What’s going on?” you asked, sounding, much to his displeasure, alarmed.

He pulled you closer to comfort you, and let some more memories play.

*It would be okay. Better for you to see yourself than to explain.*
Everything played at once, crashing down on him into small pieces.

You learned how to ride a bike.

You learned how to tie your shoes.

You went on a few vacations.

You ate food.

Everything was… mostly normal. Except for that one thing

....

When it finally ended, he wasn’t that surprised to find you were crying. He snuggled you closer to him, trying to comfort you while he tried to calm his shaking bones as well.

*Even he was overwhelmed.*

It was silent for what felt like hours before you finally spoke.

“...Y-You had to *eat* people!” you exclaimed, suddenly starting to cry a lot harder… what shocked him the most was that you didn’t sound… *angry.* Just… sympathetic.

...*oh baby.*

“...shhh,” he shushed you gently, starting to comb his phalanges through your hair gently, trying to
comfort you. He really, really didn’t want you to have to see that.

Let alone experience it.

“A-And Papyrus!? You w-were so hungry!” you were completely hysterical, and it broke his non-existent heart.

“i know. shhh. it’s over now,” he cooed as gently as he could, pulling you closer. As he stroked your hair, his line of sight drifted to your souls…

It worked.

“I-I’m gonna punch Undyne.”

…

You pulled him out of his thoughts with that ridiculous threat, and he couldn’t help but chortle. “...pfft. no,” he said, nuzzling the side of your head.

“Yes!” you practically snapped at him, but he could tell you didn’t actually mean to.

He sighed. “...she did this to me,” he muttered, gesturing to the crack in his skull, “so imagine what she’d do to you.”

He sure as hell didn't want to.

Your expression turned sad and you almost looked defeated. He kissed you gently, trying to lift your spirits a bit.

“...you okay?” he asked.
“...I… uh, didn’t just see things… I uh… I felt things, too,” you admitted softly, probably just trying to make sure you were both on the same page.

“...yeah. i know,” he assured you, pity in his voice.

_He really wished you didn’t have to see all that._

But in the end, he was just glad you didn’t see… _other things._

“...You… really love me, huh?” you asked, even though it was obvious you already knew.

“...so fucking much. it hurts sometimes.”

_Physically._

“...Yeah. I felt that.”

... _poor baby. that must’ve been really intense for you._

He pulled you a little closer. “...i love you, y/n. don’t forget that, no matter what.”

“...I won’t.”

_He knew there was no way you could._

Chapter End Notes

_Also, happy Easter._
Want more HT Sans?
*Overwhelmed.*

Chapter Summary

Oh Papy. What would we do without you?

Chapter Notes

* Cunnilingus in the beginning!

<3 thanks for staying with me, guys. Ily and your comments make me happy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

You were still trying to process everything.

You saw… felt so much. It all came at you at once, yet somehow, it mostly made sense. The people you saw, were mostly unfamiliar, but… you understood most of the relationships. The most powerful one, was unsurprisingly Papyrus, but… there was also a really strong bond with that purple skeleton.

Yet you had no idea who he was.

You could guess of course, but making assumptions didn’t usually lead to good things.

And you really didn’t wanna talk about it anymore.

You were still emotional, crying a bit as you clung to Sans. He hold you close and stroked your hair, helping you quite a bit. The comfort was highly appreciated, when at the same time you wanted to comfort him. He was the one who lived it after all, and you had just seen bits and pieces…

You didn’t really understand how he was still able to function.

“...you alright?” he asked you, voice gentle and full of concern. He was always so focused on you and it made you feel so good, and at the same time so awful because you just couldn’t compare with how much he cared about you. You wished you were able to care for him the same amount, but you
knew that was literally impossible.

_He was clearly obsessed with you._

“...I-I think so,” you muttered, with a small sniffle. You were fine really, just… overwhelmed.

He looked you over once, seemingly to scan your body. “...anything hurt?”

“My feelings,” you admitted honestly, even though you knew that wasn’t what he meant. Complaining helps, sometimes.

He actually laughed a bit, and it made you feel a little better knowing he wasn’t overly stressed by anything he saw. “physically, baby.”

...Nothing really extreme, or worth mentioning. Your head and chest were a bit achy, but you hadn’t noticed until he had said something. But, better safe than sorry. You didn’t wanna hide anything on the remote chance that these were bad side effects or something.

“...Head,” you explained, patting your forehead a few times, “...and my chest.”

“...okay,” he said, and the tone of his voice made you feel a bit calmer. He clearly wasn’t alarmed, so it must have been normal. He brought one hand up to your head and you could feel some type of magic being used on it. You sighed in contentment, finding some type of comfort in the feeling… it was almost like pins and needles, only it wasn’t the kind that hurt.

“...feels tingly, huh?”

“Mhm. And cool.” _Very cool._

He kissed you gently, and you felt even better. Affection just always seemed to help in every situation, when it came to him.

...But your mind was still racing.
“...That was…” you started, but found yourself at a loss of words. How *would* you describe something like that?

He waited patiently for you to continue.

“...Intense,” you finally decided on. It still seemed like an understatement, but… it was the best word you could think of.

“...yeah. very,” he agreed, moving his hand off of your head now to rub your back in a comforting manner.

“...Did you see things from me?” you asked, suddenly, the question bugging you.

“mhm.”

“...What’d you see?” you asked, a bit anxious. You had never been through anything as extreme as he had, but… you had issues, too.

“a few things. mostly weird things from when you were a kid.”

*Well that was a bit relieving.*

“...Heh. I was a weird kid.” It was true. You had always done weird things.

“what’s with the fear of pears?” he asked, humor clear in his voice.

“There are always bugs in them!”

“...baby, no,” he said, starting to laugh. His laugh was a beautiful sound, and it really made you happy.
“Always! And they’re so mushy!? Why!?” you asked, expressing your hate for pears even further. One time you had bitten into one, and there was an actual bug in it. You never touched them again.

He chuckled and kissed your forehead. “I’ll protect you from the pears,” he told you, jokingly.

“My hero,” you joked back, sarcastically, giving him a kiss of your own.

You both kissed each other for a few more moments, finding comfort in each other. You felt safe here, especially now that you knew so much about him. Everything just felt so right and like nothing could ever go wrong in the world ever again as long as you had him. He felt like a safety net at this point, like your safe space that you can always fall back on.

The stalking thing seemed almost irrelevant now that you understood it, even though in the back of your mind you still knew how incredibly fucked up it was.

But you just didn’t wanna think about that anymore.

You broke away from the kiss and looked at him. His face was slightly flushed a dark blue, and it was officially now your favorite color.

“...I’m really sweaty,” you told him, not really caring at this point if it was too much information, he had literally fucked you, “...Can we take a shower?”

“yeah. sure, uh…the towels are in there,” he told you, apparently either not getting what you meant, or just uninterested.

You were assuming the first.

“...I mean together.”

He blinked, and you realized you were correct. He had just been oblivious. “…oh. ohhh, okay,” he said, standing up.
He picked you up off of the bed, causing you to giggle a bit. This all felt so domestic and comfortable now, and you absolutely loved it. You snuggled into his shoulder and held him tightly as he walked you into the bathroom.

He set you down on the toilet seat, and you watched rather contently as he turned the shower on.

As he did so, you started to strip out of the few clothes you had on, and you felt a strange amount of joy as he started to do the same thing. He stripped out of his clothes and you couldn’t help but stare at him. You had been a bit disappointed when he kept his clothes on during sex, so you felt better now. You never thought that, before you met him, you would ever find bones even remotely attractive, but hey. Here you were.

“...Can I touch your ribs?” you asked, unable to stop yourself. They just looked so smooth and nice… you wanted to feel them.

“...pfft,” he laughed, slightly, clearly taken aback, “...what?”

“Can I?” you asked, hopefully, still staring at his ribcage.

“...uh. yeah. sure.”

_Didn’t have to tell you twice._

You instantly lifted your hands and gently ran them across his ribs. They _were_ smooth, and actually not as solid as you were expecting. They weren’t soft or anything, just… slightly pliable. His face turned a darker shade of blue, and his hands were placed on either side of your waist, giving a gentle squeeze.

_This felt amazing._

“...I like these,” you admitted softly.
He gave you a small smile and then placed a gentle kiss to your forehead before picking you back up and taking you into the shower. The water was warm, but not too hot to where it hurt. It was perfect. He set you down and you went back to rubbing his ribs, finding it interesting how they didn’t all feel the same. Some were more squishy while others were harder. You weren’t pushing on them or anything, it was just obvious even if you touched them gently.

What shocked you even more, was when Sans let out a slight moan.

...You grabbed on a little tighter, basically stroking his ribs now.

“...f-fucking…” he muttered before letting out a small growl.

Before, that would’ve scared you shitless… but now, it just kind of turned you on.

He nuzzled his face into your neck and gave your hips another squeeze as you basically jerked off his ribs.

But, as soon as you grabbed his bottom rib, he fell down to his knees and left a soft kiss on your thigh. You gasped, a little shocked by the sudden sensation on your skin, but you squeaked when he suddenly licked between your thighs.

He started to lap at your clit, and you quickly reached down and placed your hands on his skull, trying to keep from falling over. Luckily, you didn’t touch his crack, but regardless he reached up and took your hands in his instead. You felt a bit bad for a moment, knowing he was probably really sensitive up there, but he kept going so you assumed he wasn’t mad.

He let go of your hands, and he gripped onto your butt gently, giving it a soft squeeze. You moaned softly and moved your grip to his shoulders, where you held on and would squeeze them whenever you felt a little too intense.

It didn’t take long for your muscles to tense up, and then you came. He stopped as soon as it happened, and stood to hold onto you. You clung to him tightly as you waited for the feeling to pass.

When it finally did, he started to wash your body for you with a bath scrunchie. You assumed it was his, since it was blue, and the other one hanging up was orange. The soap he used smelled like vanilla, and it really made you feel calm. You felt a little sleepy after the orgasm, so it definitely
didn’t help with that. You felt like you could almost fall over.

“...I love you,” you told him as you tried to catch your breath.

“i love you,” he replied, starting to comb his fingers through your wet hair.

When you both finished up in the shower, he rinsed you off and then turned the water off. He then stepped out and grabbed a fluffy towel out of a cupboard before wrapping it around his pelvis, and then getting another one to wrap around you. He picked you up and brought you back to his bedroom, where he proceeded to dry you off and then put his clothes back on you, this time with a pair of sweatpants that he tied tightly around you so they would fit properly, and wouldn’t fall off of your waist. He however, decided to stay naked, which you really didn’t mind.

Once you were both redressed and properly dry, you laid back in his bed and proceeded to cuddle. Maybe it was a bit weird to get right back in bed after a shower, but you were content and comfortable, so you didn’t care too much.

You had just snuggled into his chest, when he started to speak.

“...who was michael?”

....

...That caught you completely off guard, but... you answered it truthfully.

“...Old school friend.”

“...he was an asshole,” Sans commented, and really, he wasn’t wrong. But... what had he seen?

… “...I suppose. Boys will be boys, though!” you told him, trying to sound cheery.

*Michael didn’t matter anymore.*
“...he ruined your self confidence,” he told you, voice slightly stern, like he was trying to convince you of something.

But you already knew.

“...He… just acted that way because he had a crush on me.”

He went silent, and you didn’t know whether to be relieved or anxious.

….But then, thankfully, you heard the door open downstairs. Crisis avoided.

“...Papyrus is back!” you told Sans, thankful for the opportunity to change subjects. The last thing you wanted to talk about, was Michael.

“yeah,” was all he said, and he didn’t make any moves to get up.

“...Wanna go say hi?” you offered, willing to do literally anything to get away from this conversation.

“...i didn’t put my clothes on,” he muttered, lazily, clearly not in the mood to get up again.

“Psht… I’ll go see him, then. Be right back.”

“...don’t take long,” he asked, “please?”

“I won’t,” you told him before giving him a soft kiss and then leaving the room.

You made your way downstairs and found Papyrus in the kitchen, where he was cooking something.
You were going to assume it was spaghetti.

“...Hi Papyrus!” you greeted, cheerfully.

You were still in such a good mood after what happened earlier.

He turned around, a bowl still in his hands, and he gave you his signature smile. “OH! HELLO HUMAN!” he greeted back, just as cheerfully.

“How’re you doing?” you asked, noticing you had a bit of a bounce going on in your legs. You just couldn’t help it. You felt bouncy!

“I’M GOOD! YOU SEEM HAPPY!” he told you, your happiness apparently contagious.

“Mhm! Sans did a thing with our souls!” you told him, not expecting his smile to drop, as well as the bowl he was holding.

...It shattered.

You were clearly overwhelmed by everything that just happened.

You were clinging to him so tightly, and he wanted nothing more than to take the pain away. He never wanted you to have to know what he went through, let alone experience any of it, but... it was worth it in the end. Because now you were completely his.

Mind, body and soul.

He ran his phalanges through your hair as you cried, trying to comfort you in ways he knew would help. He had been through those things, physically, so he knew what things would best help you. Like how you always found comfort in the way his fingers felt combing through your hair, or how much you liked when he would rub your back, or kiss you on the forehead.
He just wanted you to feel better.

A part of him was still slightly frustrated that he didn’t know exactly what you had seen. You mentioned Gaster of all people… it was incredibly nerve wracking not knowing what part of him you saw.

Was it even a memory? Or was it really him.

...That was a ridiculous assumption, he knew, but… he couldn’t help but worry.

...Mostly he was just worried about you.

“...you alright?” he asked as gently as he could. He didn’t want you to be super stressed out or upset over the things he had been through. He had cried enough for the both of you.

“...I-I think so.” He knew that wasn’t true. You were upset and he wanted to make it go away.

He wanted all of your pain to go away. Physical and mental.

“...anything hurt?” he asked, wanting to make sure you definitely didn't have any physical pain after what had just happened. Really, he wouldn’t be surprised if your leg was falling off after that.

“My feelings,” you replied, and even though you were joking, he knew it was true and it actually made his soul ache for a moment.

But regardless, he let out a small chuckle. “physically, baby.”

You seemed to be thinking for a moment, as if you were mentally checking your own body to see if anything was sore. And apparently it worked, because after a few moments you said “…Head. And my chest,” patting your forehead to further prove your point.
“...okay,” he replied, moving one hand up to heal your head. It took a lot of energy, but you were worth being tired for a little while.

You seemed to lean into it slightly, and he couldn’t help but smile.

“...feels tingly, huh?”

“Mhm,” you confirmed, lazily, “And cool.”

He kissed you softly on the lips, finding comfort in the fact you found it somewhat interesting instead of being freaked out by it. You kissed back and it made him feel a lot better. He had been worried it had been too much for you, so it was relieving that you weren’t overly freaked out.

“...That was…” you started softly, but then drifted off.

...What was what?

It was too much?

It was traumatizing?

It was horrible!?

“...Intense,” you finally settled on after a moment.

“...yeah. very,” he agreed, one hundred percent. It wasn’t as painful as he was expecting, but... it was still a lot.

“...Did you see things from me?”

...Quite a few.
“mhm.”

“...What’d you see?” you asked, sounding nervous. He hadn’t seen anything terrible, so what was it that scared you so much…?

“a few things,” he told you, honestly, “...mostly weird things from when you were a kid.”

“...Heh. I was a weird kid.”

*That was an understatement.*

“What’s with the fear of pears?” that’s what confused him the most. It didn’t make any sense in his head, you just always ran away from them.

“There are always bugs in them!”

...What.

“...baby, no,” he said, unable to stop the laughter that was now coming out. That was so ridiculous and adorable.

“Always! And they’re so mushy!? Why!?" you explained, looking even *more* adorable. That was such an irrational fear to have and it made him feel so happy for some reason. You were just so....

*human.*

He kissed your forehead gently. “I’ll protect you from the pears.” *by eating them.*

Pears were pretty good.
All food was pretty good.

“‘My hero,’” you joked back with him, giving him a soft kiss.

He kissed back, and before he knew it you were both practically making out. He made sure to keep his hands to himself, since you were still a little hazy and overwhelmed, but it was kind of challenging.

...Your body was just so perfect and he wanted nothing more than to touch you everywhere, all the time, everyday.

After a bit, you broke away and looked at him, a bit to his disappointment. He didn’t want you to pull away from him, ever, no matter what, and he had half a mind to smash your lips back against him.

*But now wasn’t the time.*

“...I’m really sweaty,” you told him softly, making him a bit happy at how comfortable you were around him, “...Can we take a shower?”

“yeah. sure, uh… the towels are in there,” he told you, pointing lazily towards the bathroom.

“...I mean together,” you told him, making him feel like an idiot. You literally said *we*, he was so fucking stupid.

He blinked, processing how stupid he must of sounded to you. “...oh. ohhh, okay,” he said, standing up and then picking you up.

You giggled as you snuggled into him and he carried you into the bathroom, and he couldn’t prevent the happiness that surged through him. You were so incredibly adorable, and you made him *so* happy.

And now you were chained to him.
You couldn’t go anywhere for long.

He sat you down on the toilet seat when he entered the bathroom, and then turned the shower on. As soon as he did, you started to get naked again, much his pleasure. He loved looking at your body…. He just hoped you wouldn’t mind his too much.

He took off his clothes for the first time in front of you, and… he surprisingly wasn’t that self conscious. He just… felt natural. It all felt normal.

perfect.

“…Can I touch your ribs?” you asked, catching him a bit off guard. That wasn’t what he was expecting at all. Never thought you would wanna touch him in any way.

“…pfft, what?” he asked, laughing slightly.

“Can I?” you asked again, staring at his ribcage.

…They were sensitive as all hell, second most compared to his pelvis… it was probably the equivalent of touching somebody’s breasts, but… he didn’t really mind. If anybody was going to grope him, he would want it to be you, so…

“…uh. yeah, sure.” why the hell not.

You reached up instantly and started to run your hands across his ribs, apparently finding them interesting. He didn’t really see the appeal, but he knew that he never would since it was himself. It was probably the same for you with your chest… you had been self conscious about it, and he couldn’t see the flaws that you could, so he really doubted you saw the flaws on his ribs that he saw.

Everybody has insecurities, and some people are just better at hiding them.

He knew you couldn’t see the small scratches that he could, and that you didn’t notice they were
slightly off-white, but the only reason he knew they were they is because they were his flaws. Nobody else would ever really see these things that he saw.

At least not to the extent that he did.

...

...It felt nice. The way you rubbed them. He could feel his face heat up as you stroked, and he reached down to put his hands on either side of your waist. It was squishy, and soft. Perfect.

“...I like these,” you told him, voice soft and almost non-existent compared to the sound of the water.

He smiled slightly and then placed a soft kiss to your forehead, once again. He knew he did that often, but he just couldn’t help it. It made him feel happy to press kisses across your skin. He picked you up and brought you into the shower, where he sat you down and you went straight back to rubbing his ribcage.

....He couldn’t stop the soft moan that escaped him.

You glanced up at him as soon as he did, and then you had the nerve to start stroking one.

“...f-fucking...” he murmured, unable to prevent the growl that followed after.

He leaned down and nuzzled his face into your shoulder before squeezing your hips, a bit rougher this time. You let out a small, adorable gasp, and that was when he fell to his knees.

He kissed your thigh gently, and you gasped again, clearly not expecting that. But you squeaked when he licked your clit. He continued to lick and lick, almost lost in his own world, but he stiffened up slightly when your hands landed on his skull. Luckily, you hadn’t touched the crack, but it still made him uneasy, so he quickly reached up and took your hands in his, where he intertwined your fingers. You didn’t protest, and he didn’t stop licking.

He let go of your hands after a moment, trusting you had gotten the message, and he was pleased when you placed your hands on his shoulders instead. His hands when to your butt and he gave it
the occasional squeeze whenever you would squeeze his shoulders. You were a moaning mess and it didn’t take you long to cum at all.

He stopped instantly, not wanting to overstimulate you, especially in the shower. He stood and you instantly held onto him, probably dizzy after having an orgasm mixed in with the hot water all around you.

He held you until you were able to stand, and then he started to wash your beautiful skin with his bath scrunchie. He used the nice vanilla scented soap, because he knew how much you enjoyed the scent. You seemed sleepy, but not like you were in any danger of passing out, so he took his time.

“...I love you,” you told him suddenly, very soft as you tried to even out your breathing.

“i love you,” he replied instantly, starting to comb his fingers through your hair again. He didn’t have any hair products, but he could definitely get some for you, later.

He finished up lathering you up and then had you rinse off before he turned the water off. He stepped out first and wrapped a towel around his waist before grabbing one for you and wrapping it around your torso. He picked you up out of the shower and brought you back into his room, where he dried you off. He redressed you in his clothes from earlier, a long with a pair of drawstring sweatpants, but he decided to just stay naked. He didn’t really feel like searching for a new outfit and he didn’t think it was a good idea to wear the same clothes. Again.

As soon as you were redressed and dry, you both laid back down in bed and snuggled. He did this often, even though he knew some people might find it a bit strange. Most people called him lazy, but really he didn’t feel any motivation anymore.

He was depressed.

You snuggled into his chest, and that was when he decided he wanted to bring this up.

“...who was michael?”

You stiffened for half a second, clearly caught off guard by that question. “...Old school friend.”
You sounded honest, but that just wasn’t true.

“...he was an asshole.” nothing like a friend.

“...I suppose. Boys will be boys, though!” you told him, the cheer in your voice obviously fake.

“...he ruined your self confidence,” he told you, trying his best to hold back the anger. He didn’t wanna sound angry towards you, he was just... incredibly pissed about how you were treated.

“...He… just acted that way because he had a crush on me.”

The denial was obvious, and it made him feel upset.

You deserved so much better than how you were treated, and it was terrible how you didn’t see that.

He decided to keep his mouth shut so he didn’t snap at you, but really he wanted to yell. Not at you, but in general for the way you had been treated. It was frustrating and he wanted better for you. Was gonna give you better.

The door opened downstairs, and he heard Papyrus came in, and of course you took that as an opportunity to stop talking about this.

“...Papyrus is back!”

“yeah.” predictable.

“...Wanna go say hi?”

Usually, he would. But he really didn’t want to get up and get dressed, so…

“...i didn’t put my clothes on.”
“Psht… I’ll go see him, then. Be right back.”

...Why did he have such a bad feeling about that? Why did that feel like the fucking worst idea ever?

“...don’t take long, please?” he all but begged.

“I won’t,” you promised before giving him a gentle kiss and leaving the room.

...It just felt wrong.

Chapter End Notes

I love this fic... How you guys feelin about the direction it's taking? Cuz angst is coming.

Want more HT Sans?
You blinked as you stared down at the shattered bowl. Why the fuck did he drop that? Why did he seem so panicked all of a sudden? It instantly made your mind scream that something was wrong with what Sans did, but... you trusted him! There was no way that this was a bad thing! Maybe... there was something else that was bad, and you just explained it wrong!? Yeah, that... that had to be it.

_Sans would never hurt you or put you in any danger._

“...What thing?” Papyrus asked you, voice surprisingly, _and kind of terrifyingly_ , quiet. You had never heard him use his inside voice.

“...U-Uh… well, he took them out and like... w-we touched them? And they touched each other...?” you explained as best as you could, completely confused and now slightly worried. You hated being in the dark.

You were hoping for him to have a relieved expression after you explained, but... no. Papyrus looked like he was in complete shock, and even slightly horrified.

_You suddenly felt nauseous._

“...He... YOU SOUL BONDED,” Papyrus told you, looking and sounding completely mortified, but you were kind of glad the volume of his voice went back to what you were used to.
But, what the fuck did that mean!?

“...Is that what it’s called?” you asked him, trying to keep yourself calm. Didn’t have to freak out yet... you were just confused. Not in any danger, or any life threatening situations, at least.

Calm your anxiety.

“...Y/N, YOU DO REALIZE THE SEVERITY OF THAT TYPE OF COMMITMENT, YES?”

...Commitment? All you did was rub your souls together!!

...But thinking about it like that in your head... made you realize that it must be something severe. Souls were super important, right... so actually having yours against somebody else's, must be something huge.

Why the fuck didn’t you think of that?

“...Commitment?” you asked, deciding you weren’t going to make any assumptions until you actually knew what it really meant.

“...OH MY. HE DID NOT TELL YOU,” he muttered, still sounding completely terrified, and adding to your anxiety.

This wasn’t helping!

“He just said it would feel good!” you explained, sounding almost hysterical. You couldn’t hold back the fear anymore, because you didn't understand what was going on!

“...I... YES. IT... FEELS ‘GOOD’, BUT... TO PUT IT SIMPLY, YOU ARE NOW... MARRIED IN A SENSE... TIED TOGETHER. DIVORCE DOESN’T EXIST HERE.”

...You felt even sicker.
“...Married!?” you exclaimed, rather loudly. How could you be married!? You met him A MONTH AGO! YOU JUST STARTED DATING!

“SHHH!” Papyrus quickly shushed you.

“...B-But… what? He didn’t say that?” you said, trying to keep your voice down despite how upset you were.

“...HE WAS PROBABLY TOO AFRAID THAT YOU WOULD HAVE SAID NO.”

That wasn’t a valid excuse.

“So… Sans married me without permission…?” you asked, trying to make sure you had this correct.

“PRACTICALLY RAPED YOUR SOUL, YES.”

...

You were going to throw up.

Why did he have to say it like that!? You felt disgusting!

“B-BUT AT LEAST IT WAS YOUR SOULMATE!” Papyrus quickly added, probably noticing how sick you looked. He seemed anxious all of a sudden, like he knew exactly what you were thinking, and he felt empathy.

“...Y-Yeah?” you replied, questioning yourself. Were you really about to stay with somebody who did all of this to you? Sure, he loved you, and you loved him, but… this was wrong. He didn’t care about your feelings at all, as long as he got what he wanted! You weren’t treated as an equal here, and you weren’t about to put up with this!
“...DON’T… BE SUPER MAD,” Papyrus told you, sounding more pleading than anything.

“...I’m not mad.” You were livid, and scared.

“...ALRIGHT,” he said with a soft sigh, turning his attention back to the stove. He continued to cook as you just stood there completely horrified.

...You turned around and made your way back up the stairs.

You had to confront him. You didn’t have a choice. This wasn’t just something you could shrug off, like the other things you had excused.

You probably shouldn’t have excused anything he did. You weren’t even sure you could, after this.

You walked back into his room, and spotted him, still laying down in bed, now scrolling through his phone. You stayed by the door, standing in the doorway, trying to figure out what you were suppose to do in this situation. What were you suppose to say.

Hi, you raped my soul, fuck you?

...

Be realistic. That was ridiculous.

“...S...Sans?” you called his name, softly, gaze mostly focused on his phone, too afraid to make eye contact. You were right back where you started with him, feeling completely unsure, and afraid, and confused.

You hated it. You just wanted things to be back the way they were an hour ago.

You felt so good before now.
His eye light flickered over to you quickly, almost the exact second you finished saying the last letter in his name. It took everything in you to keep from jumping, or yelping or doing something. Instead you just started to sweat. You felt like a deer in the headlights, completely silent and frozen, just trying to rack up some sort of sentence in your head that would help express how you felt at the moment.

*But you were afraid.*

“...you okay?” he asked, sitting up, his voice almost causing you to jump. It wasn’t any different than usual, but just the mere thought of him in that moment made you uneasy.

You took a deep breath, and then swallowed the lump in your throat. It was dry, and it almost hurt going down, but you spoke anyways, holding back a cough. “...W-What... What did you do to our souls?” you asked him, trying to sound angry, but just hearing yourself you knew you sounded scared out of your mind, despite how hard you tried to conceal it.

“...what?” He blinked, seemingly confused by the question, but you weren’t going to fall for his *innocent* acts anymore.

You knew the truth. He was *far* from innocent.

“...P-Papyrus said you bonded us together... *Forever!*** You felt a bit bad ratting Papyrus out, but you didn’t really have a choice. You couldn’t just keep going along with this when you knew how incredibly fucked up it was!

His eye light disappeared, something you *still* weren’t used to, and he didn’t say anything. It made you feel even more afraid and *small*, but you kept talking, making sure not to let the fear get the better of you. He wouldn’t hurt you. Not like *this* anyways.

“...H-He said you *raped* my soul,” you told him, voice almost breaking from the sentence. That thought disgusted you far more than anything else.

“...what the fuck,” Sans said, sounding almost as disgusted as you felt.

You crossed your arms as you waited for some kind of explanation, not wanting anymore lies or sugar coatings. You wanted the *truth*. 
“...come here,” he said gently, giving you that soft expression that usually made you feel comforted.

But you didn’t move. You didn’t wanna be near him without knowing the truth.

“...please?” he asked, making a grabbing motion with his hands.

You wanted to...

“...No. I’m mad at you,” you told him, standing your ground.

“let me explain,” he asked, still making grabbing motions towards you.

“Explain from over there.”

“...y/n,” he muttered your name, softly, giving you that look.

...

...You went over and let him pull you into his lap, and when he did, you snuggled into him. It still felt safer to be held by him, than to be glaring at him from across the room.

“relax, first,” he told you, stroking his fingers through your hair.

“Kinda hard to,” you told him honestly, accidentally sounding accusing.

“deep breaths.” You almost rolled your eyes.

But you did take a few deep breaths, making sure to inhale through your nose and exhale through your mouth.
“...okay. He made it sound terrible, so I can understand why you’re so upset,” he started, giving you an apologetic look, “but it’s not as bad as he made it out to be.”

“...So what’d you do?”

“...We soul bonded,” he explained, using the same name for it that Papyrus had... so at least he wasn’t lying. So far

“...What does that do?”

“...It... bonds us for life,” he explained, but that still didn’t help you, much.

“...What does that do?”

“...We... can’t separate,” he explained to you, as gently as he could, very clearly trying not to upset you with his words, but really, it didn’t help. You were still upset.

“So then what happens if we do separate?”

“...Pain.”

...

...Pain?

Mental? Physical? Both? You didn’t even want to know at this point! This was fucked up!

“So you made it so that we can’t be away from each other without pain!?” you asked, not bothering to hide your anger. You wanted him to see how mad you were. You wanted him to know that this was far from okay!
“...i made it so we would always be together. always.”

...Okay. Yeah, he’s psychotic.

“AND YOU DIDN’T EVEN ASK!?” you exclaimed, incredibly angry. You couldn’t even hide it if you tried.

“...i mean… i did ask… i just didn’t exactly explain everything,” he told you, as if that made it any better.

“It’s not MY fault you didn’t explain everything!”

“i never said it was. i’m not blaming you for anything.”

You felt sick again. You couldn’t believe you actually trusted him, even after everything he had to you, and after everything you had seen. You just… you wanted him to be good so bad. You kept excusing everything he did, over and over, just because you really wanted him to be a good person. Because you wanted him to change… you wanted to help him change. But now you realized, there was never really any potential. It was all your mind and soul, just craving for him to be good.

You tricked yourself into believing he could be.

“...I trusted you,” you told him, voice almost breaking. You felt so betrayed.

“...baby, i never broke any promises. i never lied to you,” he cooed, moving a stray piece of hair out of your face. In a fucked up way, you knew he was kind of right… but that didn’t excuse any of it. You still trusted him with your soul, so he should have known to explain everything to you before making such a stupid and big decision!

“You didn’t tell me what it was, or what was going to happen! You just said it was going to feel good!”

“and did it feel good?” he questioned.
“Well, yeah, but-!” you started, but he cut you off.

“then i didn’t lie.”

…He...

“...You don’t think you did anything wrong, do you?” you asked, in disbelief. How did he not see how fucked up this was?

“...i don’t think i broke any promises.”

You didn’t even wanna process that. You just stood up and walked over to the edge of the bed where you ripped clothes were.

“...y/n?”

“I’m leaving,” you told him, as you started to gather up the shreds of your clothes, and the panties you had found in his closet. You weren’t going to leave them here after you had seen what he was capable of doing.

_He was shameless._

“...you’ll be back,” he said rather confidentiality, as if he knew you.

“No I won’t,” you assured him, just as confident.

“you will,” he started, his facial expression softening again, “...i love you.”

….It hurt so bad… because you loved him too.
“...I can’t trust you,” was all you gave him, knowing that if you returned the words of affection then that you would end up breaking down and crawling back into his bed.

“i didn’t lie” he assured you, again, apparently not realizing that wasn’t the issue.

“I shouldn’t have to ask for the whole truth, either, Sans! I should be able to trust that you’ll give it to me anyways, especially when you’re making such a huge fucking decision!” you exclaimed, ready to walk out the door and never look back.

“it worked out fine,” he started, standing up, “you’re fine. i’m fine. we’re fine.”

“I am not. Fine. WE ARE NOT FINE!” you shouted, getting angrier by the second. He was just building it up, and he wasn’t going to be able to knock it down. Not this time.

“baby, we are. you’re just upset, and confused, but i promise it’s okay,” he assured, looking like he was about to walk towards you.

You just picked up the last piece of your clothes, silently.

“...y/n,” he said your name, gently.

“You don’t even see what you did,” you said sadly, glancing at him.

“i know what i did,” he told you, but really, you knew he didn’t.

“I’m suppose to be an equal in this relationship, but instead, you treat me like a little kid. Until you realize that I’m not a fucking child you can just push around, I’m not coming back.” Really, you didn’t know if you were going to come back at all.

“when did i say you weren’t an equal?” he asked, sounding genuinely confused.

“When you tied me to you permanently, without even explaining what was going on,” you replied, simply.
“...i didn’t want you to freak out,” he admitted, softly.

You walked out of his room and slammed the door shut with your foot. You weren’t dealing with it anymore.

“...i love you. you felt it. you’ll be back,” he shouted after you.

You just kept going.

Sans tried to push away the bad feeling and just relax while you went downstairs. What was the worst that could happen, really? It was just Papyrus, and you and Papyrus were friends. Everything was fine.

He was just too paranoid.

It’s just the voices.

*They’re making him uneasy. They don’t want him to feel safe.*
He forced them to shut up as he got his phone out. He wasn’t going to let anything ruin his mood, especially not his own mind. You were permanently connected to him, so he had zero reason to worry. It was okay.

You were okay.

He pulled up your Facebook on his phone and started to scroll through it. Nothing new, considering the fact that you had been with him the whole time since he had last seen it, but it was still nice to see your face and to revisit the things you had posted or shared. He had the urge to change his relationship status, but he quickly quelled it. He never used Facebook anyways, so there was no reason. You knew, and he knew you were his. That was what mattered.

He checked snapchat after, nothing new there, of course, but he did re-watch your old story.

He changed apps to your Instagram, and started to scroll through all of your old photos, tempted to save more than he already had, but he decided against it. You already got a bit freaked out the last time he did that, so he would prefer to avoid it.

Going through all of your social medias… it was almost therapeutic. It made his anxiety die down, and it made the voices shut up.

Made him feel safe.

Made him feel like you were safe.

He got lost in your twitter, and didn’t even really hear you when you came back up the stairs.

“...S...Sans?” he heard you say his name, finally pulling his attention to you, his eyelight flicking over to land on your precious face.

...Only your face, was… filled with anxiety. Fear.
...Why were you anxious?

You looked like you were frozen and stiff and just… uncomfortable. Like you felt unsafe.

*Like he made you feel unsafe.*

“...you okay?” he asked as gently as he could, sitting up.

For a moment, you just stared at him, almost like you were searching his expression for something and you weren’t finding it. After, you took a deep breath, and you swallowed so hard that he could *hear* it. “...W-What… What did you do to our souls?” you asked him, clearly afraid and trying to pretend you weren’t. It was simultaneously cute and worrying.

“...what?” he asked, pretending to be confused. He obviously knew what you were asking, and he very easily pieced together that Papyrus had said something.

*But like hell he was gonna just admit he was wrong. You would leave.* He was going to drag this out for as long as he could, just to keep you here.

He knew you weren’t happy.

He knew you would leave.

But hey, you wouldn’t be gone long, and you would be the one on the short end of the stick. You would be in constant, agonizing, rising pain… of course he would too, only difference is, he had ways to cope with it.

*Like your underwear, and other things he had taken. They smelled like you.*

Would ease the pain, along with what he could track on your phone, or what you posted on social media.

“...P-Papyrus said you bonded us together… *forever!*” you told him, confirming his suspicions.
He knew he shouldn’t have let you go downstairs.

His eye light vanished, completely involuntarily. He was frustrated, and he was unable to stop it from extinguishing.

“...H-He said you raped my soul,” you said, your voice sounding like it was about to break. You were clearly uneasy since his sockets were black, and it made him feel so bad.

Broke his non-existent heart.

“...what the fuck,” he muttered, honestly disgusted by the choice of words. You consented. You told him it felt good. You wanted it.

You crossed your arms, clearly still believing that had happened, and it made him feel a small bubble of rage…

But he forced it down.

“...come here,” he asked you, gently, making sure to hide his true emotions, and to seem less tense. He wanted you to feel safe again.

Safe with him.

But you didn’t budge. Didn’t even react. It made the anger stronger.

“...please?” he asked, this time reaching out and making gestures to show he wanted you. Just listen.

“...No. I’m mad at you,” you muttered, and he could tell by the tone in your voice that you were so close to giving in. So he kept pushing.

“let me explain,” he offered, increasing the grabbing motions he was making.
“Explain from over there,” you shot back, still not easing up on your anger, and refusing to back down.

He knew he wasn’t going to be able to talk his way out of this one.

“...y/n,” he said your name, very softly, trying to show you that he was harmless to you. He would never hurt you, ever, intentionally. If he did, it definitely wasn’t on purpose, and he would do anything he possibly could to fix it and make this more comfortable for you.

He watched your facial expression change from anger, to confliction, and then to something that showed defeat. You let your arms fall to your sides like limp noodles, and you made your way over to him, slowly. He instantly pulled you into his lap, and when he did you actually cuddled into him.

But somehow, he still didn’t feel confident in himself that you were okay right now.

“...relax, first,” he instructed, his phalanges instinctively going up to stroke through your hair. It was such a comforting feeling, for the both of you.

“Kinda hard to,” you admitted, being brutally honest in the fact that you no longer felt safe with him.

And it fucking hurt.

“deep breaths,” he instructed, trying his best to be helpful in anyway he could.

You listened, thankfully, and took a few, even, deep breaths. After a bit, your shoulders seemed to fall back, signaling you were relaxing, at least a little bit.

“...okay,” Sans started, thinking of how to word it in his head, first, “...he made it sound terrible. so i can understand why you’re upset, but it’s not as bad as he made it out to be,” he explained as gently as he could, trying to be careful with his words.

“...So what’d you do?” you questioned, clearly still confused and not understanding at all.
“...we soul bonded,” he explained gently, confirming Papyrus was at least somewhat right. But he did not rape your soul. That was just way too ugly.

What you both did was beautiful.

“...What does that do?” you asked him, clearly giving him a chance to not look so terrible. A chance to explain.

“...it… bonds us for life,” he explained, making sure you knew at least that part had been true. He wasn’t going to lie to you, especially when he promised he wouldn’t, so he just hoped that was enough of an explanation.

“...What does that do?”

...Shit.

“...we… can’t separate.”

“So then what happens if we do separate?”

You just couldn’t leave it alone, could you?

“...pain,” he explained, gently.

“...So you made it do that we can’t be away from each other without pain!?” you exclaimed, catching him a bit off guard with your sudden anger.

“...i made it so we would always be together. always,” he told you, praying you would understand why!

“AND YOU DIDN’T EVEN ASK!?” Your anger was a bit shocking, especially since you had
always been so passive before now.

“...i mean… i *did* ask… i just didn’t exactly explain *everything*. ” He wasn’t lying. He wouldn’t lie to you. Ever. He *promised*.

“It’s not MY fault you didn’t explain everything!” you told him, rather defensively, as if he had blamed you at all.

“i never said it was. i’m not blaming you for anything,” he assured you.

“...I trusted you,” you told him, your voice almost cracking, completely breaking his heart. He didn’t want you to feel like he was untrustworthy, because really, he had both of your best intentions at heart! He would never do this if he felt it would end badly!

“...baby,” he started, moving a piece of hair away from your eyes, “...i never broke any promises. never lied to you.” If he had thought you would be *this* upset, he would’ve told you everything. He would’ve made it all sound less ugly.

“You didn’t tell me what it was, or what was going to happen! You just said it was going to feel good!” you exclaimed, leaving him a bit confused.

“and did it feel good?” *It did, right?*

“Well, yeah, but-!” you started, and he cut you off at that point, not needing to know anymore.

“then i didn’t lie.”

You looked shocked, almost heart broken by what he had said.

“...You don’t think you did anything wrong, do you?” you asked him, sounding almost as if you couldn’t believe it yourself.

...Honestly he didn’t. He never lied, never broke any promises, never actually hurt you and you
didn’t die or reject his soul…

So no.

But he couldn’t say that.

“…i don’t think i broke any promises.” He could at least say *that* confidentiality.

You didn’t respond. Didn’t even react, emotionally. You just stood up and walked to the edge of the bed.

“…y/n?” he asked, fearing he knew what came next.

“I’m leaving,” you said, simply, as you started to gather together all of the ripped articles of clothing, along with the underwear you had found.

*That was okay. He had more.*

“…you’ll be back,” he said, with the most confident.

“No I won’t,” you told him, just as confident, if not even more.

“you will,” he assured you, “…i love you.” *So much.*

“…I can’t trust you,” was all you said, and he tried not to be hurt.

“i didn’t lie,” he said again, trying his hardest not to sound desperate or to get hysterical.

“I shouldn’t have to ask for the whole truth either, Sans!” you snapped again, “I should be able to trust that you’ll give it me anyways, especially when you’re making such a huge fucking decision!”
“it worked out fine,” he said, now standing, having to hold himself back from lunging at you, “you’re fine. i’m fine. we’re fine.”

“I am not. Fine. WE ARE NOT FINE!” you yelled at him, still not calming in the slightest.

*He was about to panic.*

“baby. we are. you’re just upset, and confused, but i promise it’s okay,” he assured you, gently, trying to show you how honest he was being.

*He just wanted things to be okay.*

You didn't respond. Instead, simply picked up the last article of clothing.

“...y/n,” he muttered softly, not even sure what to say anymore.

“You don’t even see what you did,” you told him, sadly, finally giving him a glance.

“i know what i did.” *He made you upset.*

“I’m suppose to be an equal in this relationship, but instead, you treat me like a little kid. Until you realize I’m not a fucking child you can just push around, I’m not coming back,” you told him confidentiality, but really, he knew that wasn’t true.

“when did i say you weren’t an equal?” he asked, genuinely confused by that. He put you above himself if anything. Never below.

“When you tied me to you permanently, without even explaining what was going on.”

“...i didn’t want you to freak out,” he admitted gently, hoping it wouldn't set you off.
It did.

You walked out and slammed the door shut with your foot, taking all of your stuff with you.

“...i love you. you felt it. you’ll be back,” he yelled after you, deciding in the long run, it would probably be best to let you cool off some steam. He could always cuddle up to the other things he had of yours anyways. Besides, it wouldn’t matter for long...

...You would be back.

Chapter End Notes

Tbh we might be almost done with this story guys.

(happy end will occur i promise)

Want more HT Sans?
Sorry.

Chapter Summary

Sans, you did a good.

Chapter Notes

Js if you happen to have an issue with this story, don't be rude in the comments. Just don't read it. Thank you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

*It hurts.*

Everything. Your head, your body, your chest.

It all hurt *so much.*

Sans definitely wasn’t lying when he said being seperated would bring pain, and *nothing* was working to subside, or ease it in any way. Painkillers, ice pack, heating pad, hell, even yoga. You tried it all, and none of it was helping even in the *slightest.*

You knew that if you went back to him… that if you gave in and just let him get away with this then the pain would just *stop,* but…

*You also knew he would never change.*

You knew he would keep doing this, keep *hurting you,* and keep being selfish. He would keep dragging you around like a dog on a leash, and keep deciding insane things for you without even taking into consideration how it affected you mentally.

He didn’t care.
...You wanted it to work out. You wanted it so badly… but he fucked that up. He fucked everything up.

*The only thing you could really do now, is try to ignore the pain.*

You watched TV for a few hours, occasionally getting so soaked into it that you would momentarily forget about the aches, but it never lasted long. The pain would resurface and throb, forcing you to remember everything. Remember the pain, and remember Sans. Remember what he did to you.

You tried playing some video games, a better distraction since you actually had to be involved. It actually worked for the most part, but whenever the game would end it would hurt so much. The pain would seem to have disappeared, but as soon as your distraction was gone it was unbearable.

You tried to eat, made yourself a smoothie. You couldn’t eat it. It made your stomach turn whenever you would swallow, and your chest would burn.

You felt like you were dying.

You tried sleeping to escape the pain, even if it was just for a few hours, but it didn’t work. Everytime you would be on the verge, just drifting off into dreamland, your heart would start racing so fast, and it would make you shoot up and breathe so heavily.

You honestly thought you were having a heart attack. It went away quickly, but after that you gave up.

You decided to go out. You could go to the mall, and there you could do things and see people and get distracted! You would feel better. You took a quick, warm shower, *a bit disappointed that the warm water didn’t help at all*, and then set off to the mall.

Upon arrival, the pain in your chest was a lot worse than it originally had been. As if being further away from home, or his home made it all worse.

But you refused to give in. No way in hell.
You browsed a few stores, not really buying anything since you were so fucking miserable, but it was nice to window shop at least. Saw some cute thing that you could buy later if you wanted to, and a few things you could pick up for some Christmas presents.

But you couldn't stay for long, considering the fact you felt dizzy every five minutes.

As soon as you had left the fifth store, you almost fell over, having to rebalance yourself on a bench, and that's when you decided enough was enough. You needed to go home until you figured out how the fuck you were going to handle this.

You made your way home slowly, trying your best to keep from falling over every ten steps, but you did notice that it got better the closer to home you got. More specifically the closer to his home that you got.

Apparently the closer you are to your soulmate, the less it hurts. You were learning things quickly.

When you got in the door, the first thing you did was fall on the couch and just cry.

Everything ached.

You just wanted to feel better and everything felt like hell.

...You ate an entire tub of ice cream, and then passed out.

...When you woke up again, your entire body felt like it was on fire. Before it was just simple pains in your chest and head, but now, it was like you were bathing in the lakes of hell. You couldn’t help but cry, unable to keep it in any longer when the pain was so intense.

You pulled yourself off of the couch, not even bothering to turn off the TV or clean up the empty ice cream container, just making your way upstairs. Half way up, you had to stop and lay down on one of the steps and take a few deep breaths, trying so hard to make it stop. You didn’t want to go to a
hospital and explain this... they would just think you were crazy. No, instead, you were going to suffer upstairs alone in your bedroom.

You managed to get inside, and when you did you laid down quickly, trying to relax into the blankets and find some type of relief. You were tempted to get naked at this point, to somehow make your chest feel cooler.

No matter how hard you tried, you couldn’t find relief, and you couldn’t fall back asleep.

...You decided to look up on your phone if there were anyways you could make it go away.

*How to make soulbond separation stop hurting.*

...

...Nothing.

No results that were actually relevant to your current situation. Only stupid articles on how to help ease the ache if your boyfriend moved away, or if you had just broken up with your significant other.

*But your situation was a lot more complex than that.*

You were fucked.

You cried harder.

...You phone *ding* ed and the screen lit up.

**SANS:** - hey
...Shit.

...A part of you was screaming not to answer. To block his number and pretend you never met him, but... you still loved him. You wanted to see if he was okay, and you were genuinely worried about him. What if he was hurting like you? Or even worse than you? You didn’t want that for him. You didn’t want that for anybody... and even though you hated to admit it, you did feel a bit better, even just reading his name, and knowing he was thinking about, and messaging you.

...You responded.

Y/N: - What.

You knew that was probably a harsh response, but quite frankly, you didn’t really care.

He responded almost immediately.

SANS: - can we talk?

...You really, really hoped he would end up apologizing. Otherwise, you really didn’t want to speak to him at all.

Y/N: - Why?

You didn’t see any other reason why you would need to talk other than if he was going to apologize and beg, so if he didn’t, then this was pointless. No need for it.

Once again, his response was pretty much immediate.

SANS: - because i was wrong.
You blinked at the message, as if you were waiting for it to disappear, because there was no way he actually just said that. Before at the house, he had seemed so incredibly sure that he had done *nothing* wrong… so why *now* was he admitting he had?

You sat up and reread it a few times, deciding after a few moments it probably wasn’t going to vanish, and he genuinely just sent that.

**Y/N: - What?**

*You wanted him to elaborate.* Wanted to make sure he knew *why* he was wrong.

**SANS: - I was wrong**

**Y/N: - Yeah. You were.**

*Incredibly wrong.*

**SANS: - And I’m sorry. Can we talk?**

...You knew that if you saw him face to face, it wouldn’t matter if he had actually known what he did or not, you would just forgive him. You didn’t want that to happen.

**Y/N: - We can talk like this.**

**SANS: - It doesn’t have the same effect if you can’t see my face.**

You took a deep breath. While you saw that he had a point, you were still going to stand your ground. You didn’t want him to get away with this, so you weren’t going to let him, no matter how badly it hurt.
Y/N: - I want to talk like this.

*He didn’t fight anymore, but his response took a little longer to come through.*

SANS: - okay. i know what i did was wrong. i should have explained what was going on and i didn’t, and i’m an asshole. i am so, so sorry and i swear on everything that i will never do that or anything like it ever again. i didn’t mean to hurt you, and i’m an idiot. i’m sorry.

...That was exactly what you wanted. You could accept the apology but...you didn’t know if you could properly forgive him, or trust him anymore.

Y/N: - Promise?

SANS: - swear.

...You believed him. Even if you shouldn’t, and even if he is lying...you wanted it to be true.

You started to cry.

Y/N: - I want this to work.

You genuinely loved him *so much.* You wanted this to work out, and you wanted a *normal* relationship with him. You wanted him to be *good.*

SANS: - me too, baby. i do. i’ll be better.

You hate to admit it, but seeing him call you baby really helped with the pain.

Y/N: - It can’t work without trust.
That was incredibly obvious, and you didn’t really feel like you had to point that out, but… you would have assumed that he would know he had to tell you the whole truth, so you really didn’t put anything past him at this point.

SANS: - i trust you, at least. we can work on it.

...You wanted to. His answer made you smile, and you wiped your tears. You could work on things.

Y/N: - Ily

SANS: - i love you. how do i fix this?

You paused for a moment. You honestly had no idea yourself… you didn't know if he even possibly could fix something like this.

...But you were willing to try. To give him another chance.

Hell, even a part of you felt obligated to, since this was causing you so much pain… but you genuinely loved him, so you would.

Y/N: - I don’t know Sans… just come over here.

He probably already knew where you were, anyways, regardless of the fact you no longer had location on.

SANS: - you home?

Y/N: - Yes.

Literally the second you sent your reply, there was a knock on your front door from downstairs,
and... somehow most of the aches and burning sensations had almost completely dissolved.

You practically ran out of your bedroom and down the stairs, not bothering the be careful. You wanted the pain completely gone, and you knew that the only way that was possible, was if you saw him face to face.

You swung open the front door, and almost screamed when you saw him. He looked completely exhausted, and somehow like he had bags under his sockets... he looked somewhat dirty, and like he was on the verge of breaking down. He looked ready to drop to the floor and just cry.

But just seeing him really made your chest feel better.

“...C’mere, big guy,” you started, opening up your arms for a hug, “I’m sick of hurting.”

As soon as those words left your mouth, he instantly clung to you, pulling you closer and squishing you to his chest.

It smelt like safety. Like home.

“...it hurt so bad,” he muttered into your neck, giving it a slight nuzzle.

“...I know,” you muttered back, giving his back a gentle pat. You were both clearly miserable without each other, so... you were happy it was over.

Or at least, it better be.

He somehow pulled you closer, almost crushing you to him, making it a bit difficult to breathe in that moment.

“...S-Sans... can’t... b-breathe,” you forced out, pushing lightly.

He instantly loosened his grip, and you let out a soft sigh. He was... Just so sad and pathetic. It made your heart hurt and you wanted to help so bad.
….You don’t really have much of a choice anyways, anymore. You were tied.

“...i’m sorry,” he apologized, softly, running his fingers through your hair.

*Something you missed a lot more than you thought you would.*

“...I-I know.”

“i-i... i just get these episodes where everything’s just…. different. where in the moment everything’s just weird, and all i can see is what i want, and what i want to happen… what i wanted was you and that was all i saw, so… i-i made it happen. how it would affect you didn’t even cross my mind, because all i could think about was how good it would be when we were finally tied together… but now i see how wrong it is, a-and i am so sorry,” he rambled, catching you a bit off guard.

...These episodes sounded dangerous.

“...Th-That…” was all you managed to say, trying to tread lightly and not say anything too insensitive.

“...but, d-don’t be worried. i can’t hurt you… not now. not while we’re… like this,” he explained, and you felt a bit uneasy.

“...Could… you have? ...Before?” you asked, kind of afraid for the answer.

“no... god, no… never physically, anyways… i-i already did hurt you mentally,” he told you, sounding incredibly guilty. But it was a bit reassuring.

“...Okay,” you said softly, gently nuzzling into his chest.

“...i wanna be better,” he whispered, now resting his chin on the top of your head.
...You couldn’t believe how much relief you got from just hearing that sentence.

“...I know you do,” you told him softly, rubbing his back a bit. You didn't know that before but... now that you did, you felt a bit better about the situation.

About being with him.

“...help me get better?” he asked, voice still just barely above a whisper.

“...I’ll try.”

...You would be back.

That’s what Sans kept telling himself, over and over, for what seemed like hours.

It was almost as if he were stuck in a room that was completely black, aside from the mental image of your face. Like he couldn’t even control his actions, and where he was able to convince himself that everything was fine, so there really wasn’t any need to fight it. You were fine, and he was fine physically, so... that made it all okay.

Right?

….But whenever he would exit those type of trances... he would see how wrong it all really was.

And then he would have to deal with the consequences.
It was almost as if he had a split personality, and the other part of him was selfish and sadistic… and he always had to clean up his messes and put the pieces back together, if it was even possible.

He was broken, and it wasn’t fair… but he couldn’t fix that. He tried.

He sat in his room for a long time, before he actually was able to get himself up. All he could think about was how badly he fucked up, and how he was a fucking idiot for not seeing how wrong he was in the moment. He wanted so badly to be able to tell right from wrong, and to be able to stop himself when he knew in the back of his mind that he should apologize and move on, if he’s unable to fix the mistakes he made. And he knew there was no way he could fix this. He fucked up incredibly, and now all he could do was pray you forgave him, sooner or later.

At first, it all just seemed like you were over reacting. Like you were afraid of something you didn’t understand, so you just acted out. He thought you were in the wrong…

But he knew now that wasn’t the case. He was in the wrong.

_You had every right in the world to be upset._

He knew he had to fix this somehow but… he really didn’t know the proper way to do that, and that scared him. What if he couldn’t fix this? What if he couldn’t get you to forgive him? What if you hated him forever…?

_He didn’t want to have to kidnap you._

He went downstairs. He knew you were gone, he… could already feel it, but… he couldn’t stay up in his room anymore. His chest felt like it was scorching in a vault of lava, or somebody had cut his soul open and poured a cup of acid in it.

Needless to say, he was hurting, and he prayed you weren’t hurting as bad as he was. You didn’t deserve that. You didn’t deserve to hurt at all. All you did was trust him, and you got hurt from that. It wasn’t fair.

When he got downstairs, he didn’t find you of course, but he did find Papyrus waiting for him at the kitchen table. Half of him wanted to bolt the second he saw the look on his face, but instead he sat down. If he got lectured, that was fine. He more than deserved it, really.
Papyrus had his hands folded over the table, and he was giving Sans the look. It was one that Sans remembered giving to him back when he was younger... so it felt strange being on the receiving end. But he would accept it, since he felt he deserved it.

“...SO,” Papyrus started, shifting slightly in his seat and keeping his gaze directly on his brother, “CARE TO EXPLAIN TO ME WHY THE HUMAN LEFT CRYING?”

...

Crying?

fuck.

“...she was crying?” he asked, feeling even worse than he had five minutes prior. His chest burned hotter just at the mere thought of you with tears on your face. He didn’t want that to happen.

“YES. A LOT,” he confirmed, looking incredibly disappointed in Sans. Which sans understood completely. Hell, he was even disappointed in himself.

“probably because you literally told her i raped her,” Sans said softly, not really trying to sound accusing, but pointing out the obvious.

“YOU BONDED HER SOUL TO YOURS WITHOUT EVEN LETTING HER KNOW WHAT WAS HAPPENING,” Papyrus said blankly, proving his point quite clearly that Sans had royally fucked up.

“...i get it paps,” Sans said, obviously admitting he knew he was wrong. He knew he messed up, and while Papyrus scolding him wasn’t exactly helping, he definitely knew why he was doing it.

“...WHY DID YOU DO IT?”

“...wanted to keep her,” Sans said softly, kind of embarrassed that he got literally the opposite of
what he wanted in the end.

“WHY DID YOU NEED TO KEEP HER IF SHE ALREADY LOVED YOU AND WANTED TO STAY?” Papyrus questioned, clearly not understanding what had happened.

“...you really think she’s gonna stay with somebody like me? ” he started, gesturing to himself, “be realistic, paps.”

Papyrus’s expression seemed to soften, “...OF COURSE SHE WANTED TO.”

Sans gave a soft sigh. “...i know it was wrong, pap. okay? i know i fucked up.”

“...YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU DID WRONG?” Papyrus asked, wanting to be one-hundred percent sure they were on the same page.

“yes,” Sans confirmed easily.

“...EXPLAIN,” Papyrus demanded, clearly not trusting his brother on this.

Sans didn’t blame him.

...Sans took a deep breath before he started to speak, “...i was selfish, and shouldn’t have done that without explaining everything to her first. i know, just… in that moment i didn’t? it... was one of those episodes, again, i… i blacked out. only saw what i wanted, and what i wanted was her. but… i ended up hurting her, instead,” Sans explained, sounding genuinely guilty, and like he regretted it. All of it.

Papyrus smiled, gently, as if he were proud of his brother. “...THAT’S REALLY GOOD SANS. I’M GLAD YOU CAN SEE THAT. FIRST STEP,” he told him encouragingly.

“...w-what do i do now? how do i fix it?” Sans started, suddenly panicked, “it already fucking hurts!”
He needed you.

Papyrus gave him a reassuring look. “WHAT YOU JUST SAID TO ME? YOU NEED TO SAY TO HER. SHOW HER YOU KNOW WHAT YOU DID WRONG AND THAT YOU’RE WILLING TO CHANGE YOUR BEHAVIOUR FOR THE RELATIONSHIP.”

...He didn’t even know if he could change.

He’d tried.

“...i’m so fucking broken papyrus… i don’t think i can change.”

“...YOU NEED TO SHOW HER YOU’RE WILLING TO TRY,” he insisted, giving Sans a gentle pat on the back.

“...yeah,” Sans agreed, then standing up. He needed to see you.

“...IT WILL WORK OUT,” Papyrus reassured him, sounding almost believable.

“...i really hope so, pap,” Sans muttered, his hand going to his eye socket, where he pulled on it gently.

Everything would work out. It was fine.

“SHE LOVES YOU. AS SOON AS SHE HAS SOME TIME TO THINK, AND A REASON TO FORGIVE, SHE’LL COME BACK.”

“...i’m gonna try.”
He went to find you.

---

By the time he got to your house, it was pretty clear you were in pain, just like he was.

You looked to be on the verge of tears as you read something on your phone, and as he leaned closer to your window, looking in from the tree branch outside, he realized you were trying to look up remedies on how to cure the pain. But of course, there were no actual responses to what you wanted, since monsters were kind of fresh to the surface. Nobody had much time to put anything up on your type of internet, as of yet.

But he knew Alphys was working on a way to transfer all of the data from Undernet onto the Internet, easily.

...But you did start to cry. You started to cry, and it made him feel like the worlds biggest piece of shit. He could have prevented this. None of this really needed to happen.

It was unfair to you.

...He had to put an end to your pain.

SANS: - hey

He watched as you read the message, seemingly surprised by it. He could tell by the conflicted look on your face, that you weren’t sure whether you wanted to answer or not… so he was ecstatic when you did.

Y/N: - What.

A hostile answer, but it was definitely better than nothing.
SANS: - can we talk?

He was hoping you would agree, and that he would be able to come over and talk to you face to face. That way you would see how sincere he really was, and you would be able to properly forgive him.

Y/N: - Why?

He wasn’t surprised you were questioning it, but it was still a bit disappointing. He was hoping you would say yes instantly, but he definitely understood the confliction and the hesitance.

...Might as well just say it, and get it over with.

SANS: - because i was wrong.

Just saying that to you, whether it was over text or not, really lifted a weight off of his chest. This was the first step, and he was going to make things better. After some healing and some talking, things would be okay again.

They had to be.

He watched as you blinked and then sat up in your bed, clearly shocked by his message. He just hoped you believed him.

Y/N: - What?

You were clearly in shock, and that didn't surprise him. Before this, he was acting like a selfish prick, so even if you didn't believe him, while he would be disappointed, he would definitely see why.

SANS: - i was wrong

You responded almost instantly.
Y/N: - Yeah. You were.

SANS: - and i’m sorry. can we talk?

*He needed to be face to face with you to make the pain away.*

Y/N: - We can talk like this.

...shit.

SANS: - it doesn't have the same effect if you can’t see my face.

He wanted to see you desperately, but it you said no again… he wouldn’t push it. He didn’t want to make things worse than they already were.

*He wanted you to believe him.*

Y/N: - I want to talk like this.

...Guess that’s that.

...Time to apologize.

He rewrote and erased his message probably five times before he finally sent one he was even slightly satisfied with. He didn't think he would ever be able to properly put his feelings into words. It never worked very well.

SANS: - okay. i know what i did was wrong. i should have explained what was going on and i didn’t, and i’m an asshole. i am so, so sorry and i swear on everything that i will never do that or anything like it ever again. i didn’t mean to hurt you, i’m an idiot. i’m sorry.
He took a deep breath as he finally hit send.

You responded instantly.

**Y/N:** - *Promise?*

**SANS:** - *swear.*

...You started to cry, and it hurt so much.

**Y/N:** - *I want this to work.*

He did too. He did, so, *so bad.* He wanted to hold you, and he wanted to be normal and to have a normal relationship with you, but it was just *so hard.*

All he ever thought about was you, and he’s *so* possessive and wrong…

It’s so hard.

**SANS:** - *me too, baby. i do. i’ll be better.*

*He was going to try so hard.*

**Y/N:** - *It can’t work without trust.*

He knew that… he knew he broke your trust, and he knew he was basically f*ucked* in that area, but… he can try to fix it. That’s all he could do.

**SANS:** - *i trust you, at least. we can work on it.*
Y/N: - Ily.

...

The amount of relief Sans felt in that moment, was indescribable. He really thought you were going
to hate him after all of this, even though he knew you wouldn’t be able to with the bond, he… he
thought so lowly of himself that he always saw himself as the exception. He was the one who was so
terrible, that even a soulbond wouldn’t make somebody love him. He was just that disgusting.
Physically, and otherwise.

SANS: - i love you. how do i fix this?

He needed to.

You didn’t reply for a little while, just staring at your phone like you were contemplating your entire
life.

Y/N: - I don’t know Sans… just come over here.

...Oh thank fuck.

He was about to just knock on your door, but… figured that was a bad idea.

SANS: - you home?

Y/N: - Yes.

As soon as you confirmed it, he knocked. All he needed was for you to give him the okay, and he
He could hear you running inside the house, and he wanted so badly to run inside and just pick you up, having anxiety that you might fall, but... but he decided against it, and he stayed outside.

*be patient.*

His chest felt perfectly fine the second he saw your pretty face. He felt like everything just fell right back into place, and like everything was okay again.

Things would be fine now.

It took everything in him not to cling to you the second he saw you, too. He just wanted to pick you up, and he wanted to hide away.

You looked so exhausted. You looked like you hadn’t slept in weeks, but also like you had been in bed *all* day. Your clothes were a mess, and he saw what he assumed to be ice cream stains all over it, and yet somehow even when you looked like *that*, you were still the single most beautiful person on this planet in his eye sockets.

“...C’mere, big guy,” you started, opening your arms, “I’m sick of hurting.”

*You didn’t have to tell him twice.*

He instantly pulled you closer and cling to you like you would disappear at any second. He smelled your hair, ever so slightly, and instantly felt better than he had in what felt like *years*.

“...it hurt so bad,” he muttered softly, nuzzling into your neck. Your skin felt like the softest thing on the planet to him in that moment. It was like a soft cloud all around your body. It felt incredible.

“...I know,” you murmured back to him, gently patting his back.
The pain was officially gone, and it felt incredible.

He pulled you even closer, enjoying the warmth you gave off, and just all around enjoying your existence. It was incredible and mind boggling to him that anybody as precious and as pure as you could even exist. It should be illegal. You were just too fucking perfect.

perfection. perfect. perfect. p e r f e c t. t c e f r e p.

...

“...S-Sans… can’t… b-breathe,” you struggled to say, gently pushing on his chest.

...

...Shit.

He instantly loosened his grip, realizing he almost went into another episode.

...he was shocked, to say the least, that he was able to pull himself out like that. Usually he wouldn’t be able to… he knew it was because you were tied to his soul and he could never hurt you, but...

*It still gave him hope.*

“...i’m sorry,” he apologized instantly, running his phalanges through your hair. He stopped himself.

It’s okay.

“...I-I know,” you told him softly, sounding a bit anxious.
...He wanted to tell you everything. He wanted to fix things, and he knew the only way to properly do it would be if he just came clean. Then you would understand a bit better, and... it would be okay.

“...i-i... i just get these episodes where everything’s just... different. where in the moment everything’s just weird, and all i can see is what i want, and what i want to happen... what i wanted was you and that was all i saw, so... i-i made it happen. how it would affect you didn’t even cross my mind, because all i could think about was how good it would be when we were finally tied together... but now i see how wrong it is, a-and i am so sorry,” he rambled, unable to stop himself. It just poured out.

“...Th-That...” was all you said, probably trying to process everything before you said something that might come across as insensitive. You were probably terrified, too, and that made him feel worse.

“...but, d-don’t be worried. i can’t hurt you... not now. not while we’re... like this,” he told you, unable to hide his guilt. He wished he was better.

Wished he had waited.

“...Could... you have? ...Before?” you asked, clearly anxious and not even sure if you wanted to know the answer.

“no,” he told you instantly, being one-thousand percent truthful, “god, no... never physically, anyways. ... i-i already did hurt you mentally.” The guilt was still clearly there, and he didn’t even try to hide it. He was an asshole, he knew that.

“...Okay,” you said gently, nuzzling into his chest. It made him feel a bit better...

...

“...i wanna be better,” he told you in a whisper, nuzzling the top of your head.

“...I know you do.” He didn’t really believe that. He was still convinced you thought he was a psychopath.
“...help me get better?” he asked you, still being quiet, just treading lightly in his voice. He didn’t want to scare you away. Again.

“...I’ll try.”

That was all he could really ask for.

Chapter End Notes

Herro.

Anybody notice the backwards words?

Want more HT Sans?
Good boy Sans.

Said I might not post this week and ended up posting early...

Oh well.

<3 Thank you to everyone for supporting me, especially when I was struggling so much and feeling so shitty. I felt like I never wanted to write again, and you all helped me so much. Not gonna let anybody prevent me from doing what I love, and I thank you all for that.

Also, I really love the difference in the P.O.V’s when they first step outside.

Since you and Sans had made up, things had been a lot better. Less like a predator hunting down it’s prey, and more like actual mates.

He was a lot more open, and you felt a lot safer now, knowing he was working on things. He had shown improvement in many ways, such as now no longer stalking your social medias, and giving you back all of your clothing items that he had stolen, and slowly admitting to the things he had done wrong. Everything seemed fine…

Until you realized he literally wasn’t letting you leave his house.

He wasn’t forcing you to be there or anything, no, you weren’t a caged animal… it was a lot more complicated than that.

At first you didn’t even realize it, but slowly over time, it became more apparent. When you hadn’t been outside in over a week, you knew something was up. You knew you had mentioned wanting to go out, but somehow you never ended up outside… it seemed there was always something that came up to prevent it…
So you started to pay closer attention.

When you mentioned wanting to go for a walk, in that moment he just happened to drop a glass. He apologized and started to clean it up, clearly distracting you and keeping you inside for longer.

Or another time, you wanted to go to the grocery store, and he dismissed it saying Papyrus has already planned on going that day, and that he would just text him a list of what you wanted.

One time he distracted you with a movie, another it was with food, and then one time with… well, sex.

...You were getting tired of it. Sure, you were enjoying the healing, and you were enjoying the time inside where you felt safest and at home, but you weren’t a hermit crab. You needed to be able to get out of the house. You couldn’t constantly be like a letter, enveloped by him. You could already feel the lack of vitamin D starting to weigh on you, causing exhaustion and making you feel all-around shitty.

You were determined to go outside, and you weren’t going to let him distract you any longer.

As you laid down on the couch with him, watching some random show neither of you were really that interested in, you decided then would be the perfect time to bring up going out. He couldn’t complain about wanting to watch the show, because he didn't give a fuck about it. And since you were both bored, going out gave you something to do. Killing two birds with one stone.

“...Sans?” you said his name gently, trying to get his attention. No backing down now. You were going to hold your ground no matter what.

He made a small sound of acknowledgment and looked down at you, waiting for you to continue.

“...I wanna go for a walk,” you told him, confidently. You were going to get your way this time, whether he liked it or not. He still had a lot of making up to do for you, and whether he knew what he was doing wrong or not, didn’t matter. It needed to stop.

“...yeah?” he asked, a bit slowly, like he was trying to think of an excuse, “...oh, hey, did i tell you i
got that new movie you wanted to watch?”

Excuse, after excuse, after excuse.

...But you weren’t going to let him win.

“Cool. We can go buy some snacks from the store.”

“papyrus bought snacks yesterday.” Of course he wouldn’t back down that easy.

“You ate them all,” you pointed out.

“nah. only half. we have plenty,” he explained, and of course. Why weren’t you surprised.

“...Which did you eat?”

“just the veggie sticks. left the cheetos and oreos for you,” he explained, knowing you favored those.

“We should go get some more veggie sticks then.”

“you hate veggie sticks,” he said, a questioning tone to his voice.

“You like them.”

He chuckled. “don’t want any right now. thanks babe.”

...Shit.

“Okay. We can get them just in case. The movie isn’t going anywhere,” you said enthusiastically, trying to get him more excited about going outside. It wasn’t like you were trying to leave him by himself, so you didn’t really understand why he was making this so difficult.
“neither are we, cuz we’re gonna watch it,” he told you, half playfully, giving you a gentle kiss. He would never *force* you to stay home, you knew that, but… he would definitely try to persuade you to stay until he was blue in the face.

“...Sans, I haven’t been outside in over a week. I want to go to the store,” you told him with confidence, making sure that he knew he wasn’t going to win.

Not this time.

“can go later,” he told you, softly, and while that would be better than nothing, you didn't care. You were still determined. You wanted to go *now*.

“No. Now.” You were putting your foot down. No more of the procrastination and the manipulation.

“...” he searched your face for a few moments, seeming like he was trying to find some type of way to make you stay. Like he was trying to look into your mind, and find the one thing that could keep you here. “...after the movie?”

*Guess he didn’t find it.*

“Now.”

He went silent, and he stared you in the eye. His gaze wasn’t threatening or intimidating, it… seemed almost defeated.

“...Sans, just admit it. You’ve been stopping me from leaving the house.”

“...i never forced you to stay here,” he pointed out, and while you knew that was true, he was still finding ways to make it so you never got outside, and he knew it.

“Every time I want to go out, something mysteriously happens to stop me,” you pointed out, in a monotone voice. You were tired of these games, and you wanted to gain trust back, but… if he
wanted to start acting oblivious again, then you didn’t know what to do.

“maybe it’s a sign,” he offered, running his fingers through your hair, once.

“Maybe it’s you,” you shot back, already knowing it was. There was no maybe. He was doing it on purpose, and you really didn’t understand why.

He went silent again, and you knew he was trying to find another excuse, but you weren’t going to let him.

“...What did I say about us needing trust?” you asked him, sounding a bit more accusing than you meant to, but you couldn’t really help it. He wouldn’t stop.

He blinked, seemingly surprised by that. His expression turned almost horrified, like he had no idea he was making things worse. “w-what am i doing wrong?” he asked, softly, sounding lost. He needed help.

“...When I want to go outside,” you started, voice gentle, as you now realized he wasn’t doing this on purpose, “You need to let me go outside. No secretly breaking glasses so I get distracted, or no trying to persuade me with movies. Okay?”

He blinked again, still confused. “...why do you need to go outside? don’t you like it here?”

“Of course I do,” you assured him, confidently, “But I need fresh air. I need to walk around… y’know?”

“can open a window. use the treadmill,” he offered, clearly still not getting it. He was basically trying to get you to agree to being his prisoner. It wasn’t good, whether he was aware of that or not.

“...Sans,” you told him in a scolding tone. You weren’t trying to treat him like a child, but you really needed him to understand he was wrong right now.

“...what?” he asked, clearly not seeing any issue in what he had just said. You told him you would try and help him be better, but… it was hard. You had just started, but that didn’t make it any better.
You were already struggling.

“I want to go outside,” you told him, again, just as confidently. No signs of backing down.

“...right,” he said, sounding defeated. He must have realized that you weren’t going to give in, so he did instead. You know he didn’t want to lose you, so you were grateful, because you didn’t want to lose him either. Not again.

“...Think about it this way. If you don’t properly water a plant and give it sunlight, it dies, right?”

“...yeah?” he asked, clearly unsure as to where you were going with this.

“I imagine me as that plant. Only I need sunlight and fresh air to live,” you explained, hoping your analogy would work.

“...” he sighed, clearly done arguing, “...where do you wanna go?”

You smiled, brightly, happy he finally realized how important this was to you, and that he was finally letting you go out without a fuss.

“Just to the convenience store. It’s not far. We can walk,” you told him, giving him a soft kiss on his jaw for encouragement. You knew he could do it, and that everything would be okay. There was no reason it wouldn’t be.

“...okay,” he agreed, clearly not very happy with this.

But you were ecstatic. You couldn’t wait to go outside!

And he was going to go with you, so you didn’t have to worry about him being all cooped up inside, or doing anything wrong while you were gone!

You kissed him once more and then stood up from the couch before running up the stairs. You had been lazing around in your pajamas all day, so you needed to get dressed, properly. You threw on a
cute shirt and a pair of shorts, since it was starting to get so nice out. You knew a nice walk would do you both some good in the long run, so you were pretty excited.

You ran back downstairs and were met with Sans, who was already dressed from earlier, since he never seemed to actually wear pajamas.

“Ready?” you asked, with a smile. You were happy, and you didn’t care if it showed.

“...mhm,” he confirmed, staring at your outfit. You knew he was probably anxious since it showed so much skin, but you didn’t want him to worry.

“...It’s a nice day,” you told him, grabbing his hand and getting ready to walk out the door.

“...yeah,” he said, taking a few deep breaths. His insecurities were intense sometimes, but you were okay with that. You could deal with it. He gave your hand a soft squeeze, probably trying to reassure himself, and you squeezed back to show him it was okay. Everything was okay.

...But he didn’t move from his spot.

“...Let’s go,” you said encouragingly, swinging your intertwined hands a bit.

“...yep.” He still didn’t move.

“...Gotta walk,” you said with a soft chuckle, taking the first step.

...He followed your lead, dragging his feet slightly on the carpet, like a child who had been told to go pick up their toys.

Upon stepping outside, you couldn’t help but smile. It was beautiful outside, and the sun was shining brightly, casting rays down on you in a warm blanket. You wouldn’t exactly call yourself an extrovert, but you could definitely enjoy gorgeous weather from time to time. You held Sans’s hand tightly as you walked, feeling content in walking with your boyfriend. Everything felt amazing in that moment, and you were able to forget about the terrible and also wonderful things that happened over the past few weeks, even if it was just for a little while.
You started to ramble on and on about a TV show you had watched while he had been in the shower one day, and about how strange it was.

“...But then he ended up getting off with no consequences! Seriously, it made no sense!” you explained, ending your rant, “Don’t you agree?”

You looked over at him, and realized he was spacing out like a kid in math class. He hadn’t been listening to a word you were saying… his shoulders were tense, and he seemed completely on edge.

...What was his problem, today?

“...Sans?” you called his name, trying to draw him back into reality.

He blinked and looked over at you, the haziness in his eye light vanishing, becoming as clear as a crystal once again. His shoulders falling loosely, like limp noodles. “...hm?”

“...You’re spacing out. You okay?”

“...sorry,” he apologized, giving your hand a slight squeeze, “...what were you saying?”

“Was telling a story,” you told him, honestly feeling a bit discouraged since he hadn’t listened. Made it feel like what you said didn’t matter to him, even if you knew that wasn’t the case. You were just an insecure person, and you were unable to stop that.

It always felt like you were that one kernel in a bag of jiffy pop, that never actually popped. You just never fit in with the rest of the popcorn.

A pistachio in a bag of peanuts.

A rhinestone in a box of crystals.
“...about what?” he asked.

“Doesn’t matter,” you assured him, which was true. Only a TV show, so why bother telling it again? Just a waste of breath.

But he pushed harder. “c’mon. tell me,” he insisted, squeezing your hand gently.

“...Well, in the show I was watching…” you started to tell the story, only to find as you spoke he went right back to spacing out. His eye light went hazy, and he was stiff as a board once again.

...He really didn’t like it out here.

“...So he pissed on her and then I appeared and resurrected my dead hamster,” you said, totally kidding, and just trying to draw his attention back to you.

He only hummed in response, not paying attention whatsoever.

...

...You were probably going to regret this.

“I kissed a guy.”

He stopped, completely, eye light extinguishing, and his hold on your hand twitching slightly before tightening. He became even stiffer somehow, and his breathing became shallow and uneven.

“what?” he asked, voice deep and echoing, like you were both in a big empty room with bare walls.

You gave a soft giggle, despite the fact that his exterior was slightly terrifying, and made you want to
bristle up like a cat. “I didn’t really. Wanted to get your attention… you were spacing again,” you explained in a gentle voice, reassuring him you never cheated.

“...” his shoulders dropped again, and the light in his socket came back. His breathing evened out, and he was fine, “...sorry. we’re here, anyways,” he pointed out, gesturing to the store a few feet in front of you. It was a monster friendly place, and you had been there a handful of times already, so you felt fine about being there.

“Mhm,” you confirmed, pulling him in as the automatic doors opened up for you both. The store wasn’t huge, but it wasn’t exactly small, either. It was pretty empty for the most part, like a restaurant on a Tuesday afternoon, so it should have been easy for Sans to handle.

You dragged him over to the chips, and grabbed three bags. One being some type of popcorn, some regular potato chips, and then more veggie sticks in case he wanted them later, before you made your way up to the counter. You didn’t need much, you weren’t a mom shopping for six kids, so you really didn’t see why Sans made such a big fuss over going to the store for twenty minutes. You were already done!

You could understand social anxiety, but you were there, and he didn’t have to talk to anybody. You had him, there. You would never push him into a situation you knew would be bad for him, ever. You weren’t like those teachers in high school who never cared and forced you to present to the class no matter what, because you actually had a heart.

You didn’t let go of his hand even as you put the bags down on the counter, which you had sandwiched between your arm and your side. His fingers would twitch every now and then, signalling just how anxious he really was, so you gave a reassuring squeeze whenever it was necessary.

“Hi,” you greeted the cashier, “Just these, please.”

As you spoke, you noticed that Sans moved so he was slightly in front of you, almost acting as a protective shield, like he viewed this guy as some sort of predator. He stood up straighter than before, which you guessed was to show dominance, but you weren’t exactly sure. You squeezed his hand again, trying to see if it would help him calm down in anyway, but he just squeezed back and kept his stance.

The cashier didn’t seem to notice, however, because he still greeted you with cheeriness. “Sure! Nice shirt,” he complimented you, looking down at it.
You just offered a small friendly smile, feeling a bit uncomfortable under his prying eyes.

“...Kinda revealing, yeah?” he added, now just plainly staring at your cleavage.

...That wasn’t good.

You looked up at Sans, not really all that surprised by his reaction. His eye light extinguished, yet again, and his smile stretched like an elastic band across his face, something you only ever saw happen during one of his episodes, so you knew this wasn’t going to be good.

“...Sans,” you said his name gently, trying to prevent any violence. You didn’t want him to hurt anybody, especially not while you were trying to get him away from these episodes, and away from violence.

But apparently, he didn’t hear you. “e x c u s e    m e ?” he asked the cashier, his voice booming like a loudspeaker.

The man went stiff, obviously frightened and instantly filled with regret for what he had said. He anxiously cleared his throat, and gave you a glance, silently pleading for you to save his ass.

And you were going to. Not for him, but for Sans.

You stepped in front of him and stared up into his blank eye sockets, trying to get his attention back on you. “Sans,” you called his name in a soft voice, not wanting to trigger anything any further.

The eye light in his one good eye reappeared, but it was hazy, almost staticky, so you knew he was still struggling in his head. His episode wasn't over, but you had a chance to pull him out of it before any damage was done. It flickered down to you pretty harshly, seemingly faster than a sailfish. His eye sockets were twitching, and you also noticed his fingers doing the same thing around yours, squirming like eels.

...You stood on your tippy-toes and kissed him, gently.
He kissed you back instantly, like he was starving and your lips were the freshest fruit he had ever tasted. You weren’t going to lie to yourself, you had been terrified for a moment, afraid you were going to witness a murder, as if this were just some TV show, but you distracted him. You were safe for now.

His hands ran down to your hips, and he gave them a gentle squeeze, causing your breath to hitch, so you gripped onto his spine through his shirt to get some revenge. He growled in response, clearly getting turned on from the sensitive touches, so you pulled away, not wanting to get fucked on the counter in front of this sleazy looking asshole.

“...Wanna go home?” you asked him… or more so pleaded.

“...mhm,” he confirmed, grabbing the bags off of the counter, and just throwing some money at the guy. Literally, just pulled out ten dollars and threw it before picking you up, causing you to squeak, and then bringing you outside. You let out a sigh of relief as you both left the shop, completely relieved. That went a lot better than you had anticipated, and you were grateful for that.

He didn’t act violently. It was an improvement. Progress is good.

He stopped outside and set you down before leaning with his back against the wall of the store, breathing heavily, clearly trying to calm himself down. His eye light was once again clear, no longer hazy, and he seemed calmer in his exterior.

Things were fine.

“...You did so great,” you told him, gently, wanting to make sure he knew when he was doing something right, in the same way you wanted him to know if he was doing something wrong.

He didn’t say anything, instead just pulling you against him tightly, trying to calm himself down completely. It seemed to work, since pretty soon his grip loosened and he stopped standing so stiffly.

“...it’s okay,” he said, and you knew he was mostly trying to calm himself, but it was still reassuring for you to hear as well.
“Mhm. You did amazing. You handled the situation perfectly,” you told him, helping the reassurance as best you could.

“...it’s fine,” he said, voice soft as a feather, “...he… i-i don’t… you’re mine. still mine.”

“...I’m yours,” you assured him, leaving a soft kiss on his ribs where you could reach, wanting to show some type of affection.

“...can we go home, now?” he asked you, and for a moment you felt bad that you had dragged him outside in the first place. But… it was necessary. He learned a lesson today, after all.

“Definitely.”

Sans was in heaven.

That was the only way he could even come close to accurately describing how he felt.

He had you. One hundred percent, in every single way, he had you. You were his. He had your soul, your body, and mostly your mind… you were questioning your trust for him at the moment, but
he understood that. He fucked up, and now he had to pay the consequences.

But he was doing better. You both saw improvements, and you both knew things were getting better in his head… at least a little bit. You may have thought they were getting better than they really were, but… at least it was improving at all. He thought he was beyond any type of repair… but you were showing him that wasn’t true.

He tried his best at being more open and honest with you… he even admitted to the things he had done. Most of them, anyways. The ones he felt like you needed to know… how he stalked you online, which you pretty much already knew, and that he stalked your friends and family members… Told you what he stole, and then gave the things back you wanted to keep…

Told you who he hurt.

That part you weren’t too thrilled about. You looked shocked, and so upset when he told you… like a kid finding out that Santa and the Easter Bunny were fake…

He told you he wouldn’t do it anymore.

And he had no reason to, anyways. You were both happy and safe inside of his house… where you belonged.

Home.

...He didn’t want to go outside. He didn’t want you to go outside. He didn’t want you to be near people, and he didn’t want you exposed to any situations that could be considered dangerous. You could get hit by a car, could get shot, stabbed, mugged… it was dangerous in the world.

It was safe inside.

He could control who was in his house, and he could control what happened in there… so it was the safest option.

*He needed control.*
You started pushing him, constantly telling him you wanted to go outside. Wanted to go for walks, wanted to go to the store, wanted to go to the park… there was just always something. He couldn’t let that happen.

He distracted you. He always had an excuse for staying home. He didn’t think he was doing anything wrong, no, he was… just protecting you. Keeping you safe.

*It was his job after all, as your mate.*

Cuddling you on the sofa while watching shit TV was where he felt safest. He was there as often as he could be, holding you tightly and making sure everything was fine.

Everything was perfect.

“...Sans?” you said his name while a terrible show was playing on TV. He wasn’t really watching it, instead spacing out and looking at you most of the time. You were like a beautiful picture hung up in an art gallery that he never wanted to take his eye sockets off of. It was almost like you didn’t even belong there… like you were the Mona Lisa hung up in a local town museum.

You deserved to be in a better place. He felt like a thief in that aspect.

But he was grateful.

He hummed in response to show that he was listening, and met your gaze, finding nothing but beauty when he looked into your eyes. *Still just so perfect.*

“...I wanna go for a walk,” you told him, which wasn’t a big surprise to him. You had been on his case about it a lot. He just… didn’t feel comfortable with it… he would never force you to stay here, no, he… he would kidnap you. Last time it didn’t work, so he didn’t even wanna try it… he just thought of better things to do in the moment you asked, and then that’s what you both went with. Simple.

“...yeah?” he asked, searching his head for something else you could do, anything, other than go outside, “...oh, hey, did i tell you i got that new movie you wanted to watch?”
Perfect excuse. You had been telling him about it for almost a week, and he just gotten it the day prior… so it worked out in his favor.

“Cool,” you said, making him feel a bit relief. ...But that relief was short lived. “We can go buy snacks from the store.”

...You usually just went with what he said… you never really pushed too much, so… he was a bit surprised.

Guess he would have to try harder.

“papyrus bought snacks yesterday,” he told you, and he was lucky because of that. If you had asked a day earlier, he wouldn’t really have an excuse.

“You ate them all,” you accused him, making him smile a bit. He had eaten one or two bag of chips, not all of them.

“nah. only half. we have plenty,” he always made sure there was enough left for you and Papyrus, regardless of the fact that the grocery store wasn’t too far away… it just felt wrong to ever finish up the food instead of giving it to you.

Probably because of the trauma.

“...Which did you eat?” you asked him.

“just the veggie sticks. left the cheetos and oreos for you,” he assured you, knowing those were your favorites. He wouldn’t eat those on you.

“We should go get some more veggie sticks then.”

“you hate veggie sticks,” he pointed out, a questioning tone to his voice. You were just trying to find excuses to go outside, now… guess he was rubbing off on you, a bit in the ‘excuse’ aspect.
“You like them,” you said, and even though he knew you were only saying that as an excuse to leave, it still made him happy that you thought of him and knew what he liked.

He chuckled. “don’t want any right now. thanks babe.” He wouldn’t mind having veggie sticks of course, but he didn’t need them so badly in the moment that he was willing to risk going outside. Not today.

“Oh okay,” you told him, and he once again felt relieved for just a moment because you continued, “We can get them just in case. The movie isn’t going anywhere.” The enthusiasm in your voice was adorable… but draining. He didn’t want to go out.

“neither are we. cuz we’re gonna watch it,” he told you, making sure to not sound forceful, and instead playful as he placed a gentle kiss to your lips.

“...Sans, I haven't been outside in over a week,” good, “I want to go to the store,” you told him, assertively.

...But he wasn’t giving up. Not yet.

“can go out later,” he said, voice a lot softer now, trying to see if that would make any difference to you. Maybe if he tried a more gentle approach now, then you would change your mind.

please.

“No. Now.”

...fuck.

He tried to search your face to see if you had any type of doubt on your face, but… nothing. You were one-hundred percent set on leaving the house. “...after the movie?”
“Now.”

….shit.

shitshitshit.

“...Sans, just admit it. You’ve been stopping me from leaving the house.”

...He would never force you to stay here. That wasn’t true. He would never treat you like a caged animal… not now anyways. Not after you bonded.

“...i never forced you to stay here,” he assured you, wanting you to know he wasn’t going to stop you if you really, really wanted to go… but he would make it difficult.

“Every time I want to go out, something mysteriously happens to stop me,” you told him, accusingly. You were clearly upset about it, but… he just didn’t understand. Why would you want to go outside? Why would you want to put yourself in a situation that was so dangerous!? He was trying to protect you and keep you safe, so why couldn’t you see that!?

“maybe it’s a sign,” he offered, trying to keep calm. He ran his fingers through your hair, calming himself. It always felt so nice against his bones.

“Maybe it’s you.”

...He had no idea where this attitude was coming from, but he blamed all the TV you had both been watching.

He didn’t respond, fearing if he did it would come off as snippy or rude. He just didn’t want any arguments. He just wanted to stay here, home, where it’s safe, with you.

That’s all he wanted.

“...What did I say about needing trust?” you asked him, suddenly, completely out of nowhere to him.
What did this have to do with trust? Where did he break your trust, or lie or do anything not trustworthy!? Why was he having such a hard time grasping this? He didn’t see anything wrong with what he was doing. He just wanted to protect you, why was that suck a terrible thing!? It didn’t make sense!

He was trying!

You’re not good enough, you’re not good enough, you’re not good enough, you’re not good enough, you’re not good enough, you’re not good enough, you’re not good enough... w-what am i doing wrong? Was it a bad thing that he didn’t see it? Was he hopeless? Why was he even trying at this point!? If he wanted to he could just keep you upstairs in his room forever. You wouldn’t be able to stop him, it would be so fucking easy, and nobody would come and help yo-

...breathe.

Bad thoughts.

“...When I want to go outside, you need to let me go outside. No secretly breaking glasses so I get distracted, or no trying to persuade me with movies. Okay?” you explained, gently, but he… still didn’t get it.

He didn’t understand, but… he would listen. Whatever made you happy… he just… needed to know some things first. It really made no sense, otherwise.

“...why do you need to go outside? don’t you like it here?” He suddenly felt very insecure… did you not like his house? Was it not good enough? Too boring…?

“Of course I do,” you assured him, instantly making him feel a bit relieved, “But I need fresh air. I need to walk around… y’know?”
...There were better solutions to those problems aside from going outside.

“can open a window,” he offered, seeing these alternatives as much better options, “use the treadmill.” That way you could get both fresh air and exercise, in a much easier and much safer environment.

“Sans,” you scolded him, making him feel uneasy. He wasn’t trying to make it worse, he was just trying to help find better options!!

“...what?” he asked, confused with what he was doing wrong now. It just felt like no matter what he did, it was wrong somehow... it was so hard to keep trying. He wanted to just make things go back to normal... how he was before.

He craved having control.

“I want to go outside.”

...

He wasn’t exactly tired of fighting, but...

He was afraid to fight any further, fearing he would lose you.

“...right,” he caved, not pushing any further. Why fight it? You wouldn’t be here anymore at all if he kept it up... that was the last thing he wanted. He would go with you, and he could keep you safe, and he would have at least a little bit of control...

“...Think about it this way. If you don’t properly water a plant and give it sunlight, it dies, right?” you started, confusing him completely. He compared you to a flower often, sure, but never to that extreme.

“...yeah?”
“Imagine me as that plant. Only I need sunlight and fresh air to live,” you explained, making him almost chuckle. You needed water too, so really in the end... you were a flower.

...And flowers were delicate...

Somebody could just crush you, with no problem. Break you and tear you to shreds and it would be so easy if he had his back turned for even a split second. Your skin was like petals, easily torn off and picked at, and your bones were stems, snapped like twigs, and he-

...

breathe.

He took a deep breath before speaking, trying to gather up all of his courage, and allow himself to leave the house. “...where do you wanna go?” he asked, instantly regretting the words after they left his mouth.

But the smile that grew on your face made it almost worth it. You lit up like a Christmas tree, becoming bright and bubbly instantly, almost making him want to celebrate... but he always wanted to celebrate, knowing he had you. It still all felt so surreal... he still had this small amount of doubt sometimes that he was just psychotic, and that he was still underground, just imagining all of this in his fucked up skull.

Because you were just too perfect for words sometimes... and others you got on his nerves so badly that he knew you were real. He wasn’t mad at you for needing sunlight... you couldn’t help that, no... he was more so mad at your anatomy.

Even though he loved every single inch of it as well.

“Just to the convenience store. It's not far. We can walk,” you told him before planting a tiny kiss on his jaw. Small affections like that always made him feel a bit better, about any situation. Without them, he didn’t think he would ever be this patient.

“...okay.” He knew he didn't sound enthusiastic, and he also knew you weren't expecting him to. He was just going along with this to make you happy... no matter how miserable it made him.
As soon as he confirmed it, you kiss him again and then shot up quickly before running up the stairs as fast as you could. You couldn’t be happier.

...But he was upset.

He stood up and walked to the bottom of the stairs, waiting for you to hurry up and come back downstairs. He was contemplating his options... would it really be so bad if he kept you here...? Would it even work if he broke a glass this time?

You ran downstairs before he even made a decision, and when he saw you he instantly wanted to lock you away.

You looked way too cute for it to even be legal. His possessiveness was starting to get the better of him, and all he wanted to do was hold you and hiss at anybody who even dared to look at you.

*His precious baby.*

“Ready?” you asked him, clearly excited and happy... at least one of you were.

“...mhm,” he responded, unable to help himself as he stared at you, and apparently you knew he felt uneasy, because you started to speak.

“...It’s a nice day,” you told him as you grabbed his hand, probably explaining why you were wearing such a revealing outfit. It was your body and he wasn’t going to judge you, but... it was killing him.

“...yeah,” he agreed, even though he hadn’t even looked outside. It could have been snowing, and he wouldn’t even had known. Hell, he wasn’t even sure what month it was anymore. He tried to relax by squeezing your hand, gently, and he felt happier when you squeezed back.

Things were okay... for now, at least... he just had a really bad feeling.
“...Let’s go,” you said, sounding like you were encouraging a child to take their first steps.

“...yep.”

“...Gotta walk,” you said with a chuckle, taking the lead.

When you both walked outside, he instantly felt so much dread. It was hot as fuck, and he absolutely hated it. He was the biggest introvert, and he wanted to go back inside and hold you all day and just hide. Everything felt like complete shit in that moment, and he would give anything just to go back inside and sleep for the rest of the day.

Nothing was even remotely okay about this. All he wanted was to be safe and comfortable but no, you wouldn’t let him be an agoraphobe.

He admired you and he loved you, but he was also so incredibly pissed that you somehow got under his (metaphorical) skin. You shouldn’t be this important, soulmate or not, he had never put anybody so high above everything else in his entire life. Even before he was fucked up… well, this badly, anyways. He was always at least somewhat fucked in the head.

“...Sans?” you called his name, suddenly pulling him from his train of thought.

He blinked, bringing himself back to reality and then looked down at you. “...hm?”

“...You’re spacing out. You okay?” you asked him, clearly a bit concerned.

Probabily afraid he was having an episode.

“...sorry,” he apologized, squeezing your hand, gently, “...what were you saying?”

“Was telling a story,” you told him, sounding somewhat offended.

He really did fuck everything up.
“...about what?” he asked, honestly kind of curious. He loved hearing your voice... it was always relaxing.

“Doesn’t matter.”...Shit.

You were offended. You took it to heart... you always took negative things to heart, yet you never kept the positives in there for long. It was fucked up, and he really wished it was the other way around. He had a fucked up mind, so all he really wanted to do was clear yours.

“c’mon. tell me,” he pushed, giving your hand a gentle squeeze. He always wanted to hear what you had to say, even if it was just something simple and small.

“...Well,” you started, going off about a TV show you had watched when he wasn’t in the room. Your voice was sweet and always so calming while you spoke... bringing him intense happiness and causing his entire body to just feel so tingly. It never made any sense to him, that somebody so precious and pure like you could actually exist outside of a movie or a fairytale... He thought these things often and he knew it was like a broken record in his head, but... fuck...

If you weren’t the definition of ‘heaven on earth’, then he didn’t know what possibly could be.

You had perfect skin, perfect hair, a perfect nose... the way your eye lids would flutter while you dreamt was the cutest thing...

The only flaw he ever found was when you would fight with him, and even sometimes he liked to fight.

The way you would get so heated and spicy was just so... delicious. He didn’t like the thought of you being upset, but when you got so fiery he just...

It was arousing.

Your body would shake and you would make such exaggerated movements, causing your chest to bounce, and causing you to yell and get so worked up, almost to the point where he just wanted to take you and slam you against the wall, where he would rip your clothes off and then-
“I kissed a guy.”

...

...what.

You... *kissed* a guy...

How?

Where?

*When?*

How did you even have *time* to kiss another guy!? He was ALWAYS there! You were NEVER alone, he never *let* you be alone! You didn’t have time to do that... did you!? What was he missing!? What did he do wrong? Why did you kiss somebody other than him!? Why wasn’t he good enough for you!? Why was he *never* good enough!?

“I didn’t really. Wanted to get your attention,” you told him, with a soft giggle, pulling him back to reality, “You were spacing again.”

...

...*breathe*.

“...sorry. we’re here, anyways,” he told you, pointing to the store lazily. He really wished he was *anywhere* else.

Preferably his bed. Preferably with you.
“Mhm,” you confirmed, practically dragging him into the convenience store. It felt gigantic to him. Like he could get lost and then stuck in there for all of eternity, and never get out, and nobody would be able to find him…

Maybe that could work to his benefit. Could hide out in a shelf full of chips with you, and keep you hidden there forever.

...Until closing time, anyways.

You dragged him to the chips, ironically, and grabbed three bags. Popcorn, regular chips, and more veggie sticks. That small gesture for his benefit made all the difference for him. You cared enough to buy him a snack you really hated, and that made him feel important.

You dragged him to the cashier too, still not letting go of his hand, thankfully. He felt as though he would faint if you ever did. Felt completely reliant on you in that moment, even though he also felt the primal urge to protect you. It was confusing and difficult to process in his mind, but he knew everything was fine in the moment.

...For a bit, anyways.

As you spoke to the cashier, he… flirted with you.

*Flirted with what belonged to Sans.*

“Nice shirt… Kinda revealing, yeah?” he had the *nerve* to say to you, and he looked at you *breasts.*

“...Sans,” you said his name, almost instantly, like you knew that would trigger him. Like you knew that would *absolutely* break him.

“*excuse me?*” he asked, unable to contain his anger in that moment.
Nobody looked at you like that.

The guy went stiff as a board, complete terror in his eyes in that moment.

Sans knew he must have looked like a psychopath.

Before he could do anything, however, you stepped between them. You stared up at Sans for a moment before gently calling his name.

...Did he really look that crazy?

He looked down at you, half expecting you to be angry or upset, but...

You just kissed him.

It didn’t take much for him to melt into you. He kissed you back intensely, trying to taste as much of you as he could in that one moment. He felt like you were a life line, and he was going to drown if he didn’t hold onto you. Drown into those bad thoughts... into bad decisions. You kept him afloat.

He let his hands move down and grip your hips, giving a gentle squeeze. Your skin was always a grounding point for him... it was always so soft and squishy in a perfect way. He almost jumped when you reached up and grabbed his spine, unable to stop the growl that slipped through his mouth.

You let go, clearly sensing his arousal, and he focused his attention on you instead of the asshole behind the counter.

“...Wanna go home?” you asked, clearly desperate and wanting to get out.

“...mhm,” he confirmed, easily, before grabbing the bags of chips and throwing some money at the guy. He knew that was probably more than he should have paid, but he didn’t give a fuck. He wanted out. He picked you up and brought you outside before walking to the side of the building and leaning against it and putting you back down on your feet.
“...You did so great,” you praised him, making him feel a bit better that you were proud.

_Because he still wanted to go back in and rip that guy's throat out with his teeth._

He pulled you against him, and took a deep breath in your hair, finding comfort in the way it smelled. It was always so soft and always perfect.

_safe._

_He kept you safe._

“...it’s okay,” he assured both you and him, trying to make sure you knew he wasn’t going to do anything drastic, while also convincing himself of the same thing.

“Mhm. you did amazing. You handled the situation perfectly,” you praised him again, reassuring him he was doing the right thing.

That asshole wasn’t worth upsetting you… wasn’t worth anything.

“...it’s fine…. He… i-i don’t… you’re mine. still mine,” he rambled, under his breath. Just saying those words brought him back down.

You were _his._

“...I’m yours,” you agreed, kissing him on the rib cage though his jacket.

_All his._

“...can we go home, now?”
“Definitely.”

Chapter End Notes

Think before you comment.

Want more HT Sans?
Warmth.

Chapter Summary

...Sans you were doing so well.

Chapter Notes

Not gonna lie, I hate this chapter. Had writer's block during the whole thing, so it's trash, but... here anyways.

*WARNING*

Torture at the end of the chapter. I'll put stars where it starts, and where it ends if you would like to skip it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Warmth.

It always boggled your mind how a skeleton could be so warm and comfortable. Then again, you knew he wasn't exactly a skeleton of course, being a monster, but... you still didn't understand where the heat radiated from. It seemed to be coming from everywhere, but... did he even have blood? There was no skin, so you didn't really see any possible way for it, but...

He was just so warm.

He had his head on your stomach, and he kept drifting in and out of dreamland in the way that reminded you so much of a cat. He seemed to even be purring subconsciously, causing small vibrations on your stomach. It tickled a bit, but for the most part just felt nice. He almost felt like a warm water bottle against you, in a strange way... it was pleasant.

You rewarded him with a lazy day after he had been so great about going out to the store the day before, telling him you could both spend the day lazing around in bed without having to worry about going anywhere. He seemed really happy with the idea, so you both did that, expecting no interruptions. You both slept for hours, not having a single care in the world, just enjoying each
...Until you were interrupted by a loud pounding on the bedroom door.

Sans instantly hissed at the door, (causing you to have to hold in a laugh), clearly not wanting to deal with whoever it was, which would obviously be Papyrus, so you called out instead.

“What?” you yelled from the bed, sleep present in your voice. You couldn’t be bothered to move or get up, completely exhausted from napping so much. Your body felt like a cinder block, and your bones were way too weak to handle all that weight.

“MAY I COME IN?” came Papyrus’s all too familiar voice from the other side of the door, “YOU AREN’T CANOODLING, ARE YOU?”

You almost snorted at the word ‘canoodling’. It was fitting. The word matched his innocent personality, and you couldn’t imagine him saying it in any other way.

“Yeah, you can come in. We’re not naked.”

As soon as you confirmed it, he slammed the door open so hard it smashed against the wall, instantly making your body tense up. You were definitely more awake now, but you weren’t happy about it at all. You could feel Sans’s hold on your body tighten a bit, and the purring stopped completely. You sighed in annoyance and put a pillow over your face, trying to block out any future noises that would come through, as if it would work as a soundproof barrier.

It was supposed to be a lazy day.

“GET UP AND GET DRESSED!” Papyrus demanded suddenly, rather loudly. You almost threw the pillow at him, but decided it would be better served as a sound barrier than a weapon.

“Whyyy,” you asked, exaggerating the word through the pillow, hoping he knew at least somewhat that he was being an annoyance, without being mean. You could never be mean to Papyrus, especially not intentionally.
“WE ARE ALL GOING TO GET DINNER AT A RESTAURANT AND EAT AS A PROPER FAMILY!”

...A restaurant?

...It was supposed to be a lazy day, yeah, but… that sounded so nice. You had been napping all day, and you wouldn’t mind some good food… surely Sans wouldn’t mind too much. Right?

You lifted the pillow off of your face and looked at Papyrus, properly. “...A restaurant?”

You felt Sans stiffen a bit, clearly unhappy with the idea, and unhappy with the fact you sounded so excited.

“YES! IT IS A NEW MONSTER FRIENDLY PLACE, AND I HAVE MADE RESERVATIONS!” he exclaimed, happily. You were glad he was excited… if both the brothers were introverted, you would never get outside.

Sometimes you found it hard to believe they were related… Papyrus was always so cheery and happy. A social butterfly who always wanted to meet people, and be outside. Always happy to lend a helping hand, and always putting other people's feelings before his own. But, Sans on the other hand… he was always so stoic and distant. He was introverted and hated almost everybody, and never socialized unless he was forced to by either you or Papyrus.

It was concerning sometimes.

“noooo,” Sans protested sleepily from your stomach to Papyrus. He never wanted to leave the house, so this wasn’t a surprise to you.

“YES!” Papyrus protested back, so you helped him.

“Sans, yes!” you agreed with Papyrus, trying to sit up and get him to get up off of your stomach, as well.

He let out a small whining sound, and held on a bit tighter. “no.”
You managed to sit up a bit, now leaning on your elbows. “C’mon big guy. Please?”

He mumbled incoherent sentences into your stomach, clearly ones of protest, still not budging. You let out a soft sigh, hoping you would be able to convince him again, like you had last time. Sure, it was a lazy day, but it didn’t have to be all day.

“There won’t be any bad people. Just us at our table, at a monster friendly place… We don’t.” you rambled, but then stopped yourself before making any assumptions, “…wait, Paps, do we have to walk there?”

“WE COULD ALWAYS TAKE THE CAR!”

“See? Don’t even have to walk or be in the sun for too long,” you assured him, starting to pet his skull, being very mindful of the crack in his skull, and being sure not to touch it. But still, he clearly didn’t like it since he took your hand away and just held it on the side of the both of you, silently.

You squeezed his hand gently, trying to be reassuring. “We’ll be safe,” you assured him, confidently.

“I don’t want to,” he muttered softly, and you knew that. He never wanted to, but sometimes you knew he just had to. But you didn’t know how you were going to make him this time, since he seemed so uninterested.

...Then you got an idea.

“I can just go with Paps, then, if you wanna stay home?” you told him, knowing he would never let you go without him. It would cause pain to the both of you, and you knew it was kind of manipulative of you, but… you wanted to go.

“...fine. we’ll go,” he said, clearly angry. You could understand why, but you knew it would be fine. There would be food, and it would just be the three of you!

You smiled as he nuzzled his head into your lap, before looking up at Papyrus. “So, when are we leaving?”
“NOW!”

...

“...Like... now, now... or... five minutes, now?” you asked, hoping it was the later. You wanted some time to help Sans prepare mentally, and physically. Maybe you could have coaxed him into wearing something nice.

“LIKE... NOW,” he confirmed.

“...I should change out of these clothes then,” you commented. You were all sweaty from sleeping all day, so there was no way you were going to go to a restaurant looking like that, “Sans, let me get up.”

He didn’t move, instead nuzzling a bit deeper into your lap.

“...Sans,” you tried again, in a bit of a warning tone.

He groaned and mumbled something under his breath before rolling off of you and pressing his face into a pillow, instead. You looked up at Papyrus with a smile, feeling proud that you were able to get Sans to actually do things, and he looked a bit impressed, probably surprised that somebody other than himself was able to make his brother do something.

You stood up and made your way over to the closet before opening it and looking over at the clothes you had brought over from your house, and picked out a nice little day dress.

“I WILL MEET YOU DOWNSTAIRS. DON’T TAKE TOO LONG,” Papyrus told you before exiting the room, shutting the door and making his way downstairs.

“...I swear, he never stops moving,” you commented as you dressed yourself in front of the closet, “He’s so animated.”
You slipped the dress over your head and then turned back around and looked at Sans, who of course, had fallen back asleep. You sighed and walked over, about to wake him up, but… you hesitated. You couldn’t help but think about how *cute* he looked… somewhat innocent.

Also, kind of dead.

You gently shook him by the shoulder. “Sans,” you called gently, trying to wake him up as easily as possible, to avoid triggering him in any way.

He slowly opened his eye sockets and looked up at you, clearly dreading this. You felt a bit guilty, considering you told him it could be a lazy day… but it was too late to turn back now. He slowly sat up, and then pulled you against him in a hug, which you gladly returned.

It felt good, knowing you were the only person who could actually get Sans to do things… besides Papyrus, of course.

“...Wanna change or go as you are?” you asked him as you gently started to rub his back.

“not changing for this bullshit,” he complained, softly, voice still muddled with sleep.

“That’s a no, then,” you said playfully, giving him a soft kiss, which he gladly returned.

“...i don’t wanna do this,” he commented softly, nuzzling the top of your head a bit. You always found it strange and somewhat beautiful that he was always so cold to everybody but you. You were the only person who was ever able to see him like this, and it made you feel special.

Happy.

“...You can always stay home.” It was a genuine proposal, but at the same time, you knew he couldn’t do that.

“...stop,” he said softly, “you already won.”
...You didn’t know what to say to that. It made you feel even worse.

“...Paps is waiting downstairs,” you said, changing the subject. You figured he would prefer to get it over with now, anyways, rather than drag it out and waste time.

He stood up, clearly disinterested, over exaggerating his movements like a child would when told to go do their homework.

You smiled and grabbed his hand again, now leading him outside of the bedroom and down the stairs. You felt giddy, and excited. You hadn’t gone out to eat since that very first date with Sans… funny how you didn't really consider it a date until now, but looking back it really did seem like one. You were also excited to spend some time with Papyrus. He was practically your brother in law at this point, and he always told you the truth and was there to help you, so… you were excited to spend quality time with him.

Upon reaching the bottom of the stairs, you saw Papyrus waiting, car keys in his bony hand, clearly ready to go.

“FANTASTIC!” Papyrus praised, happy with the fact you managed to drag Sans out of his bedroom, “LET’S GO!”

He seemed happy. At least one of the skeleton brothers were.

You pulled Sans out of the house, and you were a bit shocked when you saw the car... it was a literal race car, and you felt your jaw drop when you saw it.

“...Holy shit,” you muttered under your breath, as Papyrus got into the driver's seat. Sans snorted lightly at your reaction, and you smiled back at him before climbing into the back seat with him. You took the window seat, and let him have the middle, so he could watch the road up front.

...
When you opened your eyes, you found yourself leaning your head on Sans’s shoulder, and he had his head on top of yours. You had no idea how you managed to sleep again, but hey, you weren’t complaining.

Papyrus had tapped you on the leg, thankfully, instead of screaming at you to get up, so you sat up a bit, being mindful of Sans sleeping on you.

“...Hey. Wake up,” you told him, gently, squeezing his hand. Your hands felt sweaty intertwined, but you really didn’t mind.

He blinked awake and moved his head so you could sit up properly.

“...We’re here,” you told him with an encouraging smile, giving his hand another squeeze. He sighed and let you drag him out of the car and into the restaurant, thankfully not putting up any type of a fight.

Upon entering the building, you instantly knew you made the right choice by going there! It was big and there weren’t too many people since there had to be reservations! The lighting was perfect, and it wasn’t the type that usually gave you a headache, along with the staff all seeming friendly as far as you could tell! Nobody seemed to hate their job, or to hate the customers, so you were happy!

Not to mention that the food smelt amazing!

Papyrus took the lead, thankfully, and confirmed the reservation before all three of you were seated by a nice man. Sans held onto your hand tightly the entire time, but you really didn’t mind. If it kept him feeling content, then it didn’t matter. Before sitting, Sans moved his seat a little closer to yours, just so you could continue to hold hands, which you found kind of cute. Felt like a date… but, hopefully it didn’t seem like that to Papyrus. You would hate for him to feel like a third wheel.

“...This place is so nice, Papyrus!” you told him, looking over the menu that was given to you by the waiter.

“I WOULD HOPE SO! IT IS PRETTY BOUJEE!”

...You paused and looked up at him, his face holding instant regret.
“...Did… Did you just say…”

He started to sweat, and looked down at the menu.

...You weren’t sure how to process this.

You looked over at Sans, and found him staring at you, seemingly lost in thought, so you leaned over and kissed him, causing him to blink and seem slightly more awake. You still felt kind of bad for him, considering you went back on your word.

You wondered what he was thinking about, too, when he often stared into space. You didn’t want to pry, but you just hoped they weren’t bad thoughts.

The waiter came over soon after, and asked you what you would like to drink. You got a lemonade, and Papyrus ordered a soda. Sans didn’t get anything, so you assumed he was going to drink the ketchup at the table.

“Ready for food as well, or need a little longer to go over the menu?” the waiter, Steven, as his nametag read, asked you.

“...I think we’re ready to order,” you confirmed, knowing Papyrus would just get spaghetti, and that Sans didn’t give a shit as long as he was eating.

As you expected, Papyrus did order the spaghetti, and then the waiter turned back and glanced at Sans, now half asleep with his head down on the table.

“...Um. What should I get him?” the waiter asked, mostly to you.

...Knowing Sans, he would probably want red meat… something rare, and practically bleeding.

“...He’ll have a steak… but like, as red as you’re legally allowed to keep it.”
The waiter glanced up at you from his little notepad, but then went back to writing, silently judging you and your boyfriend. But you really didn’t give a shit.

“...Alrighty. And for you?” he asked, now giving you his full attention.

“...I’ll just have the chicken alfredo, please,” you ordered, handing him back the menus.

He gave you a smile as he took them. “Alright. Your order will be out in a bit, beautiful.”

...

...Oh shit.

You could feel sweat starting to form as you glanced over at Sans, just in time to catch his reaction. His head rose from the table, and his eye light, of course, was gone.

*He was livid.*

“...He didn’t mean anything by it,” you assured Sans, gently, giving his hand a squeeze. The guy was just being friendly... it wasn’t always flirting... some people were just nice.

Right?

He didn’t respond, but...

You suddenly really had to fucking pee? Usually you were fine with holding your bladder, but this just fucking hurt.

...Weird.

“...Papyrus,” you started, and then continued when he looked at you, “...Can you keep an eye on
him? I have to pee.”

“ALRIGHT,” he confirmed, with a happy smile.

You gave Sans one more squeeze of his hand, and then went to the bathroom.

...It was a beautiful room. All the stalls were properly closed off, and the sinks had those fancy seashell soaps. The entire bathroom smelled like lavender, and you wished you could bathe in the scent forever.

Getting into the stalls was pretty nice, too. They were spacious, and they had that soft toilet paper that everybody loves. Some soft music was playing throughout the bathroom, and you felt content as you relieved yourself.

You liked it here. You were happy you came.

You quickly finished up and got spooked a bit by the automatic flushing, but quickly composed yourself and washed your hands, being thankful they actually had towels, and then made your way back out to the table.

By the looks of it, nobody had been murdered, so… that was a plus.

You sat back down next to Sans, seeing his eye light had come back, and he seemed a lot calmer.

“...You okay?” you asked, gently, sneaking a glance at Papyrus, as well, who seemed to be perfectly calm.

“...yeah,” he assured you, just as the waiter came over and set down all of your food and drinks.
Dinner had been nothing short of amazing. The food was great, and Papyrus told you about his job, and rambled off about his interests. Sans of course, didn’t pay much attention. Just eating quickly, and then putting his head back down, but... It was fun, and you really enjoyed ‘eating as a family’.

After you ate, Papyrus paid quickly, and you all went out to the car. You felt a bit bad, really. Felt like you should be contributing more than you actually were, but everytime you brought up money, they would insist it was fine...

During the car ride home, Sans slept again, which you didn’t really mind. You got to hear Papyrus ramble for a while longer, and it was enjoyable. Even if he was loud, he was still an entertaining person.

As soon as you got home, you didn’t even have to wake Sans up, he just lifted his head as if he could sense it. It probably would have made you laugh, if you weren’t so tired.

He got out of the car instantly, and gently pulled you out before bringing you inside the house and back up to his room. He seemed so eager to get back in there that it made you feel kind of guilty, again. You knew how much he hated going anywhere, and you kept forcing it on him... It wasn’t fair.

You didn’t fight him, just got back into bed and got comfortable, not even bothering to turn the lights on. Just cuddled up to him, and gave him a gentle kiss.

“...I love you,” you told him, voice barely above a whisper. Being in bed only made you even more tired, and all you wanted to do was sleep forever.

“i love you,” he said it back, before leaving a soft kiss on your forehead and snuggling you a little tighter.

You drifted off.
Sans was completely exhausted.

It felt like his magic was being drained from his body... and none of it made any fucking sense.

He was pretty sure he was coming down with something. A sickness of some sort... so he was extremely grateful when you said that he could have a lazy day.

He hadn’t told you he wasn’t feeling well, out of fear that you would be worried and start freaking out, instead deciding it would be fine as long as he just rested. He probably needed to recharge from using so much magic lately, since his body wasn’t capable of using as much as it used to. He probably just overworked himself. Resting would fix it.

He laid his head on your stomach as he napped, feeling his magic recharge as he slept, indicating that he was right, and that he was just exhausted from overusing his magic.

You seemed to be sleeping as well, drifting in and out in the cutest way. You would wake up and blink a few times before closing your eyes again and drifting back in.

It was precious.

Lazy days were officially his favorite days.

At least they were, until Papyrus woke him out of his sleep by pounding on the door to his bedroom.

His first instinct was to hiss, but it didn’t do anything. Papyrus was still there, and he didn’t leave, of course not feeling threatened by his own brother.

“What?” you answered for Sans, which he was grateful for. He really didn’t want to speak... he didn’t even know you were awake, but he was grateful you were.

Always grateful for you.

“MAY I COME IN?” Papyrus asked from the other side of the door, “YOU AREN’T
Sans almost screamed when you let him. Sure, he loved his brother more than anything, but sometimes he just needed sleep. He didn’t feel good at all, and the pain in his head got ten times worse when Papyrus slammed the door open.

“GET UP AND GET DRESSED!”

...Oh fuck no.

It was his lazy day. He wasn’t going to get up for anything right now. He didn’t bother speaking, because you would tell him that for him...

Or at least he thought you would.

“Whyy?” you asked him, after putting a pillow on your face. You clearly didn’t like the noise either, so he didn’t understand why you didn’t just tell Papyrus you were tired… or ignored him, like Sans was.

“WE ARE ALL GOING TO GET DINNER AT A RESTAURANT AND EAT AS A PROPER FAMILY!”

...Yeah, no.

There was no way in hell that Sans was going anywhere today. You already promised him that he could stay in bed all day, so he felt kind of bad for Papyrus. Poor guy wanted to go out as a family… maybe another time.

You sat up and lifted the pillow off of your face. “...A restaurant?”

...Wait, what?

You had to be fucking kidding.
You were actually considering this.

“YES! IT IS A MONSTER FRIENDLY PLACE, AND I HAVE MADE RESERVATIONS!”

Sans would rather die than go to a fucking restaurant, today. If Papyrus really insisted on being a family, he could have just gotten take out and you could have all watched TV on the couch until you all passed out from exhaustion! Nobody had to go outside for family activities, and he wasn’t doing it.

“noooo,” Sans protested, not letting go of you. This was his day home. He wasn’t going anywhere.

“YES!” Papyrus protested instantly, which he was expecting, but he wasn’t expecting you to betray him.

“Sans, yes!”

...He felt so much disappointment in that moment. You told him specifically that you could both spend the day in bed, all day! Not just the morning, and then he had to go along with everything again!?

It wasn’t fair!

“no,” he said instantly, grabbing onto you a bit tighter. He wasn’t doing it, not today.

You sat up some more, leaning on your elbows while he stayed on your stomach. “C’mon big guy. Please?”

“...s’not fair,” he murmured into your lap, not bothering to speak loud enough for you to hear. What was the point? He never seemed to win these days, anyways, because you didn’t trust him anymore.

“There won’t be any bad people. Just us at our table, at a monster friendly place! We don’t—... wait, Paps, do we have to walk there?” you asked, while trying to enthuse Sans.
It wasn’t working.

“WE COULD ALWAYS TAKE THE CAR!”

we could always just stay home.

“See? Don’t even have to walk or be in the sun for too long,” you said, trying to persuade him, while also reaching down to pet his skull.

...Bad touch.

He instantly took your hand in his, and intertwined your fingers before setting them down next to the both of you. You squeezed his hand. “We’ll be safe.”

Didn’t feel that way.

“i don’t want to,” he told you, not caring at this point. If you were upset, it didn't matter. You already said he didn’t have to go anywhere today.

“I can just go with Paps, then, if you wanna stay home?”

...

...Wow. You really just went there. Holy shit.

“...fine. we’ll go,” he gave in, but… he was definitely going to remember that.

You smiled at him, and he nuzzled his head into your lap. He was pissed, but… he loved you, and hey, at least you would be happy.
“Sp, when are we leaving?” you asked Papyrus, while Sans started to drift off again. You could just wake him up when it was time to leave. No big deal.

“NOW!”

...Oh fuck no.

“...Like... now, now... or... five minutes, now?” he heard you ask Papyrus. And knowing his brother, it was probably now.

“LIKE... NOW.” exactly.

“...I should change out of these clothes then,” or you could just stay here, “Sans, let me get up.”

He nuzzled deeper into your lap. He wanted to stay here all day, just feeling you, and loving you... this wasn’t fair.

“..Sans,” you said his name, this time in your ‘warning’ voice.

He groaned loudly, and just rolled off, deciding it wasn’t worth an argument. He shoved his face into your pillow, liking the way it smelled. Sometimes he just wished he could bottle up your scent, and carry it around everywhere. Like for anxiety relief, or something.

He liked your smell.

You stood from the bed, and he heard the closet door open, so he assumed you were going to get dressed.

“I WILL..” he heard Papyrus start, but...

Sans drifted off.
When he woke up, it was from you shaking his shoulder, gently and calling name.

“Sans,” your beautiful voice called, waking him up out of his restless sleep. He slowly opened his sockets, and looked up at you, feeling one-hundred percent exhausted. He pulled you against him after sitting up, and gently started to comb his phalanges through your hair.

This was his favorite way to wake up, really. Just seeing your face instantly made him feel ten times better, and all he wanted to do was hold you and keep you forever.

“...Wanna change or go as you are?” you asked him, starting to rub his back.

...Oh. Oh yeah.

The restaurant.

...fuck.

“...not changing for this bullshit,” he complained, pulling you a bit closer. You were the only good thing about ever going outside, so it was frustrating to him that there was still a way to have you, and to have his bed, but you just wouldn’t allow it to happen.

He just wanted to sleep.

“That’s a no, then,” you said, kissing him.

“...i don’t wanna do this,” he told you, after kissing you back and then nuzzling the top of your head.

He was so incredibly upset with you to the point he wanted to scream, but... he could never be mad at you externally. He would never be able to yell at you... unless it was something extremely severe, but even then he would probably just give you a slap on the wrist and call it a day.
He was wrapped around your finger, and he hated it just as much as he loved it.

“...You can always stay home.”

“...stop,” he said, annoyed that you were still pushing, but refusing to yell at you, or to start an argument, “you already won.”

He could tell you felt a bit guilty just by the look on your face, but that didn’t make it any better, really. The only thing that would make him feel better now would be if you said that you were staying home. But of course that wouldn’t happen. Nothing ever seemed to go his way, lately.

But he knew that was his own fault. He broke your trust.

“...Paps is waiting downstairs,” you told him, clearly trying to get away from the subject at hand. He didn’t mind. He kind of wanted to get away from it, too. Arguing wouldn’t solve anything anyways, so why bother with it.

He stood up in a way he knew showed disinterest, but it didn’t seem to bother you. You just grabbed his hand, and led him down the stairs.

Papyrus was standing there, already dressed and ready to go, with car keys in hand.

“FANTASTIC! LET’S GO!” Papyrus said, probably praising Sans for getting out of his room, but it didn’t really matter. He just wanted to go back to bed.

Sans was miserable, but hey, at least both you and Papyrus would be happy. That was all that really mattered. If you were both happy, then he could be at least content.

You dragged Sans out of the house by his hand, and brought him outside, but you stopped short when you saw Paps car. You seemed instantly shocked, probably not expecting somebody with such a small house to own such a fancy car.
He didn't blame you.

“...Holy shit,” you muttered under your breath as everyone piled into the car. It was kind of cute, really, you being in such awe over a vehicle.

He got settled in his seat, and then got comfortable, still holding your hand. But Sans, still being completely exhausted, ended up falling asleep the second he was situated.

...

This time, instead of being screamed at by his brother, Sans was woken up by your gentle voice. It was angelic.

“...Hey. Wake up,” you said, gently squeezing his hand.

He blinked awake and sat up, feeling a crook in his neck. It was a small thing, but it really pissed him off that things just kept going wrong, no matter how tiny.

Today just sucked.

“...We’re here,” you told him with a smile, clearly still trying your best to make him optimistic.

It wasn’t going to work.

You dragged him out of the car and into the restaurant, where Papyrus took care of everything speaking wise.

He was grateful for that, because he fucking hated everybody. This entire restaurant seemed like a waste of time, and space. It was way too bright, and there way too many people. It was too big, and everybody looked like a fucking asshole. All he wanted to do was go home and crawl back into his bed, under the covers, where he could pretend nobody existed except for you, him, and Papyrus.
He could just imagine, a world where it was just the three of you.

It would be perfect. You could just be a family, and be happy, and nobody would be there to take you away. Papyrus would be content with having all the spaghetti in the world, and he would do daily exercises in a gym alone, happily. Nobody would be there to even look at you, or touch you or do anything he didn’t like.

Everything would be under his control again.

...When had he sat down?

...

He probably should have been a lot more concerned than he actually was, that he had blacked out.

He looked over at you and felt a rush of euphoria. You really looked beautiful. You always looked beautiful. Like a literal Goddess had come down to earth and had blessed him with her presence. He knew he was unworthy. Unworthy of even looking at you, but... he got lucky. He got so lucky, and it made him feel selfish at times, because some monsters didn’t even have soulmates, and he was blessed with you, while they died alone and depressed.

He thought he would be the same, but... no.

You came along, and you proved him to be wrong.

...You squeezed his hand, and it brought him back for a moment. You gave him that smile. His smile. The one you only ever showed to him, and it made him feel so special, even if it was just for a moment or two.
He felt important.

...And exhausted.

He couldn’t even keep his head up anymore, as you and Papyrus conversed with each other and the waiter. He was just so tired… he didn’t understand why. He kept sleeping, and by now, with the amount of sleep he had gotten, he should have felt better if it was just a sickness! No, there was something bigger going on here, and he suspected it had something to do with the soulbond.

...Fuck.

It must’ve been the soulbond.

Something must have gone wrong. Maybe you both weren’t ready yet, and now it was affecting him. He pushed it to happen, pressed the souls together, so… it made sense that it would be him who suffered. You must have been sucking his magic out, to feed your soul. Feeds its new addiction…

...This was bad.

“-will be out in a bit, beautiful.”

...

...What?

...beautiful?

beautiful.

This asshole had the nerve to call you beautiful while you were holding Sans’s hand.
...Oh fuck no.

He was not getting away with that. With the exhaustion, and combined stressed, there was no way in hell that he was getting away with that.

“...He didn’t mean anything by it,” you assured Sans, squeezing his hand. It was strange… it was like for a moment he was surrounded by darkness, and it was slowly consuming him, but… the second you spoke to him, a ray of light made it all disappear.

...But he still felt that darkness inside. That guy wasn’t getting away with it.

“...Papyrus… Can you keep an eye on him? I have to pee,” you asked Papyrus, as you started to stand.

...he’s pretty sure you meant ‘eye socket’, but now was no time for jokes.

“ALRIGHT,” Papyrus responded easily, with a smile.

He was used to holding Sans back from stupid shit.

...But now he had the perfect opportunity to have control.

He stood up from the table with full intentions of killing the man right then and there, regardless of who saw, but before he could even get past his chair Papyrus grabbed him by his shoulder, and firmly pushed him back down into his seat.

“BROTHER, NO.” His voice was so stern, and demanding that Sans had to blink. He was shocked. Papyrus usually just went with the flow of things, but… he knew he couldn’t keep his mouth shut when it came to something like this. He would never let Sans get himself thrown into prison, especially not when he could prevent it.

Sans gave him a confused look. Why the fuck shouldn’t he rip the guys throat out? He disrespected him, and he disrespected you.
That was a big no-no.

“WE ARE IN A RESTAURANT FULL OF PEOPLE! AND IMAGINE HOW UPSET Y/N WOULD BE IF SHE CAME OUT OF THE BATHROOM TO SEE YOU MURDERING SOMEBODY!” Papyrus scolded him, whisper yelling in a way that a mother would to her young child while they were out in public. He knew he was right, he did, but…

...

His baby.

...Babies.

...Oh fuck.

That explained everything. Why he was so weak and why his magic was being drained so quickly… it wasn’t you. It wasn’t your soul, no, it was…

...

“...i-i… i can’t…” he gasped out, suddenly feeling like the walls were closing in on him. He couldn’t breathe.

This couldn’t be real.

wakeupwakeupwakeupwakeupwakeupwakeupwakeupwakeupwakeuppuekawpuekawpuekawpuekawpuekawpuekawpuekaw.

“LOOK AT ME,” Papyrus instructed, now holding Sans’s face so he looked him in the sockets, clearly recognizing the signs of a panic attack, and quickly trying to re-ground him, “I’M PAPYRUS. YOU’RE SANS. Y/N WILL BE RIGHT BACK.”
...You would be right back.

You were just... using the bathroom. It was fine. Everything was fine. He wasn’t dying, you were just...

“...b-baby.”

“YES. SHE WILL BE BACK IN A MOMENT,” Papyrus assured him, referring to you, but...

He didn’t mean you.

He was silent, just staring Papyrus in the eye sockets, trying desperately to make him understand without actually saying it, because if he said it, then it would be too real...

But this explained so much. Not only his exhaustion and magic drain, but also his insane possessiveness. He had been possessive and crazy from the start, sure, he knew that, but it seemed to get worse in the past few weeks.

...How far along were you? Was it a girl or a boy…?

...

“...OH. OOOOOH,” Papyrus said, suddenly understanding exactly what was going on.

You were pregnant.

“...i-i…” Sans started, but... just as he did, you had returned.

You sat back down in your seat, and gave Sans a gentle smile, before sneaking a glance at Papyrus. Probably silently asking if anything bad had happened. “...You okay?”
“...yeah,” he assured you, while the waiter had just come back, and had set your drinks down on the table, along with the food.

...*Steven Brown*, his name tag read.

...Sans jotted that down in the back of his mind.

...

Honestly, at the end of the day, it really hadn’t been all that bad. The food was good, and he had two important people with him, so… really the only downsides were that he was exhausted, and that the waiter had been a piece of shit.

...It was an okay day, and while he wouldn’t say he hated it, he would have definitely preferred to have stayed home. He couldn’t help it, being such an introvert.

Papyrus once again, took care of the talking, and paid before the three of you all went back outside to the car. Sans slept again, on the ride home, your body still feeding off of his magic and giving it to…

The baby.

It was still such an *insane* thing to process. You weren’t even aware of it, but… there was this *thing* growing inside of you. This beautiful parasite.

...He had to tell you, but… now just wasn’t the time.

Upon arriving home, you all instantly went to bed, it being about ten-thirty at night by the time you all got in the door. He definitely wasn’t complaining, since he had *work* to do. He dragged you back into his room, and then into bed before cuddling up to you and getting comfortable with the blankets over you.

He was pleasantly surprised when you kissed him, softly. “...I love you,” you told him, voice barely above a whisper, and filled with exhaustion.
“I love you,” he said back, kissing your forehead, and then holding you a little bit closer, until you fell asleep.

************************

It was always easy for Sans to track people.

The internet made it insanely simple, and he barely even had to try. All he ever needed was a persons name, and then the rest was easy. He would check if they had location on, and if they didn’t he would go through their pictures and find where they were by checking the backgrounds of the photos. Simple, usually, but sometimes it could be pretty difficult, considering if the person even had facebook pictures.

Luckily for him, Steven, had his location on,

Sans waited until three a.m, before going to where he was. You were in a deep sleep, and he had no doubts that Steven would have passed out by then. He snuck into his apartment, and he tied him to his bed frame, after using magic on the walls so nobody would hear what was going on.

It took a lot of magic, and Sans was exhausted, but… it would be worth it.

It would all be worth it.

By the time he had woken up, Sans had gathered some tools from around his apartment. He stood in front of him as he slept on the bed, and just patiently waited. Waited for him to wake up, so he could fucking kill him.

“…What the fuck…?” he asked as he opened his eyes and realized he couldn’t move, voice deep with exhaustion and limbs barely even able to pull on his restraints.

Poor fucker.
“hey,” Sans greeted him, not sounding at all friendly. He knew he looked completely insane, but frankly, he didn’t give a shit.

*He wanted him to be terrified.*

“...D-Dude… i-is this a prank!? It’s not fucking funny!” he asked, Sans feeling high off of his fear and anger. By the time he was done with him, he was going to wish it was a prank.

Sans reached into his pocket, and slowly pulled out a knife. It was pretty. Beautiful, really, with such a pretty edge. Smooth, and sharp. *Dangerous,* if put into the wrong hands.

...*But luckily Sans had it!!!*

...Skin was so fragile. It was a thing that Sans often thought of, especially when it came to your well being. It was easier to cut than most paper. Just press something sharp against it, and then…. Blood. Sans hadn’t hurt a human in a *long* time… he didn’t exactly remember how it would feel, so…

In a sick way, he kind of missed it. Not knowing, was never fun, and now he was going to refresh his memory.

“...y’know, she *is* beautiful,” Sans told him, slowly approaching, and Steven decided to be rude, and decided to interrupt him while he was trying to talk!

*who does that!?*

“I-I didn’t mean it, man!!!!” he cried, hysterically, thrashing about.

...Couldn’t have that. Might bang the bed frame on the wall.

Sans stabbed him, right above his knee cap, and held it in his leg, feeling the skin tear open, and watching the blood ooze out and soak his pants. It was *disgusting*. Steven cried out in pain, and started to sob.
“excuse me. don’t be rude,” Sans told him in a scolding tone, as if he were warning a child to stop misbehaving or they would get their toys taken away, “i’m talking.”

The least he could do was listen!

Stevens lips were quivering, as he stared at Sans, and then he pissed himself. Sans scoffed and then laughed a bit, not surprised in the least. Humans were so fragile and weak…

“…gross. but as i was saying before you rudely interrupted me, she is beautiful, isn’t she?”

He decided to be stubborn. He bit his lip, as if to stop another scream, but Sans knew the truth! He knew he was just trying to be defiant and he was trying to fuck with him!!!

He pressed the knife in a bit deeper, feeling the muscles and tissue tear under his hold. It felt so gross and yet so fascinating. And then he twisted the knife, ever so slightly, counter clockwise.

He would pop his knee cap off if he had to.

“isn’t she?” he asked again, losing his patience, quickly, if he even had any to begin with.

and sanity.

He screamed, so loudly that Sans had to cover his non-existent ears, while Steven frantically nodded.

…Pure terror was a good look on him.

“…mm. but it wasn’t your place to tell her that, now was it?” he asked, twisting it some more, until his knee cap did pop off. It felt strange, feeling it pull away from his bone, or whatever else humans had under their skin.

Sans slammed his hand over Stevens mouth when he screamed at the top of his lungs, starting to get a headache from the annoying, loud noise.
“fuck, you’re annoying,” Sans told him, with a low growl.

He started to look around frantically, clearly desperate to find a way out of this situation, as if Sans were _that_ stupid, and would leave any type of loophole for him to get out.

_Moron._ He was almost offended.

He removed his hand from Stevens mouth, and instead turned his face forcefully back to look at his, while Steven sniffled and tried to hold back his sobs. There was something beautiful about the way he looked… something poetic.

“look at me. we’re talking,” Sans scolded him, once again, letting him know by the tone of his voice that he would _not_ warn him again.

He released his chin, and was pleased when Steven didn’t look away, instead deciding to cooperate. Probably hoping that Sans would spare him if he did.

_poors fucker._

“now. you sorry?” he asked him, in a cooing, gentle voice. One that somebody would often use when talking to a toddler, which was fitting in Sans’s opinion, because this guy clearly had the mind of one, if he thought it was appropriate to talk to somebody that belonged to _him_ in that way…

_Or he was just fucking insane._

He nodded frantically, still sobbing and clearly too afraid to speak. Sans didn’t mind though, knowing he would most likely _scream_ if he opened his mouth.

“...i just don’t believe you,” he admitted, before pulling the knife out of Stevens knee.

The look on his face held complete and utter terror as Sans smirked at him, before he shoved the knife straight through his stomach.
Almost instantly, he opened his mouth to scream, and instead of any noise, blood poured out of his mouth profusely.

**disgusting.**

“...i won’t put you through too much… have to get back to her soon,” he told him, cooing at the mere thought of you, “...she’s just so perfect, y’know? gorgeous. ”

He pulled the knife out, and allowed the wound to start bleeding out.

He shoved the knife into his neck, next, not wanting this to drag out for too long. “...she’s way too good for you. hell, she’s even too good for me! she’s just so precious.... you would never appreciate her the way i do! she needs to be protected… loved. she needs affection and attention all the time! even when she says to leave her alone, no… i would never leave her alone. she needs to be cherished at all times… but sadly for you… you’re never going to experience anything like that.”

After he rambled on about you, **cooing**, he pulled the knife out of his throat, and watched it **gush** blood.

“...rot in hell.”

He took a shortcut back to you, and allowed the boy to bleed out.

****************

He took a shower quickly, and disposed of his bloody clothing along with the knife. He would go back later, after he had bled out, and he would clean up his mess **properly**, so he didn’t get caught. Would get pretty fucking messy otherwise.

...Honestly, Sans felt incredible. **High**, almost. He knew it wasn’t **right**, to feel that way, but… he felt so good.
He quickly dried off, and got into bed next to you, where he gently pulled you against him for a cuddle. You nuzzled into his chest as you slept, and the high only seemed to get stronger somehow.

...He slept that night, a lot more peacefully than he had in awhile.

Chapter End Notes

Want more HT Sans?
The previous night had been amazing, in your opinion.

Not perfect. No, nothing was ever perfect. Nothing ever went as planned in life, but really that’s what made life interesting in your opinion, even though in the moment where shits fucked up, you tell that saying to go fuck itself.

Waking up the morning after that amazing dinner, was great, too. You were in Sans’s bed, tangled in a mess of sheets and blankets, the duvet thrown on top of your resting bodies carelessly, as your limbs were intertwined together. His arm underneath your head, other one thrown across your torso lazily, while your hands were around his neck, face smooshed into his chest where you always felt safest. The light peered through the curtains, a blanket of warmth landing on your face, mixed with the fan blowing cool air at the two of you to balance everything out so neither of you overheated and drowned in sweat. The soft sound of birds chirping outside, mixed with the humming of the fan became your favorite tune as you searched his drooling face, him still being trapped in a deep, blissful sleep.

Every now and then, his sockets would flutter a bit, and his nose ridge would twitch, usually followed by a snorting sound, which for some reason you found absolutely adorable.

You felt like you were in heaven.

...Until you were hit with the sudden urge to vomit.
Sans had woken up in that next moment, and you looked at him, knowing you had an expression on your face that would probably signal what was happening, and how you were feeling, but you told him anyways.

“...I don’t feel so good,” you admitted, moving to sit up a bit, as you felt hot saliva collect in your mouth. A signal you had gotten familiar with, whenever you were going to vomit.

“...how not good?” He asked as he sat up, rubbing his face to try and wake himself up a bit more.

“...Gonna… G-Gonna puke,” you told him quickly, as you sat up and ran to the bathroom, slamming the door open and throwing up into the toilet, violently.

Your core muscles tightened as you emptied your stomach of last night's dinner into the toilet bowl, making sure to move your hair to one side so you didn't get anything in it. As you did so, your mind raced, wondering why the hell you were in this situation.

You didn’t have any other symptoms signaling a stomach virus, or the flu. It was just sudden nausea… maybe food poisoning? Maybe the food from the restaurant was off… you wouldn’t be too surprised. It was a new place, so no critics had gotten to it yet to tell people not to eat there… or maybe it was something you ate at home? Breakfast? Lunch? Either could have been bad.

Sans stood behind you, suddenly pulling your hair back and away from your face so you didn’t have to. He muttered a curse word under his breath, and started to rub your back. It was comforting, and while you felt a bit embarrassed, you were thankful for him being there.

When you finally had a moment of peace, you took a few deep breaths, tears falling down your face, freely. “...D-Did I eat something bad…? Sans, what did I eat yesterday?” You asked him, knowing he would be able to tell you. He always knew. Kept track of pretty much everything you did… dude really kept his receipts.

He seemed to be thinking for a moment, never slowing down in his back rubs. “...you had eggs for breakfast, and some pizza for lunch… oh and some cheetos, and then that dinner at the restaurant. everything was fine. nothing had gone off, yet.”

“...M-Maybe the restaurant food was bad! I-I d-” you started to tell him, but were cut off when you vomited again, into the toilet, with a harsh cough.
“easy,” he told you, voice soothing and gentle, “don’t work yourself up. it was fine. you’re fine. just breathe.”

You did what he said, and took a few deep breaths. Your breathing was shaky as you did so, but it did feel a bit better after a few moments. Felt like it was over, and felt like it really was just food poisoning… you were fine now. Just an upset stomach… you were okay.

“there ya go. you’re alright,” he cooed, kissing the back of your head gently, bringing you more comfort as you slowly felt better.

...Until you threw up again.

He continued to rub your back as you sobbed, unable to control your heaving and emotions. It tasted disgusting, and you hated it so much. Your throat felt like it was on fire, and the acid from your stomach was vile.

“You’re alright. it won’t last forever.”

You didn’t want it to be happening at all.

It didn’t make any sense. The more you thought about it, you knew you couldn’t really blame the restaurant, because if the food was bad it wouldn’t have past inspection. All of the groceries you had, were all fresh and Papyrus had just bought them, too, so… you didn’t know how it could possibly be food poisoning.

...

...Was your period late?

It usually came on the last day, or the first of every month, so… why hadn’t you gotten it yet? You had been so distracted and busy with Sans, that you hadn’t even realised…

...Were you pregnant?
“A-Am I pregnant?” You asked, mostly to yourself when you were finally able to stop retching.

“...huh?” He asked, seemingly surprised by the sudden question. You didn’t mean to spring that on him, but… were you!?

“...I think I’m pregnant.”

He went silent, and… you realised he probably knew. Monsters could feel things through their souls, and ever since you had soul bonded, it seemed like he always knew where you were, even though you turned off location.

...His silence just proved you were pregnant!

“I am!” You exclaimed, sitting up from your hunched position over the toilet bowl.

He quickly pulled you closer, against his chest and started to stroke his fingers through your hair. “shhh. baby, it’s okay,” he cooed, expecting you to be upset, but…

You were gonna be a mom!

You squealed, unable to contain your excitement any longer! A baby! Something that was half you, and half Sans. You couldn’t think of anything more perfect! You had always wanted to have kids, but you never actually pictured it happening!

Sans looked down at you, seemingly surprised by your happy expression. Poor guy must have let his insecurities get the better of him. He must have assumed you wouldn’t want to have a baby with him.

He kissed you on the forehead, and you chuckled a bit, tears starting to fall down your face from happiness.

“...I’d give you a proper kiss, but my breath is disgusting,” you told him with a soft laugh, having the sudden urge to bleach your mouth to get rid of this disgusting taste. The taste was sour, and your
throat felt as if you had swallowed three whole lemons, from the acidity.

“...you’re… happy?” He asked you, as if he really couldn’t believe it. As if it was impossible for you to be happy about this.

“O-Of course I am! You’re gonna be a dad! I’m gonna be a mom!” You felt like you were on cloud nine! You were finally going to start your life, properly, the way you had always imagined!

Of course you never pictured it with a six foot tall, murderous, stalker skeleton, but hey, you weren’t complaining.

You were unable to contain your excitement as you lightly bounced in his hold, letting out the occasional squeak when you let reality hit you. You were going to have a baby! It was going to be so small, and so perfect! You were going to do your absolute best to make sure this child was happy, and you were going to love it so so much!

“W-We have to make a names list! And we have to get a crib, and buy clothes a-and... read books on how to raise kids, and...” While you rambled, Sans flushed the toilet, disposing of your stomach's rejected foods.

“shhh. yes, we’ll figure things out, baby. it’s gonna be great,” he told you, clearly trying to get you to calm down. You were just too excitable in the moment, but who could blame you? Parenthood was an amazing thing, regardless for how difficult it could get. You were excited.

“...I’m gonna tell everyone,” you told him, as you gently started to play with the strings on his jacket. It always brought you comfort.

“who’s everyone?”

...He did have a point. You didn’t really talk to anybody aside from him and Papyrus, anymore.

“...I don’t even know.”

He chuckled and held you a little bit closer. He was keeping calm and collected on the outside, but
you knew him well enough to know it was a facade. He was just as excited as you were, if not more, on the inside.

“...Can I have some water? Please?” You wanted nothing more than to wash your mouth out and be rid of that disgusting taste.

“Of course. You brush your teeth,” he told you, releasing you and standing up, “I’ll be right back.”

You nodded, and watched as he left, noticing he had a little bit of a bounce in his step.

You smiled to yourself and stood up before shutting the lid to the toilet, and turning to the sink. You grabbed your toothbrush and put a good amount of toothpaste on it before you started to brush your teeth, pretty hard. You scrubbed your tongue too, and all around your mouth for good measure. After, you rinsed off your toothbrush, and washed your mouth out with water before wiping your face on a towel.

Much better. You definitely preferred mint, to vomit and stomach acid.

You sat down on the toilet lid when you were all finished and cleaned up, and patiently waited for Sans to return. It didn’t take him long, only about five minutes, before he was back in the bathroom and handing you a water bottle.

You opened it and instantly started to chug it, unable to stop yourself. Your throat was still burning, and the cool sensation on your throat was amazing.

“Slow down before you puke again,” he insisted, softly, leaning on the sink, next to you.

You slowly pulled the bottle away from your lips, knowing he was right. You didn’t wanna throw up again.

“...I need to start watching my diet. I’m eating for two now.” Even just saying it out loud, it still felt like a dream. Like you were living in a fantasy inside your mind, where you had a perfect family in the outcome. You couldn’t help but be super bubbly and optimistic at the thought of a tiny little baby. Your tiny little baby.
“...mhm. no more sushi,” he told you, teasingly, his smirk growing a bit. He reached up and started to pull at his socket, but you were pretty sure it wasn’t only to indicate bad emotions. He seemed to do it whenever there was any type of powerful emotion.

Just watching him with that smirk, one most people would find malicious, made your heart soar. He was… sexy, to put it bluntly.

“...Fuck,” you muttered under your breath, taking another, smaller sip of water, as you stood up from the toilet.

He chuckled again, and brought his hand away from his socket to envelope you in a hug. You hugged back instantly, nuzzling into him a bit as you did so. You couldn’t help but feel excited, whether or not you planned this, it was still an amazing thing. You were going to be a parent.

_A parent._

“...I-I don’t even know what to do with myself,” you admitted, the joy being too much to contain.

“...could fuck me,” he offered, casually, catching you a bit off guard.

“...So… you’re doing myself?”

“yep.”

Well, that was all the confirmation you needed.

You placed your hands on his spine through his shirt and gave it a light squeeze, liking his reaction when he let out a soft growl.

“Works for me,” you practically cooed, feeling as if you were walking on a cloud. You felt so light and airy and _bubbly!_

You squealed softly when he picked you up, holding you _baby_ style, which you found kind of
funny. He brought you back into the bedroom, being sure to close the bathroom door with his foot before entering, and then setting you down on the bed. He leaned down and you grabbed his face before giving him a gentle kiss.

He reached down and slowly started to pull your shirt off. In your opinion, it was too slow. You wanted him to go faster!

He pushed you gently so you laid on your back, and leaned his head down to leave a gentle kiss on your right boob, before switching to the left. You gasped softly, trying not to laugh at the tickling sensation. He started to kiss down your torso, leaving soft pecks while purring and maintaining eye contact with you the entire time, making it all feel a bit more intimate, somehow.

When he reached your belly, you got impatient and decided to take matters into your own hands by pulling your pants down, but he stopped you and held your hands still at your sides. You whined and tried to move them, but he held you still and kissed your stomach.

“..N-No! Go faster!” You complained, struggling. The throbbing between your thighs was too much, and you needed more. It felt like you were on fire, and it was burning you up from the inside out!

“shh…” he shushed you, leaving more kisses, “we’ll get there.”

You whined as he continued to kiss your abdomen, before he moved his hands to now rub your sides, and hips. You quickly gripped onto the sheets, trying to keep yourself from grabbing onto his skull, but it seemed like he was just trying to torture you, and you couldn’t stand it!

“P-Please!”

“...please what, angel?” He teased you, his voice playful and full of lust.

“P-Pleaseeatmeout!” You exclaimed, before you even knew what was coming out of your mouth.

His eye light seemed to shrink, before it re-expanded and his face flushed a dark blue. But apparently you said the right thing, because he started to pull your pants down, even if it was still too slow, at least you were getting somewhere.
“P-Please!!” You begged, unable to hold it back. You needed it now!

Slowly but surely, he got your pants off and then your underwear, before he finally tasted you.

He started with a gentle kiss to your clit, before letting his tongue snake out and give it a gentle lick. Your body reflexively jumped, lifting your butt off of the bed, but he grabbed onto your hips and held you gently, leaving you in place for him to do his job.

He nuzzled into your core, and very slowly licked you, too slowly. You ground down on his face, trying to get more friction. You needed it so bad. Thankfully, he sped up after you pressed against him hard enough, and got rougher with his licks.

He licked until you came, and then he kept licking, causing you to tense up and try to wiggle away, but he continued to hold you still, constantly licking your clit, and not letting up, until you came a second time, and at that point you could no longer handle it.

“...S-Stop!” You pleaded, gripping the sheets so hard you were afraid they were going to rip.

He chuckled and kissed your thigh before he crawled up, finally giving you a moment to breathe and to let your body relax. He pressed a soft kiss to your forehead, and then pulled his dick out of his pants. You almost smiled when he did… still finding it incredibly beautiful.

He kissed you gently, and the started to press in.

You moaned as he bottomed out, and then gently started to thrust his hips. You squealed a bit as your body readjusted, and then reached out to rub his spine through his shirt, almost instinctively at this point. He growled and sped up, so you took that as a good sign, and moved to touch his ribs as well.

“...y-you’re so fucking perfect,” he praised, picking up his pace, slowly. Too slowly.

“G-Go faster!” You practically screamed, the lust being too much to handle as you started to sweat.

But he didn’t… he kissed your neck, and stayed at the same speed. “...so fucking perfect…” He
growled his praises.

You tried to encourage him by moving and thrusting your hips upwards, wanting him to speed up and go harder. You could already feel the build up happening, and you needed more friction to be pushed over the edge.

*Just a bit more!*

He held your hips still, making you whine in frustration as he kept going the same speed. It felt like absolute torture. “...shh. easy, baby girl.”

You felt your face heat up at the nickname, and you practically mewled when he kissed you. You tried to take a few deep breaths and calm your urges as he fucked you, knowing you would cum eventually. He would never leave you high and dry… or... *low and wet.*

His gentle kisses made you get lost in a sexual haze. All you could see was him. All you could think about was him. All you knew was him. In that moment, all that existed were you and him, and this small life growing inside of you.

*Sans.*

When he reached down and started to rub your clit, you came, hard. It didn’t take anything more than that. About two seconds, and you were done.

He followed right after, and growled. “...fuck… g-good girl.”

You moaned and hid your face in his shoulder, feeling pretty embarrassed and worked up after your orgasm. It was blissful, and bliss often caused embarrassment.

...You gasped when you were suddenly brought back down to the pillow by your neck. His hand was around your throat, but… he wasn’t choking you. His hand was just... *there.* Resting. Feeling. Holding.

...*Why did it turn you on so much?*
You gasped when he gently squeezed, being careful not to choke you too hard. You were expecting pain, or fear, but... *it felt good.*

You moaned loudly, unable to hold back the lewd noises. You never thought you would be so turned on by *choking* of all things, but... it was *such* a rush. He had full control over you, could have killed you at any second, and it was so incredibly arousing.

*It felt like the ultimate submission.*

You could feel your body squeeze around his cock, and saw his smirk twitch as it did. The look on his face held complete insanity, and that combined with the gentle squeezing around your neck should have terrified you, but for some reason it was so fucking *hot.*

“...Ch-Choke me, daddy.”

...

...*Did you really just say that?*

He blinked, clearly caught off guard, and then burst out into hysterical laughter after letting go of his hold on your throat. You couldn’t help but join him, feeling like a complete idiot at what you had just said.

“...h-holy fuck, y/n!” He exclaimed, trying to catch his breath.

You wiggled your eyebrows in a seductive way to add to the humour, and he chuckled.

“...it’s just... so fascinating,” he told you, his eye lights shrinking again, signalling either arousal or insanity.

*You were guessing both.*
“...My neck?”

He shook his head and made a small noise of disagreement. “...your pulse.”

He squeezed your neck again, to prove his point, and you couldn’t stop the breathy moan that escaped your lips.

“...i can feel it. your blood.” He squeezed a bit harder, making it a bit more difficult to breathe, but not too much. You could still take a deep breath if needed.

“...A-Ah,” you moaned, feeling your heart beat pick up.

“...f u c k.”

He squeezed harder, this time making it kind of hard for you to breathe. It was incredibly arousing, but also slightly alarming. You gasped for breath, and reached your hands up to hold onto the arm that was around your neck. You didn’t try to pull it away, only held it there as you tried to breathe through the squeezing.

You were safe.

He eased up a bit, just enough to let you take a deep breath, before he squeezed again, with the same pressure. “...i could kill you right now. it’s all under my control.”

You moved one of your hands to grip onto his shirt. You weren’t panicking yet... you trusted him, and you knew he wouldn’t hurt you, despite what he said.

“...you’re mine.”

Damn right, you were.

Before it got too bad, he released his hold on your neck entirely, allowing you to breathe properly, once again. After a moment of catching your breath, he grabbed your face gently, cupping your
cheeks, and pressed a gentle kiss to your lips. You could feel your heart pounding in your chest… feeling like it was going a thousand beats a second.

...Yet you still wanted more.

“...could experiment with that more, after… when you aren’t pregnant.”

...Oh yeah. Probably not very good for the baby. You chuckled a bit and nodded in agreement.

“...i love you.”

“I love you too,” you told him. You really fucking did.

Sans hated restaurants.

Probably strange, but he loved the food part, yeah, just... he hated being around crowds of people. His mind would race, and he would feel as if he were being suffocated.

But the day before wasn’t all bad. No, he… he still got to spend some time with you alone in bed, and the food was pretty good. And… he found out he was going to be a dad.
And killed someone.

So yeah. Not all bad.

At least it didn’t last too long. The hours dragged on during the moment of it, of course, but as soon as it was over it pretty much left his mind, completely. After he disposed of the problem, it all went away. Like it never even happened. The problem never existed. He was a mistake. He didn’t deserve to even look at you… and now he couldn’t look at anybody, ever again!

…

...Just sleeping next to you made everything worth it. In the end, he would do anything you wanted, just as long as you stayed. At this point, you wouldn’t even be able to leave if you tried, but still… he wouldn’t let you. Especially not while you were pregnant.

All three of you would end up dead, if you left.

So he was going to avoid arguments. Suffer through being outside, and just try and enjoy you. Try to be happy.

Waking up next to you was a privilege he never wanted to lose. He used to hate morning more than anything, until he had something to look forward to. It never got old, and he was always content and warm in the mornings. The bed smelled like you, and you were so soft to cuddle, so you could imagine his surprise when you looked so… green in the morning.

You looked like you were about to internally explode… it was kind of alarming.

“...I don’t feel so good,” you told him, sitting up from your sleeping position.

Oh no. Were you dying? You were dying weren’t you. Oh shit.

Ohno.
“...how not good?” He asked you, sitting up as well and trying to wipe his face of sleepiness.

“...Gonna… G-Gonna puke!” You exclaimed, getting out of bed and racing to the bathroom.

He cringed a bit, confused as to what was making you sick. You hadn’t eaten anything bad, or-...

...oh.

oh yeah.

Humans got that thing when they were pregnant… morning sickness. It always sounded so fucked up to him… a baby should be something celebrated and beautiful, so why did humans have to vomit when they were expecting? It seemed fucked up and unfair, considering they were already going to be bloated and stretched out.

He stood up and followed you into the bathroom, where he found you throwing up into the toilet. He had pity for you, throwing up was never fun, even he knew that. He quickly pulled your hair back, so you no longer had to, and rubbed your back in soothing circles, trying his best to make this less traumatic for you.

“...D-Did I eat something bad…?” You asked him after you finally managed to stop puking. He found it somewhat endearing that you asked him… that you knew that he knew, and used it to your advantage. Made him feel less creepy, and more like he was being helpful. Like he was a food diary, or a menstrual tracker.

“...you had eggs for breakfast, and some pizza for lunch… oh and some cheetos, and then that dinner at the restaurant. everything was fine. nothing had gone off, yet,” he assured you, continuing to rub your back and hold back your hair. The last thing he wanted was for you to get food poisoning, so he always kept careful watch over what you consumed, and often times found himself insisting to cook it for you.

“...M-Maybe the restaurant food was bad! I-I d-” you started to exclaim hysterically, but getting all worked up just made you puke again. He cringed as you vomited, and did his best to comfort you through it.
“easy,” he cooed, making sure he used the same voice he used to use on pap whenever he would get sick or frightened, “...don’t work yourself up. it was fine. you’re fine. just breathe.”

You listened to him, which caught him a bit off guard, honestly. You breathed in deeply a few times, and it seemed like you were calming down, thankfully.

“there ya go. you’re alright,” he continued to coo, kissing the back of your head to try and bring more comfort.

And then you threw up again.

He cringed again, and continued to try and soothe you by rubbing your back. It was all he could do, really. This was the one thing he couldn’t save you from.

“you’re alright. it won’t last forever.” *He knew that much, at least.*

He wished it wasn’t happening at all really… he knew you wouldn’t actually think it was food poisoning after you thought about it. None of the food in the house had gone off yet, and the restaurant wouldn’t even be opened for business if their food wasn’t edible.

You would have to put the pieces together eventually… he just hoped it wasn’t too soon.

“...A-Am I pregnant?”

...*Well. Apparently wishful thinking never worked.*

“...huh?” He asked, wondering if he would get away with pretending to not know. Maybe he could even keep you in the dark for a little longer, just…

*He didn’t wanna lose his baby. Either of his babies.*
“...I think I’m pregnant,” you told him, voice monotone in the most terrifying moment. He didn’t know how to properly read your emotions in that moment… you seemed so… distant. Blank. Like a whiteboard, after it had been erased. Just left over marks of emotion, but nothing new indicating your feelings about this current situation.

It was eerie.

He didn’t wanna lie. So he just didn’t respond.

Apparently, you took that as a confirmation.

“I am!” You exclaimed, sitting up, apparently done with your vomiting, thankfully.

_He had the urge to shove you in his closet, where he knew he could keep you both safe._

He pulled you against his chest, gently, running his phalanges through your hair. This was the part where you left, right? Where you got an abortion, and ran away because he didn’t tell you. Because he was disgusting enough to put a baby inside of you. Because he didn’t even deserve you in the first fucking place.

“shhh. baby, it’s okay,” he cooed, trying his best to make it all seem okay, when really he was about to have a heart attack.

...You squealed.

You… squealed.

...you squealed?

It wasn’t a fearful squeal, no, it… it sounded _happy_?

...Like excitement?
He looked down at you, extremely confused, and was shocked to see such a huge smile on your face.

You looked… more than happy, really. You looked thrilled, and excited, and… and like you were glowing. He knew how stupid that was to say, that a pregnant woman was glowing, but… it was so true. You looked like you were radiating light… it was strange and also somewhat comforting…

You chuckled as he kissed your forehead. All of his insecurities were slowly dying away… it was strange how everything you said had the biggest effect on him. You say something positive, and he suddenly feels like a great person… one negative thing and he’s the scum of the earth who needs to crawl back into his hole, underground.

“...I-I’d give you a proper kiss, but my breath is disgusting,” you told him with another chuckle. He didn’t give a shit. He would kiss you even if you were dead.

“...you’re… happy,” he tried to process this as he said it out loud. That was never an option when he thought about your reaction to the pregnancy… it was always ones of disgust or fear that he imagined, not utter excitement.

“O-Of course I am! You’re gonna be a dad! I’m gonna be a mom!” You exclaimed, happily. So happily… it was kind of contagious, but… he was afraid to get his hopes up. You could still change your mind about all of it. Opinions changed, easy as turning on a light switch.

...He could barely even picture it, though. Him as a dad. He wasn't even stable, mentally… he would never hurt his baby, or you, but… it was still a scary thought. What if he taught it something bad, and made it seem like it was the right thing to do? He was afraid of fucking the kid up, mentally, just like he was. The last thing he would want to pass on genetically, would be his fucking mind.

He was afraid.

“W-We have to get a names list! And we have to get a crib, and buy clothes, a-and… read books on how to raise kids, and-...” you rambled on, as Sans flushed the toilet, figuring you were finished throwing up.

“shhh. yes, we’ll figure things out, baby. it’s gonna be great,” he assured you, even though really, he was internally freaking out. He was so afraid of fucking up this kid, and at the same time, he wanted
nothing more than to protect it and make it the happiest it possibly could be. You and that baby were going to be the most important things in his entire life…

Like precious little jewels, that he needed to keep safe and sound. Hidden away, for protection.

“...I’m gonna tell everyone,” you told him, starting to play with the strings on his jacket. No matter how many times you did that, he always felt fond of it.

“who’s everyone?” He asked, knowing damn well you only knew a handful of people.

“...I don’t even know,” you admitted, softly. Your voice so gentle, it made his soul throb.

He chuckle and snuggled you a bit tighter. He was excited, but… he was also terrified. He raised his brother, yeah, but… that was before he lost his mind.

“...Can I have some water? Please?”

“course. you brush your teeth, and i’ll be right back,” he told you as he stood up.

You gave him a nod, and he made his way out of the bathroom before going down the stairs. Papyrus wasn’t home at the moment, probably out on a run, so he made his way to the kitchen alone, before opening the fridge. It was pretty full, considering how often Papyrus went grocery shopping. They were always stocked up on vegetables, pastas, eggs, and water bottles. Speaking of, he quickly grabbed one before shutting the fridge.

As closed it, he looked around the kitchen and let his mind wander a bit.

...He thought about everything in the kitchen alone that he would have to baby proof soon. Sharp objects, outlets… he would definitely have to put a gate up. The high chair could go in the corner, and there was room for bottles and baby food in the fridge…
He didn’t have to worry about it… and he didn’t have to be alone on it. You would be helping, and Papyrus…

It was so stressful to think back to the days where he was raising him all alone. He was just barely surviving with a baby… but that didn’t matter, now. He was well off. He had so much money now, since he had all of that gold underground.

*The exchange rate had been amazing.*

He took a few more deep breaths before making his way back to you. You had just finished brushing your teeth, and seemed to be in a much better mood. Less green. More bubbly… like you were looking forward to it. He was glad. The fear of you wanting to abort had been really hard for him to handle… especially since he was so insecure. He was almost certain you were going to… but you weren’t.

He handed you the bottle, and watched as you chugged it. Normally, he would let you, but he was kind of afraid you were going to blow chunks again. “...slow down before you puke again.”

He leaned on the sink next to you, as you were sat on the toilet. Even if things were difficult and confusing, he still felt… happy. Content.

You listened and slowed down, before looking at him. “...I need to start watching my diet.”

…He hadn’t even thought of that. No deli meats, no red meat, certain fishes, and…

“...mhmm. no more sushi,” he told you, making it sound light, but really he kind of pitied you. He knew how much you really liked sushi, and he felt bad that you weren’t going to be able to eat it for a while. He subconsciously pulled at his socket, only noticing when your face turned a light pink color.

“...Fuck,” you muttered softly, taking a sip of water and standing up.
He chuckled, softly, before pulling you into a hug. You hugged him back, and nuzzled into him, making his soul do a backflip. You seemed so happy and it made him feel like he finally did something right… he never really imagined himself having how own kids, especially not after he had already raised one, his brother, so this was all so strange to him. Felt like he was in some type of fever dream.

“I-I don’t even know what to do with myself,” you admitted to him, sounding overcome with emotions.

... heh.

“...could fuck me,” he offered. You hadn’t slept together in a few days, and well… he was a bit pent up.

Maybe he had a breeding kink.

“...So… you’re doing myself?”

“yep.”

He tried to hold back a growl when you reached up and gripped onto his spine through his shirt. You were starting to really get to know his body, and where he liked to be touched…

He wasn’t used to anybody else touching him. It was always just him, alone, in his room late at night. Sometimes to your pictures.

“Works for me,” you told him softly, your happiness still oozing off of you.

He instantly picked you up, and exited the bathroom, being sure to shut the door, before bringing you into the bedroom. He set you down gently on the bed before leaning down and kissing you. You tasted sweeter, somehow… more so than usual. It wasn’t overpowering but it was there, and it made a difference.

He managed to pull himself away enough to pull your shirt off, going slow. He wanted to savor this
moment… drag it out, so it lasted for a while. He wanted it to be emotional and slow, instead of it being hard and fast like usual.

He wanted to worship you.

He gently pushed you back so you laid down, and leaned down to kiss your breast. Your skin was always such a comforting thing… a safety blanket. It always felt so soft and so inviting to him. He envied you, really. He wished he had skin for himself… but then again, skin with a huge hold in his head, probably wouldn’t look very pretty.

He kissed down your body, purring while also making sure he was looking you in the eye. He wanted you to feel the intimacy. Feel how much he loved you.

He stopped when he reached your stomach, leaving soft kisses all over it. You got impatient, apparently, because you whined and started to pull down your own pants. He almost laughed, but instead just held your hands at your sides, preventing you from shedding your bottoms.

“N-No! Go faster!” You demanded, struggling and pulling your hands, trying desperately to get them free. But he didn’t budge, still taking his time.

“shh... we’ll get there,” he cooed, kissing your stomach more. He could feel it… the baby. Feel the soul, growing inside of you.

You whined in response as he moved his hands to rub your sides. He was pleased when instead of fighting further, you just gripped onto the bed sheets and tried to relax.

Felt good to have some power.

“P-Please!” You begged, in the most adorable way. It almost made him want to give in… almost.

“please what, angel?” He teased you, wanting to drag it out and make you beg for him. He wanted you to need him, just as badly as he needed you, if not, more.

“P-Please eatmeout!” You exclaimed, catching him completely off guard.
He wasn’t expecting something so lewd to come out of his little angels mouth!

But hell, he would humor you. He had been itching to taste you again for a while now, anyways. He gently pulled your pants down, still being pretty slow, since apparently that worked you up so much.

“P-Please!!!” You begged, just like he was hoping you would.

He still dragged it out, though. Took his sweet ass time pulling your pants down, and made sure to look you in the eyes the entire time. But your patience was soon rewarded, because he eventually tasted you.

More like he was rewarded.

He kissed your clit, very gently, before letting his tongue sneak out a bit, and gently swipe across it.

It tasted heavenly. He was almost certain you were a drug to him, on at least some type of level. He needed you, more than he needed his own fucking magic. He would die rather than be without you for even a second. If you were a drug… then you were the worst kind, because he couldn’t shake this addiction.

As soon as his tongue made contact with your clit, you instantly lifted your butt off of the sheets, in the cutest way. He had to hold you down by your hips, because you were just so sensitive! It had been a while, and your body just had to get used to it!

Pretty soon, you did, and you even tried to get him to go faster… you ground down onto his face, and moaned, trying to get more… it was just so cute, and he couldn’t possibly say no.

It didn’t take much for you to reach your peak. Having not orgasmed in a while, your entire body was sensitive, and easily contracted. You tried to wiggle away from him instantly as you came, but… he licked you through it, and continued to lick you, until you came again.

“...S-Stop!” You begged him, unable to handle anymore stimulation. You were gripping onto the bed sheets so tightly, that your knuckles were turning white.
adorable.

He let up, and pressed a soft kiss to your thigh with a chuckle. He crawled up and above you, before softly kissing your forehead, and then getting his dick out. You always seemed so mesmerized by it… it was both simultaneously weird and adorable.

He gave you a soft kiss on the lips before he started to press into you, causing you to moan. He easily slid in, since your body was so used to his… foreign object. He found it so beautiful… how human anatomy worked. It was all so fascinating and unique… he loved it.

You made tiny squeaking noises, and he swears, if anybody else made those sounds he would punch them in the face. It would be so fucking annoying, but when it was you? When it was you it was the most precious noise he had ever heard. Like there was an angel singing, so beautifully, at the top of their lungs…

gorgeous.

You gripped onto his spine, adding to your perfection… you seemed to always know where to touch him. Like you had a map drawn out in your mind, and you had an X on every single place he wanted you to feel… you were just always so perfect.

“…y-you’re so fucking perfect,” he praised you, going faster, slowly.

“G-Go faster!” You demanded instantly, apparently his speed not being enough for you…

Poor baby.

Too bad he wasn’t exactly… feeling nice.

He kept at his slow and steady pace, being sure to keep himself from speeding up, just to fuck with you a little bit. “…so fucking perfect…”
You attempted to make him speed up by thrusting your hips upwards, trying your hardest to get more friction, but he held your hips still against him, and took the control back by rolling his pelvis into you.

“...shh. easy, baby girl.”

He kissed you, and he could feel your face grow hotter. You took a few deep breaths, and seemed to relax a bit, most likely trying to calm your mind allow your body to relax enough to enjoy what you were getting. He left kisses all over your face as he thrusted gently, your eyes seeming to glaze over with lust and need… it was an addicting sight, to say the least, and he hoped it got to see it more often.

He reached down and gently started to rub your clit, making sure to start hard, so you came fast, and intense. It worked pretty quickly, and it took no time at all for you to reach your orgasm… and he soon followed, you milking his out of him.

“...fuck… g-good girl,” he praised you, and you moaned and his your face into his shoulder.

...

...He pushed you back down onto the mattress, by your neck.

He wasn’t sure why, he just… had the sudden urge to feel it. Feel the skin, and the pulse… feel your blood pumping. You gasped when the back of your head hit the pillow again, making him feel… strange.

*powerful.*

...He squeezed, ever so gently, and you gasped again, and then moaned, clearly very turned on, and slightly afraid. The look on your face held fear, and lust, and mixed together it was like… an entirely new emotion. One he had never experienced or heard of before… he liked it.

*you looked beautiful*. The way your lip would quiver, and your eyebrows furrowed together…
...He had complete control over you. He could’ve ended everything for you right in that moment, easily, and he would get away with it... it would be so easy to get away with it. Nobody would even notice if he did it properly, not for a while.

*could erase you from existence...*

If he didn’t need you, that was.

He could feel your pussy clench around his cock so tightly, like a warm hug... It was beautiful, and he couldn’t help but smile even wider than he already had been.

*beautiful.*

“...Ch-Choke me, daddy.”

...

...*what.*

He blinked, caught very off guard by that statement.

...Choke me daddy.

...Huh. Never pegged you as the type to have a daddy kink.

He couldn’t help but laugh, hard. You looked so embarrassed for a moment, before it turned to pure hysterical laughter. He could feel you clenching around him with each laugh, your body squeezing and contracting.
“...holy fuck, y/n!” He laughed, trying to even out his breathing and calm down. This was supposed to be serious... but there was something beautiful about the fact you were both able to laugh during something so intimate... it felt safe. Fun. Comfortable.

home.

You wiggled your eyebrows in a suggestive way, causing him to chuckle. It was cute...

“...it’s just... so fascinating,” he muttered, feeling himself slowly become unhinged...

This was addicting.

“...My neck?” You asked, confused. You just didn't understand... all these things you took for granted. He wished he could feel a pulse in himself... something that reminded him he was alive.

He shook his head. “...your pulse.”

He squeezed again, to further prove his point, and you moaned again, breathily... deliciously.

“...i can feel it, your blood.” He squeezed a little harder, being mindful of your breathing. It was starting to shorten a bit, but you were fine. It wasn’t too concerning... so he didn’t stop.

...and then you moaned, and your heart started to race.

“...f u c k.”

He squeezed even harder, this time taking note when your breathing became shallow and uneven... you looked so scared. So aroused.

So perfect.
You reached up and gripped onto his arm, but you didn’t try to pull it away… you almost seemed to be pulling it closer to your neck, subconsciously. You liked this… you and your body.

...He released for a moment, just long enough to allow you a deep breath, before he squeezed again. “...i could kill you right now. it’s all under my control.”

...He finally felt power again. It was beautiful. It felt right.

You gripped onto his shirt with one arm, the other still clinging to his. You seemed anxious… but you hadn’t asked him to stop.

“...you’re mine.” It wasn’t even close to a question. It was a fact. You were completely his, whether you liked it or not at this point…

So you were both pretty lucky you did.

He released his hold on you before it got too intense, and allowed you to breathe. After you caught your breath by gasping and panting, he gently grabbed your face and kissed you. He could feel your heart pounding through your chest… so fast. So hard.

...It was mesmerizing.

“...could experiment with that more, after… when you aren’t pregnant.” he wanted nothing more.

You chuckled and nodded, thankfully agreeing. He was glad you were both on the same page… if you hadn’t liked this, then it would be kind of disappointing.

But he would never force you.

“...i love you.”

“I love you too.” You told him, and he wasn’t sure if he was just imagining things or not, but… it sounded a lot more genuine than it had in the past.
Chapter End Notes

We're nearing the end~

Want more HT Sans?
Manipulation.

Chapter Summary

About time you guys talked this out.

_Things are getting better._

Chapter Notes

Have an early update.

I'm not super proud of this chapter, but hopefully you guys enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When Papyrus came home later that day, you instantly ran up to him and gave him a light hug, which he responded to by picking you up and holding you.

“HELLO HUMAN!” He greeted cheerfully, giving you a soft hug. You knew he enjoyed being greeted whenever he came home, and you were more than happy to do it. You would want the same thing, after you had been out all day.

“Hi! I… have some news,” you told him, before gently wiggling to be put down, “Exciting news.

He obliged, and gently set you back down onto the floor, before crouching down to your level to listen. You tried not to be offended, and decided to just talk and tell him what was going on. He probably didn’t know you were self conscious about your height, so you couldn’t really blame him for it.

“…I’m pregnant!” You told him happily, not wanting to tiptoe around it. It was exciting news, and there was no reason to hide it, or drag it out! You wanted everyone to know!

“…OH WOW!” He exclaimed, seemingly surprised, “THAT’S AMAZING!”

“I know! You’re gonna be an uncle!” You told him, happily, bouncing in place. You couldn’t
contain your emotions at all, because you were so happy and that made you want everybody else to be happy, too!

“EXCITING!!” He exclaimed, bouncing as well, making you giggle a bit. You were glad that everybody was taking this so well!

...So far, anyways, but... you didn’t really have anybody else left to tell.

...Also, you had an aching feeling it was a boy.

“I MUST ATTEND TO DINNER NOW... BUT I AM VERY HAPPY FOR YOU BOTH!” Papyrus told you, giving you a light head pat. Usually you would be somewhat offended by the gesture, but now it just made you chuckle. You nodded and watched as he went off to the kitchen, and you made your way back to the living room where you had left Sans. He was half asleep on the couch, waiting for you, so you crawled in and nuzzled up to him, your back to his front so he could spoon you. You both got comfortable quickly, and he wrapped his arms around you, lazily.

The television was on, so you didn’t mind entertaining yourself while he had a little cat nap. The news was on, and they were telling a story about some homeless man donating his small amount of money. It was a cute story, and you really didn’t mind watching it.

...Then there was a breaking news segment.

It caught your attention instantly, by the music they always used when something important was about to be played. A lady dressed up in a suit started to speak, saying something about how a man, age 23 had gone missing and had not been seen since his shift at work...

...His picture popped up on the screen, and it looked so familiar. You could have sworn you had seen him somewhere, before... you just... couldn’t quite pin where. The grocery store, maybe? Maybe he lived in your neighborhood? Worked somewhere you had b-...

...

...He was your waiter. At the restaurant. Steven. He had flirted with you, after taking your order.
...Oh fuck no. Sans had been upset sure, but you didn’t think he was *that* upset! He seemed perfectly fine when you came back from the bathroom, so you didn’t think he was still *pissed* about it! You had thought Papyrus had calmed him down, and that it was all over, so why did he do this!?

You had no doubt in your mind that it was him. No traces of doubt, and you were *not* happy.

You stood up, and stopped cuddling him, beyond pissed off. When did he even have time to do that!?! You were always with him!

He made a small groaning sound, clearly one of complaint as he reached for you with his sockets still closed.

“Open your eyes,” you snapped, unable to hold back your anger. But hey, you were pregnant. Hormones and shit.

“...don’t have eyes,” he argued, voice filled with sleep.

“Sockets!” You snapped again, getting impatient, rather quickly.

He did, slowly, and looked over at you. He looked exhausted, but hey, that’s what happens when you probably murdered somebody! Sounds exhausting!

You walked over to the television and pointed to it before crossing your arms. He looked at it, and then back at you, and he had the nerve to look confused. As if you were an idiot, and didn’t clearly know what was happening here!

“That’s the guy who called me beautiful at the restaurant,” you told him, trying to get it through his skull that you *knew* he did it. You weren’t a naive idiot.

“...yeah?”

*You could feel your blood beginning to boil.*

“And now he’s suddenly *mysteriously* missing!”
“...and it’s automatically my fault?” He asked you, defensively. As if he had a fucking right to be defensive! He did this!!

“Are you trying to make me feel bad for knowing you did this!?” You exclaimed, feeling offended and angry. Was he seriously trying to manipulate you right now!? He was exhausted and you were stubborn, so it wasn’t going to fucking work!

“why are you blaming me!? when would i have even had time to do that!?”

That’s what you wanted to know!

...

“...The night we went to the restaurant! You came back and showered with clean clothes!” You finally realised when he must have done it. He never showered for no reason.

“so i’m not allowed to shower?” He asked, his brow bone raised, his voice holding a slight amount of humor, but really, it just made you even more angry.

“Are you kidding me!? You never shower without being asked to!”

“papyrus asked me to!”

Even if that had been true, which you were pretty sure it wasn’t, it didn’t change anything. He still did this, and now whether he was aware of it or not, he was making it worse by lying to you. You were pissed of course, because he never should have done anything to the dude, but still. You could have worked past it with him, and everything could have been fine! He didn’t have to lie to you!

“...This guy calls me beautiful, and suddenly vanishes on the night he does it,” you said, probably sounding more condescending than you actually meant to… you weren’t trying to be a bitch, but come on!
“stop blaming me for everything that goes wrong,” he said, sounding so incredibly offended. It pissed you off even more.

“...Are you trying to fucking manipulate me!?”,

“no! i’m sick of you always making me out to be the bad guy!”

You did not do that! You knew you could be a huge bitch at times, but you never said he was a bad guy! You always tried to help him during these problems, but you couldn’t if he wasn’t going to let you!

You couldn’t help somebody who wouldn’t help themself.

“Don’t turn this into something it isn’t,” you told him, a warning tone to your voice. You weren’t going to speak to him if he was gonna turn this around and make it seem like you were being mean to him.

“you have been super fucking controlling lately, and i haven’t even complained! you don’t have to be up my ass!” He screamed, sounding genuinely hurt.

“...Wow. Okay. So that’s how you feel,” you said, not caring if it was petty as you went up the stairs. You weren’t arguing with him if he was going to turn it around on you like that. No fucking way.

“where are you going!?”, He called after you, not moving from where he was standing.

You didn’t respond. You just kept going upstairs, until you got into the bedroom, and closed and locked the door. You knew it was technically his room, but you didn’t give a fuck! You were pregnant and angry! If you wanted to hide alone in his room, you could!

You opened his closet, and shut yourself inside, not wanting anybody to be around you anymore… but also really wanted to smell him, and you found for some reason the closet had his scent the best. You wondered if it was weird, that you were so obsessed with his smell, but you just blamed it on the pregnancy… regardless of the fact you were addicted to it before you had gotten knocked up…
You sat down inside, and took a few deep breaths.

Fuck him.

Fuck him.

...Fuck him.

...

...You had been pretty controlling, hadn’t you?

You dragged him out of the house at least twice in the past three days… even when you promised you wouldn’t. And then you even went as far as to manipulate him when he said he didn’t want to, by threatening to go without him.

...You weren’t exactly treating him as an equal now, either.

You didn’t want to leave him. You still wanted this to work so bad, especially now that you were pregnant. You didn’t want your baby to grow up without a dad, but at the same time, you didn’t want them to grow up around violence and murder. Not to mention the soul bond. You were pretty much stuck here whether you decided you wanted to leave or not, because the pain would be never-ending, and you felt like you were going to die after just one day without him. He ruined so many things for you, but at the same time he made things so much better, without even realising it. All you wanted to do was make things work, and help him get better, for the sake of your future, and for your growing family.

You were mad, but you weren’t mad enough to cause that much pain for yourself, and others around you. Besides, he was showing improvements, at least. It was happening gradually, bit by bit, so you were still proud of him.

...Shit was messy, but you could still clean it up.

You almost screamed when there was a sudden, soft knock on the closet door, your body
involuntarily jumping. You had forgotten he could teleport for a second… so locking the door really had no effect in the first place.

“...Hi,” you called out, softly, not really sure if you wanted to let him or not.

“...you’re right, and i’m wrong. can we stop fighting now?” He asked, not even sounding angry anymore… just genuinely desperate to stop arguing.

“...Come in here,” you told him, deciding you did want to let him in. As long as you weren’t arguing, you didn’t care.

You unlocked the door, and he opened it, before sitting down directly next to you. You weren’t sure if it was intentional or not, considering how tiny of a space it already was in the crowded closet. His eye lights seemed to light up the entire closet, being the only source of light that was actually in the closet.

You leaned your head on his shoulder, gently, enjoying his warmth. It was pretty cold in there for some reason, and he was always like a heated blanket.

“...You’re not all wrong,” you whispered, admitting you had faults as well. You couldn’t put everything on him, you knew that… you were just so angry in the heat of the moment.

“...sure as fuck feels that way, lately,” he admitted, leaning his head on top of yours, luckily, his crack being on the opposite side of his skull.

“...Lately?” You asked, wanting to know exactly how long that had been going on. You didn’t want him to feel that way… you genuinely wanted this to all work out, and be a perfect relationship… or at least, as close to perfect as it could be, since perfection wasn’t real.

He took a deep breath before letting it out, seeming like he didn’t want to talk about this in the first place, but… you both needed to get all of this out in the open. “...ever since that day you left… since you’ve come back, it… everything’s been my fault. and you’ve been manipulating me.”

“...It’s the only way you ever let me go outside.”
“...just... you said i was manipulating you, and i'm not saying i wasn’t, but... you did it to me, too.”

He told you, making you realise how hypocritical you actually sounded.

...Opps.

“...It was the only way you ever let me go outside,” you defend yourself softly, knowing that didn’t excuse it, but he at least deserved to know why.

“...just feels like we’re both in the wrong here. i wouldn’t say on an even playing field, because uh... i did some fucked up shit, but... yeah.” He admitted, pulling at his right eye socket. You really appreciated the fact he was admitting it.

“...I really wanted you to go to the restaurant with me... I’m sorry.”

“...and the store too, the other day,” he pointed out, gently grabbing your hand.

“...That too,” you agreed softly.

This was a much better alternative to arguing and yelling... but you still felt insanely guilty, and you could tell that he did too, considering how jittery and uncomfortable he seemed. You noticed he had been fidgeting with his shirt, and pulling at his eye sockets, which were obvious signs of anxiety, as your eyes adjusted to the darkness.

“...kinda ironic how it got turned around, and i was the one who wasn’t treated equally. i forgive you, really, just... kinda funny,” he said with a dry chuckle.

“...How do I get you to let me outside?” You asked, deciding it was better to discuss it so you didn’t have to manipulate him next time... you couldn’t always be inside. It wasn’t healthy, and wouldn’t work.

“could have just gone outside. i didn’t hold you hostage,” he pointed out, which you knew was true to an extent, but... you didn’t wanna be without him.

You laughed lightly and squeezed his hand. “But you did drop a glass when I wanted to go for a walk.”
“you didn’t have to help clean it,” he pointed out, softly.

“Didn’t have to drop it, either,” you shot back, sticking your tongue out playfully.

His eye lights darted all over your face, like he was lost in thought again. Either that, or he was examining you.

“...i’m sorry, y/n.” He apologized softly, his voice gentle but gritty, like static snow.

“...Me too, Sans,” you apologized back, before sitting up and crawling into his lap to cuddle him. He held you, and gently rubbed your back, and occasionally ran his fingers through your hair, stroking it gently.

“...you were right,” he whispered, holding you a little tighter.

“...About what?”

“...i killed him,” he admitted, sounding guilty.

…”

You fucking knew it.

You slapped your forehead and groaned, realising none of this really had to happen. He could have just admitted it, and then you could have helped him and then you both could have moved on. He nuzzled into your neck as you sighed, clearly anxious and waiting for you to yell, but… you didn’t.

“...I don’t know what to think,” you admitted, wanting to be mad, but… you weren’t.

Not anymore.
“...i’m sorry,” he apologized, again, very gently, his breath tickling your neck.

“No you’re not,” you said, jokingly, even though you knew for a fact he really wasn’t. He wouldn’t feel guilt over ‘protecting’ you.

“i’m really not,” he admitted, with a dry chuckle. You couldn’t really fault him… or, well, you could, just… you understood. His instincts made him do stupid shit. You knew that.

You both were struggling in this situation… and instead of being at each other’s throats, you should be supporting each other.

“...It’s like… a few weeks ago I would’ve flipped when I found out you killed somebody, but… now it’s just… very mild fear,” you explained, hoping that would calm him down a bit, knowing you weren’t angry. His shoulders did seem to relax slightly, and he also seemed to realize that he was pulling at his socket, so he stopped.

“...i don’t know how to stop myself.”

That was the scary part.

“...You need therapy,” you told him, mostly as a suggestion, but… you knew he really fucking did.

He laughed again, his voice still sounding dry and worn out.

“...I’m serious.”

His smile fell, and the laughter died instantly. He looked almost offended… trapped.

“...C-Could do it from home…”

“no.”
“...Plenty of programs we could look at,” you tried, sounding optimistic, but yet timid.

“y/n,” he said your name sternly, squeezing your hand gently. “no.”

“...Why not?”

“i would end up killing them.”

Well that was exactly what you were trying to avoid.

“...I could do it,” you offered, deciding that would probably be best, “You wouldn’t kill me.”

He raised a brow bone and looked at you. “...you wanna give me therapy?” He asked, as if it was such a crazy idea.

“I can try my best,” you offered, trying to stay optimistic, “You can talk to me.”

“...mhmm,” he hummed, clearly not super interested in it, but hey, if it didn’t work you could always just stop.

“And there won’t be all that weird professional stuff! Just me and you, talking!”

“...whatever.”

“...You’re not into it,” you pointed out, even though it was insanely obvious.

“of course i’m not. not that i don’t wanna talk to you, it’s just... no.” He muttered, making sure you knew he didn’t not wanna talk to you.
“...Why not?”

“i don’t want therapy.”

...You knew that. But he needed it, and you needed to convince him to do it. He couldn’t go around killing everybody who complimented you, or fucking looked at you a way he didn’t like. It wasn’t a reason for death!

“...You need it.”

He looked offended for a moment, and you instantly got defensive.

“N-Not like that! Just... y-you killed somebody just because they called your wife beautiful!”

“yeah, becau-...” he stopped and froze for a second, looking shocked, “...wife?”

...

...Did you say that out loud?

“...Oh, uh… I-I just assumed, that…” you started as you looked down at your hands, feeling embarrassed, and feeling your face heat up.

He cupped your face suddenly, and tilted your head up to look at him. You looked into his eye lights, and felt relieved when he kissed you. You kissed back easily, and tried to get even closer, feeling like you were finally going to get somewhere… Maybe he would listen now? Maybe you could really help him.

He pulled back and kissed you on the forehead, before looking you in the eye again. “...whatever you want.”

Success!
You smiled. “Well, right now, I wanna cuddle.”

He chuckled and pulled you even closer, all of his stress seeming to visibly disappear. You felt good now, too, knowing you would be able to fix things, bit by bit, as long as he properly focused and let you do your thing.

“...No more murder unless a family member is in danger, or like… there’s some crazy moral dilemma… please?” You tried, not wanting to be pushy, but wanting him to know how it should be.

“...i’m trying, y/n,” he told you, softly, sounding somewhat… defeated.

“...I know,” you started, remembering positive reinforcement was a necessary thing in these types of situations, “And you’re doing so well. Look at you! You pulled out of two episodes before this. You’re trying, and it’s working. Setbacks are bound to happen, it’s okay.”

He didn’t say anything, instead just kissing you on the cheek, gently.

“...I really appreciate you’re trying.” You told him, giving a gentle smile.

“...thanks.” He said, but it sounded dull, and pretty unengenuine.

“...How about this,” you started, deciding it was time to lighten the mood, “I’ll wear a sign that says “do not compliment me or my husband will kill you” , and then it’s their fault. Okay?”

He blinked for a moment, and then pulled out his phone, before actually googling a custom T-shirt website.

You laughed, full heartedly. “Y-Yeah! Like that. In blue. I’ll ruin it if it’s in white.”

“want it baggy?”
“Yeah. Then I can still wear it when I get bigger,” you said, remembering you had a baby on the way. It was so strange, how you could momentarily forget there was a life growing inside of you, but your mind would always end up going back to it.

“alright,” he agreed, as he literally ordered the shirt.

You giggled and turned to face him. “I love you.”

“...i love you,” he said it back, before turning his phone off, and pulling you in for a kiss.

Sans dreamt about the future.

It was something that never happened, really. His dreams were usually dwelled on the past, or occasionally about food, but never the future.

He saw five tiny babies, all surrounding you, as you laid down on his bed. All looked similar to either you or him, and all completely beautiful. He didn’t know how anything could look so much like him, and still be so gorgeous. It was mind boggling.

*He was a lot more excited than he ever thought he would be about having kids.*

While you went and told Papyrus about your pregnancy, *even though he technically already knew*, Sans laid on the couch and waited for you, patiently. His mind just constantly stuck on the whole concept of you carrying his baby. A part of him was inside of you, growing slowly… it all seemed so intimate and so incredible.
Surreal.

He had this aching feeling in his soul, that it was a baby girl. But hell, he was usually wrong about most things, so... he should probably be prepared for both. No matter what the baby came out to be, he would love it more than anything in the world.

Because it was half you.

Anything that was at least half of something as perfect as you, had to be precious.

Had to be perfect.

You woke him up momentarily when you slid in front of him on the couch, and laid so your back was pressed against his front. You were always so warm, no matter where you were or what your surroundings were... it was always something he could count on. The only time he ever experienced an issue, was when it was late at night, and you put your feet on him... you always had cold feet for some reason.

It just hoped that wasn't metaphorical, as well.

He felt himself falling back asleep easily, your warmth being almost like a blanket. He kept drifting in and out, his mind always drifting back to the thought of your pregnancy. Always thinking about how the baby would look... how beautiful, and sweet, and precious they would be.

perfect.

He had thousands of names in his head... for each gender, including gender neutral. He just had to wait and see which ones you liked the best. Or maybe even you had some names planned. Maybe you thought about it as much as he did... or even more.

...The thought of that made him feel so tingly.

He was finally drifting back to sleep, but then your warmth was ripped away from him.
He whined and reached for you, craving your warmth. Craving the feeling of your skin, pressed against him like the warmest duvet, straight out of the dryer. Soft and comforting. You always kept the nightmares away… made them non-existent.

“Open your eyes,” your voice snapped, like a rubber band. Tense, and elastic.

...Why were you mad at him?

“...don’t have eyes,” he joked, still sleepy, with his sockets closed. He just wanted to hold you and sleep for days… your body was still eating at his magic, causing pure exhaustion, so the baby could grow properly.

“Sockets!” You snapped again, making him feel suddenly anxious.

*What did he do wrong now?*

He was just having an amazing dream about you and your growing family… so he didn’t say anything bad in his sleep? ...Did he?

Did he blurt out something he shouldn’t have said? Something he had done in the past, or just something that his sleepy mind made up?

He opened his sockets and sat up a bit, looking at you. He was racking his brain, trying so hard to find what could have possibly happened that made you so upset with him. Everything he had done flew through his mind in flashes… but nothing you hadn’t already knew about came to mind…

He watched as you walked over to the television, and pointed at it, before crossing your arms. You looked so angry. Like a little ball of fire, ready to burn him at any second. He looked over at the screen, trying to find out what had pissed you off so much.

...

...Oh.
Oh no. That guy.

...

...breathe.

...Okay, he was just missing. You didn’t know what had happened, or that it was even him in the first place… it would be fine.

“That’s the guy who called me beautiful at the restaurant,” you said, accusingly, so angry he could feel the heat coming off of you from the couch. The tension in the room so tight, like a hair elastic.

“...yeah?” He asked, trying to hide his anxiety and look oblivious. The last thing he needed right now was another fight. You were pregnant, and he was needed to feed magic to the baby, and not to mention the soul bond.

Neither of you could afford an argument at the moment.

“...And now he’s suddenly mysteriously missing!”

He could feel his anxiety levels rising... he didn’t... he couldn’t handle this right now. He was so fucking tired, and he couldn’t handle you leaving over another fight. It was a losing battle for everyone in the end, if the outcome was you leaving.

“...and it’s automatically my fault?” He asked, feeling attacked, and putting up a barrier. He used it as a safety mechanism… like a shield.

“Are you trying to make me feel bad for knowing you did this!?” You exclaimed, your anger increasing, instead of decreasing like he wanted.

*He was getting this all wrong.*
“why are you blaming me!? when would i have even had time to do that!?"


tf he had plenty of time.

“...The night we went to the restaurant! You came back and showered with clean clothes!” You looked so angry as you figured it out, piecing it together like that… he wasn’t expecting it. You were apparently a lot better at reading him than he wanted you to be.

...Maybe he could joke his way out of it.

“...so i’m not allowed to shower?” He asked, making sure his voice held humor instead of accusation. He wanted this fight to be over, so maybe joking would put a stop to it?

“Are you kidding me!?” guess not, “You never shower without being asked to!”

Easy lie.

“papyrus asked me to,” he told you, knowing it was wrong… and he swore to himself he would tell you the truth later, but he just couldn’t get you worked up right now. He couldn’t put stress on his baby… on either of his babies.

It was bad for pregnancy.

“...This guy calls me beautiful, and suddenly vanishes on the night he does,” you told him, voice monotone, like he was some kind of idiot. Was that how you viewed him?

...Did you think he was an idiot?

You had been treating him like... he was lower class compared to you, for like a week now. Ever since that stupid fucking fight, he hadn’t mattered in the slightest!

Why did you preach about being equal, and then shove him underneath you!??
“stop blaming me for everything that goes wrong,” he told you, not even just talking about this anymore. He was tired of everything lately! He was so fucking exhausted, mentally and physically! He was trying his fucking best.

“...Are you trying to manipulate me!?"

...

...seriously?

You had the nerve to bring up manipulation?

You had manipulated him at least twice in the past three days, and you had the nerve to say he was manipulating you!? Sure he was, but it was for your safety, and for the sake of the baby! He didn’t need you terrified, and then that causing a miscarriage!

He couldn’t lose this baby.

“no! i’m sick of you always making me out to be the bad!” He was trying! He was trying so fucking hard!

“Don’t turn this into something it isn’t,” you warned him. Because he’s lower than you. Because you get to warn him, and treat him like a kid.

Because he doesn’t matter.

“you have been super fucking controlling lately, and i haven’t even complained! you don’t have to be up my ass!” It wasn’t fair that you could point out his mistakes, but yours didn’t matter!

“...Wow. Okay. So that’s how you feel,” you muttered, before you started to leave the room, apparently offended by him speaking his mind.
Of course, the second it turns against you, you have to walk away. Can only talk about bad things Sans did!

“where are you going!??” He called after you. There was no way he was going to chase you… not now. Not as long as you stayed in the house.

You didn’t respond, which made him anxious for a second. He was about to go after you… but he heard the stairs, and he calmed down. You were still here. You were still safe.

Still his.

He sat down on the couch, and put his head in his hands. Why did this have to happen now? Why did you instantly know he did it?

...Was he really that much of a monster in your eyes? You instantly peg him for somebody missing?

...He wanted to be better. He wanted to be better so bad… but he didn’t know how. He was trying.

He was trying so fucking hard… why couldn’t you see that!?

...

...He went after you.

He climbed up the stairs, as he thought of what the fuck he was supposed to do.

...He didn’t wanna add stress. He didn’t wanna tell you he killed somebody. You were pregnant for fucks sake… but it seemed like he had to tell you if he wanted this to end. He needed this to stop so he could hold you again, and you could develop the baby properly with both his magic, and yours.

Couldn’t argue, for the sake of the little one.
He tried to open the door, and realised you locked it…

You locked him out of his own room?

He sighed and teleported in anyways, but froze when he realised you weren’t inside.

He looked around frantically, tossing his head in every direction. He almost screamed and started to panic, but… he didn’t feel any pain. That meant you were still here.

...He walked over to the closet and took a second, and instantly felt his shoulders relax when he felt your soul pulsing inside.

He knocked, gently, not wanting to scare you with the sudden noise.

“...Hi,” you called out, softly. Your voice a relief to him.

“...you’re right, and i’m wrong. can we stop fighting now?” He asked, hoping that came out right. It wasn’t meant to be dickish, he just… genuinely wanted this to stop. He needed this to stop.

“...Come in here,” your voice called, soft and muffled through the door.

He heard you unlock it from the inside, and he opened it before sitting next to you. It was dark, but he could see you clearly through his eye lights. Beautiful, even when you were upset. He felt relief when you lied your head down on his shoulder, leaning on him.

“...You’re not all wrong,” you whispered, catching him a bit off guard. He was ready to kinda push it all behind you both… just stop arguing and love again, but… if you wanted to talk, then so be it.

“...sure as fuck feels that way, lately,” he admitted to you, laying his head on yours. If you wanted to talk about this, then he should put everything out in the open too, right? So this didn’t come up again?

“...Lately?” You asked, making him think you didn’t even realise you were doing it. It was honestly
He took a deep breath before sighing, and then beginning to speak. “...ever since that day you left... since you’ve come back, it... everything’s been my fault, and you’ve been manipulating me.”

...When he really thought about it, you both manipulated each other a lot. It wasn’t healthy. It needed to get worked on.

“...It’s the only way you let me go outside.”

“...just... you said i was manipulating you, and i’m not saying i wasn’t, but... you did it to me, too.” He wanted you to realise it was affecting him, whether or not he actually let it show. It was pretty hurtful.

“...It was the only way you ever let me go outside,” you defended yourself. He didn’t fault you for it. Sitting there and accepting you did something wrong was hard, and being defensive is expected.

“...just feels like we’re both in the wrong here. i wouldn’t say on an even playing field, because uh... i did some fucked up shit,” really fucked up, “but... yeah.”

“...I really wanted you to go to the restaurant with me... I’m sorry.”

“...and the store too, the other day,” he remembered, grabbing your hand gently in his, so you knew he wasn’t mad. He never was.

“...That too,” you agreed, softly, sounding a bit embarrassed.

“...kinda ironic how it turned around, and i was the one who wasn’t treated equally. i forgive you, really, just... kinda funny,” he admitted with a soft chuckle.

“...How do I get you to let me outside?”

That was a good question... but really, you always could have. He would never have forced you to
stay inside, regardless of how badly he wanted to.

“could have just gone outside. i didn’t hold you hostage,” he admitted. He would always complain and try to convince you to stay, but… he would never make you.

You laughed softly, making him feel a little better. It all felt less tense, and the sound was music to his non-existent ears. “But you did drop a glass when I wanted to go for a walk.”

“...you didn’t have to help clean it,” he told you, feeling a bit bad as he thought back on it.

“Didn’t have to drop it either,” you shot back, playfully, sticking your tongue out.

_He had the urge to lick it._

“...i’m sorry, y/n,” he apologized, gently. He felt bad, genuinely. He never should have manipulated you, or done any of the shit he did…

...Especially lying, earlier. He thought he was protecting you, but he was just making it worse.

He didn’t mean to.

“...Me too, Sans,” you apologized back, and crawled into his lap, where you cuddled him. He felt joy spark in his soul as he rubbed your back and held you… but, you didn’t even know why he was sorry.

“...you were right,” he told you, pulling you a bit closer.

“...About what?”

_Everything, really._
“...i killed him,” he admitted, the guilt being too much. You deserved to know everything.... It wasn’t fair of him to hide it, or anything, really.

*He wanted this to be better, now.*

You slapped your forehead, probably in anger. He was an idiot, he knew that, both for lying about it, and doing it in the first place.

*Or maybe just for getting caught.*

He nuzzled his face into your neck, and you sighed, softly. He wasn’t sure if that was a good, or a bad sign.

“...I don’t know what to think,” you admitted, your voice surprisingly soft.

“...i’m sorry,” he repeated, softly, not moving from his space space in your neck. It smelled like you… and you were home.

“No you’re not,” you joked, but you were right. He would do it again in a heartbeat if he thought it would keep you with him. He was insecure, and he couldn’t handle competition when it came to you. You were his, and he needed to keep it that way, no matter what it took.

“i’m really not,” he admitted to you, with a dry chuckle. He didn’t give a fuck the guy was dead. A part of him was still glad.

Only regret was that it upset you.

“...It’s like... a few weeks ago I would’ve flipped when I found out you killed somebody, but... now it’s just... very mild fear.” You admitted to him, making him relax a bit. You weren’t mad... that was what really mattered here. And the fear would go away... he would never hurt you. You would realize that soon.

“...i don’t know how to stop myself.” He didn’t know how to stop being… *broken.*
“...You need therapy.”

...

...what?

...He laughed. That had to be a joke. You wouldn't do that to him. He didn’t need to see a shrink.

“I’m serious.”

...He felt his entire face drop, reality setting in. You would do that to him. You would do anything to make him normal.

But he wasn't normal. And he was never going to be.

“...C-Could do it from home…”

“no.” No way in hell.

“...Plenty of programs we could look at,” you just kept going. Didn’t matter what he said, did it?

“y/n.” He said your name sternly, a finalizing tone to it. He wasn’t doing it.

“...Why not?”

“i would end up killing them.” That was reason one, out of fifty. Not to mention, he didn’t fucking need it.

“...I could do it. You wouldn’t kill me,” you offered, confusing him a bit. Wasn’t that what you were
already trying to do?

Unless you meant like…

*Genuine therapy.*

“...you wanna give me therapy?”

“I can try my best. You can talk to me.”

...It was true. He felt safest talking to you.

….But he really didn’t want therapy.

“...mhm,” he hummed, deciding he really didn’t wanna start another argument when you had both *just* ended one.

“And there won’t be all that weird professional stuff! Just me and you, talking!” You were clearly trying to be optimistic, but it just wasn’t catching on for him. He was upset about the whole thing.

He should have been more careful. Then none of this would’ve happened.

“...whatever.”

“...You’re not into it.”

No shit. You wouldn’t be either.

“of course i’m not. not that i don’t wanna talk to you, it’s just… no.” *fuck being evaluated.*
“...Why not?”

“i don’t want therapy.” You clearly knew that, but… that was his answer.

“...You need it.”

...

...Oh.

“N-Not like that! Just… y-you killed somebody just because they called your wife beautiful!”

“yeah, becau-...” ... holy shit, “...wife?”

Your eyes widened and your face flushed bright pink.

“...Oh, uh… I-I just assumed, that…” You muttered under your breath, unable to finish your thought, as you stared down at your hands.

...You thought he didn’t want that. But he did.

He cupped your face, tilted your head to look up at him, and kissed you. He made it deep… made sure it meant something.

He pulled back after a few seconds, and kissed your forehead. You were so pure… so precious. He didn’t even have a right to call you his wife. You deserved so much better, anda it was never going to feel real to him. Even then, it still felt like it was a dream. Maybe he was delusional, and none of it actually ever happened.

Maybe you weren’t even real.
“...whatever you want.” He told you. He meant it... he would give you anything.

His wife.

You smiled, that beautiful radiant smile... “...Well, right now, I wanna cuddle.”

He chuckled softly, and snuggled you a bit tighter. Everything felt good... it was going to get better. He was gonna be better. He had to, for you.

“...No more murder unless a family member is in danger, or like... there’s some cray moral dilemma... please?”

Felt like one before.

“...i’m trying, y/n,” he muttered, being honest. He really was trying.

“...I know. And you’re doing so well. Look at you! You pulled out f two episodes before this. You’re trying, and it’s working. Setback are bound to happen, it’s okay.” He knew what you were doing. The whole encouragement thing... but he didn’t mind it. It did make him feel a little better.

But it still seemed like every time he reached his acme, he took ten steps back.

He kissed you on the cheek gently, thinking that was a better response than he would ever be able to muster up, verbally.

“...I really appreciate you’re trying.”

Good. If you didn’t, then he wouldn’t see any reason to.

“...thanks.”
“...How about this. I’ll wear a sign that says “do not compliment me or my husband will kill you”, and then it’s their fault. Okay?”

...That actually wasn’t a bad idea.

He pulled his phone out of his pocket, and googled custom t-shirts, before clicking on the first one that popped up.

You laughed, and it was a *beautiful* sound. “Y-Yeah! Like that. In blue. I’ll ruin it if it’s white.”

*So would he.*

“want it baggy?”

“Yeah. Then I can still wear it when I get bigger.”

“Alright.” *you would especially need it when you got bigger.* The more pregnant you would get… the worse he would be, possessive wise.

You giggled a bit, and looked at him, causing him to look up from his phone, to meet your gaze.

“I love you.”

“...i love you too,” he assured you, before shutting his phone off, and kissing you gently.

Chapter End Notes

I'm seeing like... maybe five chapters left, guys.

And if you haven't already, give my [new story](#) a shot.

If you aren't into that, it's fine <3 thanks for staying with me on this crazy ride of a story.

[My tumblr](#)
Therapy.

Chapter Summary

Sans hates the thought of Therapy... but he loves you.

Chapter Notes

If you have any requests, shoot them to me on Tumblr, or just comment them below.

You had started to look online for questions therapists would usually ask their patients. You personally had no idea how to be a therapist, but you were going to do your research and try your best so you could help him, properly. You knew that if you could only get him to open up, at least once, then you would be able to learn more about helping him. You didn’t understand why he felt the need to constantly force you to stay inside, but you planned to learn about that through these sessions.

The hardest part, you knew, was going to be getting him to co-operate.

He slept almost all day... you knew these were signs of depression, but it didn’t really seem like that was what causing it. Maybe he really was just lazy like Papyrus had said. You knew waking him up was going to be the biggest struggle, but it would be a big step in the right direction.

You had everything set up in the kitchen. Had two of the kitchen chairs facing each other across the dining room table, all ready and set for you both to sit and talk things out. But to start, you had to wake him up somehow, and get him to actually leave his bed, and come down the stairs.

You sat by him on the bed, and listened to him snore softly, for a few moments. It always seemed so sweet... how he was so innocent when he was asleep. But somehow, when he was awake, he became the opposite of innocent. Almost demonic, somehow. But at this point, you were pretty sure there was no way you would ever be completely afraid of him. You knew he was wrapped around your finger. All of your fingers, really.

“...Sans.” You called his name softly, after a few minutes of watching him breathing. You would probably feel really guilty, if you hadn’t already known he had done it to you probably thousands of times.
He groaned in response and turned his skull away from you, clearly not read to wake up… but you needed him to. This was for the good of your relationship, and it was the only way you knew how.

“Wake up… we’ve got something important to do today!” You told him, making sure to sound optimistic. Maybe if he thought you were excited about it, he would be more willing to oblige?

“….I’m not going out.” He told you, and you felt a bit guilty. You hadn’t even planned on that today, and that was still what he expected.

“It’s therapy today!” You exclaimed, keeping your optimism. Positive reinforcement seemed like the best way to go.

He stayed silent, but his entire body seemed to stiffen a bit. He really hated the thought of therapy, and you really didn’t understand why. It wasn’t like he was going to be venting to a complete stranger. No, it was just you. It was gonna be like you were having an average conversation, only occasionally the questions would be a bit... different.

“...You don’t even gotta leave the house today. It won’t be bad.” You assured him, softly, making sure your voice was gentle and that you didn’t say anything too harsh.

“doesn’t matter.” He told you, his voice just as gentle, but holding so much dread in the tone. It made you feel really guilty for a moment… but you knew this would be good for the both of you, whether he saw that now, or not. In the future he might even thank you.

“...Wanna start a little later?” It was only eleven… you could wait until at least noon to start this with him.

“or not at all.” He offered, causing you to roll your eyes a bit. You knew this wasn’t going to be easy, but come on.

“No. This is important.”

“no it’s not.”
“It’s important for us. Our relationship.” You told him, rubbing his back through the blankets. If he wasn't willing to do this, then you really didn’t know what to do.

“cuddling is therapeutic. just cuddle me for an hour.”

You smiled a bit, and moved under the blankets before shuffling closer. He instantly pulled you closer, so you were pressed against him, all of the tension instantly leaving his body. Guess it was kind of therapeutic.

“Can cuddle for an hour… then we really gotta do it. Alright?”

He didn’t respond, only falling back into dream land.

...

You spent the entire hour on your phone, Googling therapy questions, and bookmarking them for when Sans woke up. You knew this was going to be complicated… but you knew in the end it would be worth it. Maybe he would explain his feelings more… you knew nothing about his instincts or why they made him act so crazy at times. The best scenario that you could think of, was that you found out the things you were curious about, and that you would both be able to find a way to make things easier for the both of you.

You sat up as soon as the clock hit twelve, and gently started to shake him.

“...C’mon, hours up.” You told him in the softest voice you could manage.

He groaned again, and turned away like he had before, and you were really hoping this wasn’t just going to turn into a repeat of earlier.

“...Sans.”

“shh. shuddup, shh.”
You almost snorted as you pat him on the back. “I gave you an hour.”

“i want more.” He complained reaching out for you. You knew he was going to pull you back into a cuddle, so you grabbed his hand instead, and held it.

“...If you get up now, I’ll tell Papyrus he absolutely cannot make any plans involving us tomorrow, and we can stay in bed for the entire day. Okay? Does that work?” You asked him, deciding maybe if he was *rewarded*, he would actually *want* to do this, and then he would put in an effort.

“last time you said that, you lied.” He pointed out, causing so much guilt to run through you. You did do that… and you really shouldn’t have. Funny how you didn’t trust him for a while, when really, you played him just as bad as he played you.

“...I promise this time. And I’ll give you my full consent to keep my in the bed if I try going anywhere… besides the bathroom.” If you made the deal, then you couldn’t fuck him over this time. He could hold you hostage, and you couldn’t do anything about it.

“...okay.” he agreed, *thankfully*, and sat up slowly. You stood up and offered your hand, and felt a bit of accomplishment when he took it. You lead him down the stairs, and into the kitchen, where you sat down in one of the chairs, and motioned for him to sit across from you. He seemed off-put by the set up, but sat down anyways, probably not liking the semi-professional situation of you facing each other like that.

You could understand that.

“...Okay, so...” you started, putting your phone down on the table so you could read the questions while still looking in his direction, “...What is the problem from your own viewpoint?”

Sheesh. Even you cringed a bit at that one.

“...we have trust issues?” He offered, as if it was obvious, and the question was unnecessary. Which to be fair, it kind of was.

“...How does that typically make you feel?” You asked, really hoping this wasn’t too much, and
made him uncomfortable. Hell, even you were kind of uncomfortable with these questions. But you could both suffer through it… it would be worth it if it helped, in even the slightest.

“frustrated?” He said, like it was completely obvious. Which really, it was… but you still felt the need to ask.

“What makes the problem better in your opinion?”

“staying home.”

Well you could’ve guessed that one.

“...Well, what do you think causes it to worsen?”

“leaving the house.”

...You were hoping for him to open up more, but he just seemed so disinterested, and distant, that you weren’t sure if it was possible. Whenever he was upset or uncomfortable he would always put up this wall that kept him sheltered from things. He would answer in the least amount of words as possible, and avoid things he didn’t like.

You still weren’t sure how to get around the wall… although you had a few times in the past, accidentally.

“If you could make any changes to anything right now, with no negative consequences, what would you change?” You asked, honestly a bit curious on this yourself, but you had a feeling you already knew what he was going to say.

“change when we can’t stay home.”

You had to hold back a big sigh on that one. “How come?”

“safe here.” He muttered, clearly lost in thought as he stared at the wall.
...At least you were getting somewhere, now.

“...You only feel safe here?” You asked, a bit confused. You had always thought you were kind of like a safe space to him… despite him not wanting to ever go out. You really just thought it had something to do with his possessiveness.

“...” He went silent, and judging by the look on his face, and his body language… you were pretty sure you understood.

“...Or you feel like you need to keep me safe here?” You asked, gently, so he knew you weren’t being passive aggressive.

“...yyyep.” He confirmed, sounding like he felt uncomfortable… like he felt as if he were on trial.

“Why?”

“instincts.”

Vague answer… but something you had been curious about, nonetheless. You didn’t wanna push him past his comfort zone too far, but… you really wanted to know more about that side of him. Instincts were something you didn’t understand, but you wanted to.

“What do your instincts usually tell you?” You had no idea if they were like voices in his head, or… a feeling? You knew nothing about them.

“to keep you here. my territory.” He told you, now looking from the wall to you. He had that look on his face that used to be so intimidating… but now it was just like a blank canvas to you. Like he had resting bitch face or something.

You glanced down at the phone again, deciding you should probably move past his instincts based off of his expression.
“...What will it take to make you feel completely happy and satisfied?”

“having you here with me.”

You didn’t mind that for the most part. Really, you never did. It’s just kind of impossible to stay inside all the time. It isn’t healthy, and there were things out in the world you needed to do. Things that couldn’t be done from a bed, inside of your boyfriends bedroom. It just wasn’t possible, no matter how hard you both wished it was.

It was still so strange how Sans and Papyrus could be so different… Papyrus was always up early, and on the go, while Sans was basically a paper weight…

Speaking of Papyrus, though…

“...Does Papyrus have the same instincts?” You knew he was single now, but he could have dated somebody before? Maybe he was the same way? It could have been a monster thing, or even just a skeleton monster thing.

Maybe all of this was normal?

“...he hasn’t really ever dated anybody, seriously. i have no idea.”

…Well that didn’t really help. At this point it was just a guessing game… anything could be just him, or it could be instincts.

“...Do you get the instinct to protect him and keep him here, too?” You asked, feeling like if it had been just you, then it probably was instinctual, but if it was both you and Papyrus, then it was probably just him as a person.

“when he was younger i did, but… i was never this bad. nothing’s ever been this bad.” He explained softly, finally looking you in the eyes. He was opening up more… that was exactly what you were hoping for.

You stood up from your seat and walked over to him. He kept his sockets glued to you the entire
time, as if he was expecting you to do something drastic. You sat down in his lap, and he jumped a bit, as if you had shocked him upon contact. It was kind of cute… but you wanted him to feel more comfortable. Wanted him to learn that this was a safe space.

“...Why do you think it’s so different now, than it was back then?” You asked him, leaving a soft kiss on his cheek bone.

He was silent for a moment, unmoving. He kept his line of sight on you, and slowly pointed to the crack on his head. You felt a sting of pity in your chest as you looked at it, remembering how he got it. Just thinking about it brought back so much hatred for Undyne. You had never met her in person, and really you never wanted to. She just seemed so awful… how could anybody hurt him like that? Especially with the way he was before all of this… based off of what you saw, he was just a chill, laid back, lazy guy. There was no reason for it, whatsoever.

You kissed him gently, and moaned softly in the back of your throat when he pressed back against you. All you wanted was for him to see his worth. To see how wonderful he really was, and that he didn’t need to be so self conscious, and then maybe his instincts would calm down a bit. Maybe then he would realize that you weren’t going anywhere.

“...I think that’s all for today.” You assured him, giving a soft smile. You had gotten enough out of him for one day… you didn’t want to over do it.

“...oh thank fuck.”

You chuckled softly and nuzzled his cheek a bit. “Thank you so much Sans. You really opened up a bit at the end.”

He hugged you close and took a deep breath. He still seemed so uncomfortable with this entire situation, but he pulled through for you. “...can i go back to bed now?”

“Of course. Let’s just the rest of the day and tomorrow easy. Sound good?”

“...let’s just take forever easy.” He said softly, gently placing one hand on your stomach and rubbing in slow circles.

You smiled, enjoying the feeling. You always loved whenever he gave you affection… sometimes it
was always so lowkey, but when he was upfront about it, it was always nice. “I might have to do one or two days of work every now and then, but sure.”

“...i’ve gotten so much worse since you’ve gotten pregnant.” He muttered, his eyelights glued to your belly.

“That’s not your fault,” you assured him, gently gripping his cheeks and making him look at you, “I’ve got a baby in me. Of course you’re going to be more protective.”

“...i don’t want you to leave the house at all.”

“It makes sense.”

“so... don’t.”

You gave him a gentle smile. “I dunno if I can stay in a house for six months straight.” You told him, considering you were already three months along. six months in the house wouldn’t be good… no fresh air, or sunlight, or exercise.

“could. i’d take care of you.”

You almost rolled your eyes. “You’d need a lot of air fresheners, and open windows to make everything smell better.” You told him in a joking tone. But really, his room did reek of sex.

“okay.”

“...Wait, really?”

“mhm.”

“...I would need to use the treadmill.” You told him, not even sure why you were considering this. You would still need sunlight, but… you could probably get that from the window, couldn’t you?
...You were willing to try almost anything to make this work.

“can use mine.”

“...Does it work?” You knew it was in his room, but... you had never actually seen him use it, or it be on at all. He just kind of hung things, like his clothes, off of it.

“yep.”

“...I might be able to do that, then. Just while I’m pregnant.” You offered, deciding he must’ve thought it was a good idea when he kissed you.

“...good.” He purred, kissing your forehead. He seemed so much happier already… calmer. Peaceful almost. No longer stressed at the thought of you leaving the house… it was kind of like he was an agoraphobe for you.

Was strange, but very tolerable.

“...Love you.” You told him, softly, feeling pretty content as well after that. At least you didn’t have to worry about plans?

He smiled, that sadistic looking smile. “i love you… want some food?”

You hadn’t even realised before he mentioned it, but you were starving. One of the perks you found when dating Sans, is you were never able to go hungry for long. He always watched out for you, and he made sure you were well fed.

The reason behind it made you sad when you thought about it, but... you knew you couldn’t change that now. You were just grateful it was over with.

“Pretty starving.”
“what do you want?” He asked you, and you knew he was going to go and cook for you. You loved when he did, but sometimes you felt kind of bad. You were perfectly capable of it yourself, so he really didn’t have to do it for you all the time.

But hey, who were you to pass up free food?

“...Mmmm… we have any eggs left?”

“mhm.”

You had figured, since Papyrus had just gone to the store. “...Omelette?”

“of course.” He confirmed, before giving you a soft kiss and heading to the stove.

The only thing that ever seemed to cross Sans’s mind lately, were thoughts of panic. He was constantly on edge, and always had thoughts of fear in his skull. He was happy in the moment, and every time he got happy, something bad would follow up. The odds were always stacked against him, and he wasn’t ready for anything to go wrong yet.

He was terrified of something happening, whether that be to you or to the baby, the thought scared the absolute fuck out of him. At this point, you were the only reason he was living.

He needed you.

Needed both of you.
He was always so exhausted, which added to all of the stress, because he felt as if he couldn’t do anything if an emergency happened. He knew in the back of his mind that instincts would kick in if need be, but there was still so much anxiety. Anything could happen… literally *anything*.

...What if this baby killed you?

Surely there had been interspecie mating before, but...

What if humans really couldn’t carry monster babies and you ended up dead? You hadn’t even gone to see a doctor yet… what if when you both finally went, they told you both that this thing was eating your insides.

He had a nightmare about it.

“...Sans.” You called his name gently, waking him up from his nightmare. He was grateful for that, but at the same time he was so fucking exhausted. He had no idea how he was supposed to relieve it… it was almost scary, really. Like is depression was worsening again, and he was stuck.

But he knew it was okay.

It was all okay. He was just becoming a dad.

He groaned softly and turned away from you, trying to curl further into the bed and reach for you, regardless of the fact you were no longer in the bed. A flutter of fear ran through him, as if he didn’t already know you were on the other side… his instincts just always wanted to feel you at this point.

“Wake up… we’ve got something important to do today!” You told him, voice filled with cheer, but he only filled with dread. Anxiety and slight annoyance flooded through his like a waterfall, and he just *prayed* you weren’t really trying to leave again.

“...’m not going out.” He told you, his voice clearly displaying his exhaustion for him. He felt a bit bad just assuming that was what you wanted, but he just wanted to make sure you knew he wasn’t comfortable with it.
“It’s therapy today!”

...

...oh.

Right.

Therapy.

And by therapy, you just mean you’re going to talk to him using questions you found off of the internet, right? Of course. That should be fun… you talking to him like he’s lesser than you.

...He wasn’t mad at you for it. He knew you were only trying to help, but… there had to be other ways. He really hated the thought of this. He’d much rather just talk to you about your interests, compared to his past and emotions.

“...You don’t even have to leave the house today. It won’t be bad.” You assured him, but really, it would be bad. The last thing he wanted to do was open up, especially about his past. He was bad with emotions… even before he got fucked up, he was so bad with expressing himself.

He would just look like an idiot, in the end.

“doesn’t matter.” He just wanted to sleep… he wanted to hold you, and never leave the bed. It sounded perfect in his head. You, him, and the baby.

Could raise a baby from a bed, right?

...Maybe.

“...Wanna start a little later?” You offered, which made him feel better, but…
“or not at all.” He said, his voice muffled by the pillow. He didn’t mean to sound harsh, but he felt like he did.

“No. This is important.” Okay, at least you didn’t think he was being snippy, since you didn’t let your guard down.

“no it’s not.” What was important was him being able to rest, so he could properly feed his magic to the baby. He was so worried about crashing over this… so he was resting as much as possible. Almost passed out once or twice already, so this felt necessary.

“It’s important for us. Our relationship.” You said, while rubbing his back through the sheets. He didn’t believe that at all, really. It felt like it was just important to you, since he could easily see the relationship going fine without therapy. You both just needed to stop trying to manipulate each other, and it would all be fine in the end. It would easily work out.

“...cuddling is therapeutic. just cuddle me for an hour.” He told you, remembering seeing a facebook post about it. It was something about sleeping next to somebody you loved reducing stress? He only glanced at it for a second, and fuck, facebook was full of bullshit, so it could have been false.

He felt you slide in next to him before scooting closer. Your warmth was so close to him, and he couldn’t help but pull you even closer to him, so he could properly cuddle you. He could feel himself calm down instantly at the feel of your skin against his bones. Your energy being beautiful, and radiant against him.

“Can cuddle for an hour… then we really gotta do it, alright?”

…

He fell asleep.

…

He woke up to you shaking him out of a dreamless sleep. He was grateful that for once he was able to sleep properly, so he was a bit annoyed when you woke him up.
“...C’mon, hours up.” You told him, in that soft voice you usually used when you knew you were doing something he didn’t like, or saying something you were afraid was going to come off as offensive, or annoying.

He groaned and turned away from you again, a bit annoyed your warmth was gone, but really more upset at the fact you were making him wake up, especially for something he hated so much. Why couldn’t you just lay in bed with him? Why couldn’t he have that?

“...Sans.” You said his name, starting to really sound annoyed with him. Well, he was annoyed with you too, so apparently this was working out perfectly.

“shh. shuddup, shh.”

“I gave you an hour.” You told him, as you gently started to rub his back again, like you had earlier. It felt nice. Made him more sleepy.

“i want more.” He told you, softly, reaching out for you. He wanted to cuddle for the rest of the day. He was so tired, both mentally and physically… it was all he could ever think about now. He just… never told you, because he was afraid of it freaking you out. You were literally draining his life source, slowly, with the baby. It was a scary thing, and he knew it would frighten you. That was the last thing he needed… you being afraid of the baby just as much as he was. He didn’t care if it was hurting him, but… if it was hurting you, he didn’t know what he would do.

He was already too attached to it to do anything, but… he needed you.

…

He didn’t wanna think about it unless he had to, so he pushed it to the back of his skull. It wasn’t important in the moment.

*breathe.*

“...if you get up now, I’ll tell papyrus he absolutely cannot make any plans involving us tomorrow, and we can stay in bed for the entire day. Okay? Does that work?” You offered, making him almost cringe. He remembered the last time you said that… and somehow, he still ended up out of the house.
“last time you said that, you lied.”

“...I promise this time. And I'll give you my full consent to keep me in the bed if I try going anywhere... besides the bathroom.”

...He could deal with that. As long as he had the power to keep you in bed and have you fulfill your promise, he really didn’t mind it. That way you both ended up getting what you wanted. You got your therapy thing, and he was able to rest.

“...okay.”

He sat up from the bed and watched as you did as well, before offering your hand to him. He took it and let you drag him down the stairs, and into the kitchen, where he saw the setup you put together. Two chairs facing one another, as if this were an actual guidance counselors office. He cringed at the sight, but decided not to say anything, instead just sitting down and waiting for this to all be over.

Then he could have his lazy day.

You placed your phone down on the table as you sat as well, the browser open to some website. And as he suspected, you were reading questions to him from the internet. Cute.

“...Okay, so... what is the problem from your own viewpoint?”

...Ugh.

You were adorable, really, but come on. That was just... way too formal. He could feel himself internally cringing. He loved you, but this was just... too much.

...But he could suffer through it, because he loved you.

“...we have trust issues?” He said, not even sure if that was the right answer... but it was the only thing he had. The only other reason that this would be happening, would be over the fact he wanted
you inside all the time… but he just went with the first option that popped into his skull.

“How does that typically make you feel?” You asked, still doing your professional voice. It was cute in its own way, but… not when it was being used on him. He felt so much smaller than he was… he didn’t like it.

“frustrated?” How else would anybody feel in that situation, anyways? He always felt like in therapy, they asked so many unnecessary questions.

It was kind of annoying… but when it was you, it really wasn’t as bad as it would have been.

“What makes it better in your opinion?”

having you at the end of the day.

“staying home.” with you.

“...Well, what causes it to worsen?”

“leaving the house.”

He felt as if you already knew the answers to these questions, and were just saying them because you wanted to sound professional. That would have been fine, if the questions weren’t directed at him.

“If you could make any changes to anything right now, with no negative consequences, what would you change?”

“change when we can’t stay home.”

What else was there to change, really? Everything else felt perfect when he was with you.
“...How come?”

“safe here.” He told you, even though he knew you would never understand. It wasn't the same for you. You didn't have the same instincts as him.

“...You only feel safe here?” You asked, and like he suspected, you didn't get it. It wasn't about him. It was never about his well being… it was always about yours, and the baby's. He needed to know you were somewhere safe… in his house, where he could protect you, and everything smelled like him, or Papyrus, but that was fine because Pap was family. He just… needed you to be here.

Needed you to be safe.

“...Or you feel like you need to keep me safe here?” You asked, apparently knowing more than he was expecting… didn’t know you would be able to read all of that from his facial expression.

“...yyyep.” He confirmed, not really seeing any reason to lie. Hell, maybe if you understood better, then you would start staying around more.

He could hope.

“Why?”

“instincts.” He knew it was a vague answer, but really, he didn’t wanna get too in depth. It felt like it was too much at the moment…

But he knew you would push, anyways… and that was okay.

“What do you instincts usually tell you?”

“to keep you here. my territory.” He admitted, wanting you to finally understand. It was so safe here… his smell and his house kept you so safe… he could make you happy here, he knew he could.

You just had to let him.
He watched as you glanced down at your phone again, after contemplating what he had said for a few moments. You seemed deep in thought... but then you just shrugged it off and went back to the 'therapy'.

“...What will it take to make you feel completely happy and satisfied?”

“having you here with me.”

*Having you safe and sound, where he was able to properly feed magic to you and his baby. He always found it a lot more difficult when he wasn’t home, to properly supply it to you. He felt weaker and more vulnerable... like he was unable to protect you. It was a really shitty feeling, and he hated it so *fucking* much.*

“...Does Papyrus have the same instincts?”

That was a good question, actually. Sans had no idea... maybe he was just weird, or maybe all skeletons were overprotective. Most monsters he knew weren’t as bad as him, besides the more feral types, so he didn't know how his species was *supposed* to act.

...He wished he knew.

“...he hasn’t really ever dated anybody, seriously. i have no idea.” The closest thing he ever had to a relationship were small dates that he would go on... but they never really went past that. He knew Pap had the interest for dating, but... it just never really ended up happening past the first date. But Pap was great... Sans was confident he would find somebody, someday. Preferably his soulmate.

“...Do you get the instinct to protect him and keep him here, too?” You asked him, seeming genuinely interested. Maybe you really wanted to know these things... maybe he should be a bit more open about himself.

...

...nah.
“when he was younger i did, but… i was never this bad. nothing’s ever been this bad.” He admitted, deciding at least this was okay for you to know about. It wasn’t too directed to his past…

Or at least, none of the bad parts.

He watched as you stood up and walked over to him, before you sat down on his lap. For some reason, he was expecting you to hit him. PTSD was a scary thing… he knew you would never do that.

“…Why do you think it's so different now, then it was back then?” You asked him, kissing his cheek bone, gently.

...He knew exactly why it was so different, now.

He didn’t have to think… it was just… obvious.

He slowly pointed to the crack on his skull, always feeling embarrassment whenever he had to bring up anything to do with it. It was terrible… because he always knew that if Undyne had never done this to him…

...Then he would be fine.

He would be capable of having a normal relationship with you. You would both be dating at a normal pace, and everything would be so much different.

So much better.

You kissed him after he pointed, and then moaned when he kissed you back. He never understood you… how you could love somebody as broken as him, even after everything he did. Everything he put you both through.

_He was pretty sure you were just as crazy as he was._
“...I think that’s all for today.” You told him after you pulled away, giving him a gentle smile.

“...oh thank fuck.”

You chuckled and nuzzled his cheek, your happiness literally rubbing off on him. “Thank you so much Sans. You really opened up a bit at the end.”

He hugged you a bit closer and breathed in, deeply. He was so tired after that exchange… it beat leaving the house of course, but… he wanted to sleep.

“...can i go back to bed now?”

“Of course. Let’s just take the rest of the day and tomorrow easy. Sound good?”

...Sounded perfect, really.

“...let’s just take forever easy.” He offered, gently placing a hand on your belly. It was so warm and... lively. He could feel the baby’s soul pulsing off of it… he really wished you could feel it too.

It was indescribable.

You smiled at him, and it made his entire body shiver. “I might have to do one or two days or work every now and then, but sure.”

“...i’ve gotten so much worse since you’ve been pregnant.” He told you, unable to take his eyes off of your stomach. There was a life in there… a beautiful soul, that he was probably going to screw up.

“That’s not your fault. I’ve got a baby in me. Of course you’re going to be more protective.” You told him, making him look you in the eye.
“...i don’t want you to leave the house at all.” He never did, but now it genuinely hurt whenever you tried. It felt like you were trying to leave *him*. It was terrible in his head.

“It makes sense.”

“So... don’t.” Then everything would be better.

You smiled gently. “...I dunno if I can stay in the house for sex months straight.” You admitted. He still couldn’t believe you were three months pregnant... it all still felt so artificial. Like he was gonna wake up and it was all just a really good dream.

“Could. I’d take care of you.”

*always.*

“You’d need a lot of air fresheners, and open windows to make everything smell better.” You said in a joking tone, but...

He took it kind of seriously.

He could do that.

“Okay.”

“...Wait, really?” You asked, apparently interested all of a sudden. Not so much of a joke any longer.

“Mhm.”

“...I would need to use the treadmill.”

That was an easy fix. Already had one.
“can use mine.”

“...Does it work?” You asked, probably just assuming he used it as a coat rack.

“yep.”

You seemed to be considering it for a moment. “...I might be able to do that, then. Just while I’m pregnant.”

He gave you a gentle kiss on your lips, and then one on your forehead. “...good.”

It felt like things were finally working out, and that his mind could be put at ease.

“...Love you.” You told him, gently. You sounded content... no longer stressed and upset, either. He was happy this wasn’t going to be a burden on you, hell, you could even think of it as a vacation.

He couldn’t help but smile, your joy from earlier finally rubbing off onto him. “i love you,” he started, and then he remembered you hadn’t eaten yet today, and it was already one in the afternoon, “...want some food?”

You nodded a bit. “Pretty starving.”

_He knew._

“What do you want?” He asked, knowing you would either want pancakes, eggs or a slice of pizza, based on how your cravings had been so far.

“...Mmmm… we have any eggs left?”

_of course._
“mhm.”

“...Omlette?”

“of course.”

anything for you.

Chapter End Notes

...Things seem to be getting better.

Will they stay that way?

My Tumblr.
Chapter Summary

Bout time you got a check up.

Chapter Notes

You and Sans have very different views on the doctor.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It took you unnecessarily long to convince Sans that a doctor appointment was necessary.

You were four months pregnant, and the fact that you hadn’t been taking any vitamins, or even done so much as check on the baby growing inside of you, really made you uneasy and anxious, and somehow you were able to convince Sans that a check up was very important.

He ended up agreeing, after a few days of begging, and pushing. Hell, he even made the appointment for you, which really caught you by surprise, since you knew how much he hated to talk to people. But hey, you weren’t gonna complain. You knew he would get you the best doctor if he made the appointment, so why bother?

Sitting in the waiting room with him, however, proved to be a nightmare.

You weren’t sure if he was expecting to get in the room right away or not, but that wasn’t how it worked. You watched him as he bounced his leg up and down the entire time, impatiently, as you both waiting for them to call your name. He was clearly anxious, and you didn’t know what to do to help his anxiety clear out, so you just held his hand and read the posters around the waiting room as you waited for it to play out.

“...There’s seven cubes of sugar in the average fizzy drink!?” You exclaimed softly, just so Sans would be able to hear you, and so that you didn’t disturb the other people in the waiting room.
He jumped a bit, and his leg stopped bouncing. He must have been deep in thought, because he blinked a few times before looking at you.

“...what?” He asked, voice soft and cautious, probably fearing you had said something panic-inducing.

“...Sugar. There’s seven cubes in the average soda.” You told him, repeating what you had just said.

“...okay.” He replied, softly, clearly unsure how to respond. You didn’t blame him, really. You didn’t know what you would say either if somebody had said that to you.

You kept your eyes on him this time, as to see what he would do, and you watched him as he met eyes with a child across the room. He couldn’t have been more than eight or nine, judging by the look of him, and by the way he was staring, indicating he had no manners.

You watched as Sans stared him down with that gaze that made anybody scared, but… the child apparently had a lot of determination, because he stared right back.

...And then suddenly started crying.

You blinked, confused and a bit shocked by the sudden turn of events.

You looked back to Sans, to see he had turned away from the child, and you had a sneaking suspicion he had made a scary face or something.

...Dickhead.

But then again, you didn't really blame him. Being constantly stared at must get offensive, and honestly very annoying.

You watched as the mom stood up and took the kid away from the room, and made sure to avoid eye contact, feeling a bit embarrassed. But hey, maybe if the kid actually had some manners, then Sans
wouldn’t have to scare him to make him look away!

...You weren’t gonna let it get to you. You were gonna see your baby today!

You gave Sans a reassuring hand squeeze, and felt better when he squeezed your hand back. You offered a reassuring smile, knowing everything was going to be worth it once you both saw that baby on the ultrasound screen, and found yourself beaming when he returned a smile of his own.

Just as he finished giving you a smile, the nurse came out and called for you.

“Y/n L/n?”

You instantly stood up, still holding Sans’s hand and started to walk towards the nurse, with Sans following in close pursuit. The nurse led you to a private room, took your temperature and blood pressure, and then left, telling you the doctor would be in soon. You relaxed into the chair, getting comfy as you waited, and watched Sans as he examined the room. You knew he had never been in a doctors building at all, so this was all very foreign to him.

“...why do they have those tiny cups?” He asked, pointing to the disposable dixie cups that were sat next to the sink.

“...So people can have a drink, I guess.” You answered, actually wondering about that, yourself. Probably for after people got a throat swab test, but... you weren’t sure why they would need one of those in the ultrasound room.

Weird.

The doctor came in right after, a big smile on his face as he started to get the gel out of a drawer for your belly.

He made small talk with you as he put it on, warning you it would be pretty cold, but you didn’t mind. You actually laughed a bit, since it kind of tingled. Once he finished applying the gel, he ran the tiny camera over your screen and pointed at the blobs on the screen, telling you individually what each thing was.
“...So if we have a look here... the baby is forming very well.”

Hearing that really put a lot of relief on you. You had been so worried that something would go wrong, since the baby was a hybrid after all, and you weren’t on any prenatal vitamins. But hell, you knew nothing about hybrids, so you might not even need them for this baby.

“...it isn’t like... eating her, is it?” He asked, suddenly, and you had to hold back a chuckle... it was an understandable fear, but... it was kind of funny, the way he said it. You were kind of worried about that too, now that he brought it up.

“...Oh, no! No, it isn’t,” the doctor assured Sans with an understanding smile, “Don’t worry, sir. In fact... it seems to be the opposite case. The child is actually healing the womb from the inside.” He informed you both, drawing a small circle with his finger around the baby.

“...why? her womb is damaged?” Sans asked, sounding pretty panicked. You understood why, but you wished he would calm down a little bit.

You worried for his blood sugar, if he had any.

“No. But sometimes, complications can arise with the placenta, and that’s pretty common.”

“...so she’s okay? and the baby’s okay?” He asked, still freaking out, and making you a bit anxious as well.

What if something was wrong?

He wouldn’t worry for no reason, would he?

...Then again, it was Sans. He did overreact sometimes.

You decided to just listen to the doctor, before you started to freak out.

“Yes. Everything’s perfect. The positioning of the baby, the development...” He trailed off,
reassuring you with a smile. You felt relieved, knowing everything was going okay so far. You knew this appointment was worth it, because now neither of you had to be worried.

Sans looked so relieved, as he leaned his head on yours, from the seat next to yours. You could tell he felt better, and no matter how hard he tried to hide it, you knew he had been pretty worried about you and the baby, as well.

“Do you have anything else that’s been troubling you, that you’d like to clear up?” The doctor asked, politely. You were really glad that the doctor you got wasn’t a racist one… that wouldn’t have ended well for anybody, in the end.

You were about to say no, since you hadn’t known about anything else, but… Sans started to speak.

“...i don’t know if you can even answer this, since you’re not a monster.”

...What?

You were confused by that, and a little anxious. What had he been hiding from you? You thought the secrets were over?

“I can try my best, sir. Or I can reference you to somebody who would be able to answer the question better, depending on what it is.” The doctor told Sans, turning to face him and give his full attention.

“...okay. uh, i feel like my energy is being sucked out of me. i’m always exhausted, and… i’ve just been assuming it’s from the baby… is that… right?” Sans asked the doctor, instantly causing you to panic. The baby was sucking energy out of him!? What did that mean!? Was he gonna get hurt, or fucking die!? Why didn’t he tell you!?

You looked at Sans, panic on your face, feeling almost terrified. What was this gonna do to him!? He just ran his fingers through your hair once, and gave a gentle smile, not giving any sort of verbal
answer.

...You were just hoping it was normal, now that you knew.

“Well yes. That would make sense. That’s typical of monster pregnancies, and a hybrid child would only result in a lot more magic being needed for them to form.” The doctor explained, instantly relaxing your mind.

*Thank God.*

“...alright.” Sans responded, seeming relaxed as well.

You turned to look at him again, unable to help yourself from feeling lied to. “...You’re being drained?” You asked, making sure to not sound mad, just... worried.

“...it’s okay,” he assured you instantly, his voice gentle and comforting, “...it’s not that bad.”

“...Since when!?"

“...we can talk about it after, kay?” He offered softly, trying to sound reassuring.

*But you were worried.*

You took a deep breath and decided to relax. The doctor said it was okay anyways, so everything was fine… but you felt genuinely *hurt* that he didn’t tell you. What if it had been something serious and he died or something!? You would have no idea why! ...Was that why he never wanted to leave the house? Because he was so fucking tired?

...You felt bad, now.

...
Oh well. Can’t change the past. He hid it, and you couldn’t change that, now.

You turned back to the screen that displayed your baby, and decided to just focus on that. That was the whole reason you were there, anyways… that little baby growing inside of you. It was causing so many complications in your life, and yet you still loved it more than life itself.

“...Is it a boy or a girl?” You asked the doctor, turning your head to look at him for a moment before turning back to the screen.

The doctor gave you a gentle smile. “It’s a girl.”

...A girl.

You were wrong… Sans was right.

A *baby girl*.

...A girl!

You were gonna have a *daughter*!

“...guess you were wrong.” Sans commented, softly, unable to take his eyes off of the screen.

“That’s okay! We’re having a *girl*!”

He gave you a soft smile and kissed the top of your head, apparently your happiness being contagious. You felt flutters all over your body as he did so, feeling like everything was just… so real now. Now that you knew you were having a daughter, you felt like you were finally having an *actual* baby.
...It was amazing!

You turned his face to yours and gave him a proper kiss, gently on his mouth. You wanted him to feel how much you loved him… at least a little bit.

“...Would you two like photos of the ultrasound?” The doctor asked you, clearly feeling a bit bad about interrupting your moment, but needing to ask the question.

“yeah.” Sans answered him, pulling away from you to respond and get the pictures. You both watched as he printed them out, and then handed them to Sans, who instantly couldn’t tear his gaze away from them.

“If you two wanna come back in two weeks to check on how the pregnancy is progressing, that’d be great.” The doctor said, with another gentle smile. You really liked him… he seemed nice. You felt lucky to have gotten him.

“...mm.” Sans hummed softly, clearly uninterested in coming back, but you knew you had to.

“Course.” You confirmed, with a smile.

...You plopped down on the couch the second you walked into the house, and instantly started looking through the pictures of your baby. It just… felt so real now. There was a real living, growing baby inside of you… and that baby was half your soulmates. While it was exciting, it was also slightly terrifying. What if you both fucked it up? What if she turned out completely insane and wrong because of you, and your lack of knowledge on parenting.

...It was a scary thought.

And what if she constantly drained magic from Sans? What if the exhaustion never went away, and she was basically all in your hands!? You were not ready to be a single mom…
“...Sans?” You called his name softly from the couch, while he was in the kitchen getting you some water. The doctor said you were a bit dehydrated and you needed to get more fluids into you, and Sans took that very seriously, apparently.

“yeah?” He asked, walking back in and handing you a glass of water. He sat next to you on the couch, rather close, and relaxed into the cushion.

“...You said the baby was draining you?” You asked softly, really wanting to know what that was all about, and how long it had been going on for. It must be so awful for him… all of his energy being sapped out, like a magnet from this baby?

He didn’t answer… instead leaning over and kissing you gently, on the lips. You felt yourself get lost into it almost instantly, kissing back as passionately as you could. All of the pent up stress you had been feeling for the past few months now starting to relax, now that you knew the baby was okay, and that everything was fine, beside-...

...

“...H-Hey! Stop distracting me with your kissing powers!” You exclaimed, as you pulled away from him. You weren’t going to let him do that! You needed to know about this!

“...i just wanna kiss you.”

“And I want answers!”

“i want kisses.”

You sighed. “...I’ll give you four kisses, and then you have to answer me. Okay?”

He hummed in response, and you took that as a yes. You leaned back over to him and have him four, soft kisses on his mouth, making sure to go slow so he couldn’t complain, and so he felt good enough to properly talk to you.
Once you finished, you pulled away and gave him a soft, encouraging smile.

“There ya go. Four.”

He hummed again in response, but didn’t talk any further, so you knew you were going to have to push him a bit.

“...Answers?”

He searched your face for a moment, his eye light dodging back and forth between your two eyes, before he sighed in defeat, which meant victory for you.

“...it’s… how i found out you were pregnant. been really tired.” He told you, nonchalantly, as if it was completely normal and that he was supposed to feel exhausted.

“...She drains your energy? Your magic?”

“yeah.” He said, nonchalantly.

“...Why? How?” You asked, feeling like you needed to know all of this now, as if it would help in any way.

“she needs it to grow.”

...Wasn’t she relying on you to grow? Why did she need magic from him?

“...She just… saps it away?” You asked, fearing she took all of it, and left him exhausted with nothing. That couldn’t be good for him… that could only mean bad things.

What if she sucked all of it out of him and left him with nothing? What if this ended up causing permanent damage, and what if he died!? You knew Sans didn’t have a dad, and you didn’t know why he wasn’t around, but… he wasn’t!
What if he died because of this reason!?

...

…The doctor said it was fine. You didn’t need to be a hypochondriac for Sans, especially not when
the doctor already cleared away the fear. It was fine… was all gonna be fine. If it was killing him,
you would know.

“...kinda feeds off of it from me the same way she feeds off of your food. you still get the needed
nutrients, but she gets what she needs too… i still have energy, it's just… less, because she gets half.
i gotta recharge more often, with naps and shit.” He told you, running his fingers through your hair
just the way you liked. His words were reassuring, but… you just hoped it was the truth, and that he
didn’t suffer.

“...Alright. Okay.” You muttered, leaning into his touch and forcing yourself to calm down a bit.

He chuckled softly. “...it’s alright.”

“...You just gave me a bit of a spook.” You admitted softly, leaning into him for a hug.

He wrapped his arms around you, enveloping you in the familiar warmth. It felt so nice after a long
day, to just unwind and cuddle with him. You understood the appeal of always staying inside better,
after you had gone out. Beforehand it always felt like it was necessary to leave… but when you got
home it felt as if it was a waste of time.

“...i’m just… always tired.” He admitted, also trying to comfort you. It worked a little… at least there
wasn’t any pain. Just tiredness.

...Wait.

“...Is this why you’ve been so exhausted? Never wanted to do anything?” You asked, sitting up a bit
to properly look at him.
“...yeah.” He admitted, as if it was no big deal. He was just shrugging it all off for your sake… but you knew it must have been terrible for him. You would hate to be in that situation, so you couldn’t even imagine how bad it must have been for him… and you just kept pushing him…

You felt so bad.

You kissed him softly, wanting him to somehow feel your apology… he kissed back, but… it just didn’t feel like it was enough. You felt like trash.

“...it’s okay. not a big deal.” He told you softly, trying to comfort you when you did something wrong!

“I-I’m sorry for pushing you so much!” You apologized, gently grabbing his face. You felt so bad.

“it’s okay,” he assured you, gently grabbing your arms, “...it’s in the past, remember?”

You nodded slowly, agreeing with him. He was right… you both decided to put everything behind you that you had previously done…

You took a deep breath and nodded again. “...Okay.”

He kissed you gently, and you kissed back instantly, wanting him to know how much you loved him, somehow through your lips. You felt like he deserved a lot more than he got in his life… from the beginning he struggled, and it just wasn’t fair. He didn’t deserve to suffer the way he did… he was starved, mutilated, and now you were just adding stress for no reason… you were trying to help him, but really, it seemed like you were just adding unnecessary issues.

He deserved better.

“it’s alright,” he assured you again with a smile, but then a look of realization crossed his face, “...holy shit, we’re having a girl.”

You couldn’t stop the smile from spreading across your lips even if you wanted to. He looked so
happy. You didn’t think he would want a daughter so much, but fuck… he clearly did. He looked so excited.

“Yeah.” You confirmed, your voice practically oozing happy.

“…fuck.” He said under his breath, his smile growing as well. In that smile, you could swear, you caught a glimpse of the old Sans. It made your heart skip a beat.

...You wondered often, what life would be like if he was the same as he was before. If he was the him he used to be… before Undyne fucked it all up. Would he still be happy? Still be this obsessed with you? Or would it be a normal relationship, where you both went on dates all the time, but came home and played video games or took a shower together. Would you ever have even met him?

...You thought about it, a lot.

“...we need… names. a name.” He said, his happiness only seeming to grow.

“...Wanna start writing some up?” You asked, unable to tear your eyes away from his face. You couldn’t shake the feeling that things would be so different if Undyne never fucked it all up… things would have been normal.

You would have had a normal relationship… fate would have brought you together, eventually.

“...i have a few, already.” He admitted, his eye light drifting down to your belly.

“Can I hear?”

“...uh… arial, verdana, novella, athena, indie, jasmine, jazzy, dakota…” He named a bunch of names, all fonts, and… one stuck out to you.

“...Indie!” You exclaimed happily, loving the sound of that name. It was unique… pretty. Short, so it wasn’t hard to pronounce, and hard to forget.
“...indie?” He repeated.

“Indie. I love that.”

He smiled again, so genuinely that it made your heart skip a beat. “I love it, too.”

“It’s so pretty. I never would have thought of that.”

“...it’s a font. and i think a music genre.”

“...I just love it.” You admitted softly, unable to drop your smile.

“...me too. fuck, me too.” He practically whined as he cupped your face and brought you closer to his, before kissing you, deeply. You couldn’t help but moan as you kissed him back, feeling so happy in that moment, like things were… okay. Something you weren’t used to. Usually everything was so hectic… chaos.

Now it all felt incredible.

...What was going to go wrong, next?
Sans officially hated waiting rooms.

He had only been in one now, but this single room was complete hell to him. All he wanted to do was crawl into himself somehow, and take you with him, where it was safe and nobody was around to stare at him, and gawk like he was a freak. He already hated himself enough, without the help of other people.

But he dealt with it, for your sake, and for the sake of the baby. He didn’t know how the development was going. For all he knew, the baby could have been killing you, and he wouldn’t be able to stop it without help.

His biggest fear was that it was killing you, and neither of you knew it. What if it was eating your insides? What if you were internally bleeding, and on the verge of death? Would they even be able to fix it at this point? Were you going to die?

“...in the average fizzy drink!?"

He jumped, completely caught off guard by the sound of your voice. He had been lost in his own mind, and hadn’t even realized you were speaking to him.

“...what?” He asked, turning to face you, and wanting to know what you had said. Even if it wasn’t important, it still felt necessary that he always listened.

“...Sugar. There’s seven cubes in the average soda.”

...Okay, maybe it wasn’t always necessary.
“...okay.” He replied softly, not sure what else he was supposed to say. How was he supposed to follow up with that?

He looked away from you and let his eye light dart around the room, until it focused on one kid who was staring at him, openly. He felt uncomfortable instantly, not understanding why his mother wasn’t doing anything about it. Maybe if she got off of her phone and actually paid attention to her child, then they wouldn’t be such an ass.

He tried to stare the kid down, but since it was a child, it stared back just as hard.

...So he smiled.

And the kid started to cry. Whoops.

The mom finally got off of her phone and picked up her child, before quickly taking them out of the room. Sans wasn’t sure whether she saw him or not, but he was grateful nonetheless that the kid was done staring.

_He wasn’t an animal, and he didn’t like being treated like one._

He almost flinched when you suddenly gave his hand a squeeze. Once he processed what had just happened, it was pretty reassuring. He squeezed yours back, and couldn’t help but smile when you smiled, yourself.

You were adorable.

“Y/n L/n?” Some lady called for you, dressed in a nurses outfit. She had a clipboard in her hands, and she looked kind of angry… like she really hated her job.

That didn't seem to faze you however, because you jumped right up, and dragged Sans along with you, never letting go of his hand. When you were both escorted to a private room, Sans couldn’t help but feel a bit uncomfortable as the nurse took your blood pressure and other things. He didn’t like the thought of anybody else hands on you… it made him feel sick and uneasy. When the nurse finally left, he was able to relax a little, and felt better when you did, too. He looked around the room, a bit
intimidated by the machines and stuff.

“...why do they have those tiny cups?” He asked you, as he looked over at the sink. He didn’t see the point of it. Weren’t there water coolers out in the halls?

“...So people can have a drink, I guess.” You told him, clearly not knowing, yourself.

When the doctor came in, Sans instantly felt uneasy. He was way too happy for it to be normal, and he wanted him to leave. He put some gel stuff on your stomach, and it took even ounce of strength for him to not lunge at the guy, and shove the tube down his throat… he didn’t know what it did or what it was for, so it made his uneasy.

He wanted it to go away.

He was talking to you as he applied the gel and then started to run a camera thing on your stomach… it seemed so strange to Sans. Was the gel magic? Was the machine magic?

“...So if we have a look here… the baby is forming very well.” The doctor told you, circling the baby on the screen. 

He had the urge to scream at him to get away from his baby.

...It was relieving, though. Knowing that the baby was okay and developing properly. But he still had so many fears regarding this baby, and the pregnancy… so many questions, and things he didn’t understand. He didn’t even know if any other hybrids existed, aside from this one, and if they did, were they… normal? Physically, and mentally?

“...is isn’t like… eating her, is it?” He asked, unable to resist. He really needed to know… because he couldn’t handle losing you, especially not to something he caused, when it could have been prevented.

“...Oh, no! No, it isn’t. Don’t worry sir, in fact… it seems to be the opposite case. The child is actually healing the womb from the inside.” He told Sans, making him panic a bit. Why were they healing you!? Did they cause damage!? Were you in danger or something? Were you gonna die from this!?
“...why? her womb is damaged?” Sans asked, unable to hide his concerns. He figured it was best to bring them out to the doctor, but... did he do that!? Did he damage your womb, or was it the baby?

He knew he should have been gentler!

“No. But sometimes, complication can arise with the placenta, and that’s pretty common.” The doctor explained softly, calming Sans down pretty easily.

“...so she’s okay? and the baby’s okay?” He asked, just to make sure. He didn’t want anything to fly under the radar... he needed confirmation.

As long as it was confirmed, he would be okay.

For the most part.

“Yes. Everything’s perfect. The positioning of the baby, the development...” He explained, trailing off with a smile. Sure, he was a bit reassured, but... there were still issues. Regarding him mostly, but... he didn’t want to bring it up, unless it was asked of him, and even then, he didn’t even now if this guy could answer his question, considering the fact he was very much human, and not a monster.

...He did relax a bit, though, and he leaned his head on yours from his chair next to yours. Your smell and the feeling of you was always a big comfort. He still didn’t want to be there, but... he felt better, knowing you were okay.

“Do you have anything else that’s been troubling you, that you’d like to clear up?” The doctor asked you both, and Sans could swear he heard a bit of annoyance in his voice. He really didn’t like this guy.

...But still, guess that was as good of a sign as any.

“...i don’t know if you can even answer this, since you’re not a monster.” Sans started, not even sure if he wanted to ask the question. The last thing he wanted to do, was work you up, and make you worry for him more than you already did.
“I can try my best, sir. Or I can reference you to somebody who would be able to answer the question better, depending on what it is.”

Sans wasn’t sure what it was about this doctor, but he really rubbed him the wrong way.

Even as he turned to look at him fully, it just… seemed artificial, somehow.

“...okay, uh, i feel like my energy is being sucked out of me. i’m always exhausted, and… i’ve just been assuming it’s from the baby… is that right?” Sans asked, hoping that you didn’t get freaked out. As hard as it was for him to admit, he knew how much you cared about and loved him. The last thing he needed was for you to be worried, especially while you were so vulnerable and pregnant… hell, that might even cause you to feel panic, because of all the hormones and shit.

...He hoped he was wrong.

But when he looked at you, he could instantly tell he wasn’t. You looked so shocked, and afraid… as if it was really a dangerous thing. He ran his fingers through your hair to try and soothe you, but you still looked so worried…

...He could explain more, later.

“Well yes. That would make sense. That’s typical of monster pregnancies, and a hybrid child would only result in a lot more magic being needed for them to form.” The doctor explained, making Sans, and hopefully you, feel a lot better. At least the drainage wasn’t killing him, so he could still take care of you.

“...alright.” Sans responded, sitting back in his seat and relaxing.

You sat up a bit and looked at him a bit better, so you could get his attention, which he gave.

“...You’re being drained?” You asked, so much fear in your voice that it made his non-existent heart break.

“...it’s okay. it’s not that bad.” He assured you, immediately, trying to be comforting. If he wasn’t
super concerned about it, then you shouldn’t have been.

“...Since when!?” You exclaimed, clearly still not calmed down.

“...we can talk about it after, kay?” He offered, trying his best to reassure you, but he could tell it wasn’t working.

He watched as you took a deep breath and tried to relax yourself. You still looked so worried, but... you managed to keep your cool.

It made him feel bad, knowing that you worried for him.

He didn’t deserve you.

You turned back to look at the ultrasound screen, and he watched as your face suddenly lit up.

“...Is it a boy or a girl?” You asked, looking at him for a second before looking right back at the baby.

Sans couldn’t help but snap his head towards the doctors direction, curious himself what the baby was. Who was actually right between the two of you... was it a girl or a boy?

...He was still thinking girl, but... he was probably wrong.

The doctor give a soft smile before speaking. “It’s a girl.”

...

...A girl.

He was right... you were wrong.
Sans was going to be a dad... to a baby girl.

A daughter.

“...guess you were wrong.” Sans told you softly, trying to sound playful, but... he just sounded like he was in awe.

“That’s okay!” You said, enthusiastically, seeming genuinely excited, “We’re having a girl!”

He couldn’t next but smile, and kiss you on the head. He couldn’t believe he was going to have a daughter... let alone be a dad in the first place. It didn't feel real, up until this point, but... he was really having a baby with you.

You were gonna be parents.

Together.

You tilted his face and made him kiss you properly, gently. He could feel so much love from you in that moment, as if it were radiating off of you like an energy source.

It was beautiful.

Until you were pulled away by the doctors voice.

“...Would you two like photos of the ultrasound?”

“yeah.” Sans answered for you, wanting them so he would be able to show Pap, and then hang them up on his wall.

“If you two wanna come back in two weeks to check on how the pregnancy is progressing, that’d be great.” The doctor told you with a smile, almost like he was trying to exclude Sans... it made him
feel even more suspicious about the guy… and his smile seemed so… *fake.*

“...mm.” Sans hummed, really not wanting to do that… but it was up to you.

“Course!”

...*of course.*

...The first thing Sans did when you got home, was go and get you a glass of water. The doctor told you both that you were a bit dehydrated, and that was really bad. He ran into the kitchen while you got comfortable on the couch, and he was pretty thankful you hadn’t brought his exhaustion up, yet, but he knew you would.

Oh, you would.

“...Sans?” He heard you call his name from the living room.

He quickly filled the glass, and then made his way to the couch before handing you the glass, and sitting next to you.

“yeah?”

“...You said the baby was draining you?”

...Like he thought… you would.

He didn’t want to talk about it, whatsoever… he didn’t want to draw attention to it, because really, he wanted to ignore it. It would go away eventually, so why even bother? Couldn’t fix it… telling you would really only result in anxiety and problems. The last thing he ever wanted was to be a burden, or to add stress to *you.*
...fuck anybody else.

He kissed you, hoping *somehow* it would distract your mind, and take you away from the thought of him being so tired. It seemed to work for a moment, because you kissed back, deeply, letting yourself get lost in it.

...And then you pulled away.

“...H-Hey! Stop distracting me with your kissing powers!”

...*kissing powers?*

...*cute.*

“...i just wanna kiss you.” He told you, innocently, almost leaning into himself. He didn’t want another argument… he just wanted this to stop. Wanted to move past the drama, and just work through this pregnancy.

Everything would be okay.

“*And I* want answers!”

“i want *kisses.*”

You let out a sigh. It wasn’t an annoyed one, just… slightly defeated. “...I’ll give you four kisses, and then you have to answer me. Okay?”

He hummed in response, not entirely sure if he wanted to commit to that fully or not, but you seemed to take it as a go ahead. You leaned over and kissed him four times, softly on his mouth. It was slow, and he savored it.
When you finished, you pulled away from him, but gave him a smile.

“There ya go. Four.”

...He wanted more.

“...Answers?”

...He didn't want to, but…

He knew you wouldn’t stop until he told you.

“...it’s… how i found out you pregnant. been really tired.” He explained softly, feeling exhausted already, and you had only been out for about an hour. Now really wasn't the time for this… he just wished you understood.

“...She drains your energy? Your magic?” You asked, still sounding so concerned, even though he told you it was okay.

“yeah.”

“...Why? How?”

“she needs it to grow.”

“...She just… saps it away?” You asked softly, probably assuming the worst, and that she was literally sucking his life force away. It was cute that you cared, and really meaningful, but it wasn’t necessary. You didn’t need to stress over it.

“...kinda feeds off of it from me the same way she feeds off of your food. you still get the needed nutrients, but she gets what she needs too… i still have energy, it’s just… less, because she gets half. i gotta recharge more often, with naps and shit.” He explained, hoping to ease your mind and take away all of the questions.
It wasn’t even painful, when she ate off of his magic.

It was just tiring, because his body had to work that much more work.

Worked to make sure his baby would survive.

...Honestly, if he had to die to keep that baby alive...

...He probably would.

“...Alright. Okay.” You mumbled, seeming to feel a bit better as started to run his phalanges through your hair.

It always seemed to comfort you.

“...it’s alright.” He assured you again, with a soft chuckle.

“...You just gave me a bit of a spook.” You told him, leaning on him for a hug.

He wrapped you in a proper hug, feeling as if a side hug just wasn’t enough. He missed cuddling you all day... and being outside of the house was hard for him in general, especially with minimal physical contact.

“...i’m just... always tired.” He told you softly, wanting you to know that was the only thing that was happening. He wasn’t dying. Wasn’t sick... was just... sleepy.

A look of realization seemed to cross your face. “...Is this why you’ve been so exhausted? Never wanted to do anything?”

You sat up a bit, looking almost betrayed. As if you weren’t in on some sort of big secret.
“...yeah.” He admitted, trying to make you realize it wasn’t a big deal. Everything was okay, as long you were nearby, and he was able to stay at home.

It felt okay.

You kissed him gently, and somehow, it almost felt like a pity kiss. Like you genuinely felt bad for him and what he was going through. He kissed back, softly, trying to get the message across to you that he was fine.

“...it’s okay,” he cooed softly, after he broke away, “not a big deal.”

“...I-I’m sorry for pushing you so much!” You apologized suddenly, catching him a bit off guard.

“it’s okay. it’s in the past, remember?” He told you softly, grabbing ahold of your arms that rested on his face.

You nodded in agreement, and let out a shaky breath. “...Okay.”

He kissed you again, very softly, and felt relieved when you kissed him back. He wasn’t exactly afraid of you rejecting him, it was more like… a small fear that was always in the back of his mind, that it might happen someday. Your lips always felt like heaven against him… like he was finally back in place with a missing puzzle piece.

Because you were his other half.

“It’s alright,” he assured you again, as he looked over your face… your skin was practically glowing now that you were pregnant… like a beautiful ray of sunshine. The baby made your entire being look so much more beautiful, somehow, even though he thought it was impossible for you to get anymore perfect… “...holy shit, we’re having a girl.”

When the realization hit him, he almost cried out in joy. He was going to have a daughter… an actual daughter.
...He had always dreamed of it.

You smiled at him gently and gave a slight nod. “Yeah.”

“...fuck.” He muttered under his breath, his smile growing so wide it almost hurt.

He hoped you weren't secretly disappointed, since he knew you had thought it was a boy earlier, but based on your reactions and your words, you were happy with it being a girl, maybe even more so than you would if it were a boy.

...He wouldn't have minded either way. A son would have been just as great as a daughter, to him. It would be like raising Papyrus all over again, only this time above ground. With more sunlight, and things to do.

“...we need… names. a name.” He told you, knowing he must have sounded so dumb. He was just… so happy. He couldn’t help it.

“...Wanna start writing some up?”

“...i have a few, already.” He admitted, looking down at your stomach. It was growing so big… so beautiful.

“Can I hear?”

He had been saving the boy names at the front of his kind, since he really thought you were going to be right… but he still had a few girl names saved.

“...uh… arial, verdana, novella, athena, indie, jasmine, jazzy, dakota…”

“...Indie!” You exclaimed, catching him a bit off guard. He had been searching his mind for more names when you suddenly spoke up.

“...indie?”
“Indie. I love that.” You confirmed, looking like you had just won the lottery… you were just so happy.

“i love it, too.” It had been one of his favorites.

“It’s so pretty. I never would have thought of that.” You admitted, looking somewhat proud of him. It felt nice.

“…it’s a font. and i think a music genre.” He remembered Papyrus going through a faze where he listened to Indie music.

“…I just love it.”

“…me too. fuck, me too.” He told you gently, as he cupped your face and pulled you to him for a soft, but deep and meaningful kiss. He wanted to show you how much you meant to him… everything he was feeling in that moment. He wanted you to taste his happiness, and feel it to its full extent.

Wanted to be happy.

Chapter End Notes

I have weird dreams

My Tumblr.
*Kick.*

Chapter Summary

Fluff, smut and babies.

Chapter Notes

I literally forgot to update this yesterday wtf

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were starting to love lazy days just as much as Sans did.

Since you had gotten bigger, now being five months along, you had hated moving around a lot more. You found it a lot more convenient to just lay in bed and be comfortable during the day, safe and wrapped up by blankets in Sans’s arms.

Papyrus had been pretty understanding in this as well, since he was informed on Sans’s energy drain, and considering the fact you were already so big. It would be concerning to you, if the doctor hadn’t already told you a few days ago when you went for your second appointment that it was perfectly okay.

Apparently monster babies grew rapidly.

Something that was pretty concerning to you however, was the fact that the baby hadn’t made any movements. You had asked the doctor, and he didn’t have a clear answer for you, so you just kind of hoped for the best. The heart beat was there and everything, and the development looked normal on screen, so you tried not to worry.

It had been concerning for a few weeks… until you started to feel flutters. You hadn’t experienced full out kicks, but… it had been better than nothing.

Until the day you finally felt it.
You were laying on your side in bed, pressed up against Sans, gently. His front to yours, so he could easily be feeding the magic to the baby while he still slept, and kept his arms around you snuggly.

It was perfect, and you were almost asleep…

And then you felt it.

It was like a tiny flutter in your belly, only stronger, and at one specific point. You froze at first, confused and unsure if you were just imagining it… but decided you weren’t when Sans’s eye sockets flew open, suddenly. His head snapped down to your stomach instantly, and you followed his line of sight.

“...Sh-She kicked.” You said softly, kind of shocked that it was really happening. You were half expecting for it to never happen, and now here it was.

Sans didn’t say a word, instead instantly bringing his hand down to your belly where he gently rested his hand on it and waited.

He looked so hopeful, and like he was in disbelief.

You both waited in anticipation for a few moments, and you instantly smiled when your patience was rewarded. She kicked pretty harshly, causing you to almost flinch, but it was bearable, and the smile on his face when it happened made it all that more worth it.

You smiled as well, your entire face lighting up and your body feeling jittery and light. “You felt that? She kicked again!” You asked, even though you didn't have to. His face said it all.

He didn’t respond, his smile just permanently plastered on his face as he stared in awe at your belly. It was like he was seeing a cute dog for the first time in his life… only it was your stomach, and not a dog at all.

You watched as he finally moved and brought his face down to your stomach, where he gently rested his face there, his boney cheek on your skin. It felt nice, until the baby kicked him right in the jaw.
“ow.” He muttered softly, but the tone of his voice held so much… admiration. Like he was genuinely grateful to be kicked in the face.

“That’s what you get for putting your face so close, dummy.” You told him playfully, your voice gentle and soft. Cautious, as to not move your stomach too much, but also in your words. You really wanted him to feel comfort whenever you spoke, even when you were making a somewhat snarky comment.

He didn’t move away, instead just being fine with the kicking. When she kicked him again, he laughed softly, seemingly enjoying the way it felt, or at least finding joy in the fact she was actually kicking.

“...heh. does it hurt at all?” He asked, still not moving away from your stomach, like he was permanently glued there, or like she was a magnet holding him down with the force of gravity.

“It’s… like a muscle twitch.” You told him, trying to think of the best possible way to describe it. It wasn’t painful… just felt like light pressure was being applied to your stomach, only it was from the inside out.

“crampy?”

“No. Like a light pressure.”

He crawled back up to you, finally being able to tear himself away from Indie, and kissed you, softly. You kissed him back, and gently let your hand rest on your belly, where his face had previously been.

“...pretty late in the pregnancy for a first kick.” He pointed out, voicing one of your concerns you had yourself.

“She might’ve kicked earlier? But I just didn’t feel it?” You offered figuring that could be a possibility. But you didn’t know. You weren’t a doctor.

“or just slower because she’s such a special snowflake.” He told you softly, a joking tone to his voice.
You snickered, unable to help yourself. “Probably.”

He pulled your body closer to his, so you were pressed right against his front, again. Your stomach was against him, and he had his hands rested on your hips. You quickly nuzzled your face into his neck, finding instant comfort in the smell and feeling. It was always so firm, and yet somehow malleable and slightly squishy.

You gasped very softly when you felt the baby kick again, catching you a bit off guard. Sans blinked and looked down again, apparently a bit shocked as well.

He let out a breathy sounding laugh, and held you closer. The joy beaming off of him being pretty much contagious.

...But the kicking wasn’t always so ‘romantic’.

It got worse as time went on, and as Indie developed more. It got to the point where you would have to pause and catch your breath in the middle of the day because she would literally ‘kick’ the wind out of you. Sometimes it would even make you feel nauseous, and you even threw up one time, in the hallway.

It was beginning to get so unbearable that you couldn’t even sleep.

It started at around eight months, when the kicking was too severe for you to properly rest.

You would lie awake at night, trying not to cry too loud because you wanted Sans to be able to sleep. He was already giving this baby so much magic, and you wanted him to be able to recharge like he said, but…

Sometimes you needed him.

...You always needed him.
“...S-Sans.” You called his name softly, from your spot next to him on the bed. You were almost hysterical at this point, and you needed him to talk to you and distract you from the pain in your stomach.

He blinked awake instantly, the sound of your voice apparently being enough to pull him away from a deep sleep. He looked over at you, turning his head slowly, the bags under his eye sockets still very much present.

Poor guy.

He blinked again when he realized you were crying, and instantly wiped your tears away.

“...hey.” He cooed softly, before leaning forward and leaving a soft kiss on your forehead.

You felt so lucky to have him, in that moment.

“...S-She won’t stop kicking.” You told him softly, unable to stop the tears even as he was holding you close.

“...it hurts?” He asked, sounding a bit confused. You hadn’t told him that the kicks had started to become painful, because you were afraid of him worrying. You both worried enough about each other, as it was.

You gave a slight nod. “...Sore.”

More like stabbing. But you weren’t going to tell him that.

You watched as he brought his hand down and settled it on your stomach, on the exact place she kept kicking the shit out of you. You were confused for a second, but, then your stomach started to tingle. A soft blue glow was surrounding his hand and your stomach where he held it, and you realized he was using magic on you. You were about to protest and tell him to save his energy, but… the kicking had stopped.

Apparently Indie liked the magic.
You took a deep breath and allowed yourself to relax into the bed. The pain was slowly subsiding, and everything felt a lot better, instantly. The panic you had been experiencing seemed to vanish with the pain, and you suddenly felt very sleepy.

You looked up at Sans, and felt regret right away.

He looked so tired that it made your skin crawl. You knew his magic was precious as it was, and that he didn’t have as much as he used to, so this combined with the magic he gave off to Indie everyday just seemed like he was being tortured.

Was he even going to have anything left for himself if you kept this up?

“...Okay. Better now.” You told him when the kicking was completely over, and you had a moment of peace. You were afraid of him overworking himself, and if it meant that you had to suffer so he could rest, then so be it.

He removed his hand from your abdomen and let it fall before he closed his sockets again, slowly.

...But as soon as the magic was gone, the kicking was not.

You didn’t want him to get worried and start to use his magic again, so you quickly turned onto your other side and tried your best to grit your teeth and ignore it.

*kickkickkickkick* 

She started kicking the shit out of you, instantly.

You couldn’t stop the small groan that escaped your lips, from discomfort. Before you could even hope Sans hadn’t heard it, he suddenly rolled you back over to face him, being mindful of your stomach.

He put his hand back on your stomach, and started to use more magic, and you quickly started to
protest, honestly very concerned for his physical and mental health.

“No, no I’m fine. Go to sleep.” You told him, praying he would listen to you on this one. The last thing you needed was for him to collapse from mental and physical exhaustion. He might get some rest that way, but, then what would you do when you were afraid of stressed out? That might have been a selfish thought, but you couldn’t help it.

“You go to sleep. I can sleep after you do.” He insisted, leaving a soft kiss on your lips.

You wanted to fight it more, you really did, but… you were tired, and it felt so nice when the kicking stopped.

“...A-Are you sure?” You asked, still really fearing the fact that he was overworking himself so much.

“Positive.” He assured you, giving you another soft kiss.

...You trusted him, so… you closed your eyes.

And you dreamt about your family.

A small one, with two kids.

Happiness.

You thought Sans was lucky, though… because you got insanely horny, around month eight.

“...Sans.” You practically moaned his name as you both laid in bed, side by side while some movie played on the Television. You reached out and touched his collar bone, needing, craving physical contact.

“...hm?” He asked, looking over at you. He was awake for once, which was very rare, especially with you being so far along. He seemed to be tired a lot more often than not.
You let your hands wander down to his ribs, and you jumped a bit when he quickly held your hands, obviously a bit shocked by the sudden contact.

“...’M horny.” You explained softly, deciding not to beat around the bush.

He blinked, apparently trying to process what you had just said. “...oh. oh, okay.”

You watched in anticipation as he slowly slid his shirt off, and over his head. You instantly reached out and started to rub your hands over his bones, finding them to be beautiful, even in the parts that showed so much imperfection.

He reached closer to you as you massaged his ribs, and gently kissed your neck before pulling you closer to his body. You couldn’t stop the moans that escaped your lips as he started to toy with your boobs. They had gotten so sensitive since you had been pregnant, and every touch felt like it was ten times harder than it really was.

“...take your clothes off.” He instructed softly, and you instantly obliged, tearing your clothes off for him as fast as you could. You found it a lot easier to get your shirts off now, since your belly was so big and your shirts were gigantic.

He watched you as you did, looking like a starving man, that was staring at a five course meal.

Like you were delicious,

“lay down.” He instructed you next, gesturing lazily to his usual spot on the bed. You quickly did as he asked, and made yourself comfortable in the sheets. It was always so warm and smelled so nice on his side.

Ever since you had gotten pregnant, his smell had been like a drug to you… and you didn’t really understand why.

You couldn’t help but rub your thighs together in anticipation as you waited for him to touch you. You felt like you had been insatiable these past few weeks, and you needed him to touch you constantly, so when he finally brought his hand down between your legs you couldn’t help but
moan, loudly.

He slid a finger inside of you slowly, being gentle and making sure you were okay. He kissed you and started to circle your clit with his thumb, driving you *crazy*. Your legs twitched, and you felt your stomach start to tingle as your orgasm started to slowly build up.

You instantly reached out and cling to him, as the moans spilled out of your mouth uncontrollably.

“...damn.” He muttered softly, as he gently started to speed up his ministrations.

“....K-Keep going!” You demanded, your voice breathy and on the verge of breaking. You already felt *so* close.

“...i am, i am.” He assured you softly, his voice almost condescending as he sped up his fingers again.

He brought his face down to your neck, and gently started to kiss it a few times, causing the coil in your stomach to stretch even more, until it finally snapped, and you came.

“...better?” He asked, after he finally pulled his hand away from between your thighs. You sighed in contentment. You felt *good* but… not completely satisfied.

“...F-Fuck me?” You asked, sounding hopeful, when really you knew he wouldn’t reject.

**He would *never* reject you.**

“...mm. ya sure?” He asked, and you realized he wasn’t going to make this easy for you. He was going to tease you.

*Asshole.*

“Please. Pleaseeeeee.”
“...you positive?”

“Yes! Please!” You snapped a bit, feeling yourself start to become impatient.

He laughed a bit, accidentally breaking his character. “...are you reeeeeeally sure?” He asked you again, making you buck your hips in frustration.

“C’mon!” You whined, feeling like you were on the verge of tears. You needed this so bad that you felt as if your crotch was literally on fire! He chuckled again, and you watched happily as he pulled his dick out of his pants. After all of these months, it was still so beautiful to you.

He gently pressed himself against your entrance, and started to push in gradually. You instantly moaned as he did, unable to stop yourself as you finally felt the burning disappearing.

“...i love you.” He told you softly, as you clung to him by his rib cage.

“...L-Love you too.” You told him honestly, your voice soft and full of emotion to the point you felt like you were on the verge of tears.

You felt him speed up when you said that, and you instantly pulled his face closer for a kiss.

“...you’re fucking…” he started, with agrunt, “...so warm.”

He pressed gentle kisses all over your face as he sped up once more, and you couldn’t help but feel a bit nervous. He was speeding up a bit too fast, but you weren’t panicking yet. It still felt really fucking good.

You couldn’t respond, instead peppering his face with more kisses, giving his mouth extra attention.

“...you alright?” He asked you, softly, probably since you hadn’t spoken.
“Mhm!” You assured him, cheerfully, feeling that heat return in your belly as your second orgasm approached.

“...alright.” He let up, thankfully not pushing it any further.

You felt him speed up again, and you decided it was becoming too much.

“...S-Sans… slow down a bit.” You asked him softly, making sure to stay calm as to not arouse panic in him. You had never had to use a safe word with him before, despite having one set up, because he always good with not hurting or making you uncomfortable.

He let out a low growl, and seemed to be bothered by your request, but he slowed down regardless, and you were thankful for that.

You gasped as he reached down and started to rub your clit, pretty fast, to the point that if you weren't already close then it definitely would have hurt. He also used his other hand to rub your nipples, and with how sensitive they were, you were instantly thrown off the edge of bliss.

You moaned loudly as you came, your hold on his ribs only tightening as your body spasmed slightly. Your orgasm, as usual, milked his out of him almost instantly, so you both rode it out together.

He pulled out and you both relaxed into each other, and finished the movie before going to bed.

...And then your water broke.
The fact that you were being more cooperative with Sans, was really relieving to him. You started to realize how tired he was, constantly, and he felt so grateful that you took pity on him, and showed him mercy with going anywhere. You being in bed with him constantly really made it all worth it, the exhaustion included with the magic drain. He couldn’t completely blame it on that however, since you had gotten a lot more tired because you were getting so big. He wouldn’t wanna walk around either, if he had such a big stomach.

Papyrus had been upset at first, since there weren’t going to be any family activities in the near future, but you were able to calm him down easily when you offered to cook with him. There was something about the way you two interacted, and bonded so quickly, that really made Sans happy. If you and Papyrus hadn’t gotten along, then he had no idea what the fuck he would do.

But it wasn’t completely smooth sailing,

You still had doctors appointments, every week now that you were close to delivery, and he still didn’t like the doctor at all. Maybe he was just paranoid, or maybe there really was something wrong with the guy.

Maybe he just hated going out of the house, and was trying to find every excuse he could to justify it.

But as far as he could tell, the baby was forming perfectly fine. If anything had been wrong, he would have felt more energy, and he would have known that the baby was no longer able to take his magic. Regardless, he was never worried about the baby being able to form properly. You were his soulmate, and soulmate babies always formed perfectly.
Because they were *meant* to be born.

He knew you had been a bit concerned over the fact that Indie hadn’t kicked yet, but he knew it was alright. His soul would have fractured as well if the baby…

*Didn’t make it.*

But again, he didn’t have to worry about that. She was okay. She was going to be born, perfectly.

He had to admit, however, he was a bit disappointed by the fact there hadn’t been any kicks yet. He could have sworn she was just staying still to spite him, since you at least got to feel small flutters and burps. He knew she would kick eventually, because otherwise, there *had* to be something wrong…

And he knew there wasn’t.

His main concern in the pregnancy had always been you, and it still was.

Sans didn’t have to feel jealous for long that you could feel the movements and he couldn’t, because eventually, like he knew she would, Indie kicked.

He had been half asleep, with you pressed against him when it happened. He felt a small almost twitching like feeling that pressed against him from your stomach. When he opened his sockets, you looked just as shocked as he was, as he brought his line of sight down to your belly.

“…Sh-She kicked.” You muttered, your voice full of shock and slight confusion. He knew you were worried, so he was glad this happened now, to ease your mind.

He brought one of his hands down to your belly and rested it there, and hoped she would do it again. But knowing her, she would stay still just to make him angry. She seemed to be a lot like you… determined, and in control of situations.

But he was lucky, because he felt a small push on his hand. It seemed pretty strong for such a small
thing, and he momentarily wondered if it hurt you, but judging by your smile it didn’t matter.

“You felt that? She kicked again!” You exclaimed, so happily. He couldn’t even muster up a response. All he could do was stare and smile. His daughter was kicking.

And she was strong.

He brought his face down to rest on your belly, so he could see if he could hear anything, but he didn’t. Instead, he got kicked in the cheek.

“ow.” He muttered softly, in complete awe. She went from not kicking at all, to kicking a shit load of times, super strongly.

“That’s what you get for putting your face so close, dummy.” You scolded him softly, your voice playful and light.

She kicked him again, and he couldn’t help but laugh, softly. It felt so nice, in such a weird way. So alive.

“...heh. does it hurt at all?” He asked you, unable to move away to look at your face.

“It’s… like a muscle twitch.” You told him, and for some reason, he doubted that. He thought it was a lot worse than you were actually letting on.

“crampy?” He asked, assuming it must have been at least as bad as a stomach cramp.

“No. Like a light pressure.”

He decided not to push it any further, and instead just crawled back up to you and kissed you, gently. He still felt a spark everytime you kissed him back, and he hoped it never went away. Things were too perfect now, and he wanted them to stay that way.

“...pretty late in the pregnancy for a first kick.” He pointed out softly, but really it didn’t concern him
at all. He knew it was okay.

“She might’ve kicked earlier? But I just didn’t feel it?” You said, clearly trying to find some type of explanation that you could cling to.

“or just slower because she’s such a special snowflake.” He said softly, in a joking tone.

You snickered softly, apparently finding it humorous as well. “Probably.”

He pulled you back against him and made sure your stomach was right against where his would be. He let his hands rest on your hips while he felt you nuzzle into his neck. You sniffed it, and he couldn’t help the goofy smile that spread across his face.

He heard you gasp when the baby kicked again, and he looked down at your stomach, instantly. He wasn’t expecting it, but he had felt it as well, due to the pressure of the kick. He laughed again, and pulled you closer to him. He couldn’t believe how good it felt, to feel her kick properly. He finally understood why you had been so upset. He really enjoyed this feeling, too.

The only downside, was that it got much worse for you.

Her being a strong baby only resulted in more strength as she grew. By month eight you were literally crying in the middle of the night, and unable to move during the day whenever she decided to be active.

You would wake him up in the middle of the night, sobbing because it hurt so much.

“...S-Sans.” You would call his name, waking him up from his sleep. He didn’t mind, really, since he knew you were struggling so much. He would much rather be awake and help you through your struggles, than be asleep.

You both created her, so you both should suffer.

He blinked awake and looked over at you, feeling like his soul shattered every time he would see you cry. He hated that you were experiencing so much pain, and he would have done anything to be
able to take the pain instead.

“...hey.” He cooed softly, as he wiped your tears away and then leaned forward to gently kiss you on the forehead. You hadn’t been sleeping well as it was, since you were so heavy, so he hated the fact that it was worse now with the kicking.

“...S-She won’t stop kicking!” You complained, voice barely above a whisper but still so full of stress.

He felt so stuck in this situation. He had no idea how to help physically, so… he decided if you talked through it, then maybe it would help.

“...it hurts?” He asked, honestly a bit worried. Why did it hurt so bad? He would be concerned if it weren’t for the fact that the doctor had already said the baby wasn’t causing any harm to your body.

...But then again, could he really trust him?

“...Sore.” You explained with a tiny nod.

...He was already using so much magic, and the baby was lie a constant tap that just wouldn’t turn off, but… he needed to help you.

...He brought his hand down to your belly, and gently let it rest where it was causing you the most problems. He had to hold in the urge to rub it, and instead concentrated his magic on that specific spot. He knew Indie loved his magic, and that it soothed her, so he used it to get her to relax so you could finally sleep properly. He could tell you were going to protest, but then decided against it because you relaxed into the bed sheets after opening and closing your mouth.

You took a deep breath and let your body relax, along with your mind, so he assumed the pain was going away. You didn’t seem as scared or stressed anymore… now just seeming content.

...His exhaustion didn’t matter, as long as his babies were okay.

You met his gaze suddenly, and you looked… slightly alarmed. If he hadn’t been completely
exhausted, and knew he looked like road kill, he would have felt offended.

“...Okay. Better now.” You told him, clearly just wanting him to stop using his magic. You worried for him, and that really made him feel important, but... he needed to take care of you. But hey, he would bite. He would let you take care of him for a moment, and then when it got bad again, he could just put his magic back where it was and take care of you again.

He took his hand off of your stomach and let it fall to his side again, before he slowly started to close his eye sockets again. He knew if the pain got bad enough, you would start complaining again.

He was counting on that.

He rested his sockets for no more than a few minutes before he heard you groan in discomfort.

It was soft, but it was a groan.

He gently grabbed a hold of your arm and turned you back over to face him, so he could place his hand back on your stomach and put his magic back on. He wasn’t surprised when you instantly started protesting, but he was a bit annoyed. He just wanted to help make you feel better, and he was upset that you wouldn’t just let him.

“No, no I’m fine. Go to sleep.”

“you go to sleep. i can sleep after you do.” He told you, softly kissing you on the lips. He didn’t mind staying up as long as it meant you would feel better. If the baby needed even more magic for that to happen, then so be it.

He could tell by the look on your face that you really wanted to argue, but... you couldn’t. You looked slightly defeated, but you tried to shake it off.

“...A-Are you sure?” You asked him, your voice sweet and gentle. So caring.

“positive.” He reassured you, kissing you once again.
He watched as you closed your eyes and let yourself finally sleep properly. He very rarely slept at night anymore, but hey, he didn’t mind. He could sleep during the day while you rested properly when you were supposed to. He liked it, really. He enjoyed watching you sleep, especially when your eyelids fluttered while you dreamt.

It was adorable.

But sometimes he couldn’t sleep during the day either, because you had become *insatiable*.

To be fair however, you did usually wait for him to be awake properly before you asked. He remembered you always moaning his name in complaint as you rubbed your thighs together, practically mewling.

“...Sans.” You mewled, as you reached out and touched his collar bone. Your hand was warm, and your voice was full of lust.

“...hm?” He hummed, looking over at you. Your eyes were half lidded, and you looked so lustful. So *needy*.

Your hands wandered down to his ribs suddenly, where you gripped onto them, catching him a bit off guard, so he couldn’t stop himself from snatching your hands.

“...’M horny.” You said bluntly, as he looked back up at your face.

He blinked, a bit taken back by what you just demanded. He wasn’t expecting it, but… he also wasn’t going to protest. “...oh. oh, okay.”

He instantly started to take his shirt off, but he went slow as to tease you and make you wait. When he eventually took it off completely, you started to rub his rib cage instantly. He loved the fact that you could love something he hated so much about himself, and that he couldn’t change that no matter what.

He leaned closer to you so he could kiss your neck as you continued to massage his ribs, and pulled you against him by your hips, being mindful of your belly. You moaned softly the entire time,
especially as he massaged your breasts, since they were so sensitive now.

“...take your clothes off.” He practically demanded, but kept his voice soft. Much to his pleasure, you obliged instantly, and started to rip your clothes off. Your breasts had gotten so big since you had gotten pregnant... it was insane how big of a difference there was, and even more insane how *horny* it made him.

He did that.

He made your body do that.

“lay down.” He ordered, next, making a small gesture towards the bed. You didn’t protest, and you quickly lied back and got comfortable. You made a small noise of contentment, and he couldn’t help but smile to himself.

You were precious.

He watched as you became impatient, and started to gently rub your thighs together. Apparently the heat was too much for you, and you *needed* friction...

He could give that to you.

He gently brought his down between your thighs, and the second he made contact, you moaned. It was adorable, how needy you were... how much you needed *him* specifically.

You were already so wet, that when he slid a finger inside of you, there was no resistance. He let it relax inside of you, and kissed you as he let his thumb circle around your clit, gently. Your legs would twitch, and you made the cutest noises.

You reached out and clung to him, as you softly sang your noises into his ‘ear’.

“...damn.” He commented softly, as he sped up his thumb and started to move his fingers. You were so *warm* and wet... so ready for him.
“...K-Keep going!” You demanded, desperately, your voice breathy and cracking. He could already tell you were close by the way your body reacted… and it was adorable the way you demanded this from him.

“...i am. i am.” He assured you, picking up the pace, once again.

He leaned down to your neck, and decided to give it some love, as well, by kissing it a few times. You seemed to enjoy it, based off of the way your pussy clenched around his fingers, so he did it a few more times, just for good measure.

He wanted to please every inch of you.

It didn’t take long for your body to reach its peak, and for you to orgasm. It was beautiful, and he loved the way it felt.

“...better?” He asked, gently pulling his hand away from between your legs. He wanted to make sure you didn’t want to go again, before he decided to get his dick wet.

This was about you.

“...F-Fuck me?” You asked him, as if you even had to ask. You sounded hopeful… as if there was even the slightest chance of him rejecting you.

...But he would tease you.

“...mm. ya sure?” He asked, a teasing edge to his voice. He removed himself from you completely, with the sudden urge to see you come undone. Needy, sweaty and begging.

“Please. Pleaseeeeee.” You begged, instantly, apparently prepared for him to do this. He could work with that.

“...you positive?”
“Yes! Please!” You exclaimed, pretty much snapping at him, and causing him to laugh softly. It was just too cute.

“...are you reeeally sure?” He asked again, and he had to hold in a moan when you bucked your hips upwards, and grinded against him, slightly.

“C’mon!” You whined, and he decided that was good enough. He was afraid you were going to start crying, and that was the last thing he wanted.

Regardless, he chuckled, trying to ease the mood again, and slowly released his dick from inside of his shorts.

The way you always looked at it gave him conflicted emotions. He found it weird how you found it so beautiful… but it was also sweet, to him.

_Cute._

He didn’t make you wait any longer, instead, just instantly pressing against you. Your body was so warm on contact, that his breath almost hitched, as he slowly started to push in. You moaned instantly, as if you were a record played and he had just hit play, and it was _fucking adorable._

“...i love you.” He told you softly, as you gently started to cling to his rib cage.

“L-Love you too.” You told him, your voice sounding so emotional that he was afraid you were going to cry.

He sped up a bit, unable to help himself. You were so cute… _warm._

...you’re fucking… so warm.” He told you, grunting softly. You kissed him, and he felt so unworthy of you… like dust compared to your sunshine.
You deserved more.

You peppered soft kisses all over his face, making him unable to stop the gradual build up in his pelvis as he went faster… deeper.

You hadn’t responded to him, and that made him worry for a moment.

Did he do something wrong?

Did this hurt?

Were you mad?

Were you crying?

“...you alright?” He asked you, softly, making sure to be gentle, as he looked at your face. You did seem a bit anxious… maybe this was too much.

...But you hadn’t said it, yet.

“Mhm!” You assured him, cheerfully. So cheerfully, that he almost didn’t believe you.

...But he didn’t push it.

“...Alright.”

He felt himself speed up again, almost as if he were on auto pilot. He knew he could stop if he wanted to, but… he didn’t want to. If it wasn’t causing you pain, and you weren’t complaining then why should he?
...But what if it was hurting the baby?

Was rough sex good for labor, or was it a bad thing?

He couldn’t remember.

“...S-Sans… slow down a bit.” You asked him, gently, your voice calm and steady.

But he knew you were in pain, and you were just trying to hide it, now.

Every inch of his body screamed at him to keep going, and that you were fine… but… he couldn’t do that to you. He growled softly, directed towards himself, and managed to force himself to slow down, to a more comfortable pace for you.

...Because this was still about you. Not him.

He forced himself to relax and focus on you again. He would get off, so he didn't need to rush it.

It was okay.

He reached down between you both and found your clit, before rubbing it, going pretty fast since you were already close. He wanted your orgasm to be intense, so he did his best to make it that way.

You gasped softly, and instantly moaned, your body reacting instantly, and pushing itself over the edge.

You body shook, and your legs spasmed, as he felt himself orgasm as well.

On the bright side, his orgasm was made of magic, so it should prevent any kicking.

He waited until your orgasm passed completely, before pulling out and resting next to you, before pulling you against him.
He fell asleep for a little while, before chaos ensued.

Chapter End Notes

<3 I love you guys. Can't believe how far this has come.

My Tumblr. Follow me for updates, and fun headcanons!
Indie.

Chapter Summary

She's here.

Chapter Notes

Oh geez.

Here she is! My bab. Indie was also featured in @Llama_Goddess's work, NTBWTGAL. If you wanna read that, I'll link it at the end of the story, if you wanna see where my baby was first featured!

Indie is a very... spoiled child, which will be shown later on. She's pretty closed off in her later years, but as a child she's very attached to her dads hip. But that's enough about her for now. You guys will read it for yourselves, soon!

Also, ironically, being posted on father's day!

Happy father's day, Sans. <3

ItWouldBeAdorableIfSomebodyDrewIndieGivingSansAFathersDayCardJustSayingDon'tFeelObliga

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

You never had a baby shower, but you were pretty set on baby items. As soon as you found out the gender, Sans had filled the guest room with tons of baby items, mostly pink, but also having some blues, yellows and purples thrown in. All pastel, and all very cute.

You felt very prepared, while at the same time feeling very unprepared.

It was a weird feeling, but you tried not to think about it too much. You knew in your head that you had everything you needed for her to be brought into the world, it was only mentally an issue, but you knew it would all be fine… because you had Sans.

You weren’t alone… so it wasn’t as scary as it could be. And the doctors supported and took care of you, so that helped a lot. If they hadn’t been so supportive and caring, then you wouldn’t been completely fucked, with nobody to deliver her.
That would’ve been bad.

But regardless of you being prepared or not, she was coming when she was ready.

And that just so happened to be now.

You had just fallen asleep after an orgasm, when you woke up, suddenly, feeling… very wet, to say the least. You should have gone to the bathroom right after sex, and you usually did but… you had just been too tired. Your sleepy mind had just assumed you were sticky from both of your orgasms, so you went to get up and go pee, but… you realized you didn’t have to pee, and that the bed was soaked.

...Wasn’t labor supposed to be painful?

Why didn’t it hurt?

Were you even in labor, or did you just… piss yourself?

“...Sans,” You called his name softly, figuring you should probably tell him before you decided on doing anything. Nothing hurt, so… you saw no need for panic, and really, all you wanted to do in the moment was take a shower. You felt sticky and gross… and just plain uncomfortable.

He groaned in response and rolled over lazily, from his back to now facing you, with his sockets still closed, to show you he was listening while still resting. You knew he didn’t want to be woken up, but you knew he would have been even more upset if you hadn’t told him what was going on.

“I think my water just broke,” You told him, your voice still just as soft and gentle, the only difference being that your voice now held a gentle, questioning tone.

As soon as the words left your lips, he instantly shot up from the bed and made eye contact with you, furiously searching your face and then shivering violently, like he had just awoken from a terrible nightmare.
“...what?” He asked, his voice careful, but so clearly full of anxiety.

“My water just broke,” You repeated, just as calm and collected as before, even you finding it a bit strange that you were so okay with it.

“...shit. shitshitshit,” He said, as he stood up from the bed and quickly started to put his shirt on. He looked so panicked, as if this was the single most terrifying thing he had ever experienced in his life, even compared to everything you knew he had been through. He started to put on his jacket as well, and you decided to stop him before he got any further.

There was no way you were going to the hospital like this… and it wasn’t like you were going to instantly pop her out, right?

...

“...Woah, hey, calm down. I’m gonna take a shower, first,” You told him, and he instantly looked at you as if you had three heads. You knew it probably wasn’t very normal for you to be so calm in this situation, but… you didn’t feel afraid.

“...the hell? no, we have to go!” He all but screamed, the fear clearly getting the better of him, since he looked guilty for it immediately after.

You gave him a soft smile, and started to wobble to the door, so you could go to the bathroom and rinse off. “I’m super sweaty from all of the sex and staying inside for so long.”

“...we don’t have time for this!” He exclaimed, a little less angry, and lot more desperate. His eyes were pleading and he really looked so scared. It made your heart hurt as you looked at him, but… you didn’t want to be uncomfortable for hours while you were in labor.

“...Hey. C’mere,” You cooed, opening your arms for him, widely, so he could give you a hug.

He accepted your offer instantly, pulling you to him gently by your hips until your body pressed against his, then wrapping his arms around your waist and holding you, with soft hands. You wrapped your arms around his neck, and smiled when you felt him sniff your neck, knowing you
were sweaty and probably smelled, and finding it kind of cute that he was so okay with that… hell, he even seemed to prefer it, sometimes.

It was weird, but in the most adorable way.

“…Wanna shower with me?” You offered, figuring he would feel a lot more comfortable if he was in there with you, aside from pacing outside and wondering if you were giving birth in the tub. Honestly, you weren’t so sure he would’ve let you shower alone, anyways, not right now.

“not leaving you alone,” He told you, sternly, confirming your assumption. You didn’t mind, though. You liked showering with him, anyways, because you barely had to do any work. You could just stand there while he scrubbed shampoo into your hair, or rubbed your body with soap.

“Alright,” You agreed, as you started to strip your clothes off of your body, watching as he did so, as well. You could feel yourself becoming aroused, somehow, which you found strange… shouldn’t you have been rolling around the floor, in agony?

You decided not to question it, and instead just turned the water on in the shower, making sure it was nice and cool, since your entire body felt like you had a high fever. Your skin was warm to the touch, and you needed to cool it down if you wanted to feel better.

You stepped in after you adjusted the temperature of the water to your liking, and smiled softly to yourself when Sans stepped in and hugged you, close to his body. He was almost cold as he was pressed against you, the familiar warmth you once knew seeming non existent in the moment.

You stood there feeling completely content as he washed your entire body lightly, with his favorite unscented soap, the cold water feeling like a cool blanket on your skin. It was just as satisfying as an ice cream cone on a hot summer's day, hell, maybe even more.

He had you rinse off after he had finished, not really taking his time and trying to rush so you could get to the hospital. You understood why of course, but… it was pretty annoying. You wanted to be relaxed, not anxious.

You sighed in contentment as he turned the water off, the annoyance quickly fading as you thought about your current situation. You felt lucky… no pain. The only downside to it was that Sans was so protective and worried, causing your anxiety to start every now and then, but it always quickly faded at the thought of holding your baby in just a few hours.
Or more, depending on how the labor went.

“There we go. That’s better,” You commented softly, your lack of sleep finally catching up to you. You wondered momentarily if you were even going to have enough energy to push her out… but you knew a lot of people had given birth before without much sleep. They just slept after the baby came out, so… you would be fine.

Probably.

“...can we go now?” He asked you, after he had finished drying off with a towel, his impatience cutting through his voice like a knife.

“Not yet. Gotta put clothes on,” You told him playfully, knowing it might get a tiny rise out of him, and then maybe he would relax.

“obviously,” He said, slight annoyance tight in his voice. You smiled at him again, and he seemed to relax a bit.

You led him into the bedroom, and opened the closet before taking out one of his t-shirts, since they were big and spacious compared to yours. You knew you wouldn’t be able to change for a while, and that you needed to be as comfortable as possible during your labor, so you also sported some sweatpants.

You turned back around to him, and realized he has already gotten dressed while you were looking in the closet. Before you could say anything, he gently took the clothes you had gotten out of the closet from you, and removed your towel before putting his shirt on you, and then getting down on the floor so he could help you step into your sweatpants. You didn’t bother with underwear, knowing you weren’t going to be wearing it much, anyways.

“...Does my hair look okay?” You asked him, as he stood back up, knowing it would probably frustrate him, but not being able to help yourself from asking.

“yes,” He answered instantly, as if he had already been prepared for the question, and had his answer ready.
You couldn’t help but pat your hair and question if he was lying or not… but you decided you had tortured him enough, and that you were ready to go have a baby. Besides, pain could end up kicking in, and you would much rather be at the hospital than be home when it started, so that way you could be properly medicated.

You remembered when Sans has offered doing a home birth, and it honestly kind of terrified you for a moment, because you were afraid he was going to persuade you into it. But he didn’t… instead, he allowed you to shoot him down, without pushing too much on the subject.

“...Alright. I think I’m ready,” You told him softly, as you looked around the room one more time. You had grabbed your phone, and if you needed your charger you could always make Sans come back to get it later.

“good. okay,” He agreed, before gently pulling you to him again, your body temperature feeling colder against his now warm skin.

He took a shortcut, and then you were at the hospital.

...It was mostly a blur as Sans spoke to the receptionist, sounding very panicked and upset. Scared, and like he was expecting this all to turn out bad. You heard him check you in through your name, while you looked around the waiting room. It was mostly empty, aside from a few people, including a small child and an old lady.

A nice nurse came and quickly got you into a wheelchair, not seeming panicked in the slightest. It was comforting, since you knew she had done this so many times in the past. You knew you were going to be okay when this was all over.

Sans walked next to you as you were wheeled to the room, and he looked like a complete wreck, so you decided it was time to calm him down, a bit.

“...Do you think she’ll have hair?” You asked him, softly, giving his hand a gentle squeeze.

“...have you had heartburn a lot while you were pregnant?” He asked you, it sounding like a scientific question. You knew he had read up on babies quite a lot, but you didn’t expect him to get that into depth with it.
“...No, not really.”

“then no. probably not,” He told you, as he took a deep breath, thankfully, your plan working. You didn’t care whether the baby was bald or not, anyways. Was just a question to preoccupy his mind for the moment.

As soon as he answered, you were rolled into the room, thankfully. Perfect timing.

They set you down on a bed and let you change into a hospital gown, before they set you up on the bed and checked you out… down there. They said your water had definitely broken, but you were only three centimeters dilated, so the baby wasn’t ready to come out, yet.

They said it could take a while, which made Sans panic a bit, since you decided not to get any medication, yet, since you were experiencing no issues. You could have waited a while if it was going to be this easy.

...Until you got your first contraction.

You winced suddenly, and grabbed onto your stomach, gently. Sans instantly stood up from where he was seated in a comfortable chair by your bed, and quickly rushed to stand next to you, before grabbing your hand and letting you squeeze it.

“...what!” He asked, his panic and anxiety showing as clear as day. You didn’t want him to panic, but fuck, it really hurt.

“...C-Contraction,” You admitted, trying your best to keep your voice down, and relaxed. People did this everyday… you were fine.

“...shit. okay, yeah. that’s totally normal, means she’s gonna start trying to come out, soon,” He told you, sounding somehow both excited and terrified, as if he were just about to board his first roller coaster, or airplane.

You felt… fear, for the first time since this had started. She was gonna come out soon… what if something went wrong? Or what if she didn’t even like you?
...Of course she would. She was a part of you. You’re just paranoid.

“...what’s the first thing you wanna eat when we get home, angel?” He asked you suddenly, the tables turning since now he was trying to reassure you.

“...B-Bagel,” You decided, softly, as you squeezed his hand, again. You were really craving carbs, lately.

“awesome. plain? onion?” He asked another question, just as another contraction had hit? You thought?

You gasped and whimpered, before squeezing again, and putting your free hand on your stomach.

“P-Plain,” you exclaimed, feeling tears prick at your eyes, “with… c-cream cheese!”

“...delicious,” He agreed, keeping his voice soft like before. It was comforting, whether you wanted to admit it in the moment, or not.

The doctor came back into the room soon after your conversation ended, but to you it felt like years. The contractions seemed to get worse and worse, and you didn’t know how to deal with them.

“Hello! How’s everything? Contractions starting?” The doctor asked, cheerfully, his tone frustrating you as you sat there in immense pain.

“Y-Yes!” You told him quickly, hoping he had some kind of a solution for this.

“I see. About how far apart are they?” He asked you, as he checked your IV drip.

“...I-I don’t know!? Fifteen minutes?” You offered, not even sure, yourself.
“I see. How’s the pain?”

“...I-It’s moderate!” You told him, even though it felt like you were dying in that moment, you knew it was just going to get worse the closer together the contractions became. You were barely even three centimeters last time they had checked, so you knew at ten it was going to be hell.

“Would you like the epidural?” He offered, with a sweet smile. In that moment you wanted nothing more than to reach over and slap him. How dare he be so calm and collected while you were in so much pain.

...But the epidural did sound nice.

“...Yes,” You decided, instantly, hoping it numb this fucking pain,

You had to hold Sans’s hand while they put the epidural in, and neither of you were able to watch. You didn’t want to know when it was coming, and you knew Sans wouldn’t be okay watching you in pain, so you forced him to look at your face while it was inserted. He didn’t protest, thankfully, and you were able to hold back the cringe as it was inserted.

You waited a second… and then nothing.

“...That’s… that’s so weird?” You commented softly, mostly to Sans, but the doctor replied instead.

“Isn’t it? I’ll be back in about an hour, to check on your progress,” He told you, before he exited the room, leaving you and Sans alone. The contractions were still there… but they were bearable.

“...I can’t feel anything below where he injected me,” You told Sans, as you watched him get his phone out, texting somebody. You figured it was Papyrus, since neither of you took the time to tell him what was happening before you left.

Oops.
“...you alright?”

You took a shaky breath, and shook your head. You were scared now. It felt so real, now that you had an epidural.

“...talk to me,” He insisted softly, putting his phone back into his pocket so he could give you his full attention.

“...Uncomfortable. Tingly… I’m scared.”

His expression seemed to soften even more than i already had been, and he came a bit closer, scooting his chair next to you, before holding both of your hands in his. “...i’m right here. i just told pap what’s going on, so he’ll come by soon, probably after you deliver… he never has his phone on at night.” He explained, trying to distract you, once again, from your own thoughts. Something you often did with him… so you found it a bit funny.

“...Okay.” You didn’t know what else to say, so you just decided to focus on relaxing.

“...you’re amazing, y’know that?” He told you, suddenly, catching you a bit off guard. You blinked and looked over at him, before giving an awkward smile. You know you looked stupid as fuck, but you couldn’t help it. He was adorable, and you didn’t know how else you were supposed to respond.

“really,” he pushed, wanting to make sure you got it, “like… holy shit.”

“I don’t feel very amazing right now,” You admitted, as you closed your eyes a bit.

“i know… but just think about how amazing it’ll feel when it’s over, and you have her in your arms.”

...That’s what you were looking forward to.

It took exactly fifty minutes until the doctor came back, and it was complete hell for you. The contractions just seemed to get worse and worse as the time went by, and all you could do was cry and yell. You even threw up once, thankfully into the trashcan since Sans held it up for you, while
also holding back your hair. You felt gross, and you were thankful that you had that shower earlier.

The doctor checked you out, and you had already jumped to ten centimeters dilated, which was why the pain was so great, which also meant it was baby time.

You felt completely terrified as it went on. It all felt like a giant blur of pain, and the only thing you focus on was Sans’s face. He held your hand, and you pushed when you were instructed to, but… you could only see Sans.

Apparently it only took about half an hour for her to come out, but… it felt like hours to you. Hours of bittersweet pain.

You finally tuned back into reality when you heard her cry.

It was small, and high pitched. Angry.

Adorable.

You watched as they took the small bundle over to the sink, before washing her off a bit, and then finally, finally letting you hold her.

They handed her over to you, gently, and you felt your heart completely melt.

She was tiny… probably the size of a small watermelon. She had human skin, your skin color, and instead of actual eyes, she had eye sockets, just like her dad, with tiny white eye lights. She did have hair… a tiny amount of yours, at the very top of her head. She was really a miniature you, with Sans’s eye sockets. But you could tell in the way she cried, that she was going to be a lot like her dad…

Before bad things happened, at least.

Tears instantly welled up in your eyes, as you realized you made her. You and Sans together, made something so pure and precious. She… she was perfect.
Indie was sobbing hysterically, and kicking out of frustration, upset about the bright lights, and being taken out of you. You knew all she wanted to do was go back in and sleep forever, but it was time for her to live now, so you could love her, properly.

The nurse told you that you needed to breastfeed her, or bottle feed if you were very against it, and that she would help you if you needed it, but you said you had it. You had watched a few videos about it online, so you were pretty sure you could handle it, and if not you could always call her back.

You lowered your hospital gown and ended up getting her to latch on almost instantly. You were expecting a battle, but luckily, there wasn’t much of one. You felt Sans’s gaze on you as you fed, which caused you to look up at him, happily. You felt so proud of yourself… you delivered her, and you didn’t die.

He was staring down at her in awe, and you couldn’t help but giggle, softly, feeling so giddy and light, yet still somehow so exhausted and beaten up.

Sans let out a wet sounding chuckle of his own, before leaning down and kissing you, softly.

You kissed him back, and just as you did, Indie let out an angry whining noise, as if she were upset that you were both paying attention to each other, instead of her. It was adorable, and also kinda funny.

You giggled softly, and nuzzled the top of her head before she stopped eating, apparently satisfied and full.

Sans chuckled again, apparently finding it just as cute as you did, and you decided it was his turn to hold her.

“Here,” You said softly, as you starting to hand her over gently, making sure to support her head.

He blinked, seeming a bit shocked, but gladly took her into his arms. He held her close, and stared down at her in amazement. Indie stared right back at him, almost comically, before reaching up and grabbing onto his chin, where she could reach. Sans chuckled again, and you almost gasped when his one eye light turned to a heart.
It was precious, and you could wear your heart was melting.

He held her close to him, cooing softly, until she fell asleep in his arms, clearly exhausted from her journey to the outside world. He handed her over once she was completely conked out, and you held her close as you watched Sans slowly pass out in the chair, next to you.

You were exhausted, too, but… you didn’t want to put her down.

She was an angel.

Preparation was always the first thing on Sans’s mind.

If there was a storm coming, he was always the first one to insist that you all stocked up on food. If you had to go somewhere, he was always the one who insisted you brought a jacket because it could get cold. Hell, he even always had band aids in pockets.

So it was no surprise to anybody, when he instantly started buying baby items, the second you both knew it had been a girl. In less than a week, the guest room was fully transferred into a nursery, fit for his baby girl. Yellows, pinks, blues and purples decorated the entire room, in pastel, with baby
bunnies running across the floor on the wall.

He tried his best to make it acceptable for the baby, and for you, and you seemed to like it well enough. He bought the best things he possibly could, child care-wise. Latest models with the best reviews, and based on his own intuition. The clothing and toys however, he left up to you.

...Yet somehow, he wasn’t prepared at all, mentally.

When you woke him up in the middle of the night, he was just expecting you to tell him you were horny, again, but instead he ended up at the hospital with you.

“...Sans.” He heard you call his name in the middle of the night, as you woke him from a dream. It was strange, and about food. But he wasn’t going to get into it.

He groaned softly, and rolled over so he could face you so you knew that he was paying attention, without opening his eye sockets. He was tired, and he wasn’t in the mood for sex, surprisingly. Usually he would be, but today he was just… extra fatigued, for some reason.

“I think my water just broke.”

...

...Were you pranking him?

You sounded way too calm for that to be true, so for a moment he thought you were just saying it to make him wake up, which worked, but… when he saw the look on your face, he knew you weren’t fucking with him.

Your water broke.

“...what?” He asked, still in disbelief. Maybe he read it wrong? Maybe you were just really devoted in this prank?
“My water just broke,” You repeated, with the same serious tone as before.

He could feel it… on the sheets.

You weren’t lying.

“...sh*t. sh*tsh*tsh*t,” He muttered, as he quickly got up and started to get dressed. He had to get you to the hospital, and he had to tell Papyrus, and he had to make sure he packed all of the stuff the baby needed, and he needed to make sure you were comfortable, and…

“...Woah, hey, calm down. I’m gonna take a shower, first,” You told him, and in that moment he was pretty sure you were the crazy one. Your water had just broken… you were in labor, and the thing you were the most concerned about was taking a shower!?

“...the hell? no, we have to go!” He snapped, accidentally, feeling instant regret. He was stressed and worried, sure, but… that didn’t mean he had to be rude to you. You were the one in labor, after all.

He just wished you would cooperate.

You smiled at him, and started to walk to the door, wobbling with how big you had gotten. “I’m super sweaty from all of the sex and staying inside for so long,” You said, and he had to admit you were right. You were sweaty, and yeah he knew a shower would feel nice for you, but the baby was supposed to come first in that moment. When she decided it was time to come out, then it was time to come out, and she wasn’t going to wait for anything.

His biggest fear would be if you started crowning while you were still in the house.

He couldn’t deliver a baby.

“...we don’t have time for this!” He told you, making sure to not sound as snappy as before, this time being careful not to seem like an asshole. He was just… really scared of something going wrong.

He couldn’t handle anymore tragedies.

He quickly pulled you to him by your hips, being gentle out of fear of hurting either you or the baby, and gently wrapped his arms around your waist so he could have you close. You wrapped your arms around his neck in response, and he couldn’t help but bury his face in your neck and take a small sniff. You were drenched in sweat… and he loved how much it smelt like you. He heard you giggle softly, so he appreciated the fact you didn’t think he was weird.

Because he really was weird.

“…Wanna shower with me?” You offered him, even though he was pretty sure you already knew the answer. He wasn’t leaving you alone. Not while you were so vulnerable and he was so paranoid.

He couldn’t.

“not leaving you alone,” He told you, and you didn’t seem at all surprised by that. Sometimes he thought you really knew him better than he knew himself.

“Alright,” You agreed, easily, as you started to get naked. He watched you, as you did, and he couldn’t help but feel pride again. You looked so plump… so pretty. Swollen, almost.

You turned the water on in the shower, and he found it kind of funny that you put the water on cold. Your body temperature must have skyrocketed, because you usually preferred hot water, to cold. He watched as you walked in, and sighed as the water hit your back, before he went in as well, and hugged you from behind. You seemed happy with this, and really, you seemed way to relaxed for somebody who was in labor.

He washed your body himself, so he could have control over something and so that you wouldn’t both be in the shower forever. You seemed to like it, too, so… it all worked out. He didn’t wash your hair, instead just letting you rinse under the cold water, before he decided to just let the water rinse over all of your body for a little bit.

“There we go. That’s better,” You commented softly, as he cut off the water, almost in a soft moan. You sounded so tired… so beautiful. He knew it wouldn’t last, the tiredness, because eventually you would be faced with great pain.
He wished he could take your place, when it happened.

“...can we go now?” He asked, as he finished up with drying you off. He knew he sounded impatient, but that was because he was. This was all scary, and he wanted to go to the hospital before it all went to shit.

He was having a panic attack, and he was trying his best to hide it.

“Not yet,” you started, making his soul sink, “Gotta put clothes on,” You finished, your voice becoming playful, as you smirked. Usually, he would find something like that adorable, but in the moment it was just... annoying, for lack of a better word.

“obviously,” He said, holding back the urge to snap. He was frustrated and scared, and he knew he didn’t have a right to be. It was a good thing you were calm. Good thing you were happy.

You smiled anyways, and led him into the bedroom, again, and went into the closet before gathering your clothes together. He was going to tell you to pick out something comfortable as he dressed himself, but apparently you were way ahead of him, because just as he was about to, you turned and showed him the clothes.

He gently took the clothes from you and started to dress you himself, by pulling the shirt over your head. He knew usually you would wear a bra and some underwear, but since you were going to be in a hospital gown most of the time, he thought it was smart you were going commando. He knelt down so he could help you get your pants on, and he found it kind of adorable that you couldn’t lift your legs very high.

“...Does my hair look okay?” You asked him as he stood, and he almost felt offended for some reason. Your hair always looked at least ‘okay’. It was always perfect, really… but now wasn’t the time to argue about your insecurities.

“yes.”

You patted the top of your hair, clearly not sure if you trusted him or not. You must’ve thought he was lying, since he was so impatient. But honestly, your hair wasn’t what was important at the moment.
He felt so panicked… he didn’t prepare himself for a home birth after you had shot it down, so this was *killing* him.

“…Alright. I think I’m ready,” You finally decided, as you looked around the room, as if you felt like you were forgetting something.

“good. okay,” He agreed as well, feeling immense relief. He pulled you against him again, gently, and he felt better knowing your body temperature was back to normal.

He took a shortcut to the hospital, finally feeling like things might turn out okay.

…

Sans instantly brought you up to the receptionist, who was actually really nice. She quickly listened to what he said, and called for a nurse, who almost instantly got you into a wheelchair, and then into some kind of room.

On the way there, he was panicking, and apparently you could tell, this time.

“…Do you think she’ll have hair?” You asked him, as you squeezed his hand, in reassurance.

“…have you had heartburn a lot while you were pregnant?” He asked, even though he was pretty sure you hadn’t. You hadn’t complained about it once, and you didn’t seem uncomfortable in that sense.

“…No, not really.”

“then no, probably not,” He said, taking a deep breath. You distracted him, and it worked. He was able to breathe, and he felt a bit better.

The nurse rolled you into the room as he took another breath, and you were both left in there so you could put on a gown. They set you up on the bed after coming back, and they checked between your
legs, much to Sans’s discomfort, and they told you that you were just three centimeters dilated. He knew it was going to take a while… but only three?

The doctor confirmed it as well, saying it could take a few hours or more, and you decided not to get any medication yet, which just added to stress and fear for Sans. He thought it would be a lot better if you just took the meds now, so the pain wasn’t so bad later.

But of course, since you didn’t, the first contraction was terrible.

You winced out of nowhere as you laid in the bed on your phone, which instantly caused Sans to start panicking again. Of course, his mind always assumed the worst, and he was ready to scream for one of the nurses.

“...what!?” He asked, standing up from his chair and coming closer. He grabbed your hand quickly, and he felt a bit relieved when you squeezed it.

“...C-Contraction,” You said, keeping your voice soft as not to arouse any panic. He was proud of you for it, while at the same time he was slightly upset by it. He wanted you to be honest about your feelings, and he wanted you to be able to complain, freely.

“...shit. okay, yeah. that’s totally normal, means she’s gonna start trying to come out, soon,” He told you, feeling kind of relieved in the fact that he knew what was going on, now. Everything was progressing normally, and he was glad to know that.

You looked genuinely afraid now, and it broke his heart. He didn’t want you to be afraid… he just wanted you to acknowledge the fact that this was real, and that it was happening… but it would be okay in the end, if you just stayed calm, and the doctors did their jobs.

...And if they didn’t...

...There would be a lot more blood shed.

“...what’s the first thing you wanna eat when we get home, angel?” He asked you, trying to distract you from the pain, and from your own thought process. Something you usually did for him, but… this time it was the other way around.
“...B-Bagel,” You told him, giving his hand another squeeze. He was glad he could help you, even if it was just a tiny bit.

“awesome. plain? onion?” He asked, trying to keep the conversation going. The longer you were distracted, the better.

You gasped suddenly, and put your hand on your belly before speaking again. “P-Plain… with c-cream cheese!”

“...delicious,” He said softly, suddenly getting a craving for one, himself.

It didn’t take long for the doctor to come back, and when he did he started to speak to you instantly, thankfully, which would hopefully lead to some type of drug to help you with the pain.

“Hello! How’s everything? Contractions starting?” The doctor asked, since you had told him prior to this that you hadn’t been experiencing any contractions, yet.

“Y-Yes!”

“I see. About how far apart are they?”

“...I-I don’t know!? Fifteen minutes?” You offered, but Sans was pretty sure that wasn’t right.

“I see. How’s the pain?”

“I-It’s moderate!” You lied.

“Would you like the epidural?”

*please take it.*

“...Yes.” *thank fuck.*
Sans held your hand while they inserted it into your back, unable to look at it himself. But even if he wanted to, you wouldn’t let him, since you told him to look at you the whole time. He thought it was cute that you were so worried about his well being, when you were the one who was getting stuck with a needle.

Surprisingly, you didn’t even cringe when it was inserted... that badly.

“...That’s… that’s so weird?” You said softly, as you looked at Sans, but the doctor spoke up before Sans could.

“Isn’t it? I’ll be back in about an hour to check on your progress,” He said, as he exited the room.

“I can’t feel anything below where he injected me.” You told Sans, just as he got his phone out of his pocket. He had to tell Papyrus what was going on, even though he wouldn’t see the text until he woke up in the morning.

“...you alright?” He asked, as he looked up at you.

You breathed in shakily, and shook your head, which made him feel awful.

“...talk to me,” He insisted, as he hit send on the text, before putting his phone away again so he could give you his full attention.

“...Uncomfortable. Tingly… I’m scared,” You admitted, and he knew. He knew you were afraid, and he wished you didn’t have to be.

He scooted a bit closer to you in the chair, before taking both of your hands in his. “...i’m right here. i just told pap what’s going on, so he’ll come by soon. probably after you deliver… he never has his phone on at night,” He said, trying to both reassure and distract you, which he hoped to God that it worked. He didn’t want you suffering, especially not anymore than you already were.

“...Okay,” You whispered softly, clearly trying to relax a bit.
“...you’re amazing, y’know that?” He said, meaning it one-hundred percent. You looked a bit shocked when he said that, but then you gave him the cutest most awkward smile he had ever seen.

precious.

“really. like... holy shit,” He assured you, feeling so fucking proud of you.

You were in terrible pain, and somehow you still managed to stay calmer than a man high off of cannabis.

“I don’t feel very amazing right now,” You told him, admitting what he already knew, as you closed your eyes.

“i know… but just think about how amazing it’ll feel when it’s all over, and you have her in your arms,” He encouraged you, feeling excitement build up.

His daughter was going to enter the world, that day.

He was going to be a dad.

The doctor didn’t return for almost an hour, and within that hour, Sans was pretty sure you had broken his hand from squeezing it so many times. The contractions seemed to be getting worse for you, regardless of the epidural, and seeing you in so much pain was excruciating for Sans. You even ended up throwing up once, because the pain had been so great.

But when the doctor checked on you, he said it was baby time.

Sans could feel himself starting to panic again, but quickly forced himself to calm down. This wasn’t about him… it was about you, and about what you were going to do. It was all up to you, and he felt so stuck because he couldn’t help you through this other than hold your hand.

It was a half an hour of complete hell. You screamed the whole time, and Sans felt himself panicking. That’s all he could feel as he reassured you and let you squeeze his already numb hand, while he had a silent panic attack.
But half an hour… apparently that was all it took for you to have a baby.

It felt much longer to him, and he was certain you felt the same way.

But it was true, because she let out a high pitched cry as she was taken out, and based on the clock, it had been exactly thirty-two minutes.

She sounded pissed off… like somebody had stolen the pacifier she didn’t even have, yet.

Small.

It took everything out of Sans not to jump up and snatch the baby away from the doctors instantly, and hold her forever.

Nobody else deserved to touch her, besides you.

But he restrained himself, your hand still holding his, and keeping him sane. He watched as they brought her over to the small sink in the room, and gently cleaned her off a bit, making her cry stop for a moment, until they pulled her out of the water and started to dry her off.

But after that… she was handed to you, and placed into your arms, right where she belonged.

She was small… really small, but not exactly to the point where she could be called premature. She looked just like you, only she had his eye sockets… and she just seemed so angry. But hey, he would be too, if he was just evicted from his home. He could tell she had a purple soul, just by looking at her…

Purple, for perseverance.

He felt so happy as tears of joy welled up in your eyes before spilling over, as you snuggled her close. Indie was sobbing hysterically, and kicking her tiny feet out of anger. The bright lights must have been harsh on her new eyes… or eye lights.
Sans watched as you breast fed her, complete entranced by the tiny suckling noises Indie was making. It was adorable… precious. She seemed content the moment she was being fed, and for some reason that made him laugh a bit, and you giggled as well.

He kissed you gently, trying to silently thank you for making something so wonderful without disturbing the baby while she ate, but she seemed disturbed anyways, based off of the whining sound she made as she gazed at the two of you.

You giggled and nuzzled the top of her head, just as she unlatched, apparently full and satisfied. Sans couldn’t help but chuckle as well, as the sudden urge to hold her washed over him. He really wanted to hold her… confirm she was real. But the last thing he wanted to do was interfere with your bonding.

“Here,” You said suddenly, handing the baby to him out of nowhere. It was times like these that reminded him how much you really knew him. Reminded him that you were really his soulmate.

He blinked before taking her, a bit caught off guard by the sudden offer, but as soon as she was in his arms, he felt… whole. All that exhaustion he had been experiencing was gone… like it had never even happened in the first place. He was half expecting Indie to start crying, and to be afraid of him, but… she just reached up and grabbed onto his chin, gently where she could reach, as if to say hi dad.

It made him chuckle, and he felt like he was about to cry. How did he help create something so beautiful? So innocent?

He was the opposite of those things.

He held her for a while, bonding, until she fell asleep in his arms to the sound of his voice. Poor baby must have been so tired from entering the world. All he wanted to do now was take her home, and put her to bed in her crib, but… he couldn’t do that yet, so instead he gave her back to you, so she could sleep comfortably on your chest, to the sound of your heartbeat. Something familiar to her, so she had sweet dreams.

And he passed out pretty quickly too, apparently, because when he woke back up, there were people in the hospital room.
It's not over, yet.

My Tumblr. Follow me for updates, and fun headcanons!

NTBWTGAL: Here!
Involuntary.

Chapter Summary

He didn't mean to.

Sans really can't catch a break.

Chapter Notes

If this story has inspired you in anyway to create something, let me know, and i'd really love to read it <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A few doctors had come in, just as Sans had woken up after napping a bit. You hadn’t even realized, but when Sans started to stare at them, it was pretty hard to miss. Indie was still fast asleep as she laid on your chest, but apparently the sound of people coming towards you was enough to wake Sans up.

Sans very clearly alert, and looked like he was ready to attack the doctors… but he held back, which was a relief to you. The last thing you needed was for him to cause a scene in the hospital, and then get himself kicked out so you had to be alone for another day. If he was apart from both you and Indie for an entire day… hell even for just an hour… all hell would break loose, and you knew that.

But, before anything could happen, anyways, one of the doctors spoke up. The one who seemed to be leading the group, who stood tall and proud in the front. “I’m going to need to take your daughter for a little while… for some short tests,” He told you, his voice almost sounding apologetic.

“...excuse me?” Sans asked the doctor, his voice practically spewing venom. You could feel the hate radiating off of him… it made you anxious. You didn’t need him attacking anybody, especially not now when you were weak and exhausted, so you couldn’t do anything about it.

“She’s the first hybrid baby we’ve ever come across… we need to check her vital signs, breathing, and see if she has everything properly functioning,” He explained, and hey, it made sense to you. If something was wrong with your daughter, then you would rather know now and fix it, than not know and be sorry, later. You trusted the hospital, and you trusted the doctors, so you were ready to hand her over.
“no.”

...The doctor looked just as shocked as you did, when you heard Sans say that. You knew he was going to be protective of her, sure, that you expected... but wouldn’t that mean he would want to know if everything was okay? Wouldn’t that drive him to trust the professionals, so they could do their jobs and so that they could fix any potential problems before they became too big of an issue? You swore, you were never going to really understand how instincts worked.

The doctor blinked, before looking over at you, as if to ask if you agreed with what Sans was doing. You didn’t… but you weren’t about to go against him in front of other people, so you just avoided eye contact.

You almost rolled your eyes as a low growl started to emit from deep within Sans’s rib cage. You knew he didn’t like people, and that he didn’t want these doctors in the room, but still. He didn’t have to go that far.

But it was preferable, to him attacking people, of course.

“...W-We just need a second. He’s… protective,” You told the doctor, signaling to him that he needed to leave before things got out of hand. He looked almost disappointed… but you decided you that Sans’s paranoia was just rubbing off on you, a bit.

Suddenly, a small cry tore through your ears, and you realized Indie had woken up. She was still laying on your chest, only now she was crying and trying to lift her head up, but of course she couldn’t. Before you could even react, Sans had picked her up, and had held her against his chest. His protective nature even showed in the way he held her… the possessiveness. There was something cute and innocent about it… but you knew it was anything but innocent.

He looked murderous as he stared at the doctor. Indie had stopped crying the second Sans had picked her up, but Sans still looked as if the doctors had made his baby upset, and that they were terrible people for it. You didn’t like hearing her cry either, but he seemed to be taking it a bit too far.

“...Well… it’s better to do it sooner, rather than later. If there are any problems, it’s best to discover and address them properly, as soon as possible,” The doctor pushed harder, to the point it made you a bit anxious. Was there something wrong he saw with Indie by just looking at her? If that was the case, you wouldn’t be surprised if you didn’t notice… she just seemed perfect to you, so an outside eye would probably be better at seeing any possible flaws.
Before you could say anything, Sans let out an angry sounding hiss. Not like a hiss that you would make if you stubbed your toe off of the coffee table… no, it was a feral hiss. Like an actual fucking cat.

All of the doctors looked absolutely shocked, and hell, a few even cowered away from you and Sans. The main doctor, however, just looked… almost annoyed. You could understand why, of course, if he was really concerned about the baby, but… it was a bit surprising. Most people were just afraid of monsters, but he seemed… indifferent, almost.

“...Well, alright,” He gave up finally, before leaving the room so you could attempt to talk some sense into Sans.

Sans continued to glare at the door, even after he was gone, for a good full minute. After, he looked down at Indie in his arms, and kissed her gently on the forehead. You felt your heart melt when she cooed up at him, before he cuddles her against his ribs.

Your family was precious.

“...Sans,” You said softly, trying to gain his attention, if it was even possible to take away from Indie.

But apparently it was, because he looked at you to signal he was listening.

“...They might need to check her,” You told him gently, starting to fear the worst. What if something really was wrong with her? Would they be able to fix it? Would she be okay in the end? Fuck, you could not handle the thought of anything happening to her. You would rather die at this point, than lose something so precious and close to you. She was officially wrapped around your finger, and you knew it was even worse for Sans, so if anything was wrong, and he didn’t let anybody check… then he would never stop hating himself for it.

“she’s fine,” He defended, instantly. It caught you a bit off guard… because he sort of snapped. You knew this wasn’t going to be easy, but, fuck. He was really against them touching her, and you didn’t understand why.

“Sans, he’s a doctor,” You reminded him, trying to make him realize he wasn’t a professional, and that he needed to listen to the hospital staff, who were actually trained in this type of thing. The last thing you needed was for him to accidentally put Indie in danger, and then later regret it.
“y/n,” He said your name sternly, as if he were scolding a small child. It frustrated you, but you didn’t let it get to your head. He was stressed.

You sighed softly, trying to hold in your frustrations. “...I think we should let them have her for a few minutes. What if she’s sick?” You tried reasoning with him.

“She isn’t, okay? Trust me, i… i can tell. She’s perfect,” He told you, sounding almost desperate for you to believe him.

...And you kind of did. He had been able to feel her soul the entire time she was in your belly, so... did that mean he could still feel it? Could he tell how she felt, and how her health was? You knew that souls were magnificent things, and that it could be possible, so... you believed it. It made sense when you really thought about it, anyways... Sans would never put her in danger, not if it could be prevented.

“...Souls?” You asked softly, wanting to make sure you weren’t just making shit up in your head.

He nodded after a moment, as he stared down at Indie. She was playing with the strings on his jacket, trying to pull them, but being too weak and tiny to do much. “...She’s perfect, okay? If something was off, you know i would be the first person to act like a hypochondriac.”

...Well... he wasn’t lying.

You took a deep breath before deciding he was right. It didn’t seem like she had any issues... there was no potential danger.

“...Alright. I trust you.”

“...If they take her, they’ll just... probe and prod at her. Take DNA. Experiment on her,” He said softly, holding her even closer as if somebody was going to snatch her away the second he let his guard down. You really hoped they wouldn’t attempt to do any of those things... but Sans seemed so sure about it, that it even made you question their intentions. Did they really wanna help, or did they just want another science experiment.

“...Okay,” You agreed softly, deciding it was better to agree, rather than argue. You were both tired and stressed, and you didn’t need to add to it for no reason.
“...they can’t have her,” He muttered, mostly to himself. His possessiveness showing, completely.

“...Can I hold her again?” You asked him, not even sure whether it was the right time to do so or not, but you really wanted to hold her. It was time for her to eat again soon, anyways, and Sans didn’t exactly have the ‘equipment’ to do so,

“...course,” He said, before gently handing her back over to you.

Right on cue, she started to cry, so you started to feed her.

“...She’s so cute,” You commented softly, as she ate.

“she’s beautiful,” He agreed, his voice just as soft, and filled with love.

“Got your eyes… or lack thereof,” You joked gently, gazing at him with loving eyes.

“she works it perfectly.”

“You’re gonna be such a protective dad,” You said softly, a small giggle passing your lips. It was a cute thought, but also a scary one. You wouldn’t be surprised if he killed somebody for this baby… he seemed like he would do anything for her.

“who? me? nah,” He said, jokingly, as he leaned on the side of your bed. You felt so tired… but you also felt so happy.

You were officially a family, now.

You giggled again, before sighing softly, and leaning back into the pillow. The hospital pillows weren’t very comfortable… but they were pillows, at least.

“...how are you feeling?” He asked you, his voice careful, as if he suddenly realized you were as
fragile as a china doll. Which you weren’t, of course, you were just… tired. But you had been prepared to be tired, so it really wasn’t all that bad. Could have been a lot worse.

“Tired and sore,” You admitted, as you sat up a bit and adjusted Indie on your chest, while she continued to suckle away, “Don’t think I can walk.”

“we’ll try in a bit, when pap comes in. can get in the shower,” He offered, as he Indie had stopped suckling, and let out a small burp, “...wanna nap a bit?”

You readjusted and covered your breast again, before laying her down on your chest for a cuddle. “...Yeah,” You confirmed, before closing your eyes, and starting to fall into your own mind.

“...i’ll wake you up when pap gets here.”

“Thanks.”

...

When you woke up, it was to the sound of Papyrus talking to Sans. His familiar voice tore through your ear drums, and you realized Sans had taken Indie while you were asleep. He was offering for Paps to take her, and you found it adorable, when he actually did.

“...P-Put your hand behind her head,” You reminded him softly, as you sat up from your sleeping position. Sans gave you a smile, which you returned, before you shifted to the edge of the bed. Papyrus looked so happy to see you, and even happier to meet his niece.

“Perfect,” You told Papyrus, as he held the baby correctly after shifting his arms a bit. He looked so big compared to her… it was hard to believe he was ever that size, “Say hello!”

“HELLO!” He happily greeted her, before giving her a small tickle on her chest. She grabbed onto his hand and let out a small cooing noise, which made Papyrus’s entire face light up. He looked so mesmerized by her… even more so than you had ever anticipated. You expected it to be something that mostly affected you and Sans, but… it seemed like it had just as big of an effect on Papyrus that it did you.
“SANS! IT SAID HELLO!” He exclaimed happily, as he gazed over at his brother with such a big smile. It made you feel so happy… that you created something that could bring such joy to others, including yourself.

“she,” Sans corrected him, gently, “she said hello.”

“She SAID HELLO!” Papyrus corrected himself, as well, before looking back down at Indie. She had a small smile on her face, and it made everyone happy.

You couldn’t help but giggle as you watched them interact, feeling incredibly happy.

“She IS SO TINY!” He commented, in awe.

“Babies usually are,” You told him, playfully.

“EXCEPTIONALLY TINY!”

“Mhm… was Paps ever that tiny?” You asked Sans, still finding that very hard to believe that he was ever even a baby with how tall he was.

“smaller.”

You blinked in surprise and looked back to Pap, and tried to picture it… you still couldn’t.

“monster babies are always very tiny… but they grow very fast,” He explained, probably trying to defend it after seeing the look on your face.

“...Wonder how fast she’s gonna grow.”

“probably not as fast,” He told you, and you assumed he thought that because she was also half human.

You hummed in response and watched your family as they all grouped together so they could watch
the small new life you had created… it was a wonderful moment, and you felt so glad that you had Sans, and that you were in his family now. You had no idea where you would be in life, if it weren’t for Sans and Papyrus, and even just thinking about it made you slightly anxious. You didn’t want to change a thing, really, and the thought of it was heartbreaking.

...You were happy with how life was. Truly happy.

“...hey, pap, can you watch her? y/n and i are gonna go have a shower,” Sans asked Papyrus, and you felt instantly grateful. You were still sweaty, and felt so gross… a shower sounded amazing.

Papyrus agreed, and next thing you knew, you were in the shower with Sans.

You were wrong about your earlier statement, because you were able to walk to the shower pretty easily. It hurt, yeah, but it wasn’t bad enough that you couldn’t handle it, or that it was enough to arouse panic.

The warm water felt perfect against your skin, and feeling Sans’s hands all over you, cleaning you gently, was a welcome feeling, as well. Even if the hospital soap was kind of shitty, you still felt grateful for it, in that moment.

“...you’re amazing.”

You blinked, a bit surprised by the sudden compliment. You felt your face flush, and you gave a soft smile as a response.

“...you gave me a baby,” He said softly, sounding like he was in complete awe. As if he never thought that it was possible that he would be here, with you, like this. A new born in the next room, that you had both conceived.

“You made half,” You reminded him, placing a soft kiss on his cheek. It wasn’t all you… he played a big role in the pregnancy as well, whether he wanted to admit it, or not. If it weren’t for him, then Indie wouldn’t even exist, and you wouldn’t have been able to even sleep at night with how much pain she put you through. It was still shocking to you, that something so tiny could put you in so much pain.

“you did all of the work. all of the suffering.”
“Stooop,” You whined softly, knowing that wasn’t true. He was constantly exhausted, and constantly having to sleep so he didn’t collapse. You both went through some suffering, he was just having trouble with putting himself in any type of importance.

“you’re fucking perfect,” He commented softly, as he continued to wash your body. He made sure to be extra careful around your chest, which made you grateful. Your breasts were sensitive, and honestly really sore after feeding Indie.

He placed a gentle kiss to your forehead and you let out a small noise of contentment, before gently cupping his face and pulling him down for a kiss. He smiled and returned it with one of his own, before turning off the water.

“c’mon. i miss her.”

“Me too… I wonder how Papyrus is handling her,” You commented, having no idea how Papyrus even was with children. For all you knew, it could have been the first time he ever actually watched one. And honestly, if it was, then you were glad you didn’t know, because then you would be constantly anxious and full of worry. But you trusted Sans, and you knew he would never leave Indie in the hands of somebody who was incompetent. You knew she was okay, and you knew Papyrus would take care of her.

“let’s go see,” He said, before stepping out and grabbing two towels. He dried you off, before wrapping you up in one, and then drying himself off. The entire room was filled with steam from the shower, and you were grateful for the warmth it gave off.

...You were just grateful for everything today, really.

Life was good… you had a baby, a caring mate, and a wonderful brother.

You were happy.

You were pretty sure nothing could fuck that up for you.

...But fuck, you probably jinxed yourself, since you did that so often.
After Sans had dried himself off, he handed you your clothes that you had arrived to the hospital in. He hadn’t had a chance to go back home and pack you a bag yet, so for the time being, it would work.

He helped you redress, and then even helped you put your hair up in a ponytail. It felt nice, to have his phalanges in your hair… they almost worked like a comb, since they were so stiff and fine.

You gave him another kiss, before you both walked back out to see Indie.

...But Papyrus wasn’t there.

…And a nurse was holding her.

...

...shit.

Nononono.

You instantly moved in front of Sans, knowing exactly what he was thinking in that moment. You knew a stranger holding his baby would trigger his instincts, and that he would have to attack the nurse.

You couldn’t let that happen.

You couldn’t let him go to jail.

You couldn’t raise a baby on your own.

You couldn’t lose him!
“Sans! No!” You scolded im sternly, as you took notice of the fact he had no eye lights.

...Then he vanished.

And you heard a sickening snapping sound behind you, and a cut off scream.

...And the Indie was crying.

...

...You turned around, and almost threw up when you saw what had just happened.
Upon waking up, Sans was a little more than displeased to see that a bunch of doctors he didn’t know were crowding around you. It took so much out of him not to lunge at their throats, and rip out their vocal cords. Indie was still asleep on your chest, but he could sense that you had woken up by this time, and were waiting for them to do something, just like he was.

He didn’t want them here.

He didn’t want them near you.

He didn’t want them near his baby.

He was about to snap at them, but… the main doctor spoke, before he could.

“I’m going to need to take your daughter for a little while… for some short tests,” He told you, his voice filled with fake sympathy and hesitance. Sans knew the truth. Sans knew what these people really wanted with his baby.

“...excuse me?” Sans asked, unable to contain his anger or fear from that sentence. There was no way in hell that he was letting anybody touch his kid, especially not then. He just got her… held her once, and now they were going to try and take her!? He knew what they really wanted, they didn’t want to help her, no, they wanted to use her for experiments. They wanted to hurt his baby.

No fucking way.

“She’s the first hybrid baby we’ve ever come across… we need to check her vital signs, breaking, and see if she has everything properly functioning,” He explained, of course spewing out the perfect lie. He knew you would believe the doctor, because you had no reason not to, and that scared him shitless. He couldn’t handle the thought of you handing the baby over, and then regretting it later when you realized they were never really on your side.

It would crush you.

“no,” He said simply, denying their request to take Indie. If any of them did so much as put a single finger on her, he would completely snap.
The doctor seemed shocked, clearly not expecting Sans to see through his lie. But he knew… he could smell the hatred and evil on the man the moment he stepped in the room, so there was no chance in hell he was going to let them ‘check’ on her.

He knew his baby.

He knew she was fine.

She was perfect.

The doctor blinked before looking directly at you, as if he was expecting you to disagree with him, and just hand the baby over regardless. He knew you never would… so it made him smile a bit, when you avoided eye contact with the man.

He couldn’t prevent the growling that emitted from deep within his rib cage, or the snarl that was threatening to come up. The sooner the doctors left, the better… because he felt ready to snap. He needed to keep you safe… needed to protect his family.

“...W-We just need a second… He’s protective,” You told the doctor, your apologetic tone actually being genuine, unlike his.

...Indie started to cry, as she awoke, still lying on your chest. She was trying desperately to lift her head up, wanting nothing more than to see either you or Sans, so she knew he was safe. It shattered his soul for a moment, as he thought of how she would feel if a stranger was holding her when she woke up. He quickly picked her up, and held her close to his chest, his instincts screaming at him and telling him to protect his newborn. These people were bad, and he could just tell.

He glared at the doctor, continuously, trying to will him to fuck off. Indie had stopped crying, thankfully, feeling much better now that she could see what was going on, and that she felt the familiarity of Sans’s magic and smell.

They made her cry.

They hurt his baby.
He needed them to go.

“...Well… it’s better to do it sooner, rather than later. If there are any problems, it’s best to discover and address them properly, as soon as possible,” The doctor pushed even more. If it weren’t for your sake, he would have ripped his head off… but you were in the room, and he knew you could handle it.

He just had to hold Indie, and keep her safe.

...But he really couldn’t stop the hiss that erupted from him, no matter how hard he tried.

Most of the doctors just looked shocked, which was a normal reaction and was expected, but of course the main one, just looked annoyed and frustrated. He knew he must have been skilled in monster types… must have used them for experiments in the past.

“...Well, alright,” The man finally gave in, clearly frustrated and angry, because he couldn’t take her. Even if he was a monster, Sans still had rights, and the baby was also yours… they would never take a humans baby away from her for no reason. It was illegal, and would never work.

The doctors finally started to leave, but he couldn’t stop glaring at the door. He just felt so angry, and pissed that they even thought they had the right to ask about his daughter.

Assholes.

After he was certain they were gone, and that they were going to stay gone, he looked down at his daughter, and felt his soul sore as he looked at her cute little face. It was your face… only smaller, with his sockets… perfect. He leaned his face down, and left a gentle kiss on her forehead, and smiled when she cooed up at him. He cuddles her back against his ribs, and felt so complete as she lied there, contently.

“...Sans,” Your voice came suddenly, forcing him to tear his gaze away from Indie, his vision moving from one beauty, to another.

“...They might need to check her,” You told him, your voice soft and gentle, as if you were afraid he would snap, if you weren’t careful.
But he didn’t… or at least, he didn’t mean to. His voice did come out a bit hostile, but… it was because he was anxious. He was afraid you were going to try and convince him to hand her over, but he couldn’t.

He wouldn’t.

“She’s fine.”

“Sans, she’s a doctor,” You told him, and just like he had expected, you were trying to persuade him. He loved you, more than life itself, but he was never going to let you win this one… he couldn’t.

“y/n,” He said your name sternly. He wasn't trying to scold you… he was just trying to let you know that he didn’t want to discuss it.

He wasn’t letting them touch her.

You sighed, clearly frustrated and not wanting it to show. “...I think we should let them have her for a few minutes. What if she’s sick?”

*The only people who were sick, were the ones who were trying to take her.*

“She isn’t, okay? trust me, i… i can tell. she’s perfect,” He assured you, needing you to believe him.

...He could feel her, and he could feel how perfect she was. Everything was fine, and she was experiencing no pain, and no issues. She was breathing, and she was happy as long as you were around.

She felt safe when she heard your voice.

Hell, she even liked *Sans’s* voice.
It made him feel important.

“...Souls?” You asked him, gently, finally getting it. The connection didn’t disappear when she was born, if anything, it got stronger.

*It was never gonna go away.*

He nodded as he started down at his daughter. She had gotten her hands on his jacket strings, and was having a blast as she tried to pull on them. She liked the feeling of the soft texture, and wanted to pull on them… but she didn’t quite know how.

“...she’s perfect, okay? if something was off, you know i would be the first person to act like a hypochondriac,” He said, a slight humor to his voice. He had always been protective of the people he loved… maybe even a little too much at times.

You sighed softly after a moment, probably weighing your options in your mind. “...Alright. I trust you.”

...thank fuck.

“...if they take her, they’ll just... probe and prod at her. take dna. experiment on her,” He told you softly, not wanting to upset you, but wanting to be sure you knew the truth. He held Indie closer to him, and tried to keep himself calm as he told you… it was an upsetting thought, and he needed her to keep him grounded while he spoke about it.

“...Okay,” You said softly, and he was pretty sure you just thought he was thinking crazy. But you were exhausted, and he knew you didn’t want to argue.

He didn’t know whether to feel grateful, or to feel bad.

“...they can’t have her,” He muttered softly, as he looked down at Indie again. She was too precious… he couldn’t let them corrupt her.
He would rather die.

“...Can I hold her again?” You asked, your voice soft and timid, as if you were afraid to ask.

...She was yours, too. You were the only other person in the world who actually had a right to hold her. You provided food for her, too, not to mention... you were a key player in her life, and you could hold her literally whenever you wanted.

You didn’t have to ask him.

“...course,” He assured you, before carefully handing her back into your arms.

...She started to cry when he handed her over, and he knew she was sad because he gave her up, but she was also really hungry. As soon as she realized it was you, the sadness went away, and it was just the hunger left behind, which you were taking care of.

....Breastfeeding seemed painful.

“...She’s so cute.”

*She was more than cute.*

“she’s beautiful.”

*perfect.*

“Got your eyes… or lack thereof,” You joked with him, your eyes so filled with love and admiration for *him*.

It made him feel wonderful.
“she works it perfectly,” He said softly, finding it so strange that she could look so wonderful without eyes, while he felt ugly without.

She was just that special.

“You’re gonna be such a protective dad,” You said softly, giggling.

You definitely weren’t wrong… he already felt protective and nervous about everything when it came to her.

“who? me? nah,” He joked, leaning on the side of your hospital bed. He knew it wasn’t very comfy for you, and he wished he could just take you both home already.

You let out another giggle, and then sighed again before leaning back and trying to get comfy. He knew you wanted to go home just as much as he did.

“...how are you feeling?”

“Tired and sore,” You told him. It wasn’t a surprise, “Don’t think I can walk.”

“we’ll try in a bit, when pap comes in. can get in the shower… wanna nap a bit?” He asked, just as Indie had finished eating, and let out a soft burp.

You covered yourself before laying Indie back on your chest to cuddle. “…Yeah,” You confirmed, and then closed your eyes to sleep.

“...i’ll wake you up when pap gets here.”

“Thanks.”

He watched you two sleep for a while… but Indie didn’t nap for very long. She had woken up, and had started to get antsy, so Sans picked her up from your chest before she could start crying. She didn’t like staying still for very long, especially not in a lying position.
Papyrus showed up soon after, not allowing you much time to sleep, at all. He decided he could let you sleep a bit longer, as long as Paps was quiet, though. He offered for Pap to hold Indie, and his face lit up at the offer, and quickly did.

“...P-Put your hand behind her head,” Your voice came, directed towards Pap. Sans hadn’t known you had woken up, but smiled anyways when you spoke. You returned it, and Papyrus looked happy, too.

Papyrus did as you said, and Sans also felt a bit relieved when it was a proper hold.

“Perfect. Says hello!”

“HELLO!” Papyrus greeted his niece, as he tickled her, gently. She held his fingers and cooed, which made Papyrus happy.

“SANS! IT SAID HELLO!” He exclaimed, as he looked over at him.

“she. she said hello.”

She was much more than an ‘it’.

“She SAID HELLO!” He corrected himself, as he started back down at her.

You let out a soft giggle, and Sans’s smile grew a bit. “SHE IS SO TINY!”

“Babies usually are,” You teased Pap, softly.

“EXCEPTIONALLY TINY!”

He wasn’t necessarily wrong… but ironically, Papyrus had been even smaller.
“Mhm… was Paps ever that tiny?” You asked Sans, coincidentally.

“smaller.”

You looked surprised by that, as you looked back at Papyrus, as if you were trying to picture it and couldn’t.

“monster babies are always very tiny… but they grow very fast,” He explained to you, since you were in such disbelief.

“…Wonder how fast she’s gonna grow.”

“probably not as fast,” He assured you, knowing you would both have Indie as a baby for a little while.

You gave a small hum in response, and the conversation pretty much ended. Sans kept a good socket on Indie and Paps, and made sure everything was okay while he held her. He still needed to get you into the shower, which he planned to do when Paps came in, but… he felt nervous about it. What if Pap needed him while he was in the shower, or Indie got hungry, or…

…

He forced himself to relax.

He was only going to be in the next room. Pap could knock if necessary.

“…hey, pap, can you watch her? y/n and i are gonna go have a shower,” He asked Papyrus, knowing it would make you feel happy. A shower after birth was probably a great thing… but of course, that was just him guessing.

Papyrus happily agreed to watch over her, so Sans quickly brought you into the bathroom before he could get anxious and change his mind. You walked to the shower perfectly fine, your previous
concerns about not being able to walk being proven false, which was a relief to both of you. He was afraid something would go wrong, but it didn’t.

You were okay.

You pushed through the soreness in your muscles.

He made sure the water was nice and warm for you before he let you step in, knowing it would make you feel a lot less gross, and a lot less sweaty. You even moaned a bit, when the water actually touched your back.

He cleaned your body for you, finding contentment in himself and in you in that moment. He had that aching need to have Indie with him at all times in the back of his mind, yes, but if he ignored it, it felt alright. It wasn’t easy, but it was doable when he thought about the fact that she was just with Papyrus. He would protect her. He would never let anything happen to her.

He was capable of caring for Indie for at least an hour, and Sans trusted him.

...For the time being, Sans just had to focus on you, and help make you feel better after delivering his baby.

“...you’re amazing,” He told you softly, as he lathered up the soap the hospital had provided.

You blinked in surprise, clearly taken aback by the sudden compliment that seemed to come from nowhere. He understood why it would be sudden to you, but to him it wasn’t. It was just a casual reminder of what he always thought when he looked at you.

Your face flushed beautifully, the same color it had been when you were ever embarrassed, and you smiled at him.

beautiful.

“...you gave me a baby,” He muttered out loud, still trying to grasp onto the reality of the situation at hand. You… the girl who had stood up for him at the grocery store, the girl who had turned out to be
his *soulmate*... had given him a *child*.

It all felt like a perfect fever dream.

“You made half,” You reminded him, your beautiful voice bringing him even more joy as you kissed him on the cheek.

You didn’t seem to understand how important you really were…

If it weren’t for you, he would have never reproduced. Some monsters had kids without their *soulmate*, sure, but... he could never. The thought alone made him cringe, really. If it wasn’t his *soulmate* there was a huge chance of the kid coming out completely wrong, and then it could end up being completely like the person who had helped conceived it. And God knows Sans would’ve hated that, regardless of who it was.

Before you, nobody was appealing to him.

Everybody’s personality was always off putting, to at least some degree, romantically, at least.

But you were a godsend.

“you did all of the work. all of the suffering,” He reminded you, deciding now wasn’t the time to explain it all to you, and start getting all mushy. He still craved to have Indie in his arms again, and to be back in the room she was born in.

“Stoop,” You whined softly, your embarrassment starting to become too much for you.

It was precious.

“you’re fucking perfect,” He said softly, as he washed your body, finding it still incredible that the human body could handle so much. He was sure to be extra careful as he washed your breasts, and your vagina, since those were tender and sore at the moment, and afterwards he stood and placed a gentle kiss to your forehead.
You let out a soft moan in contentment, and cupped his face to pull him down for a proper kiss.

He returned it before turning off the water, and then letting out a soft sigh.

“c’mon,” He started, as he looked back down at you, “i miss her.”

“Me too… I wonder how Papyrus is handling her,” You wondered allowed, which he understood. You had never seen Papyrus interact with a child before, so for all you knew he could have been terrible with children. But Sans knew better… he knew everything would be fine. hopefully.

“let’s go see,” He said, before he stepped out of the shower and grabbed a couple towels. He dried your body off gently, still being sure to apply gentle pressure, and then wrapped you up before drying himself off.

The shower was filled with steam, but he didn’t mind. It was warm, and it gave off a comforting fell as he dressed you back in the clothes you had arrived in.

They weren’t dirty, so it didn’t matter much… but he knew you would have prefered fresh clothes. He had to remember to stop back at the house sometime soon to bring you some stuff, since neither of you had actually packed an overnight bag for when this happened… but at least you didn’t have to wear that uncomfortable hospital gown anymore.

He was eager to get back to his daughter, but he did take an extra minute or two to pull your hair up into a ponytail. He didn’t have a brush, but at least his phalanges helped a bit with smoothing out your hair.

Once that was done, you gave him a soft kiss as a thank you, and you both went back out into the room to see Indie.

Papyrus was gone.
Indie was being held by a stranger.

Somebody was trying to steal her.

Somebody was trying to hurt her.

Experiment on her.

Why did he let Papyrus watch her?

...It was kind of a blur. All he saw was you move in front of him for a moment, and he’s pretty sure you said something, but… after that, all he could see was red.

All he was able to do, was get his baby back into his arms.

He held her again… and she was crying. Confused and scared… didn’t like the sounds that had come from that man's neck.

...He didn’t mean to. He just needed to keep her safe.

He had to protect his family.

Chapter End Notes

My Tumblr.
You couldn’t stop screaming, pure fear flooding through you as you realized what had just happened, right behind you. A sickening cracking sound rang through your ears as it happened, and when you turned, your fears were all confirmed, and you saw that dead body lying on the ground. His neck snapped, and looking sideways, in a way that it really shouldn’t have been.

Indie was crying, quiet, compared to your screams. Hysterical, and probably traumatized for the moment, by the sound his neck had made.

Sans was holding her gently to his chest, making small shushing noises, as he turned her away from the body. Probably not wanting her to see it, fearing trauma, even though she would forget about it within the next hour, or probably even less.

You, on the other hand… were never going to able to unhear that, or unsee it.

You couldn’t stop screaming, the sound just flying out uncontrollably as you tried to think of what the fuck you were supposed to do in this situation.
Before you could react, Sans had walked over, and had covered your mouth, firmly. Not harshly… just firmly.

You quickly put your hand over his, holding it a bit closer to your mouth out of fear you would scream again, and started to take deep breaths. You felt as if you were on the verge of tears, but forced yourself to hold it in. You needed to stay calm, for Indie.

She was hysterical as it was, so adding to it would just make the situation ten times worse.

“...deep breaths. you’re okay,” Sans’s voice came through your ears, giving you a small sense of comfort at the familiar sound of his deep rumbling. You got small flashbacks to where he would comfort you during a panic attack, and was always able to make you feel so much better. He was always better than any anxiety med… you couldn’t let that go away.

You couldn’t let him go to jail!

You moved his hand down a bit, so your mouth was no longer completely covered, and you could now speak. You wanted to scream again… the fear of him being caught now, and being ripped away from you making you feel completely terrified.

You needed him.

“...Y-You just killed him!” You said, in an angry, fearful whisper. You didn’t want to snap at him… he didn’t mean to do it. You could just tell… he looked guilty, and there was so much regret on his face.

“...i didn’t mean to… fuck, i’m sorry,” He told, confirming what you had already known. Indie was clinging to his jacket and crying so hard, and you could tell it was breaking his heart, even more than it was breaking yours.

Him doing it on purpose wasn’t even your biggest fear… it was him being sent away.

“Y-You’re gonna get arrested!” You exclaimed, now feeling yourself start to cry instead of feeling yourself scream. You needed him! He couldn’t get sent away!
“shh. no, shh. here... take her,” he said as he handed her to you, gently, Indie still sobbing hysterically, clearly still disturbed and upset by everything that was going on, “she’s scared. calm her down. it’s alright… please, i’m so sorry.”

You held Indie close to your chest, as you sobbed softly. You had to calm down yourself, if you ever wanted her to calm down. You sat on the bed again, holding her even closer as you kissed her forehead and shushed her, softly.

Sans quickly gave you a soft kiss, and moved your hair out of your face, so he could speak to you, properly.

“just relax. if somebody comes in here and asks you why you were screaming, just make up a lie. say you saw a bug or something.”

That could work… if there wasn’t a fucking dead body in the middle of the floor.

“W-What about the body!?” You asked him, your voice still in an angry whisper. You wanted to yell… wanted to scream, so you could let these emotions out, and so you could try and feel better. You felt sick to your stomach, and you didn’t know what to do.

You weren’t exactly the best liar.

“i got it. okay?” He told you, signalling that he was going to be leaving for a little bit. It filled you with fear… but you knew that was for the best in the moment. He had to take care of the body, so he didn’t go to prison.

...What the fuck had you gotten yourself into.

You had… literally witnessed murder, and were about to lie for him.

You sniffed and curled into yourself on the bed, holding your baby close to you, so you could try and calm your anxiety at least a little bit. She was like a pacifier to you… making you much calmer, and making you believe things could actually be okay.
She gave you hope.

You sighed softly as Sans ran his fingers through your hair once, before grabbing the body and teleporting away. You counted yourself lucky that he had snapped his neck, of all things… no blood. Easy clean up at the crime scene.

...You hated that you were actually thinking those things.

You never wanted to be tied up in anything like that.

Indie continued to cry, seeming to be even more fussy now that Sans was gone. You understood it… could relate. You felt a lot better when Sans was around, too, so you knew why she was so upset. You were doing your best to comfort her, by holding her close… but she just didn’t want to calm down.

“...Shhh, shh,” You shushed her gently, bouncing her slightly. She had seemed to be a fan of that… and you felt insanely lucky when she seemed to calm down a bit from it. The crying died down to small whimpering, and eventually it stopped all together.

Not long after… a nurse came running into the room.

It seemed like a late reaction to you… as if the nurse had purposely taken his sweet time, for some reason. It didn’t make much sense to you… but you tried not to think about it too hard, for the sake of your anxieties. He looked very concerned… so before he could ask what happened, you quickly started to explain.

“I-I saw a spider on the bed!” You exclaimed, making sure to sound deathly afraid of bugs. You needed him to buy it… you needed to get away with this.

...You felt disgusted with yourself. Were you really doing this? Were you really about to get involved with a murder!? You were supposed to go to the police, and you were supposed to tell them what happened!

...But… you couldn’t!
Sans would be sent to jail forever!

You would LOSE him!

...The nurse seemed to calm down completely after you said that, his shoulders relaxing, and his good posture returning. He walked into the room completely, instead of leaning on the door frame, and approached slowly, probably afraid of spooking the baby, who was eyeing him cautiously, and curiously.

“...Is it gone?” He asked, in a friendly tone of voice, seemingly relieved that nothing bad had happened, like he had initially thought when he first heard you screaming,

“C-Can you check on the floor?” You asked him, forcing yourself to keep the lie going, when you wanted nothing more than to stop and cry about it, and admit everything.

You were scared.

You wanted to unsee it.

You wanted it to go away.

You watched as he got down on all fours, and checked under your bed, before looking on it, and all around it. You knew he wasn’t going to find anything, so you felt genuinely guilty for making him search, anyways.

But you just held Indie closer, and waited for it to end.

“...I don’t see anything,” He admitted, as he stood up, and did a quick scan around the room with his eyes. He looked confused and concerned, like he was actually feeling guilt over not finding it, and it made you feel even worse.

...You were being such a bad person.
“...O-Okay. It must be gone... thanks,” You said, being sure to thank him for wasting his time. There were people in this hospital who actually needed a nurse... you didn’t need to take up his time like this. What made you think this was okay?

It wasn’t.

None of it was.

He gave a smile as he looked down at Indie, probably finding her just as adorable as you did. You couldn’t imagine anybody finding her anything less than perfect... precious. Her cute little head of hair was perfect... slightly curly, and suited her perfectly. You couldn’t even imagine her with actual eyes if you tried, and you were honestly really happy she ended up with what she had, instead. Made her unique, and you were going to raise her to love them just as much as you did.

She was going to love herself just as much as you loved her.

...You knew that you and Sans were definitely going to end up spoiling her, and really, you were alright with that as long as she knew boundaries, and knew when no meant no. But as long as it was within reason, she could have most anything.

...Just thinking about her was a great distraction in its own. You felt like less of a terrible person... and just more lost.

Like you were just trying to protect your family.

Keep them safe.

“...You hungry, yet? It’s about lunch time,” The nurse asked you (you really needed to remember to ask his name), as he made eye contact with you, once again. His blue eyes faintly reminded you of the color of Sans’s jacket, and it made you miss him even more. You felt so strange talking to people now that he wasn’t here... you felt vulnerable. Not as safe as you usually did. You didn’t realize until then, that you had been taking Sans’s everlasting presence for granted. Something that you once found to be a bit too much, was now never enough.

Funny, how so much could change in a year.
“...Yeah, but… can I wait until Sans gets back?” You requested, feeling weird about doing pretty much anything without him… eating especially, since it had always been something that was so sacred between the two of you. You just… always ate together, or at least around each other. You couldn’t remember the last time you had actually consumed anything without him being present.

It just wouldn’t feel right.

“Course… did he run out to go get your things?” He asked, clearly just trying to make conversation. He was a nice guy, and you really didn’t mind him, but… you just wanted to be alone with Indie until Sans came back. You felt so vulnerable and weird.

“He just had to go home and check on something,” You lied.

“Alright. Just… hit the call button next time, alright?” He asked, a slight humor to his voice.

“...Yeah. Sorry. Thank you.” You thanked him again, before he exited the room.

You felt better… but at the same time, somehow felt worse. Being all alone with a newborn was scary, and at the same time so fun. She was beautiful, and she was yours… but you didn’t want to ever see anything bad happen to her, and being alone left an open window for it. Made it seem like you had a target on your back, and hers.

You were nervous.

And right on cue… Indie started getting fussy, again.

She started to kick angrily, her cute little feet stretching out her onesie as she gently flailed her arms, her cute little face contorting into a scowl. She made small little whimpering noises for a moment, and the next she was crying loudly.

“Shh. Dada will be back soon,” You assured her, as you held her gently against your chest and rubbed her back. You hoped you weren’t lying… hoped he was coming back, soon. You assumed that was why she was so angry… you didn’t feel comfortable without him, either.
If you were able to, and didn’t have a child to watch over, you would probably throw a tantrum, too.

...But apparently, she was just hungry.

She started to suckle on your shirt as soon as her face was close enough, so you took that as your cue, and got your breast out to feed her. As soon as she started to eat, she was instantly less fussy. Not completely content… but better.

It felt strange… hurt a little bit. Kinda felt like your life was being drained from you… but in a good way. Like you were providing her with the nutrients she needed, so it was torn away from you. Scary, but you didn't mind it.

“...You eat a lot,” You commented softly, as you watched her eat. She stared up at you with curious eyes as she did, clearly enticed by your voice and your face. She made small little noises as she ate, and you gently pet her hair as you waited for her to finish.

...You felt lucky that she was eating so well. If she hadn’t, you knew Sans would be in a constant panic.

Food was always a touchy subject, but she finished eating quickly, and you burped her gently as you covered yourself up, before cuddling her again.

...You felt your panic start to rise again, as you remembered why you were alone. What had just happened, and the lies you had told. Was he really going to get away with murder? Again? Was it even really justified, or were you just blind?

...But you trusted him. You were sure it would be okay.

He could get away with it, sure… he did it before. The only difference here was that you… witnessed it. He was just trying to protect his family, anyways, so… it was okay. Right? ...Well no, not okay, but… it would be.

You just wished you hadn’t seen it.
...But right on cue, he came back.

He teleported back in, looking completely exhausted and worn out. He had a bag on his arm… one of your old backpacks that you had brought to his house when you were moving stuff in.

You instantly extended your free arm towards him, signalling you wanted a hug. He put the bag down on the floor quickly, and walked over before wrapping both you and Indie in a hug, as he sat down next to you. You could feel the tears starting to build up at the thought of what had just happened… now that he was here, it felt safe. Felt like you could finally let your emotions out.

“you’re alright,” He assured you softly, as he brushed some hair out of your face, his voice being the comfort you really needed.

You clung to the front of his jacket and took a deep breath, trying to relax. You were fine… you didn’t need to worry. Sans was here, and Sans took care of the problem.

Your family was okay.

You were all safe.

...But what about that poor nurse’s family. They were going to want to find him, and what if they did!? What did Sans even do with the body!? You just wanted to stop thinking about it! Wanted to unsee it!

“...she ate, right?” He asked you, thankfully pulling you out of your thoughts, and comforting you with his familiar voice. It was just Sans… Sans was… capable of scary things. You knew it would all be okay… it was just scary right now.

You nodded in response, not being able to find your voice in the moment. You were afraid you would sob… and you didn’t wanna scare the tiny baby in your arms, as she looked up at you, completely trusting.

“have you eaten?”
“...W-Was waiting for you to come back, first,” You managed to choke out without sobbing, only stuttering slightly.

“...hey,” he spoke softly, before cupping your face and having you look at him, “i took care of it, okay? it’s alright.”

You took a deep breath and nodded. “...Okay... okay.”

He was right... it was okay.

“...we get to take her home tomorrow. you excited?” He asked you, trying to distract you from your fears. You were grateful for it... but you were still anxious, even though you decided it was better to let the distraction work.

You just needed to focus on what was happening in that moment, instead of what had happened previously.

You gave a small nod, and he gave a reassuring smile.

“...if anybody asks, he never came in. it’ll be alright.”

“Yeah... I don’t know him,” You agreed, deciding that would be the best course of action.

“exactly.” He ran his fingers through your hair gently, as he glanced down at Indie, who was still staring up at the two of you curiously. She was so innocent... you hated that she was getting tied up in all of this.

As soon as Sans looked down at her, however, she cooed happily, happy to see her daddy.

He smiled and gave her a gentle pet before looking back at you. “i’m gonna go get you some food, alright?”
You nodded. “Okay… come straight back.” You really didn’t want to be without him any longer, but… you were hungry and it wouldn’t take long, anyways.

He stood from the bed, and gave you a soft kiss on the forehead. Indie whined a bit, and shuffled so she was facing you a bit more, and you gave her a reassuring smile. “course. i’ll only be a minute,” He assured you, before walking out of the room.

Indie behaved pretty well while he was gone. She looked at the door a few times, almost like she was waiting for him, but she didn’t cry or anything. She just seemed content with being alive… with being a baby. Couldn’t have been that bad anyways, since all she has to do was poop and pee and eat.

Sans didn’t take long, anyways. He came back with a tray of food, and set it down in front of you, on the small table. The tray had a plate of mashed potatoes with brown gravy, and there was… some type ‘meat’ that was supposed to be sliced turkey. They gave you a roll, too, and really it looked like the only decent thing there.

You had Sans hold Indie while you picked at the food, and forced it down. The potatoes weren’t too bad… it was just the meat thing that was hard to swallow, but you managed to get it down. Ever since you had learned about what he went through, you couldn’t bring yourself to waste food anymore, despite how gross it could be. It just felt wrong.

Once you had managed to choke all of it down, you looked up in time to see Sans lightly bouncing Indie in his lap. She had the cutest little smile, and it made your heart fly.

“...That was nasty,” You told him softly, as you watched him cuddle her. He looked up at you, somehow being able to tear his gaze away from your beautiful daughter, to look at you below average face.

“sorry,” He apologized, clearly happy that you had finished it, regardless, and had waited until after it was gone to complain. The roll was the only good thing, like you had expected… but it was okay, in the end, since it was all drowned in gravy.

“It’s okay… hospitals always have bad food,” You told him, as you moved the rolling table away from you.

“we can get mcdonald’s as soon as we get out of here. deal?” He offered, as he leaned closer and
placed a soft kiss on your lips.

“...Fuck, yes please,” You agreed, happily. All you really wanted was some greasy food that would disagree with your stomach later on. It sounded heavenly.

“...i brought you some stuff from the house,” He told you, as he gestured lazily with one hand, the other one being too preoccupied with holding Indie. You looked over at the bag, praying there was at least one decent outfit inside.

You stood up and walked over, before picking the bag up and setting it on the bed. You opened it up, and felt a surge of happiness when you saw one of Sans’s big shirts inside. He knew how much you loved his shirts… so you felt good that he listened when you mentioned it, and brought one for you.

“...Oh thank fuck. Fresh clothes,” You sighed, as you took out his big shirt, and a pair of comfortable pants.

“wanna get changed?”

“...I wanna leave,” You admitted, since he was asking what you wanted.

“that’s tomorrow,” He told you softly, his voice full of sympathy. You hadn’t complained about it until then, but… you just wanted to go home, and you had a feeling he knew.

“Let’s just sign me out,” You offered, hopefully.

“...we should wait a little longer, baby,” He said, his paranoia getting the better of him. He was probably worried about something going wrong if you weren’t around medical equipment… he was so back and forth with this stuff.

Did he want to be home, or not?

You didn’t push it, instead just pulled off your old clothes and put on the new ones, finding comfort in the familiar smell of your laundry detergent, along with the faint smell of the kitchen hitting you in
the face like a brick. It just reeked of tomatoes for a moment… and then it was gone. You sighed happily, and took his hand in yours, feeling contentment as you sat back down next to him and the baby.

“...cuddle pile?” He offered, a soft smile on his face.

You nodded, and got closer, as he opened his arms and you cuddled into him, with Indie in between you both, sandwiched gently and comfortably. She seemed content with this, and nuzzled her face into Sans’s jacket slightly, before starting to drift off.

“...Can you promise me something?” You requested, as you stared down at her pretty head of hair.

“...hm?” He hummed, as he ran his fingers through your hair.

“...Stop killing people.”

He blinked, a bit surprised by that at first.

“...i didn’t mean to. i-i... i’m trying to be better, i didn’t… i didn’t want to… i made a mistake. i fucked up, and i’m a bad fucking person for it, but i’m sorry. i am so sorry you had to see that… sorry i did it.”

...You knew he wasn’t the best with words, but even just that as an apology made you feel much better.

“...Don’t worry about me. I’ll be fine,” You assured him, as you thought about it again. You felt sick… traumatized and stuck, because you couldn’t have helped him… and now you knew you were being selfish by protecting Sans, but… what else could you do?

“...i’m still sorry,” He apologized again.

You kissed him softly, and tried to calm yourself down.
...You were being a bad person. But… it was just to protect the people you loved, so were you really all that bad?

...Indie was screaming in Sans’s arms, upset and confused, and trying to look at what had happened, but he held her to his chest, and refused to let her see.

The man was on the ground, completely dead and unmoving.

...For the first time in Sans’s life, he felt guilty over murdering somebody.

It was an accident.

...

He could grieve for him later, but in that moment, he just needed to get you and Indie to calm down. He hadn’t even noticed at first, but you were screaming loudly… so he forced his magic to rise, and he stopped time.

Everything was still, besides the three of you. Even the clock on the wall had stopped… so nobody was going to come and ruin his family. You were all safe. It was going to be okay.

He forced himself to push the guilt back, and walked over to you, before gently pressing his hand to
your mouth to silence you. Screaming wasn’t a good thing… especially when you were doing something illegal that should not have attention on it. This happened to be one of those times… he just needed you to shut up.

You reached up and put your hand over his, not trying to remove it… instead holding it there, like you were expecting it to comfort you, or stop your screams. You managed to stop, thankfully… but Indie was still hysterical. But that was alright… she was a baby. Babies cry.

“...deep breaths,” Sans instructed you, trying to get you to calm down for the time being. He knew you would want to cry later… which was okay. He would comfort you, and he would help you work through it… but at the moment, he needed to clean up the mess he made, “...you’re okay.”

You looked horrified as you moved his hand down a little, so it covered your chin instead, so you could speak to him. The fear in your eyes was so big… so heartbreaking to him.

He never wanted you to see that… hell, he never even wanted to do that. He just… panicked.

It was an accident.

He didn’t mean to kill that man.

“...Y-You just killed him!” You exclaimed, in a whisper that was filled with terror. You had no idea that time had stopped… that you were safe in the moment.

...His magic was so much stronger now that Indie was born… as if they were feeding off of each other, now that she was out and breathing, and creating her own source of magic. He felt almost invincible… like the old magic he used to have was returning.

It was addicting.

“...i didn’t mean to… fuck, i’m sorry,” He apologized softly, feeling genuine regret and guilt. He could feel Indie clinging to him with her little hands, making him feel that much worse about it… she was so scared of the noises his neck made, that she couldn’t stop crying. He felt awful.
He was awful.

“Y-You’re gonna get arrested!” You exclaimed, starting to cry, softly.

...That’s what you were afraid of? That was the one thing he wasn’t worried about. He knew how to get out of the situation, despite how fucked up it was. He knew he would be fine in that aspect, he was really just concerned about you and about Indie… and hell, even for that guy. He hadn’t deserved what he did… it wasn’t fair for him. He didn’t deserve death.

...Where was Papyrus, anyways?

...Sans was going to have to text him, after he fixed everything.

“shh. no, shh. here... take her,” He said softly, as he handed her over, her still being hysterical and frightened, “she’s scared… calm her down. it’s alright… please, i’m so sorry.”

You held her close to your chest, and continued to sob. It was obvious you were trying to relax, but were having a hard time with it, so he really wished he could help. You sat on the bed with her, and kissed her forehead while trying to relax her, while you were upset… it really showed how strong you could be.

He wished you didn’t have to be strong. He just wanted you to be happy and comfortable.

He wished he never did that.

He didn’t mean to.

He kissed you softly, and moved your hair away from your face so he could properly talk to you, and so that he could see your beautiful face. “...just relax. if somebody comes in here and asks you why you were screaming, just make up a lie. say you saw a bug or something.”

He felt bad about having you lie, but… he needed you to, and he couldn’t stop time for much longer.
He was getting tired.

“W-What about the body!?” You asked, still angrily whispering. You looked so distressed… so concerned for *his* sake.

He knew he would be fine, so he just wished you would worry about yourself a little more.

“i got it. okay?” He assured you, wanting you to feel safe… he would take care of you. He would make sure you and Indie were safe, even if he got killed in the process.

You didn’t say anything… instead, you just curled up into a ball on the bed, holding Indie close to your chest. It made him feel awful… he didn’t mean for any of this to happen. He never wanted to hurt you. Didn’t mean to hurt anybody, really.

It was an accident.

He ran his fingers through your hair, and teleported away, with the man’s body, before letting time resume.

...He buried his body out in mexico, so nobody would be able to trace it back to Sans. Not like he needed to wipe fingerprints, since he didn’t have any fingers, so even if they *did* find him, he would be fine.

...He knew this guy deserved better, but… he couldn’t change it, now.

He didn’t mean to.

He forced himself to relax, and teleported back to the house, so he could take a shower and get you the essentials you needed while you were at the hospital. He could mourn over the man’s death later, but for the time being, he needed to worry about you.
He turned on a hot shower, and jumped in, before starting to wash all of the dirt off... he felt strange, really, showering without you, since it had become such a routine, but still, he did what he had to do.

...He wished he had you with him in that moment, since all of his demons were screaming at him. He was a freak, and he couldn’t be trusted. He ruined so many things, for so many people, and he couldn’t believe he actually felt guilty for it.

Maybe your therapy had really worked.

It was a strange feeling, to feel empathy for somebody other than the people he loved... but he knew it was for the best. He was more like a normal person now... his mind seemed to be somewhat healing.

He knew he would never be the same as he used to be, but... surely he could get close?

He turned off the shower after he was clean, and dried himself off with a towel, feeling strange that he wasn't drying your body before his... since you weren't even there. He always put you first, so to be dry right after stepping out was so weird and awkward.

Felt kind of wrong.

He pushed his thoughts aside anyways, and put on some fresh clothes, before opening the closet. When you had first moved in with him, he had cleaned it out completely, and allowed you to take it, while he took the small dresser in the corner. You had more clothes than him anyways, so it was only fair.

He put a few of your outfits into an old backpack you had, and a few essentials, like your hair brush, toothbrush, and other things. He was about to close the bag, but... he remembered that you enjoyed wearing his shirts on lay days, or when you just wanted to be comfortable, so he pulled a few out of the dresser, and stuffed them in, and then closed the backpack, before throwing it over his shoulder.

He was pretty much ready to go back and meet you, but... he went and checked Papyrus's room, to see if he was home.

He made his way out of the bedroom, and down the hallway, before knocking once, twice, three times... but he got no answer.
Sans opened the door, regardless, but… the room was empty. Pap hadn’t come home, so where the hell was he? He felt a bit panicky, but knew that he was fine. He was family, so if anything had hurt him, Sans would have felt it.

...But still, something could end up happening.

He pulled out his phone and opened Papyrus’s contact, before writing out a text message.

**SANS**- where did you go?

...

...

...

...He waited a few minutes, but nothing.

He didn’t reply.

...He needed to get back to you, and make sure you were okay first, but… he needed to find Papyrus, right after. He didn’t even know if you were going to be able to follow through with your lie or not, so his main priority was to get back to you, and to make sure you and Indie were safe.

He could feel Indie… she was confused by a new person being in the room.

The nurse must have come in, to check on you both. The nurse never got too close, because Indie never felt fear, and never felt anxious… just curiosity, and intrigue.

...He knew he had time, since the nurse was in the room, so he went downstairs to the kitchen to find some food.
He opened the fridge, and of course, found a bit of leftover pasta all wrapped up in cling wrap. It wasn’t the best tasting, but food was food, and he needed fuel, so he took it out of the fridge and popped it in the microwave after taking the plastic wrap off.

Ironically, he felt Indie start to get hungry, as well.

He got himself a glass of water as he waited, and slowly sipped from it as he waited for the microwave to beep. He had just killed a nurse, on accident… he had killed people before, sure, but… never on accident. He had always had an intent. Had always had a good reason to murder, but this time, he didn’t.

He didn’t really know how to deal with it, when it was accidental, and it was just strange to him.

He actually felt bad for it.

As he chugged the rest of the water, he couldn’t help but wonder if he had kids… now that he was a dad, he felt awful thinking about how Indie would feel if Sans had just vanished one day. Or hell, what were his parents going to think? If he ever lost Indie…

he would destroy everything and everyone.

...

He couldn’t lose you or Indie… all the more reason to hide what he had done, and mourn over it in private.

The microwave beeped, then, and he got his plate out, and started to eat.

...It wasn’t great, and it never really was, but it was made with love, so there was at least that to say about it. Despite that, Sans had grown a tolerance for the pasta his brother loved making so much, so he got it down rather easily.
He washed his plate off, but left it in the sink so it could be washed properly later, after he had finished eating, and picked your bag back up off of the floor before teleporting back to you and Indie, using basically the last bit of magic he actually had left after everything he did that day.

…

He didn’t realize how exhausted he truly was until he got back to you.

You were still lying down on the bed, with Indie curled up against your chest, all happy and fed now, having forgotten what had happened, and the noises she had heard. She was sleepy, and adorable… still so perfect.

The moment your eyes landed on him, your face lit up a tiny bit, making him feel so important… relevant. Needed. You reached your free hand out for him, signaling you wanted him to join in on the hug, which he happily did, after he put the bag down on the floor.

You were so warm… so soft.

“you’re alright.” He assured you softly, as he realized how badly you were shaking. He brushed some hair out of your face and tried to give you his best smile, but he was still pretty shaken up, too. He never meant to hurt anybody… and that’s all he did.

He felt awful as tears welled up in your eyes again, and you clung to the front of his jacket like your life depended on it. You took a deep breath, trying to relax, but he knew it was a lot easier said than done to feel safe.

But you were.

He had you.

He would keep you safe.

Both of you.
“...she ate, right?” He asked you, trying to pull you away from your mind, since he had noticed you over thinking. You were probably seeing it over, and over again in your head… it wasn’t fair that you were suffering because of it.

You nodded in response, probably fearing your voice would crack if you spoke, or that you would start sobbing again.

He didn’t want that, either.

“have you eaten?” He asked, realizing he couldn’t remember the last time you actually did eat… it caused a moment of pure fear as he realized he wasn’t doing his job properly. You were probably starving… and he didn’t even remind you to eat.

Didn’t even ask if you were hungry.

He was so selfish.

“...W-Was waiting for you to come back, first.” You told him, your voice being soft and light. Beautiful, like a soft chiming bell in the soft breeze.

...But you were so scared.

“...hey,” he started, voice soft and timid as he cupped your cheeks gently and had you look him in the sockets, “i took care of it, okay? it’s alright.”

It wasn’t, exactly… but he wasn’t going to prison at least, which was your biggest fear, apparently.

You took a deep, shuddery breath, and nodded. “...Okay… okay.”

...He wanted to fix what he had done. Make it all go away, but he knew he really couldn’t.
The best he could do, was distract.

“...we get to take her home tomorrow. you excited?” He asked you, hoping that was enough for a new conversation to start. He needed to distract you… that’s what you both needed, really. And Indie just so happened to be the perfect distraction.

You nodded. It was small, but still obviously there, and it made him smile a bit. At least you were trying to forget, instead of focusing on it, and being broken… that was what he feared the most in this situation.

...Besides you telling anything you weren’t supposed to, anyways.

“...if anybody asks, he never came in. it’ll be alright,” He reminded you, wanting to make sure this awful situation went as smoothly as possible.

He wished he didn’t need you to lie… but he did.

“...Yeah. I don’t know him,” You agreed.

...You were awesome. He was so lucky you weren’t going to just turn his dumbass in. If you had, he wouldn’t have even been able to get angry about it.

He wouldn’t have blamed you.

“exactly,” He confirmed, as he ran his phalanges through your hair, and then glanced down at Indie. She was staring up at you and Sans… so curious, and so trusting. She had no idea that her father had just killed somebody, all she knew was that her parents were supposed to protect her.

And Sans will be damned if he doesn’t do exactly that.

...She cooed happily when she made eye contact with him. Her adorable little cheeks curling upwards as she smiled lovingly. She was so happy to see him. So happy he was back, and that he was okay.
She had this fear in the back of her mind whenever he was gone, that she would never see him again, so she felt safe when she did.

It was precious.

He pat her soft head of hair gently, and forced himself to tear his gaze away so he could look at you. “I’m gonna go get you some food, alright?” He told you, remembering that you still hadn’t eaten.

You nodded slowly. “...Okay. Come straight back,” You told him, sounding a bit afraid of him being gone.

He would be fast.

He stood up and kissed you on the forehead gently, much to Indie’s displeasure. She was upset with him now, because she knew he was leaving, but he gave you a reassuring smile as Indie shuffled a little to look at you better. “Course. I’ll only be a minute.”

He exited the room and made his way to the elevator, before pressing the second the floor to get to the cafeteria. He always heard that hospitals had really bad food… but he knew it couldn’t really be that bad. He entered and quickly got you the meal they were serving, and paid for it, before making his way back to you.

When he was back in the elevator, he actually took a moment to look at whatever it was that they were serving you.

It was potatoes, and some type of sliced meat… it looked strange really, but still edible, so he knew it would be fine.

He did his best to be fast, and quickly re-entered the room before setting the tray down in front of you on the table. He could tell you were a bit displeased by the food, but you handed Indie over to him regardless so you could eat it.

It didn’t take you too long to force it down, and he felt pride when you ate every bite. He really found it sweet that you never wasted food for his sake, regardless of how you actually felt about said
Indie stared up at him as you ate, and make small cooing noises, trying to get his attention back on her. It was precious, and there was no way he could deny it, so he gently started to bounce her in his lap. She seemed happy with this, and giggled softly while Sans smiled at her.

“...That was nasty,” You admitted softly, forcing Sans to look at you once again. You looked so in love with the sight in front of you... his family felt so perfect in that moment.

Then he remembered what had happened less than an hour ago.

...

He forced the thoughts away and made himself focus on the conversation at hand.

“sorry,” He apologized, not actually feeling very sorry. At least you had food, and were full. He wished it tasted better, but he couldn’t help that.

“It’s okay... hospitals always have bad food,” You told him, as you pushed the table away from you, the empty tray still resting on top of it.

“we can get mcdonald’s as soon as we get out of here. deal?” He offered, knowing it would give you something else to look forward to, while also giving another distraction.

He kissed you softly before you could answer, just feeling the sudden urge to taste your lips.

“...Fuck, yes please,” You agreed, practically moaning at the mention of fast food. It was cute... but he also knew you would probably get sick from the greasy foods after you ate them. But you always thought the stomach ache was worth it.

“...i brought you some stuff from the house,” He told you, as he gestured to the bag on the floor with one hand. You looked over eagerly, probably excited at the thought of fresh clothes.
He watched from the bed as you stood up and walked over, before picking it up and setting it down on the bed where you had previously been laying. You opened it up, and looked extremely happy when you saw one of his shirts… it made him feel good about his choices.

“…Oh thank fuck. Fresh clothes,” You sighed, happily, as you took out his shirt and then a pair of pants.

“wanna get changed?”

“...I wanna leave.”

...

He felt bad when you said that, because he knew you couldn’t, yet. You still had to stay until tomorrow, in case anything bad happened to you or Indie. He didn’t have medical equipment at the house, so the only safe place for the time being if something did happen to go wrong, was the hospital.

“that’s tomorrow,” He reminded you, softly, feeling terrible that you were still stuck in a place you didn’t want to be in.

“Let’s just sign me out,” You offered, your voice filled with hope and practically pleading. He wanted to give you what you wanted, but… it just didn’t feel right in his soul. It felt better to stay the extra day.

“...we should wait a little longer, baby,” He told you softly, unable to hide his paranoia and anxieties. He wanted to go home just as bad as you did, but he was always expecting the worst… some would call it pessimistic, but Sans just called it cautious.

You didn’t push any further, instead just took your clothes off and started to redress in your new fresh ones. He knew you were disappointed, and a little upset, but he knew it was better to be safe than sorry. You would regret going home, too, if something wrong did happen. Life was a gamble, and he’d rather not take any chances when it came to his family’s safety.

You sighed in contentment once you were dressed, and grabbed his hand before sitting back down on the bed, and putting the bag back down on the floor.
...He wanted you to be happy.

“...cuddle pile?” He offered, with a soft smile, knowing that would bring you some joy. Cuddling Indie was definitely rewarding.

You nodded instantly and scooted closer, where he opened his arms and you quickly snuggled into him, while Indie was settled between you both, comfortably. She was happy to be having affection from both of her parents, which really made Sans just as happy. She nuzzled into him a bit, finding comfort in the fabric of his jacket, and started to drift off to sleep, where she dreamt of smells and colors.

“...Can you promise me something?” You asked him, forcing him to pull his attention off of Indie and back onto you.

“...hm?” He hummed in response, as he gently started to comb his fingers through your hair.

“...Stop killing people.

...

...He was a bit surprised by that. He wasn’t planning to kill anybody without a good reason, but... you didn’t know that. All you knew was that he had murdered, and that he was a bad person for it. He felt terrible as he realized that.

He never meant to hurt anybody, especially not you.

He didn’t know what to say anymore, other than sorry.

“...i didn’t mean to. i-i... i’m trying to be better, i didn’t… i didn’t want to… i made a mistake. i fucked up, and i’m a bad fucking person for it, but i’m sorry. i am so sorry you had to see that… sorry i did it,” He told you, apologizing for the fiftieth time that day. He knew sorry was never going to be able to cut it... but it was the best he could do. He couldn’t go back in time, but if he could, then he would.
He would have calmly taken Indie from him, and demanded he left.

Wouldn’t have taken his life.

“...Don’t worry about me. I’ll be fine,” You assured him, even though it was a lie. He had traumatized you, and now was forcing you into this illegal lie. You didn’t deserve to be in on any of this, and he wished you weren’t.

He wished a lot of things were different.

“...i’m still sorry.”

You kissed him to shut him up, signalling you no longer wanted to talk about it.

He didn’t blame you.

Chapter End Notes

He feels so bad... poor dude.

Also, you guys should give me suggestions for good Horrortale Sans/ Reader stories. I feel like I've read all of the good ones, but hey, you could prove me wrong.

My Tumblr. Follow me for updates, and fun headcanons!
Family.

Chapter Summary

Time to go home after Sans fixes a few mistakes... oh, and Papyrus is back.

Chapter Notes

I return.

I was supposed to update a bit earlier, but my computer broke and I literally JUST got it back, so... here we are.

Crave is back. It is alive again.

Fuck hate comments honestly, why bother feeling offended by people who literally have nothing better to do than hate on Fanfiction. It's sad, really.

Thank you to everybody who left a sweet comment on the last chapter. I read all of them, even if I didn't respond, and every one of them made me feel a bit better. The break I took was definitely necessary and I feel a lot better about myself as a person as well as a writer after I had some time off. Thanks for being patient with me, and for taking the time to read this. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sans passed out pretty much right after he had gotten back. He curled up into your hospital bed, which you insisted on, and fell right asleep after handing Indie over to you. He seemed exhausted after everything that had happened... so you were honestly really curious as to what the hell he did while he was gone.

How did he even hide the body? Was he really going to get away with this?

Did you even want him to get away with it...?

You didn’t want him to go to jail, but... you also weren’t supporting what he had done, even in the slightest.

...
...But what about the security cameras?

He made sure nobody saw, sure, yeah, but… they could see it if they went over the camera footage, couldn’t they? He wasn’t stupid, so he probably deleted it, but… what if he didn’t? You didn’t see him having enough time to do it in the time frame he was actually gone, so… you decided you would ask him about it when he woke up.

Indie was snoozing away as well, in your arms, all curled up comfortably. Her tiny little nose would twitch occasionally, and she would make tiny noises that just completely melted your heart. She was precious… you loved her. She even sneezed in her sleep once, and woke herself up for a moment, before she fell back asleep again. It made you giggle, but you were sure to be quiet… you wished Sans had been awake to see it.

But of course, he woke up right after it happened, because that was just your luck with these things.

You gave him a soft smile as he sat up from the bed and blinked awake, his line of sight instantly going to Indie, as if he was checking to make sure she was still here, and that she was still okay, and wasn’t stolen or something. After he was satisfied and certain she wasn’t broken or something, he finally looked at you, and returned your smile lazily.

“...Hey Sans?” You started softly, making sure to whisper so you didn’t wake Indie up, just yet.

“hm?” He hummed sleepily, as he stood up and stretched his spine, probably wanting you to take the bed back now that he had taken a nap. It took a hell of a lot of persuasion to even get him on the bed in the first place, so that was rather likely.

“They… have cameras in here, don’t they?” You asked, trying to signal to him what you were wondering. Your biggest fear at this point, and probably would be forever, was him being caught in this giant sin.

You just wanted it to be over.

“yeah, probably. why?” He asked, clearly not understanding why you had been asking. He didn’t seem to understand why that was such a serious issue, especially not when he was just waking up.
“...Did you delete the footage?” You asked, even more quietly, deciding not to beat around the bush. It was a serious thing, and if he hadn’t, then you needed him to do it right then, so he didn’t get caught.

You were afraid.

He looked confused still for a moment... but then he froze, and blinked. He looked shocked, and confused, and even slightly pissed at himself.

“...stay here, i’ll be right back,” He told you, before he teleported out of the room, again...You were glad he had taken a nap before hand, or else that probably wouldn’t have ended very well. He might’ve collapsed.

You decided to go and move onto the bed now that he was gone, so you could get comfortable while Indie slept, but while you were moving, she woke up on her own.

You looked down just in time to see her blink a couple times, and then yawn while stretching her hands a bit over her head, her mouth opened wide. She looked adorable as she did so, but she whined afterwards, probably sensing that her dad wasn’t in the room. You felt bad... it seemed like she was always missing him, and she had only been alive for two days.

“...Hey, honey. He’ll be right back, it’s okay,” You assured her softly, holding her close to your chest for a cuddle.

She whimpered in response, as if she could understand you and wasn’t very happy with what you said. It made you smile a bit, so you brought her closer and nuzzled her face a little bit.

...And then she grabbed a hold of your hair, and pulled.

“...Uh oh, ow.” You hissed softly, as you gently untangled her tiny fist from your hair, being as easy as possible and making sure none of it got stuck in between her fingers.

But as soon as you got your hair out of her fist, she started to sob, as if you had just taken her favorite toy away.
“...Honey, no,” You cooed softly, as she kicked her tiny feet in anger. She was so angry and fussy, and all you could think to do was gently bounce her until she calmed down, but… it didn’t seem to work.

You realized she was probably hungry after a moment, since she had just woken up, so you quickly removed your shirt and started to feed her, which luckily did the trick. She ate happily, and you let yourself relax into the pillows while she did.

“...You eat so much,” You told her with a sigh, as you gently pet her hair. She was staring up at you with those pretty sockets of hers, watching you curiously. You knew she liked your voice, so you always found it precious when she listened to you speak. She was already your best friend, and a great listener.

She seemed so content whenever she was eating… it reminded you so much of Sans. He was always calmest when he was eating, and it seemed like nothing could get to him in those moments. That was the reason you always wanted to have snacks in the house that he enjoyed… so he could feel calm in moments of panic, if you just shoved a few in his mouth. It usually worked, and shut him up for a while.

“...There we go,” You cooed softly as you watched her, and she made small noises. They sounded almost happy, and it made you smile.

Soon after, Sans came back, teleporting and looking tired again.

It made you feel awful, since he had just slept.

You looked up at him as he approached, and smiled happily when he kissed you softly. You couldn’t help but be anxious in the back of your head… was he okay? Was he going to pass out from exhaustion? Was he working himself too hard?

If he was it would be for good reason, but still… you were worried for his sake.

“...i’m tired,” He admitted, sounding defeat as he pulled away. You felt awful, and you wished you knew how to fix it. You were just hoping that after you got home, things would start to get better.
“What happened?” You asked, trying to distract him from his own exhaustion, even though you were pretty sure it wouldn’t do any good.

“it’s all set now. don’t worry,” He assured you, clearly too tired to go into detail about it, which you could understand.

“...Okay,” You replied, deciding not to push it. You were pretty sure you didn’t want to know the details, anyways.

You were about to ask him if he wanted to take another nap, but… Papyrus walked in.

“...Paps!” You greeted him, cheerfully, feeling instant relief when you saw him. You had been worried about him, too… not as worried as Sans must have been, but still pretty damn worried. You couldn’t think of a valid excuse as to why he would leave Indie with a stranger, so it was pretty concerning when he vanished.

“...HELLO,” He greeted you, his voice already sounding guilty. You felt bad, even though you knew he was in the wrong at the time. You just couldn’t bring yourself to be mad at him.

He was family.

“...can we talk in the hallway?” Sans instantly asked him, already starting to walk out. Papyrus followed of course, and you were left alone, again. It was still scary being alone with Indie… you weren’t prepared to do anything in the case of an emergency, so that was always a fear for you. You knew the doctors were in the building, and that you could press the call button if shit went south, but… it was scary being alone.

She was precious, and you felt unworthy to be her mother.

She finished eating and pulled away from you, letting out a soft burp, and you smiled softly. She had a full stomach, so it was time for her to take a nap. You placed her down into the small bassinet that the hospital provided, and started to walk to the door, wanting to know what was being said, when you heard Indie make a small whining noise.

You walked back over to her and realized she had spit up all over herself.
“...Seriously?” You asked her gently, with a small chuckle. You that when you became a parent you would have no time to yourself anymore, but you weren’t expecting every second to be taken away. You wanted to eavesdrop, and she was going to make that hard. You could’ve sworn her and her dad were plotting against you.

You picked her back up and held her to you, ignoring the vomit as she started to cry, clearly uncomfortable with having throw up all over her. You tried your best to wipe it away with a baby wipe you grabbed off of the side table, but she had it all over her shirt, too.

...You decided it was bath time, anyways.

You brought her into the bathroom and filled the tub up a tiny bit, making sure the water was luke warm and the perfect temperature for her to relax in for a moment. Once you were satisfied with the temperature and the height of the water, you undressed her and lowered her in.

She seemed to like it, since she instantly splashed in the water.

You played with her for a bit, and splashed her with the water while you cleaned her up, but made sure to take her out before the water got too cold.

You took her out and dried her off in one of the soft fluffy towels that the hospital provided, before you redressed her and brought her back out to the main room, planning to put her back down and go eavesdrop properly, but Sans had already come back into the room.

He looked stressed, still, and just as exhausted as before.

“...Hey,” You greeted him softly, being cautious as to not be too loud, since he looked so fragile.

“...hey, can i hold her?” He asked you, and you knew you really needed to have a talk with him later about how he didn’t need to ask about holding his own daughter. She was just as much his as she was yours.

“Course,” You said as you gently passed her over to him, finding it adorable how he instantly hugged her to his chest, “...Where did Pap go?”
“...it’s a long story. I’ll tell you tomorrow.”

...You would press it further, but you knew he was already exhausted.

“...Alright,” You sighed softly, before hugging the both of them, closely.

You were all tired, and you knew it was time for a nap.

---

...You had a nightmare.

Well, if it could even be called that. The sound of the neck snapping and the images of the guys life leaving his body flashed in your head all night as you slept, and it wouldn’t fucking stop. You wanted it to go away, and it wouldn’t, so you woke up sweating and sobbing hysterically.

You wished you could fast forward through time and forget about it already, but you were pretty sure you never fucking would.

Of course, the sound of you crying woke Sans up, and he instantly pulled you back against him. Indie was in her crib since you were afraid of accidentally smothering her in her sleep, so you clung to him instantly when he held you. You felt like you were being suffocated by your own mind, and everything just felt so wrong.

You were a bad person now. You allowed this to happen.

You should have stopped him!

“...it’s okay, y/n. it’s okay,” His voice struck through your mind, deep and comforting from familiarity. You wanted to help him get better, and you were failing. You had one job, and you couldn’t even do that!? You were awful!
You hiccuped, trying your hardest to form words, but they just wouldn’t come out no matter how hard you tried.

“...it’s alright. shh, it’s okay, baby,” He cooed, starting to pet your hair, softly, helping you relax a bit.

...If you wanted to fix things, night time wasn’t the appropriate time for it, and you knew that, just... you couldn’t stop fucking hearing it. The snapping and sickening sound of a gargled and held back scream... the way Indie sobbed...

...Everything was so wrong about it.

You were literally an accomplice to murder, and you had no idea what to do now.

You managed to pass back out, but... all you could see was yourself standing alone in a dark room, all alone with Indie, Sans nowhere to be seen as that sickening noise played over and over again.

---

When you woke up, it was to something a lot more comforting and beautiful than what you had dreamed of.

Sans had placed Indie on your chest and the first thing you saw was her face, smiling at you as Sans picked her up and made airplane noises before placing her back down. She seemed to love it... your heart already felt like it was melting.

You giggled as Sans placed her down so she was sitting on your chest, and Indie instantly reached out and hugged your face. She was such an affectionate little baby already... it was adorable.

“i packed all of your stuff... can go home whenever,” He told you, as he sat down next to you on the bed, and you sat up as well, holding Indie properly.
“Now,” You said instantly, missing the familiar feeling of your bed sheets, and the comforting smell of the living room while the scent of tomato sauce would wofit in. You wanted to be in your own home, on your own couch, while Indie played in the play pen and occasionally napped in her crib. Hell, she hadn’t even been in the house yet, and you really fucking wanted to see her grow up in it. Wanted to watch her play in the backyard, and have friends over now and then… wanted her to be happy and healthy as she grew, and then you wanted her to stay forever even after she was older.

...You just wanted to go home.

“Alright. You get dressed. I’ll go sign you out,” He told you as he stood up, and then left a small kiss on your forehead.

You decided you didn’t want to change here, and that you really just wanted to take a shower at the house. You cuddled Indie closer to you, and smiled at her as she rubbed at her eyes, sleepily.

“We’re gonna go home, Indie!” You told her, enthusiastically, to which she only responded to with a small yawn.

Adorable.

Sans came back soon after, and told you it was all set before he gathered your bags, and then teleported the three of you home.

The smell of the house instantly hit you like a ton of bricks, and you felt safe again.

You looked down at Indie to see her reaction, and you almost laughed at how confused she looked. You realized she had never teleported before, and you were pretty proud of her for how well she handled it.

...You were excited to show her to her room. You and Sans had put a lot of effort into it, so you really hoped she was going to like it. You instantly started to walk up the stairs, deciding it would be better to unpack the bags later, and headed towards her bedroom, hearing Sans follow right behind you.

You opened the door slowly, and walked inside, holding Indie close to you as you looked around.
“...Look, baby. This is your room!” You cooed to her, softly, as she looked around as well, clearly mesmerized by all of the colors and patterns.

You instantly turned to look at Sans, feeling so proud that she liked it, and smiled back at him when he smiled at you.

Indie reached for a teddy bear as you turned back to look at her, and you instantly handed it to her. She held in as best as she could, but you had to help her, and you almost laughed when she instantly started to chew on the bears ear.

...You were gonna be kick ass parents.
The exhaustion got to Sans, and he passed out when you and him had finished talking. You told him to sleep in your bed, which he protested to at first, but you insisted, and he really didn’t mind. He handed Indie back over to you, and was out like a light the second his skull hit the pillow.

He didn’t dream, though. No, he had a nightmare.

He thought the nightmares were over since they had stopped while he had you, but he brought them back upon himself by fucking up and putting his entire fucking family in danger. He had you in on a fucked up, illegal lie, and he felt stuck, now. He couldn’t get you out of it, and now you were going to be stuck with it for the rest of your life.

He traumatized you. He did the opposite of what he wanted to do; keep you feeling safe and happy. He was pretty sure he would never be able to fix it, now.

In his nightmare, people took you away from him. You and Indie were torn out of his arms, and stolen, and he was all alone again. All alone and stuck in an empty, dark room where he slowly went more and more insane.

It woke him up because his soul couldn't handle it anymore.

His sockets flew open, and the first thing he did was look for you and Indie, feeling instant relief when he saw her in your arms, fast asleep and comfortable. Safe and content. No bruises or marks… she was okay. His sight trailed up your arms and landed on your face, seeing your gentle smile making him feel ten times better already. You were still here, and somehow you still loved him, and that alone made him smile back at you.

“...Hey Sans?” You started to speak to him in a soft voice, most likely to be sure that Indie didn’t wake up, but he kind of liked to imagine you were just being cautious because you loved him.

...He felt anxious and insecure, and he was honestly really worried you were going to stop loving him because of what he had done. He knew everyone had a breaking point, so… what was yours?

...Regardless, he decided to push his thoughts and feelings to the back of his mind for the time being, and stood up.
“hm?” He hummed in response, stretching his spine and leaving the bed for you to lie back down in while you held the baby.

“...They… have cameras in here, don’t they?” You asked him, sounding a bit anxious. He wasn’t sure why, though… the question seemed out of place, and you seemed to be trying to hint at something.

“yeah, probably. why?” He asked you, trying to figure out why you were asking the question.

“...Did you delete the footage?”

...Footage?

...

...Shit.

He never did.

He had completely forgotten about the security cameras… how could he have been so fucking sloppy? He had you and Indie to protect, and he let *that* slip his mind!? It was way too important of a step to be forgotten, and he had no excuse for it! He had never been so careless with that type of shit before, so he had no idea how he fucking forgot!

...It must have been his instincts in all of the excitement of having a new offspring, but that still was no excuse. He could lose his child and his mate if he got caught.

He needed to act fast.

“...stay here. i’ll be right back,” he told you as he quickly took a shortcut to the surveillance room.
...He was lucky that nobody was inside, since it was their break time. He really didn’t want to add to his body count anymore… it didn’t feel right, or necessary. He just wanted to get this over with and go spend time with his new family. He hadn’t had one single moment of peace to bond with his child since she had been born, and it was really fucking with his instinct and his mood. He needed to bond with his baby in a calm environment, for both his sake and hers… and of course, yours.

Ironically, there were no cameras in the actual surveillance room… a flaw on their fault, since he could just crush the entire system and the tapes and be on his way.

He quickly destroyed the system, and took the tapes as well, before breaking them in half. He was still thankful he had no fingerprints, because he didn’t even have to clean anything up. Just left the tapes and the system how it was, and quickly teleported back to you and Indie.

Easy fix, but an important step that should not have been forgotten. He could have lost everything over something as small as camera footage. He was supposed to keep his family safe… he needed to be smarter.

You were feeding her, and waiting for him. You looked worried about him, which he found ironic, since all he could ever do was worry about you. Maybe his anxious personality was rubbing off on you, a bit.

He walked over to you and gave you a gentle kiss, before pulling back and looking down at Indie. She stared up at him with curious eyes, as she ate.

“...i’m tired,” He admitted to you, really wishing his exhaustion would go away. It was slowly disappearing as his magic came back, no longer being needed in his daughter, but it was just so slow. He wanted to be how he was before… where he had all of his magic, and wasn’t constantly on edge. But of course, he knew that part would never go away now that he had a child, but the lack of magic needed to disappear faster, at least!

He wanted his energy back.

“What happened?” You asked him, your voice alone bringing him comfort and stability. He knew you were stressed out from everything that was going on as it was, so the last thing he wanted to do was keep it going by explaining things to you. He just wanted you to relax, and let him clean up the mess he made.
He just hoped he hadn’t left anything else unattended to.

“it’s all set now. don’t worry,” He assured you, trying to keep his voice soft and calm. The last thing he needed was for you to worry just as much as he did, constantly, even for a moment.

“...Okay,” You said, not pushing him on the subject. He was grateful for that.

...He heard footsteps outside of the door in the hallway, loud and clearly coming towards the room. He instantly felt on edge, ready to attack again when the door opened, feeling the need to protect his family at all costs-

...

...It was Papyrus.

He was okay.

“...Paps!” You greeted him cheerfully the second you saw him. Sans was glad to see him too of course, and was so fucking relieved to know he was okay, but he was still fucking pissed at him.

There was no excuse.

“...HELLO,” Papyrus greeted you back, already sounding incredibly guilty and ashamed of himself. Sans knew that he knew he did something wrong… and the Papyrus he knew would never do something he knew was wrong, willfully.

“...can we talk in the hallway?” He asked Papyrus right away, already starting to walk out the door that Pap had just opened. If anything were to be said that made Sans upset, he didn’t want to yell around you or Indie, so he knew it was best to step outside. He doubted he would ever be able to yell at Papyrus, anyways, but it never hurt to be prepared.

Papyrus followed, and as soon as they were both outside the room, Sans shut the door.
Sans turned to look at Papyrus, who had his head down.

“...well?” He asked, waiting for a valid explanation.

“...I CAN EXPLAIN,” Papyrus exclaimed, sounding upset and guilty, almost desperate.

...It made Sans feel pity.

“...do it, then, pap,” He said, giving him the go ahead to explain the situation.

“ONE OF THE NURSES MADE ME LEAVE! SAID VISITING TIME WAS OVER, AND THAT THEY WERE GOING TO CALL THE POLICE IF I DIDN’T! THEY SAID THEY WOULD WATCH OVER THE LITTLE ONE, AND THAT I NEEDED TO EXIT THE PREMISES... AND THEN MY PHONE WAS DEAD, SO I WENT TO CHARGE IT, BUT DECIDED TO JUST COME HERE INSTEAD OF TEXTING YOU,” He explained, sounding apologetic and stressed out. Sans could tell he was telling the truth, especially since Pap never lied... and it made Sans’s blood boil. They kicked out his brother… because visiting time was over, while Sans was in the shower, not even allowing him a chance to say bye?

And a nurse threatened his brother?

...He was livid.

“...Alright pap, relax… what did that nurse look like?”

“WAS AN OLD LADY. SHE HAD CURLY WHITE HAIR."

...So it wasn’t the nurse that Sans had killed. He couldn’t stop feeling bad, now, since he should have killed that bitch.

He probably never would stop feeling awful.

“...Okay. you should probably go home, okay? we’re coming home tomorrow, too. just go eat and do
a puzzle.”

“...ALRIGHT. I’M SORRY, SANS.”

“it’s okay, pap,” Sans assured him, before giving his shoulder a gentle, understanding pat.

Papyrus left, and Sans entered your room, seeing you back on the bed with Indie, who smelled like she had just taken a bath.

“...Hey,” You greeted him as soon as your eyes met his, your voice gentle and happy to see him.

“...hey. can i hold her?” He asked, not wanting to just snatch her away if you weren’t ready to let go. He felt like he could finally hold her without anything bad happening… but knowing his luck, something was bound to happen, anyways.

“Course,” You said, as you passed her over, gently. He hugged her to his chest and instantly felt a wave of euphoria… it just felt so right.

She seemed content with him holding her just like that, so he was happy.

“...Where did Pap go?”

“...it’s a long story. i’ll tell you tomorrow,” He assured you, not wanting to get into anything. He was too tired to explain, and he’d rather just relax until things needed to be brought up again.

“...Alright,” You said with a small sigh, before hugging him and Indie, close.

He couldn’t lose his family. No matter what.
Sans had been expecting to be woken up in the middle of the night to the sound of crying, sure, all new parents were. The only issue was, it wasn’t his newborn that was crying.

It was his mate, and it hurt his chest to hear it.

It seemed like you had woken up sobbing, most likely it being from a bad dream, so his first instinct was to comfort. He pulled you to him right away and tried to make it better, starting by stroking your hair and rubbing your back while quietly shushing you.

He knew for a fact that the bad dream had something to do with what you had seen, and because of that he hated himself even more, and the guilt seemed to just keep piling on.

...But he couldn’t focus on his feelings in that moment. He needed to help you down from your anxieties.

“...it’s okay, y/n. it’s okay,” He assured you softly, making sure his voice was gentle and quiet. The last thing he wanted to do was scare you even more, so he had to be careful.

You let out a small hiccuping noise, and it broke him.

He was such a bad mate.

“...it’s alright. shh, it’s okay, baby,” He cooed softly, beginning to pet your hair the way he knew you enjoyed. He knew it would calm you down, so he knew that was what he had to do.

...But it wasn’t working. He couldn’t get you to stop crying, but eventually you did pass out from exhaustion. He held you close and continued to run his phalanges through your hair as you slept. He however, couldn’t sleep for the life of him.

He stayed up all night, just silently trying to comfort you.
After a while when he knew you were okay and that you would stay asleep without him, he started
to pack up your things, and get everything ready to go so you could both leave in the morning.

He knew you were tired of the hospital, and he definitely didn’t blame you for that.

He was trapped in his own mind the entire time he was packing, alone while you and Indie slept,
stuck hating himself as he thought back to how greatly he fucked up by what he did in front of you.
He committed murder, one of the things you were trying to make him forget he ever even had to do,
and he did it right in front of your face! It was like he literally punched you with the reality that he’s a
terrible person.

That he isn’t worthy to be with you.

Isn’t worthy of your love or affection.

...He had just finished, when he heard shuffling behind him, and then a soft whimper.

He turned, and saw that Indie had woken up, and was staring at the ceiling, on the verge of crying
because nobody was holding her yet. He quickly scooped her up and held her close to prevent any
noise that might wake you up, and comforted her quietly, letting her know she wasn’t alone and that
everything was okay.

He had already finished packing, so he sat in one of the seats that the hospital provided and played
with her quietly. She seemed to be mesmerized by his eye sockets, the most, which he found kind of
adorable, especially since she had her own.

He even dressed her before he woke you up, knowing the less you had to do, the better, especially
since you were so stressed, emotionally and physically.

It was his fault.
He fucked up.

Once Indie was all dressed and comfortable, he played with a little longer, and waited until around ten before he tried to wake you up. He tried to do it as nice as he could, thinking of the best way to actually wake you up after the night you had… and was pretty sure he had thought of the perfect wake up call.

He gently placed Indie onto your chest, and made little airplane noises to make her smile, and it worked like a charm. Her face lit up, and she smiled so brightly. It was the first thing you saw upon waking up, and he knew it would make anybody’s day ten times brighter, so he wasn’t surprised when you smiled and giggled as she was placed on your chest.

“i packed all of your stuff… can go home whenever,” He told you, sitting down on the bed, knowing it would help your mood get boosted even further and help your day get better.

It seemed to work too. You sat up and held Indie better before speaking, but it was almost instant, your response.

“All right. you get dressed. i’ll go sign us out,” He told you, as he stood up and kissed your forehead before leaving.

He exited the room and made his way to the front desk before quickly telling the lady working your name, and that you were ready to check out. She seemed to be friendly enough, and quickly handed him the form to sign, which he did as fast as he could. He wanted to be back in the room with you and Indie, feeling unsafe and uncomfortable when you were both away from him.

It felt wrong.

“All right. You can both leave when you’re ready, now,” She told him after he had handed back the paperwork, her voice disgustingly sweet with artificial kindness.
He didn’t exactly respond, and instead just nodded before making his way back to your room.

He went inside, and was pleased to find you all ready, Indie in arms, and standing by the bed. He quickly pulled you to him, along with the bags, and took a shortcut home, feeling energized enough to make a final teleportation trip. Now that his magic wasn’t constantly being sucked away from him, he felt pretty good… especially since he had a baby as a result.

The smell of home had never been so good to Sans than it had been in that exact moment, and he never wanted to leave it again. He needed to get his offspring used to the scent and comfort, and keep her happy and raise her here. That was his only focus, and his main goal.

But apparently you were already one step ahead of him, since you started up the stairs.

He quickly followed behind, not wanting to miss such an important moment. He hoped she would like her room and find comfort in it, because if not then he would have to change it completely until she was happy with it.

He might have been spoiling her, but he didn’t care. She was perfect and deserved the absolute best.

She could have anything she wanted. She just had to ask.

You brought her into her bedroom, and she looked interested immediately, captivated by the colors and objects, along with the textures of things. She was trying to look at everything but she was struggling a bit, since her neck wasn’t super strong yet, but you helped her see everything so she didn’t get upset.

“...Look, baby. This is your room,” You cooed to her, your voice gentle as she did what you said.

You turned around and looked at him, so much happiness and pride in your eyes from how much Indie seemed to like her room. He returned the smile you held and watched as Indie reached for one of the teddy bears on her dresser.

You handed it to her, having to help her a little bit with holding onto it, and she instantly started to chew on the bears ear, which was simultaneously adorable and funny so Sans had no idea whether to laugh or coo.
He was just happy she liked her room.

He needed you both to be comfortable and happy, and he knew he had to work to get you both to that place. You had been comfortable before, sure, but… now he was almost certain he had given you PTSD.

He had to try and fix it, no matter what it took.

Chapter End Notes

Follow me here for updates and random shit:

My Tumblr.
You had been ecstatic when you finally got your tiny family home. You were now able to show your newborn around her new house and get to make her nice and comfortable with the new things, which you thought would be easy because she was so small and impressionable, so as long as you seemed happy being there, she would be too, right?

You were so fucking wrong with that assumption.

She did fine during the day, of course, because you and Sans had her at all times, and she was fascinated and intrigued by everything around her. She seemed to especially like all of the toys in her room, so of course sleeping shouldn’t have been an issue at all. She loved her room, so she would feel okay sleeping in there is what you were expecting, but that night when you lied her in her crib, all hell seemed to break loose.

As soon as you got back into your bedroom she started sobbing loudly, and you figured it would probably be best to let her cry it out and then relax, but before you could even say a word Sans had gotten up from the bed and had gone into her room to console her.

You lied in bed and waited, knowing that if you both went in there, she would be even more upset when you both left her alone again. You were exhausted, so you were really hoping Sans would be able to calm her down so you could both sleep again.
Soon enough, the crying stopped, and Sans came back and lied next to you once again, and you cuddled up to him and started to drift off.

But then the crying resumed about ten minutes later, and Sans got up again.

It became a cycle, and it kept happening for a while, with Sans getting up each time before you even had a chance to process anything. You were starting to suspect that he wasn’t even trying to sleep, and that he was just constantly waiting for her to start crying again. It wasn’t healthy for him, or for her to be up all night, so you knew you had to do something about it.

After about the twelth time he got up to go console her, you stopped him by grabbing his hand before he could actually exit the room.

“Sans,” You said his name softly, pulling him back to you a little so you could properly speak to him. You knew he was anxious to make her feel better and to stop the crying, but it wasn’t working.

His shoulders were tense as he looked back at you, his anxiety clear on his face as you made eye contact, his entire body stiff as a board.

“...How about I go this time instead? You haven’t slept in the past two days,” You offered, knowing he was exhausted since he didn’t sleep well at the hospital either. He was running on empty, and it was very clearly starting to weigh on him.

“...I’m not even tired. Don’t stress it,” He lied, his entire face filled with exhaustion and clear stress. There was no way he was going to be able to keep on the way he was, you knew that, and you knew he did, too.

“Your eye light is fuzzy around the edges,” You pointed out, knowing it was due to exhaustion and being overworked. Just before you had the baby, energy was being torn from him, and now he still wasn’t able to rest. You were waiting for him to collapse, and you knew it was bound to happen eventually at this rate.

“...It’s just because my sockets are straining a bit. That’s all,” He lied again, trying to hold onto any type of excuse so you stopped talking about it and just let him go.
“You need to sleep,” You pushed him harder, refusing to back down and allow him to keep killing himself, both mentally and physically.

“...i’m fine. i promise.”

“...Please,” You begged, your voice soft and desperate, pulling out the pleading card as a last resort.

...He sighed and sat back down on the bed, the crying still loud and piercing from the other room as he rubbed his face and tried to stay calm.

“...i think we should try co-sleeping with her,” He told you, looking back up to make eye contact with you.

“...Co-sleeping?” You repeated, realizing neither of you had ever even mentioned that to one another. It was probably a good idea anyways, since she was so young… you just felt stupid since you hadn’t thought of it beforehand.

“yeah… she really isn’t adapting well to her room, and it’s driving me insane,” He admitted, standing back up, clearly too anxious to sit, longing for the moment you let him go and console her.

“...Yeah. Okay.”

“okay?” He repeated, wanting to clarify if that meant he could go.

“Mhm… as long as you sleep,” You told him, knowing you would probably all feel a lot safer in the end if she was in the same room as you.

The second it was confirmed, he bolted straight out of the room, almost tripping on his way out. You sat back down on the bed and waited, feeling relaxed the second the crying stopped piercing your ears. Hearing it hurt you just as much as it did Sans, but… you just seemed to be better at handling it. You didn’t blame him for reacting how he did, hell, you probably would be too if you weren’t so tired.

He walked back into the room with Indie in his hands, her small little blanket in her hands as she
sniffled and looked around the bedroom. She had been inside only once so far, so it was relatively new for her, which made it interesting.

The second her sockets landed on you, she instantly started to reach towards you with her arms extended. It made your heart soar when she did, feeling so happy when she wanted you specifically.

You took her into your arms and cuddled her against you gently as she continued to whimper.

“You’re such a crier,” You said softly with a small sigh as she grabbed a hold of your hair and started to play with it, thankfully not yanking. She knew exactly what buttons to push when she wanted something, and that’s when she pulled the water works… she was so young, that you really feared for what she would be able to do when she could actually speak.

She could probably manipulate even better than her father.

“she probably wants to eat,” Sans pointed out, and you knew he was probably right. She was a little pig when it came to food. It was adorable, but it also was starting to hurt with how often she ate.

“...She can move her hands really well for such a small baby,” You pointed out, gesturing to her hands holding your hair.

“it’s normal for monster babies.”

“...Yeah. I figured that. Human babies hands stay kinda closed until they’re a bit older,” You told him, not really that surprised since you knew monster kids grew at a rapid pace.

“i know. i read up on it,” He told you, as he sat next to you on the bed.

Indie started to whimper a bit, so before she could start crying you quickly opened your shirt, and started to feed her, which calmed her down right away, just as you had expected.
…”You read up on human babies?” You asked, finally processing what he had actually just admitted to.

He blinked, as if he had just realized what he had said, seeming to have even caught himself off guard.

“...mhm. read up on them when i found out we were having one… well, half of one.”

...Something about that made you feel really happy, and you weren’t sure why. It just seemed so innocent and adorable… precious.

“...That’s so cute,” You told him, feeling unnecessarily happy. You were tired, and you couldn’t help yourself.

You turned back towards him, waiting for a response, but you realized he had fallen asleep sitting up. You glanced down at your baby, and realized Indie had fallen asleep while eating, as well. You sighed softly and lied down on your side of the bed, taking Indie off of your boob and settling her on top of your chest to sleep.

It didn’t take long for you to nod off as well, finally letting sleep claim you.

...You woke up in the morning to the smell of food, Indie no longer on your chest. You had a small moment of panic and looked around trying to find her, but you quickly relaxed when you realized Sans must have had her, since neither of them were in the room.

You forced yourself to get out of bed and made your way to the kitchen, where you found Sans and Indie both hanging out in the kitchen, a plate of food on the table which you knew was set out for you.

You ate happily as Sans played with Indie, occupying her and keeping her happy so you could enjoy your food.
Throughout the whole day, Sans seemed to be very tentative to Indie, which you found to be adorable, and honestly very easy for you. You didn’t have to do much unless it was feeding her, and even then Sans was right at your side. It was a bit weird to you, but you brushed it off as a monster thing. Maybe monsters were just very close to their young or something. You would ask him about it later, since all you wanted to do was nap all day.

You drifted in and out constantly, until one time Sans came into the bedroom and sat down on the bed without Indie. It was weird to see him without her, since you were pretty sure Papyrus wasn’t home, and that he wouldn’t trust him with her for now, anyways.

“...Where’s Indie?”

“napping. managed to get her in her crib for now,” He told you, his voice sounding slightly strained and off.

“...Are you okay?” You asked him softly, noticing by his body language that something was very wrong.

...And then he suddenly started to cry.

It was a very soft, hiccupy and dry cry, and you had no idea how to react at first. It seemed so sudden and out of nowhere, so you had no idea what was causing him to cry besides stress.

“...S-Sans?” You said his name gently, hoping he would explain why he was suddenly so upset. You crawled closer to him and quickly cuddled up to him, feeling comforted when he wrapped his arms around you and started to weep softly into your neck. You hoped he felt just as comforted, but you knew he probably didn’t base off of his sobs. He was shaking violently, and you tried to calm him down by rubbing his back.

He didn’t say anything for a long while, which was alright with you. You just held him and waited, knowing he needed to get this out of his system. You had been expecting him to break for a long time, and you were surprised he even held out as long as he did.

“...It’s okay. I love you. She loves you,” You assured him, not sure if that was what was wrong, but knowing it might help him calm down, knowing he was loved and cared for.
“...i-i don’t… know why i-i’m crying?” He told you, looking and sounding so confused. Almost frightened, really. It broke your heart to see him so lost and scared.

...You knew things were starting to weigh down on him, finally. It seemed like he was finally understanding and feeling empathy, and it made you proud. You knew he must have felt bad for the boy, and that he was lying about things, and that he did those things in front of you.

He was breaking through.

“That’s okay. That’s alright, it happens. Just let it happen.”

You let him cry it all out, knowing it was long over do.

He eventually seemed to relax, and when he did, he continued to hold you close to him, rocking back and forth slowly. You were kind of tired, but knew you needed to stay awake for the time being until you knew he was okay again.

“...i-i… i didn’t mean to…” He said softly, and you knew exactly what he was talking about.

He never meant to hurt that nurse.

“I know. I know you didn’t,” You said, meaning it. You saw the regret the moment it happened, and you were still seeing it.

He had so much guilt built up, and he had no idea what to do with it. He wasn’t used to feeling regret.

He continued to cling to you, reminding you so much of a lost child. He was so broken up about everything, and you knew he needed help.

...Maybe you could try getting him to talk about things again. Maybe now that Indie had been born, he would be more open about everything.
Maybe you could *really* help him out, now.

“...i-i don’t know what to do,” He told you.

“...Let’s… let’s talk about it. Okay? Tell me what you’re thinking about.”

He looked confused. “...how will that help?”

“Get everything out in the open for your mind to process, properly. It'll help you realize everything’s alright,” You told him, keeping your voice soft so he didn’t feel overwhelmed in the moment.

“...it’s… it’s not okay, y/n,” He told you, his voice breaking slightly as he spoke your name. It broke your heart, because you knew he was right. Everything wasn’t okay. He broke the law, and hell, he might end up in jail in the end. It all depended on how careful he was, and how well he his everything that could potentially hurt him.

You wanted him to be okay.

“...You’ll feel better,” You told him, no longer pushing the fact that it was ‘okay’. You didn’t wanna lie, but you also didn’t wanna make the situation worse.

“...h-how do i start?” He asked, sounding so lost and vulnerable. You had never seen him like this before, and it was hard for you to react properly because of that.

“Tell me what you’re thinking about. Start there.”

“...i-i fucked up.”

“How did you fuck up?” You asked, needing him to go more into detail if this was going to work the way you wanted it to.
“i killed somebody innocent who i didn’t even have to kill in the first place,” He said, and you knew it was killing him to say it out loud. Coming to terms with it was hard, and you knew he was confused as to why you were making him say it, anyways.

“...How do you feel when you think about it?”

“...terrible?” He said, as if it were obvious, which really it was.

“Like how? Explain?”

“...i-i feel bad in general, i don’t know!” He exclaimed, stressed out.


You gave him soft kisses on his cheekbone as he breathed, calming himself down and making progress. Mental breakdowns were always hard, but quick if you had somebody there to help.

“...i-i’m okay. it’s okay,” He said, sounding like he was both trying to assure himself, and ask you if he was right.

“You are. It’s fine.”

“...we’re okay. you’re okay...” He told himself, before he looked at you, “...you’re okay, right?”

You smiled softly. “Yes. I’m okay. She’s okay. We’re okay.”

He took one more deep breath and nodded. “...okay.”
Indie was afraid in her room.

She was alone in there, and she was very much aware of that fact, which made it impossible for her to rest. Her soul was screaming and calling out for her parents, wanting to feel safe, but not being able to when she couldn’t see you or Sans. Human babies disliked being alone too, which he was aware of, but with monsters it was so much worse. Her instincts went crazy while she was alone, fearing she might be attacked or eaten while she isn’t being protected. She didn’t understand anything, so all she could do was listen to her instincts.

Sans could feel her fear through the connection, and it was breaking his non-existent heart. Shattering his soul.

That’s why every single time she would start to cry, he went right to her, ready and willing to console her and calm her down.

It was a long night of going back and forth between the two bedrooms, consoling her and then putting her down, and then having to go back in as soon as the tears started up again. It was starting to annoy you, and knew that, and he understood it… but you just didn’t quite understand how it felt for a monster baby. It was so scary for them to be alone while they were so young.

They were vulnerable and weak, and they knew it.

Sans was okay with the cycle, not minding the tiredness. It gave him something to do and it eased his mind, making it easy for him to actually get up despite his exhaustion. The second the bad thoughts started, she would cry, and he would be able to ignore them.

...Until you got fed up, that is.

“Sans,” you said, your voice soft yet somehow booming, demanding attention. You had grabbed onto his wrist and had pulled him back a bit, which he didn’t protest to. He turned back and looked at you, trying to force himself to relax. Indie was crying in the other room, but he had to suck it up. She wouldn’t die within five minutes… she was okay. Just anxious, like he was.
“...How about I go this time instead? You haven’t slept in the past two days,” You said, sounding close to desperate. He hated that you were so nervous about his health, especially since you had first gotten pregnant. You always wanted him to be well rested.

It was nice, but slightly annoying since he really wanted to go comfort Indie.

“...i’m not even tired. don’t stress it,” He lied to you, not caring about how he felt. He wanted to put you and Indie first, and you were making it a bit difficult by caring so much.

“Your eye light is fuzzy around the edges,” You pointed out, making him feel a slight annoyance. He loved you to death, but you really needed to stop. You being on his case, combined with the cries in the other room was driving him close to insane... if he wasn’t already insane to begin with.

“...it’s just because my sockets are straining a bit. that’s all.” He knew his lies weren’t the best, but he blamed that on the fact he was so tired.

“You need sleep,” You said sternly, clearly not buying his lie, and having no intention to back down.

He almost groaned. “...i’m fine. i promise.”

He didn’t wanna do this any longer. He wanted to hold his baby and calm her down, and then try and get her to rest. Hell, a small part of his was kind of glad she wasn’t adapting well in her room. It kept his mind busy when she was awake and wanted attention.

Gave his mind something to focus on besides the fact he was a terrible fucking person.

“...Please,” You said, pulling out the pleading card. It made his soul ache, and he knew he couldn’t say no to you, so... he had to think of another option.

He sighed and sat back down, rubbing his face as the cries from Indie’s room continued to pierce through his ‘ear drums’.

She wouldn’t feel so fucking scared if he was in there...
...Or if she were in his room.

...

“...i think we should try co-sleeping with her,” He told you, looking back up at you, feeling a bit stupid that neither of you had even discussed that possibility. He had just assumed it would work itself out, but it didn’t.

“...C-sleeping?” You repeated, clearly a bit caught off guard, probably feeling just as stupid as he did.

“yeah... she really isn’t adapting well to her room, and it’s driving me insane,” He told you, even though he didn’t need to. He stood back up, unable to stop fidgeting, and waiting for the moment you allowed him to go. He needed to stop the crying.

Needed to hold her.

“...Yeah. Okay,” You said, making relief wash over him, but he still needed to confirm it.

“okay?”

“Mhm... as long as you sleep.”

The moment you confirmed it, he practically ran out of the bedroom and straight into Indie’s room. She was laying on her back and staring over towards the door, knowing Sans would show up eventually, which she was correct to assume. She stopped crying right away, knowing she was safe, once again.

“...hey, sweetheart,” He cooed softly, being gentle as he lifted her up from her crib and held her close. The feeling of holding his newborn was still so new that it felt perfect every time... too good to be true.
You and him created this small little being, and she turned out so perfect.

She leaned her head on his chest, sniffing a little. He picked up her blanket from the crib, and gave it to her, which she held onto right away, finding comfort in the soft material.

With that, he brought her into the bedroom.

She was clearly very mesmerized by the room, since it was still very new to her, but the second she laid her eyes on you she reached her arms out, wanting you to take her.

It made him feel like his soul was actually about to explode. He felt so full and complete knowing his offspring was yours and that she loved you so much, and was so willing to rely on you. You made her safe and comfortable, and most of all happy. Just seeing your face made Indie’s soul swell with joy, and he could feel it. It made him so happy.

You took her right away, a smile blooming on your face. How could anybody not smile when it came to such a small and adorable baby… even the most racist of humans would find her charming.

You cuddled her close as she whimpered, the noises dying down slowly as she felt comfort in your arms.

“You’re such a crier,” You told her softly, sighing as she grabbed a hold of your hair. She didn’t pull on it, clearly too upset and tired to cause any problems. She always loved your hair, and liked to play with it because it was soft.

It made Sans happy, especially since Indie had your hair, anyways. She would be happy with it in the future.

“she probably wants to eat,” He told you, knowing she was a bit hungry. He knew your boobs were sore, and that you were probably tired of feeding her so much, but there wasn’t anything he could do. You didn’t wanna pump or use formula.

“...She can move her hands really well for such a small baby,” You said, clearly changing the subject, trying to spare your boobs. He didn’t blame you or call you out for it, because he knew if Indie got too upset you would feed her.
“it’s normal for monster babies.”

“...Yeah. I figured that. Human babies hands stay kinda closed until they’re a bit older,” You said, which he remembered reading about.

“i know. i read up on it,” He said, as he sat down. He remembered staying up for countless hours, just reading multiple books on human pregnancy and babies, wanting to be prepared for each half of Indie when she came. Beforehand, he knew nothing of human children, so he was glad he knew more now.

Indie started whimpering, and like Sans has expected, you started to feed her.

“...You read up on human babies?” You asked suddenly, him only then realizing what he had admitted.

He felt kind of embarrassed.

He blinked and then spoke, feeling awkward and called out. “…mhm. read up on them when i found out we were having one… well, half of one.”

As he spoke his sentence, he felt his sockets closing.

And then he fell asleep, knowing his baby felt safe, and that she was okay.

...

He slept pretty restlessly, waking up constantly with nightmares playing in his skull every time he managed to fall back asleep.

After the fifth time he had woken up, he stopped trying to go back to sleep, and instead just got up
and took a long, hot shower after he saw that Indie was still snoozing happily on your chest. He needed something to clear his mind, and in hindsight, maybe a shower was the opposite of a distraction. In there he was trapped with good smells and bad thoughts.

He got out quickly, and started to make breakfast for you, since it was still early. He made you some eggs, bacon and pancakes. He knew it was a big breakfast, but he much preferred to make extra food rather than too little. He could always store the extras in the fridge and eat them later, but having too little was always a pain.

He went back in to check on you when it was one, but you were still asleep… only Indie wasn’t.

She was still laying on your chest, only now she was chewing on her blanket and staring at the wall. He picked her up right away, and held her close to him, finding instant comfort when she was pressed against him. He felt her tiny little soul calling out to his for protection, and felt the small wave of magic that was flowing back and forth between their two souls.

It was comforting, and helped him feel better for the moment.

Like he wasn’t the scum of the earth, after all.

You came in not long after that, and seemed very pleased with the food on the table as you ate it.

You napped most of the day, and he didn’t mind it at all. He liked watching over Indie anyways, and he knew you were still exhausted from your stay at the hospital. It was a win-win, because he didn’t have to feel like garbage, and you were able to rest.

...But eventually, he had to put her down for a nap when she got tired.

He managed to put her in her crib, and luckily she didn’t wake up. He had a feeling it had something to do with the amount of magic he had given her while he had her earlier, but he couldn’t been wrong.

He was just dreading being alone, and having all of the bad thoughts return.
And return they did.

He went straight to the bedroom, knowing you’d be asleep, but you’d still be there. It was better than being alone.

...But you were awake, which he was instantly grateful for. Maybe you could make the bad thoughts go away, like you usually did.

“...Where’s Indie?” You asked, right away.

“napping. managed to get her in her crib for now,” He told you, realizing just how strained his voice really was. How much stress was coming off in it.

...He was so broken.

“...Are you okay?”

...No.

No, he wasn’t.

He wasn’t even close to okay, and he couldn’t pretend anymore.

He just… broke down. Started to cry, and couldn’t stop.

“...S-S-Sans?” You said, your voice filled with fear and panic at his sudden outburst. Now you were worried about him… fuck, he just couldn’t stop messing everything up.

You crawled over to him and quickly hugged him close, and by instinct he wrapped his arms around you too, seeking instant comfort from your smell and warmth as he cried into your soft neck.
Everything felt wrong.

He was a terrible being.

He couldn’t say anything. He couldn’t tell you he was okay, because he wasn’t. He felt awful, and he couldn’t stop feeling awful.

“...It’s okay. I love you. She loves you,” You told him, and he didn’t understand why it didn’t make the tears stop.

_Why wouldn’t they stop!?_

“...i-i don’t… know why i-i’m crying?” He admitted, not understanding why he _still_ felt so _shitty_. You loved him, and that was all that mattered, right!? So why was this still happening!?

“That’s okay. That’s alright, it happens. Just let it happen,” You continued to comfort him, and he didn’t deserve any of it. He didn’t deserve to be comforted, when that man he killed had people at home who were probably _weeping_ for him.

And here he was, being loved and protected.

It wasn’t right.

It wasn’t fair.

He cried until he couldn’t any longer, and just rocked you back and forth in his arms, trying to stay calm and not have another outburst. You didn’t do anything wrong. You shouldn’t have had to listen to his bullshit.

He could deal with it later, in private.

“...i-i… i didn’t mean to…” He admitted, needing to say it out loud. Needing to reassure himself.
“I know. I know you didn’t,” You responded to him, and he knew you both had a mutual knowledge of what was being discussed.

He kept holding onto you, feeling okay when he had you in his arms. Or at least, as okay as he could feel.

“...i-i don’t know what to do,” He said softly, feeling defeated.

...Maybe he needed help. Maybe you could help.

“...Let’s… let’s talk about it. Okay? Tell me what you’re thinking about.”

...He was a bit confused by that. Wouldn’t that just make him think about it more, and bring on more guilt?

“...how will that help?”

“Get everything out in the open for your mind to process, properly. It’ll help you realize everything’s alright,” You said, your voice gentle and sweet. Familiar and safe.

“...it’s… it’s not okay, y/n,” He said, despite how much he wished it was. He wanted to believe you when you said it was alright, but… he knew it wasn’t.

“...You’ll feel better,” You corrected yourself, but he still didn’t really believe it.

...But it was worth a shot.

“...h-how do i start?” He stuttered, unable to help the fact that he was scared and felt practically naked.

He felt vulnerable. Weak.
Everything he was afraid of.

“Tell me what you’re thinking about. Start there.”

...

...His mind was racing. What wasn’t he thinking about was a better question.

“...i-i fucked up,” He said, deciding that the vague answer was the best he could provide.

“How did you fuck up?”

“i killed somebody innocent who i didn’t even have to kill in the first place,” He said, feeling as if he were being stabbed as he admitted it.

He was trash.

“...How do you feel when you think about it?”

...The question seemed stupid to him. “...terrible?”

“Like how? Explain?”

“...i-i feel bad in general. i don’t know!” He yelled, not meaning to snap. He was just so stressed out, and the questions were making the memories resurface, and making everything so fucking hard to handle.

...He didn’t feel like he was.

You continued to give him soft kisses all over his face as he breathed and tried to calm down, making him feel a bit better with the soft touches.

“...i-i’m okay. It’s okay,” He said, deciding to fake it until he believed it.

“You are. It’s fine,” You lied.

“...we’re okay. you’re okay,” He told himself, before remembering all of the trauma he caused you. The nightmares, and distress, “...you’re okay, right?”

But you smiled. “Yes. I’m okay. She’s okay. We’re okay.”

“...okay.”

...It wasn’t at the moment, but… he was sure it would be eventually.

Chapter End Notes

My Tumblr.
Chapter Summary

Does anybody even read this anymore

Chapter Notes

Updated on time. Woooo!!
Just smut this time, little bit of plot! Short, but necessary!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You knew Sans was stressed, so…

...You figured sex would help him calm down, at least a little bit.

However, you didn’t want it to be like it usually was. It was usually great, yeah, but… you wanted to spice it up a bit so you could help him relieve stress. You had been giving him little therapy sessions again, and yeah, you did seem to be getting some good results. They weren’t the best, but you weren’t expecting the best with how stressed out he was.

While he was watching Indie at one point, you told him you were going to get some groceries. You did, but you also stopped at the mall, too, and picked up a couple things you knew would help him feel better. Whether it be a sexual thrill, or something he found funny, you would consider either a win in your book. You wanted him to smile, and not just because he was holding your precious daughter. You wanted to be able to cause a little bit of joy, too.

So you returned home quickly, and put away the few groceries you had gotten, and quickly got to work, changing into the new outfit you had boughten and then climbed into bed, hoping Indie was already down for her nap. She usually went down at the same time every day, so you knew it was around the right time, anyways.

“...Saaaans,” You called his name, signalling you wanted his attention in the bedroom.
You didn’t have to wait long for a response, his voice coming from Indie’s room.

“hang on a sec. indie spit up.”

...It made you giggle a bit. You really felt like a parent now… you felt like you were both parents, and that you were becoming pretty damn good ones.

You got comfortable and laid down in a seductive pose while you waited, making sure it looked humorous so you wouldn’t end up embarrassing yourself if it backfired. You knew he would happily fuck you no matter what you wore, and that he found you attractive, but that small amount of fear was always there.

When he finally entered the room, the look on his face was instantly worth it.

He looked confused as fuck, just staring at you, stuck in the doorway and unable to move.

You made the pose even more obvious and stuck your leg up, wanting to add to the humor and hopefully make him laugh a little.

“...pfft… w-what…?” He asked you, clearly holding back a laugh with that little snicker he gave, and you felt victorious already.

But you weren’t done yet!

“...Heeeey…” You greeted him, even more humor in your voice.

“...oh my god… what the… what the fuck?” He asked, finally starting to laugh. You felt so good and happy to hear it. All of the stress needed to be washed away from him, and you knew laughter was always the best medicine.

You sat up a bit, a beaming smile on your face. “C’mere. I wanna tell you something,” You told him, making a gesture with your finger for him to come closer.
He came a bit closer, standing in the room properly now, right by the bed, but not quite.

“Closerrrr. Gotta whisper!”

He got even closer, now standing next to you. You sat up a bit so you could properly speak and be near him. You ended up being on your knees so you could properly speak to him, and just when he thought you were about to tell him, you kissed him, firmly.

While you kissed him, he ended up guiding you back to lay down again, falling on top of you gently, not breaking the kiss even once. You hadn’t had any sexual contact since Indie had been born over a month ago, so this was all very welcomed by you.

You gasped softly when he gently squeezed your boob through your bra, which made you a bit nervous. These were pretty pricey… you didn’t want him to rip it.

“These are brand new so don’t rip them,” You told him, your voice a breathy moan as you tried to keep it down. Your breasts were very sensitive from feeding, so every touch he gave sent shivers down your back and made your belly tighten.

“I won’t,” He told you with a soft chuckle, before he reached behind your back and unclipped the bra, surprisingly skillfully. You figured he only knew how to rip things.

“Such a gentleman,” You said sarcastically, as you reached closed to him and licked his clavicle, very softly, and very slowly.

He let out a soft groan and looked down at you, pulling back slightly.

“…this part of the therapy?” He asked you.

“Dunno. It could be… if every therapy session ended in sex, would you be more willing?” You asked, sliding your hands into his shirt and rubbing his rib cage, gently.

“…probably,” He admitted, leaning his head down to gently lick your left nipple.
You shuddered, pretty violently. “...I-I should start, then...”

He sucked on it suddenly, causing you to gasp and wiggle, feeling over stimulated already. “A-Ah! Sensitive...”

“...sorry,” He apologized, being a bit gentler for a few moments before climbing back up and giving you a gentle kiss on the lips. You started to run your hands along the curve of his spine, finding out recently just how sensitive it actually was. You had been hugging him and he ended up moaning... but that might have just been from the lack of sex, making him pent up.

He took his shirt off, and you felt happy that he was more comfortable with doing that now, since you remembered him not wanting to before. You found his rib cage to be extremely beautiful, and you absolutely loved it.

You licked the bottom one, and you were rewarded with a low growl right away, and then suddenly, you were being pinned by your arms for a moment, the look on his face being one that was slightly intimidating... but extremely arousing.

“...take your underwear off,” He demanded, releasing his hold on your limbs so you could complete the task you were given.

You didn’t argue, either. You quickly slid them off and he took them from you the second you did, before he threw them across the room, not even bothering to look at where he was tossing them.

“...can i be impatient, or do you need foreplay?”

You felt really happy that he cared enough to ask. Most guys would just go right in and make girls bare it, from what you had heard... you felt lucky. Truly loved.

“Impatient,” You told him, a soft smile on your face.

You always enjoyed moments like these... intimate, and loving. Safe and yet intimidating.
Happy.

He kissed you, very gently, before he pulled his cock out, still as blue and shiny as ever. Still beautiful, and still made your mouth water. If he hadn’t said he was feeling impatient, you probably would’ve tasted it… but this was about him, and it was about what he wanted. It was his therapy session, and you needed him to feel good, and to feel safe.

You gasped a bit when he started to slide in, your body not being used to his girth any longer. It had to adjust, and the burn was there a little bit, but it still felt incredible. You felt connected again… completed, despite how cheesy it sounded.

You let out a soft moan that got caught in the back of your throat, and clung to him, wanting to feel him closer to you. It made you feel safe, and even more connected in a way. You just wanted to touch him as much as possible.

“…gonna be easy. don’t wanna hurt you,” He said, and you understood that. You knew you were still pretty sensitive since you had just had a baby a little over a month ago, but… you didn’t exactly want easy. You wanted rough. Passionate.

“…I did just push out a giant baby head, so really I think your dick will be fine,” You said softly, mostly joking, but definitely meaning it.

“you’re still tender,” He pointed out, giving you a soft kiss, “don’t push it.”

“…Internet said I’m fine after three weeks,” You argued, starting to rub his spine again, now that it was bare.

“can never be too careful.”

“…I guess… just… fuck me,” You whined softly, feeling a bit frustrated as he stayed still inside of you, not having thrusted even once.

He chuckled softly and started to thrust, giving a very gentle and slow one, but it was still better than nothing. You let out a happy moan and kissed him again, which he rewarded by rubbing your clit, gently.
You continued to stroke everywhere, from his rib cage, to his clavicle, to his spine, trying to find the place that made him tick the most. You found it to be his bottom ribs, which was kind of adorable to you. While you did so, he kept on focusing most of his attention on your clit, occasionally playing with your boobs every now and then, taking advantage of how sensitive you really were.

It took you a little longer than usual to cum since he was so gentle, but when you finally did, it was slow and intense.

You moaned his name softly, and that seemed to push him over the edge.

He gripped onto the bed sheets, ripping them slightly to your dismay, and came inside of you.

...Only then did you realize… he had knotted?

Or at least that’s what it felt like. It felt like there was a tennis ball at the bottom of his dick, and it was partially stuck inside of you. It didn’t hurt… it just felt strange. Big, and full.

...You couldn’t help but laugh a bit.

“...oh fuck,” He complained softly, sounding a bit stressed and panicked, which was the opposite of what you wanted.

“Don’t worry. It’s okay. Doesn’t hurt,” You assured him, still giggling, unable to stop. You found it so cute that he did this… he knotted you and it was adorable.

“...babe. babe, no, this could get you pregnant.” He told you, starting to laugh a bit as well, but the obvious anxiety was still there. You knew he would never object to more children so you knew it was really for your sake, which you thought was a bit funny. You loved the thought of having more babies… so soon? You weren’t sure. But if it happened, then it happened, and you wouldn’t have any negative feelings about it.

“You say that like I don’t want more babies,” You shot back, still smiling, but managing to stop the laughter. He seemed a lot calmer now… less panicked.
“so soon? didn’t even plan for the first one, and she’s a handful,” He pointed out, but you knew he didn’t actually mean it based on the tone of his voice. He loved Indie more than anything, and you knew he much rather hear constant whining than a day of peace at this point.

“You saying you can’t handle anymore?” You challenged him, actually a bit curious.

You never actually talked about babies… they just kind of happened.

“can you?” He shot back, his exhaustion becoming more and more apparent the more he spoke. He looked ready to collapse, and his sockets were starting to droop.

“Betcha,” You said, confidently, sighing afterwards, “...I love you.”

“i love you too,” He said, not missing a beat.

...But the literal second the words left his mouth, he fell asleep on you.

...You followed shortly after.

When you originally went out to go get groceries, Sans hadn’t suspected anything of it. He just assumed that was what you were actually doing, and that you were only doing that.

He was watching Indie, and he wasn't so keen to take her out of the house yet, so he agreed to let you go alone, despite how much it killed him and made his anxiety go crazy. You had a phone, and
he knew you would be okay. If anything just so happened so go wrong, you could call him, and he could come save you.

It would be okay.

When you returned home, he had heard the door open, and it made him calm down, but he hadn’t actually seen you as of yet, so some anxiety was still there. It smelled like you… it was you. But were you okay!?

You didn’t even go into the living room… he just heard you go upstairs, and into the bedroom.

That wasn’t like you.

He was about to go after you, but… before he could, Indie spit up all over herself.

“...awe, damn,” He muttered softly, as she started to whine, clearly upset with what had just happened. He quickly grabbed a towel and started to wipe her up, but he knew he was going to have to change her clothes, now.

“...Saaaans,” He heard your voice come from the bedroom, and he felt a bit better hearing your voice.

“hang on a sec. indie spit up.”

She was supposed to already be down for her nap, so this was starting to really mess up the schedule, which in turn made everything feel out of order for Sans. He wanted to go check on you, but… he knew she needed to be situated before anything.

He brought her into her room, and quickly changed her before giving her a quick cuddle and then laying her down. She always seemed to be fine with napping in her crib, but she would never sleep in there at night time.

“sleep tight,” He cooed to her, softly, letting her play with one of his phalanges for a moment, before he pulled it back and exited the room, leaving the door open slightly.
She didn’t cry, so he made his way to the bedroom, where he was welcomed with… a strange sight, to say the least.

...You were laying on the bed, in a pose that he could only ever described as comical, and you were wearing a set of lingerie he had never seen before, signalling to him that you must have just bought the set. Admittedly, the outfit itself was actually pretty nice. It looked good on you, and you looked beautiful, but… the pose.

The pose was killing it.

And then you stuck your leg in the air.

“...pfft… w-what…?” He asked, not knowing what else he could possibly say in his current situation. You looked ridiculous, and hot, and he was so confused.

He didn’t know whether he wanted to jump you, or laugh his ass off.

“...Heeeeey,” You greeted him, your voice filled with humor, so he knew he was able to laugh at what was happening.

“...oh my god… what the… what the fuck?” He said, starting to laugh, a bit relieved you were making a joke, because if he laughed and you were really trying to be sexy, it would probably end badly.

You sat up, a bright smile appearing on your face as you were clearly proud of yourself for making him laugh. “C’mere, I wanna tell you something.” You told him, beckoning him to come closer with your finger.

He did so, actually entering the room instead of just standing in the doorway, and you sighed a bit dramatically.

“Closerrrr. Gotta whisper!”
He did as you asked and went right next to you, and smiled as you sat up, before you got closer to him, and then finally kissed him. He kissed you back, and happily got on top of you, getting you to lay on your back again.

He squeezed your right breast, and you gasped in shock, causing him to chuckle a little bit.

“These are brand new so don’t rip them,” You warned him, it coming out as a soft moan. It was adorable how sensitive your body had gotten since you had the baby.

“i won’t,” He assured you, chuckling softly as he unclipped your bra, instead of ripping it like you requested.

“Such a gentleman,” You said, sarcasm dripping from your voice just before you licked his clavicle, catching him by surprise.

He couldn’t help but groan softly, it getting a bit caught in the back of his ‘throat’. He was a bit shocked by the sudden pleasure, not expecting you to be so… forward. He could think back to the first time you did this with him… you were just shy and nervous.

Adorable.

...Now?

You were fucking beautiful.

“...this part of the therapy?” He asked, noticing that his voice had gotten deeper, almost on the verge of a growl.

He felt primal. He had ever since you had gotten pregnant.

“Dunno. It could be… if every therapy session ended in sex, would you be more willing?” You asked, as you slid your hands up his shirt, starting to rub his rib cage. He loved this boldness just as much as he hated it.
“...probably,” He admitted, leaning closer so he could lick your left nipple, giving it some attention. It stood erect instantly, and he couldn’t help but smirk.

You shuddered, and he couldn’t have thought of a better reaction. “...I-I should start, then…”

...You definitely should.

He sucked on the same nipple, and apparently he was a bit too rough, because you gasped and started to struggle a little bit. “A-Ah! Sensitive…” You whined.

“...sorry,” He apologized, but he really wasn’t all that sorry. He tried to be gentler, and after a bit he climbed back up and kissed you, deciding he didn’t wanna wait any longer. You started to run your hands up and down his spine pretty much instantly, which just made him all the more aroused and impatient.

He removed his shirt for you, and you licked one of his bottom ribs, making him growl. He had to pin you down to prevent you from doing anything else. He was already on the verge of fucking you into a coma, and you weren’t helping.

“...take your underwear off,” He instructed you, letting you up so you could complete the task he had given you.

You did so, right away, making him happy. He felt in control… it felt right. Just what he needed. You handed them to him once they were off, and he tossed them across the room, not caring where they ended up.

“...can i be impatient, or do you need foreplay?” He asked you, knowing that even though he had control of the situation, how you felt mattered just as much, if not more than how he did.

He had to take care of you.

He kissed you, enjoying your lips on him, before he pulled his dick out. It was throbbing against his shorts, so it felt *amazing* just having it out.

He started to slide in and you gasped, clearly not used to him any longer. You hadn’t felt him inside of you in a while, so he wasn’t surprised. What did surprise him, was that you moaned, pretty loudly. You started to cling to him, your body pressed against his in a delicious way… it was beautiful.

Familiar.

“...gonna be easy. don’t wanna hurt you,” He explained, fearing something might hurt you, since it hadn’t been super long since you had Indie. He would hate to cause any damage, especially if it ended up being permanent.

“...I did just push out a giant baby head, so really I think your dick will be fine,” You teased him. Indie had a really small head, but he knew what you were saying. You would be okay with him inside.

But he didn’t care.

He would rather be safe than sorry.

He made enough mistakes lately as it was.

“you’re still tender. don’t push it,” He warned you softly, kissing you.

“...Internet said I’m fine after three weeks,” You pushed anyways, starting to rub his spine again, this time it being bare.

“can never be too careful.”

“...I guess… just… fuck me,” You whined, him staying still inside of you apparently frustrating the hell out of you.
He chuckled, and finally gave you what you wanted, thrusting as gently as he could while still giving you both stimulation that was needed. You moaned happily, which he gladly rewarded by rubbing your clit to add more pleasure for you.

You started rubbing his body, pretty much anywhere that your hands could reach. His ribs, spine... you touched everything. He couldn’t help the noises that escaped him as he fucked you, the pleasure clouding his mind as he sped up every now and then before reminding himself that he needed to be easy. To counteract what you were doing to him, he started to play with your boobs every now and then, but still mostly kept his focus on your clit since it was the most sensitive.

It took longer than it usually did for you to reach your peak, but that was okay, because when you finally did it was pretty intense. You contracted almost violently around him, and it pushed him over the edge when you moaned his name.

...And he accidentally ripped the bedsheets.

...

...And knotted.

You started laughing, which he hadn’t been expecting at all.

“...oh fuck,” He complained, knowing that probably wasn’t a good thing.

“Don’t worry. It’s okay. Doesn’t hurt,” You told him, giggling softly. It was adorable… but he was pretty sure you had no idea what it meant.

“...babe. babe, no, this could get you pregnant,” He said, starting to laugh with you. It was funny, sure, but... really serious. He didn’t know if his soul was recovered enough to handle another pregnancy. He would love to have more, yeah, but... he didn’t know if he could so soon.

But if it happened, then it happened.

“You say that like I don’t want more babies,” You said, that smile still plastered on your face,
proudly.

...That made him feel better, at least.

You wanted more kids.

“so soon? didn’t even plan for the first one, and she’s a handful,” He teased, only meaning it slightly. She was a handful, yes, but… he wouldn’t trade her for the world. She was fucking perfect, and he loved her more than anything.

He would die before he let her get hurt.

“You saying you can’t handle anymore?” You challenged him, making him chuckle a bit, his exhaustion suddenly hitting tenfold.

...He felt ready to collapse.

“can you?” He shot back, with a soft smile.

“Betcha… I love you.”

“i love you too.”

He couldn’t keep his head up any longer.

He fell asleep, comfortable, his head on your chest.

Chapter End Notes

My Tumblr.
Feed.

Chapter Summary

Little NSFW in the beginning, but it doesn't last too long.

Apparently, Indie's better than her father when it comes to handling social situations.

Chapter Notes

She's getting so big already. It's only a matter of time before she starts to be a little nightmare.

But she's my nightmare, and I love her.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

If you had one complaint about motherhood, which you didn’t really, it would be that Indie always cried at the worst times.

You had woken up, Sans still lying on top of you, and all you could hear was Indie’s high pitched crying, her nap being over and her wanting to be held now. You looked up at Sans, and were a bit surprised by the expression on his face. He seemed… distressed. Like he wanted to go and hold her, so you didn’t understand why he wasn’t.

“...Sans. Lemme get up,” You told him, lightly pushing him by his shoulders.

“...can’t,” He muttered, his one eyelight darting pretty much everywhere without his head moving, looking at the pillow and the blankets, and then at you as well, making you a bit nervous.

He looked like he was tripping out.

“Why not?” You weren’t sure if it was some kind of prank, but… it didn’t make any sense if it was. Why would he be so anxious if that were the case?

C’mon y/n. Use your brain.
“still tied.”

...Oh. Right. He knotted.

The memories came back and you realized his dick was still stuck inside of you… warm. Throbbing. Slightly wet. It almost felt as if it were vibrating… humming.

“Indie’s crying. Can you pick me up?” You tried, trying to figure out someway you could get to your daughter. No matter how awkward it might have been.

“...uh,” He muttered softly, before he tried to pick you up, it being awkward and uncomfortable right away to the point that you hissed. He put you back down the second you did, and stopped pulling, “...i can’t. it’s awkward. i can pull out, but it’ll hurt.”

...Well you didn’t want that.

Like he had said before, you were tender. You were afraid of something ripping or bleeding.

“We… might just have to let her cry until it goes away,” You told him softly, feeling bad about it, but knowing that was the only option for the moment. She would be okay… you just felt bad for it. You wanted to hold her, and you wanted to let her know she was safe, and make her stop crying, but you literally couldn’t.

You felt stuck,

...Literally.

He didn’t respond, and instead started to fidget, pulling at his socket and continuing to look everywhere but at you. You knew was killing him, and in turn it killed you.

“...Sans, she’s okay,” You assured him, knowing it probably wouldn’t help, but… it was all you could offer. And you weren’t lying, she really was okay. She was just upset and wanted to be held,
and she would be as soon as this was over.

“...sh-she’s crying. hungry,” He told you, the sadness in his voice making you feel helpless.

“How long will the knot last?”

“...ten more minutes, maybe? feels mostly deflated…”

...Well that was a relief, at least.

“That’s fine. She can wait ten minutes. She’s strong,” You assured him. She ate a lot as it was… so she wasn’t _starving_. She was just a little spoiled biscuit, and she wanted it _now_.

“...we… shouldn’t have done this. this was a bad idea,” He said, and you knew he was just guilty he hadn’t considered what might have happened when Indie woke up. But it wasn’t his fault, how was he supposed to know he was going to knot?

“No it wasn’t,” You assured him. Sex was natural, and still very necessary, especially for him. He needed physical love just as much as he needed emotional love.

“she wants us.”

“She can have is in ten minutes. And she can eat,” You told him, since that was all you could offer.

He started to shake a bit, and you knew his anxiety was getting the best of him.

“...Shhh,” You muttered softly, rubbing his spine in a comforting fashion, hoping it might help him calm down, at least a little bit, but… it didn’t seem to work. He nuzzled his face into your neck and hid there, silently sniffing. It ticked a bit, but you did your best to ignore it. You hummed as you waited, knowing it would go by faster if you didn’t focus on it too much. Time went by slower when you wanted it to go faster.

Things felt okay… until he suddenly pulled out.
You gasped a bit as he stood up, a slight pain humming between your legs. It wasn’t torturous, but it stung.

“Fuck… warn me next time?” You asked, trying not to snap from the pain.

He had started to redress, when he paused and looked at you.

“…sorry. shit, i’m sorry. are you okay?”

“Yeah. I’m fine… just… I think there was still a bit of a lump. It surprised me,” You admitted, deciding not to mention the stinging, since he clearly didn’t mean to hurt you.

“sorry. i’ll go get her,” He told you, running out of the room before you could even respond. You just laid there and sighed, knowing you didn’t have to get up. He would bring her in, so you could just lay down.

You watched as he walked back in through the door, Indie in his hands, looking upset as she usually did when she first woke up from a nap. He handed her to you right away, and you started to feed. She had grown teeth, pretty rapidly, so you were always a bit anxious when you fed her. She hadn’t but you yet, but… you knew it would probably happen eventually.

You were dreading it.

But she didn’t. She just fed peacefully, and pulled away when she was full. She looked up at you and cooed when it was over, and you couldn’t help but gush. She was precious.

It could’ve been a lot worse than it was, so you now knew to make sure you had enough time alone before you decided to have sex with Indie in the house.
Somehow, you had managed to convince Sans to take himself and Indie out of the house.

You told him that Indie needed new clothes, since she was already growing so rapidly, and he said that you should go shopping, and you agreed, but… you also said that you wanted Indie to go, so you could get *her* opinion on the items.

You had gotten him into a small baby store, and there weren’t many people inside, so you thought it was perfect!

He insisted on holding Indie the whole time, which you didn’t mind, but…

He was holding her so close her face was slightly squished against his chest.

You knew it wasn’t hurting her or anything, just… he was so tense.

“…Sans, you’re gonna squash her,” You told him softly, with a light humor to your voice.

He looked almost offended as he made eye contact with you. “no i’m not,” He told you, his voice defensive, making you regret your choice of words. You knew he was overprotective, so maybe those weren’t the best words to use.

“…I’m joking.”

“…okay,” He said, but he did loosen his grip a little bit on her. She was able to lift her head up now, and she looked at you as soon as she did, and she made a soft cooing noise, and had a gushing smile on her face.

It made your heart melt, and you had to give her a little kiss on the forehead.

“…i hate this,” Sans admitted to you, sighing very softly, “just let me be an agoraphobe.”

You almost laughed. He really was an agoraphobe.
“Buuut…” You held up a small baby onesie and showed it to him, “Isn’t this adorable? It’s got a little cupcake on the front!”

“could’ve ordered it online,” He pointed out, which you knew was true… but it was a lot more fun to look at stuff in person, and when shopping online you never actually know what you’re getting. You found it to be safer and cheaper to just go to a store yourself… and getting Sans to go out at all was a bonus, even if it was just for an hour.

But hey, maybe you could extend it somehow.

Indie reached out towards the small onesie and made a noise, so you handed it to her, expecting her to cuddle it, but instead she threw it on the ground.

“i don’t think she likes it,” Sans told you, looking at it on the floor.

You picked it back up and went to put it back on the rack, but she made a small whining noise and reached for it again. You decided to allow it, and handed it back, knowing she would throw it again, and she didn’t disappoint you. She just threw it right back down again.

“I think she does like it. She just likes throwing it,” You said, before picking it up again.

“i think she just likes you picking things up for her. watch.”

Sans picked another one off of the rack and handed it to her, not even bothering to look at what it was, and the second she had it she threw it on the ground.

You laughed a bit and picked that one up as well, before hanging it back up, but keeping the cupcake one in your hand. You really found it to be adorable, and she couldn’t throw it on the floor if you bought it and made her wear it.

“I’m gonna buy it. She can’t throw it if it’s on her.”
“she’ll find a way,” He told you, nuzzling the top of her head while she started to chew on his jacket strings.

“Always will… but until then, cupcakes!”

You continued to look through the racks and kept the onesie in your free hand, finding a lot of other cute options as well. They weren’t super expensive either, only being about two dollars a piece.

“…this place is getting crowded,” Sans said, but… when you looked up, there were only like six people in total at the store.

“We’re okay for a little while, Sans. It’s okay,” You assured him, watching as he held Indie a bit closer. She seemed fine with it, though, just resting her head on his chest. Poor baby must have been tired… she wasn’t used to being out and about,

“what does she need? onesies? shirts?” He asked, clearly wanting to get this done and over with, and then get out as soon as possible.

“Onesies for now,” You said, continuing your search, knowing he would be anxious no matter what… but he would be okay in the end. He could survive a few hours outside of the house.

He just watched you sort through everything, holding Indie against him and not making any comments. You had a feeling he didn’t give any fucks about what Indie was dressed in, so you stopped asking him if he liked the stuff. If he really hated something, he would tell you so.

You picked out about eight or nine of them, and decided it was good enough.

“Okay. We can check out now,” You told him, smiling brightly, feeling cheerful about how the day was going so far.

“...okay,” He said, just as you noticed he had picked up a small cat plushie, and was letting Indie play with it. You had looked just in time to catch Indie bite its face.

“...She’s so cute,” You said softly, feeling a sense of pride. You made her… you made something
“now we have to buy it,” He told you, making you feel pretty certain that he was hoping she would bite it so he could buy it for her.

“Yep. She seems to like cats,” You pointed out, as he handed you about thirty dollars. You would normally protest about him paying for things, but you didn’t mind if it was for Indie. He could spoil her if he damn well pleased to.

You went and bought the items while he stayed back and held Indie, waiting for you to finish up. The cashier was friendly enough, and you were glad there were no issues. She even complimented your daughter, which put a smile on your face.

You returned to your small family and you all exited the shop together.

The second you stepped outside and were able to breathe in some fresh air, he spoke up.

“can we go home now?”

You had been expecting it, but damn, that was pretty instant. You weren’t exactly ready to go home, yet, and you needed him to stay out a little longer. It wasn’t good for any of you to be cooped up inside all day, and you were determined to make it so that didn’t happen. Sans might be an agoraphobe, but you weren’t going to let Indie end up like that.

She needed to have a healthy childhood, and you were willing to fight for that.

“...I wanna go to a cafe. I think it’s good to get her used to being in public places at a young age.”

“can she even eat solid foods yet? i mean, monster babies can, but… she’s not fully monster,” He asked, which was genuinely a good question. You knew she has been growing teeth, but… did that mean she was ready?

“I think we should go safe and wait until she’s a bit older,” You offered, feeling a bit nervous about her possibly choking. The last thing you needed was something else for Sans to be terrified of…
“she has teeth… she can probably handle something soft. do they have anything soft at a cafe?”

“Cakes, yogurts… ice cream, maybe, but it might be too cold for her,” You offered, figuring a bit of fruit juice or frosting wouldn’t hurt her. Might make her a bit hyper due to sugar, but that would be alright.

“…maybe she’ll like yogurt,” He offered, which you thought was the better option. Less artificial sugars, more natural ones.

“Only one way to find out!”

...He sighed and made a small noise of discomfort. “…okay.”

You smiled happily, feeling victorious as you both made your way to the cafe.

---

You led him to a cafe that you were familiar with, that you knew served monsters and was safe and quiet. Something that was good for both Sans and Indie, since it was her first time, and Sans just plainly hated being out.

You followed Sans as he picked a table in the back, away from anybody else who was in the cafe. He took one of the wooden high chairs that were provided, and sat Indie in it before handing her the small cat.

“What do you want?” You asked him, as you looked at the menu in front. Everything looked great, but you were craving breakfast foods mostly.

“anything. you choose.”
“...Alright,” You knew it would be that simple. It always was, but it never hurt to ask, “We can share the small breakfast meal.”

“okay.” He agreed, unsurprisingly, and then handed you a twenty. You didn’t feel like arguing, so you just took it and went up to the counter.

You ordered your meal and a small yogurt, and then paid before they told you it would take a few minutes. You gave them your name and they said they would call you when it was done, so you went back to the table and sat down next to Sans.

He was using the cat plushie and giving her hugs with it… it was adorable.

“It’s ordered… that’s adorable.”

“she really likes this cat,” He said, just as she giggled a little.

“Who wouldn’t like a cute cat plush?”

“dog people.”

...Well, you couldn’t argue with that.

She bit the cats face, and you couldn’t help but laugh. “Hopefully she doesn’t chew it when her teeth get bigger.”

“she definitely will.”

You were about to agree with him, when the person at the counter called your name. It was quicker than you were expecting, so that was good at least. You went up and grabbed the tray of food, thanking the worker before going back to your seat.
“what kind of yogurt is it?” Sans asked, as you picked it up.

“Blueberry. I think that’s all they have here,” You said, finding it a bit strange that they didn’t ask you what flavor of yogurt you wanted. You would usually be asked strawberry, banana, etc. But no, he just gave you that one.

“Alright... let’s see,” He said as he took the yogurt and the spoon. He opened it, and got a small amount onto the spoon before putting it up to her mouth. She opened up and took it into her mouth, tasting it right away.

...And then she spit it out onto the table.

“Noooo!” You whined, feeling a bit disappointed. You were really hoping she would like it!

She started to cry softly, and Sans wiped her mouth to calm her down.

“...Guess it’s a no,” You said, even though it was clear that you didn’t have to. Maybe you just had one of the kids who really hated fruits.

Sans took the yogurt and tasted it before looking at you. “...Yeah that tastes terrible,” He told you, as he continued to eat it.

...Or it was just a shitty yogurt, okay.
Sans had woken up a lot sooner than you had.

He was content with that for a little while. He just laid there on top of you and watched your expression as you slept, your eyelids doing that thing where they would flutter because of your dreams. He never asked you what you dreamt about… he really needed to start doing that. He had been worried recently that he wasn’t spending enough time with you, being tied up with Indie 99% of the time, which he knew you understood, but… it was starting to weigh on his mind. So the fact that you did all of this for him really made him feel a lot better.
He was content with the way things went and he felt happy with lying there... until Indie started to cry in the other room.

His first instinct was to get up and go console her, but... he couldn’t. He knew that if he got up and tried to move it would hurt you, and it would hurt you *bad*. He didn’t wanna wake you up, either, because he knew you wouldn’t be able to do anything about it anyways. You couldn’t make his knot shrink, and you couldn’t stop her from crying.

...It didn’t matter anyways, because the crying woke you up soon enough.

You looked up at him, and instantly started to push him by the shoulders. Not aggressively, just lightly.

“...Sans. Lemme get up.”

He would’ve if he could’ve.

“...can’t,” He muttered, trying to figure out some type of solution to the predicament you both had gotten into, but... he really couldn’t think of any, other than to pull out early. Only issue with that was that it might tear you.

That wouldn’t be good.

“Why not?” You asked, obviously a bit peeved, probably assuming he was fucking with you.

“still tied.”

He wouldn’t have been surprised if you had forgotten it had even happened, since you didn’t seem bothered by it in the slightest when you woke up.

“Indie’s crying. Can you pick me up?” You suggested, which he knew wouldn’t work from the get go, but he decided to give it a shot and humor you regardless. Better to try than to just say it won’t work.
“...uh,” He muttered, trying to pick you up without hurting you, which right away didn’t work. You hissed and he had to put back down right away, “...i can’t. It’s awkward. i can pull out, but it’ll hurt.”

“We… might just have to let her cry until it goes away,” You told him, your voice soft and apologetic. It was clear that you wanted to get up and hold her just as much as he did, but… neither of you could.

It was the most frustrating and torturous thing ever, that he couldn’t stop the crying.

His child needed him, and he was unable to go to her.

She was all alone, and probably starving. Hungry and cold… she…

She needed you and she needed him.

Hell, he needed her.

“...Sans,” You started to speak, tearing him out of his thoughts, and his focus back to you, “...She’s okay.”

...You didn’t know that.

You couldn’t say that confidentiality and mean it. You didn’t know how she was feeling or why she was crying in the first place.

You didn’t know if she was okay!

“...sh-she’s crying. hungry,” He muttered, wanting to pull out… why did he let this happen!?

You sighed. “How long will the knot last?”
“...ten more minutes, maybe? feels mostly deflated…” He realized, making himself feel a bit relieved. It wasn’t as long as it could’ve been, but… he still wished he could be holding her already. He knew she was just as impatient as he was.

“That’s fine. She can wait ten minutes. She’s strong,” You tried to assure him, which he appreciated, but… he wasn’t going to be able to relax until this was over.

“...we… shouldn’t have done this. this was a bad idea,” He said, feeling a bit bad about the way it came out, but… it was already out, so it was too late to take it back.

He just wanted this to be over.

“No it wasn’t,” You assured him, your voice soft and reassuring instead of offended for the way he said it.

“she wants us.”

“She can have us in ten minutes. And she can eat.”

Damn right she can eat. She can eat as much as she wants… even if you didn’t feel like feeding her, he would be willing to give her a bit of formula, just to satisfy her belly. He preferred you to feed her naturally, of course, but he would never push you to do it if you didn’t like to.

“...Shhh,” You muttered softly, a bit sudden to him, but… that was when he realized he was panicking. He hadn’t realized, but apparently you had. You started to rub his spine in a comforting way, which made him feel a lot better. He hid his face in your neck and your smell made his anxieties die down.

You just made him feel safer.

He just hid his face until the knot died down, and pulled out as soon as it was ready.
You gasped as he stood up, making him realize that was an asshole thing to do. He should’ve warned you. He was a piece of shit for that.

“...Fuck. Warm me next time?” You didn’t sound angry, surprisingly.

...He fucked everything up.

He couldn’t stop fucking up.

“...sorry. shit, i’m sorry. are you okay?” He asked, pausing while he had been redressing, wanting to actually take a moment to focus on you. The past few days had seemed to be mostly about either him or Indie, and it wasn’t fair. He needed to give you some attention as well, and he was determined to do so at the next possible opportunity.

“Yeah. I’m fine… just… I think there was still a bit of a lump. It surprised me,” You told him, which he was pretty sure was a cover up. He knew it must have hurt coming out.

“sorry. i’ll go get her,” He said, before running out of the room. He quickly opened Indie’s door, and right away the crying stopped. She looked so upset and scared, he couldn’t help but pick her up right away.

“...it’s okay. it’s okay. i gotcha,” He cooed gently, snuggling her tiny little body. She was whimpering, but she seemed better instantly when he was there.

It made him feel better, too.

He brought her back into the bedroom, and right away, she wanted you. She wanted to eat, which was understandable since you fed her. He handed her over and you fed her without a word, which was fine. He was tired, and he didn’t wanna have much of a conversation.

She cooed at you when she was done eating, and it warmed his soul.

He loved you both.
Sans had said things needed to start being about you a little more, so… he gave in to what you wanted. He let you drag him and Indie out of the house and to a store that sold baby clothes. In the end, it was something more for Indie of course, but… you’re the one who asked to go, and he really couldn’t bring himself to say no to you.

Besides, you said it would be quick. He could handle quick.

...He was just stupid for expecting you to mean that.

You were taking a long fucking time for just needing a few outfits.

You had looked through literally every rack in the store, even the boys section, and Sans was exhausted. He was anxious, and he wanted to get Indie home and take a nap, but he knew that wasn’t happening anytime soon.

He held her close, but no matter how close she was, he still felt nervous with having her out in public at such a young age. She was vulnerable, and she was weak.

...And Sans was tired.

“...Sans, you’re gonna squash her,” You said, catching him a bit off guard.

He would never hurt his kid… he couldn’t help but feel instantly offended, and need to be defensive.

“no i’m not,” He defended himself right away, feeling a bit nervous all of a sudden. What if he did accidentally squish her…?

“...I’m joking,” You said, but… he was pretty sure you weren’t.
“...okay,” He said, not being able to help himself as he loosened his grip on her, slightly. He now had a weird fear of looking down and seeing her squished… it was scary.

...And irrational, he knew that.

Your therapy was starting to work, whether he wanted to admit it or not. He was starting to be able to recognize things as irrational and knew whether or not he was overreacting. Sometimes he still had trouble with it, but others he was able to pull himself away from the situation and view from a different point of view. It was strange to him, but… it was a start.

Indie lifted her head the second he let her, and she looked right at you. She gushed, and it was pure, and it was precious… there was no way he would ever be able to squish something so perfect.

“...i hate this,” He admitted, obviously referring to being out of the house, but he elaborated anyways, “just let me be an agoraphobe.”

“Buuuut…isn’t this adorable? It’s goyt little cupcakes on the front!” You exclaimed, holding up a onesie you had found. It was admittedly very cute, but...

“could’ve ordered it online.”

Could’ve done all of this online, really. There wasn’t anything special about that place.

...But Indie reached out to touch the piece of clothing, which made it worth it knowing she liked it.

...

...Or not, since she threw it on the ground the second she had it.

“i don’t think she likes it.”

You picked it back up and put it back on the rack, and Indie made a small whining noise, signalling she wanted it back. You made the mistake or handing it back to her, which she ended up just
throwing back down on the floor.

“I think she does like it. She just likes throwing things,” You said, picking it back up.

“i think she just likes you picking things up for her. watch,” He said, taking another random onesie off of the rack and giving it to Indie, who, of course, threw it once again.

You laughed a little before picking that one up as well and hanging it back up. You kept the cupcake on, so he figured you were going to buy it.

“I’m gonna buy it,” of course, “She can’t throw it if it’s on her.”

“she’ll find a way,” He warned you, nuzzling the top of her head. She was a cute little psycho, chewing on his jacket strings… she was gonna be such a feisty little bean when she was older.

“Always will… but until then, cupcakes!”

Your enthusiasm was adorable, but he still wanted out.

“...this place is getting crowded,” He told you after a few more moments of you searching through clothes, making him feel antsy as he just watched, holding onto Indie and trying to keep her occupied.

“We’re okay for a little while, Sans. It’s okay.”

That was easy for you to say. You weren’t deathly afraid of leaving your house.

...But he couldn’t change it. You were both already out, so might as well suck it up.

At least Indie was doing better than him. She seemed okay with being out as long as you and Sans were near.
“what does she need? onesies? shirts?” He asked, wanting to make sure you stayed on track without asking too aggressively. He wanted to be able to get this done as fast as possible without any distractions.

If it were possible.

“Onesies for now,” You told him, continuing to search.

He just watched, not really being one for clothes shopping. He held Indie a bit closer each time he got too anxious, and decided to try and find something to entertain her. There were few toys, but he managed to find a small cat plushie, and he picked it up just in time for you to speak up.

“Okay. We can check out now.”

You had quite a few pairs of clothes, so he hoped this was the last trip for a little while.

“...okay,” He agreed, just as Indie took the plushie and bit its face.

...His little killer.

“...She’s so cute,” You cooed, making him happy.

“now we have to buy it,” He said, already planning to have bought it anyways. He wanted to get her a little souvenir for her first trip outside.

“Yep. She seems to like cats,” You said, as he gave you the money for the clothes and the toy. He was happy when you didn’t argue, and assumed you wouldn’t as long as what was being paid for was for Indie.

He could spoil his baby if he damn well pleased to.

He stayed back with Indie while you paid, not wanting to get too close to anybody. He was afraid for multiple reasons… what if they were bad? What if he accidentally hurt them? What if Indie
wasn’t comfortable?

...The list was never ending, and he’d prefer to just avoid anything bad.

As soon as you were done you walked outside, and he followed, feeling a bit relieved it was over now.

“can we go home now?” He asked right away, wanting to just take a shortcut home and take a nap.

“...I wanna go to a cafe. I think it’s good to get her used to being in public places at a young age.”

...He should’ve seen that coming.

He knew you wouldn’t go home without a fight.

“can she even eat solid foods yet? i mean, monster babies can, but… she’s not fully monster,” He pointed out, not sure if it was a good idea to start with foods yet... she did have teeth, though, so... maybe she was ready. Why would she have them if she wasn’t?

“I think we should go safe and wait until she’s a bit older,” You said, probably nervous about her switching so early.

“she has teeth… she can probably handle something soft. do they have anything soft at a cafe?”

Sans couldn’t remember if he had ever even been to a cafe.

“Cakes, yogurts… ice cream, maybe, but it might be too cold for her,” You informed him, making him think yogurt would work best. It was the healthiest, and he really wasn’t ready to deal with Indie on sugar.

“...maybe she’ll like yogurt.”
“Only one way to find out!”

...He sighed. “...okay.”

He could never say no to you, anyways.

---

Sans let you lead him to a cafe that you claimed was good. He was willing to trust your judgement, but he was still pretty anxious about taking Indie to more places. You let him pick a table, so he chose one in the back and put Indie in one of the high chairs before sitting down next to her and giving her the small cat and letting her play with it.

“What do you want?” You asked him, looking up at the menu. He didn’t care what he got, as long as he ate. He was more focused on feeding Indie, though.

“anything. you choose.”

“...Alright,” You agreed, not arguing. “We can share the small breakfast meal.”

“okay.” That worked for him. He handed you the money, and again, you thankfully didn’t argue and just took it. Maybe you forgot your wallet or something.

While you went up, he occupied Indie by using the plushie. He made it give her small kisses and hugs, and made it dance around for her. She seemed to enjoy it, and Sans didn’t mind being soft when it came to her.

He wanted her to be happy.

You came back over soon, not taking long at all.

“It’s ordered… that’s adorable.”
“she really likes this cat,” He told you, and Indie giggled, proving his point further.

“Who wouldn’t like a cute cat plush?”

...Many people, actually.

“dog people.” For starters.

She bit the cats face, and Sans was starting to wonder which animal she would prefer when she was older.

“Hopefully she doesn’t chew it when her teeth get bigger.”

...Oh please.

She was a tiny predator. She would destroy everything.

“she definitely will.”

Before you could say anything, your name was called from the counter, so food must have been ready. He waited with the baby while you went up, and watched you as you grabbed the food and then sat back down next to him.

“What kind of yogurt is is?” Sans asked when you came back and picked it up off of the tray.

“Blueberry. I think that’s all they have here,” You told him, which he hoped she would like. The last resort would be to give her some cake, and he really didn’t wanna give her any sugar.

“Alright... let’s see,” He said, taking the yogurt from you and opening it up. He got a small amount on the spoon, and then fed to her, which she took right away...
...But then she spit it back out.

Normally, he wouldn’t tolerate that kind of thing, but… she was a baby. He couldn’t scold her or be upset.

“Nooo!” You whined, right away. He felt your disappointment.

Indie started to cry a little, so Sans quickly wiped it off of her face and mouth, which helped her calm down.

“Guess it’s a no,” You said, your disappointment clear in your voice.

...Sans was a bit curious himself, so he tried the yogurt.

...

“...yeah that tastes terrible.”

But like hell he was going to waste it.

Chapter End Notes

Honest opinion; think Sans is a gonna be good at handling teenagers when the time comes?

My Tumblr.
It had been about two months since the whole yogurt fiasco, and neither you or Sans has tried to get Indie to eat solid foods yet. She didn’t seem ready, so you didn’t push it on her.

However, you were getting a bit frustrated with Sans.

He hadn’t been letting you take Indie outside easily at all. You had managed to get her out to the grocery store with you two or three times, but beside that, Sans seemed against pretty much everything. You even offered to give him a little bit of time to just nap and unwind while you took her to the park, since he always seemed ready to spring into action with her, but he said he was fine and would prefer to be with her.

...You decided you needed to have a talk with him.

It couldn’t keep going on like this. Not if you wanted her to have a healthy social life.

Indie was playing with her toys on her small play mat, so… you took the opportunity and went into the kitchen to meet Sans. He was in there making ramen noodles, something cheap but filling, and you walked in just as he had sat down.
“...Sans?” You asked, standing by the table, just in case Indie started to cry and needed you.

“yeah?” He asked, looking up from the bowl to make eye contact with you.

You were just hoping nothing came off wrong, and offended him.

“...I… think we need to take Indie outside today,” You told him, watching as he took a bite of his food. You weren’t expecting a straight yes, you never got one, but you weren’t going to back down easily.

“I took her in the backyard earlier. she got tired pretty quick,” He told you, which you knew was probably true. He wasn’t neglecting her or anything, he still let her get sunlight, he just… didn’t like leaving the property.

It was a bit frustrating.

“Sans, I don’t want her to be anti social. I want her to have friends and to have a normal childhood.”

He didn’t say anything for a few moments, but finally spoke after a while.

“...there isn’t anything to do around here, anyways. not like we can just walk down the street to the arcade with her,” He said, which was true, technically. She was much too young for that, and it was always filled with high teenagers with the occasional drunken adult.

“No, but I could take her to the beach… we could have a little vacation with her, drive down there and stay the night,” You offered, actually liking the thought of that. A little beach day would be amazing. You could buy her a little bathing suit, and start to teach her to swim… hell, maybe she would even let you float her on her back. Maybe she would like building sandcastles, or drawing in the sand…

“...i hate driving,” He said, which you knew wasn’t a lie. He usually complained when he had to go in Paps car.

“We could take a train.”
“too crowded.”

“Not if we go at the right time, on the right day.” You knew sometimes trains could be practically empty.

He sighed through his nose, clearly a bit annoyed, but you didn’t really care.

“look, y/n, she’s-...” He started, and you were confused when he suddenly stopped. He was staring towards the doorway, so you turned to look, and...

...

“...Walking.”

...

...She was walking.

SHE WAS WALKING!

“...Sans, she’s walking!” You exclaimed, watching as she waddled into the room, unsteadily. You were worried she might fall over, but she didn’t!

She made her way over to you, and grabbed onto your pant leg as soon as she was able to, falling into it. You picked her up right away and cuddled her, happily cooing and exclaiming about what a good job she did.

She gurgled and you laughed before looking over at Sans.

“...holy fuck.”
“She did so good!” You said, watching as he stood up from his seat and walked over, giving Indie a gentle head pat and making her coo. She always enjoyed affection, especially from her dad.

“...don’t… don’t human babies start to talk before they take their first steps?”

“Yep! They do! But somebody’s got some strong lil leggies!” You praised her, tickling her softly. She giggled, clearly happy with all of the attention, but probably unsure why she was receiving it. You were going to have to teach her how good walking really was if you wanted her to keep it up.

“...it’s normal for a monster, but… holy fuck.” You knew he was in shock, so you didn’t scold him for swearing in front of Indie. She wasn’t talking yet anyways, so it didn’t seem like a big deal at the time.

You cuddled Indie close to you, and she let out a soft giggle. You passed her over to Sans, knowing he wanted to hold her, and he took her right away before cuddling her himself.

“who needs playgrounds? our baby’s the smartest. she would destroy the other babies,” He said, sounding prideful, maybe not for the right reasons, but still. It was cute.

“She would crush them all with her legs like a lil champ,” You joked with him.

Indie stared between the two of you, clearly confused as to what the hell was going on, but not being upset by it. You always thought that it must be frustrating to be a baby… you understand nothing, and you have to rely on your parents and trust them unconditionally. But on the other hand, you didn’t have to do anything besides eat and poop, so that part must be nice.

“exactly,” Sans agreed, giving Indie a gentle kiss on her forehead.

You wanted to keep praising her, keep telling her what a good job she did, but… you wanted to be sure it wasn’t just a one time thing for her. You needed to keep praising her each time she did it, and you were going to encourage and push her.

“C’mon, let’s go to the living room. I wanna see if she’ll do it again,” You said, leading Sans into the living room. He followed behind, Indie still in his arms, and you stood back as he set her down.
She sat down right away, which wasn’t a good sign, but you weren’t ready to give up!

“She literally walked in the kitchen so confidently. It was like she had been already walking for months,” You said to Sans as you crouched down to Indie’s height, a little ways away from her so she had room.

She looked over at you, a toy in her hand as she stared, expecting you to do something. Probably to pick her up, or play with her, but it was learning time, and you were determined not to get distracted by her cuteness like you usually did.

“C’mere, Indie! C’mon!” You encouraged her, opening your arms and praying she would come to you.

But, instead, she just looked at Sans, and then back to you as if you were crazy.

You almost laughed, but you held it in.

“Come on, baby!”

For a second, it looked like she might have been about to stand up, but... instead she threw her toy at you. It was a soft stuffed animal so it didn’t get far, but you weren’t gonna let her think that was okay.

“Ah. No throwing things, Indie,” You told her sternly, causing her to pout. She was angry and adorable, but you didn’t care.

She didn’t throw anything else, though, so that was good.

“I’ll forgive you if you walk over to me,” You tried to bargain with her, having no idea if she actually understood what you were saying or not.

She made an angry sound, along with a hand gesture as if she were telling you to shut up.
“Alright. I’m walking away,” You said as you stood up and started to walk out of the room, hoping she would follow after you.

She made a screaming sound so you were optimistic.

“See ya later,” You called back to her after you were out of sight.

...And then she started to cry.

“...Awe, damn it,” You muttered to yourself, before you walked back into the room. Surely enough, she was sitting on the floor and crying as she looked at where you stood before, “Look, mama’s here.”

She looked over at you and made a grabbing gesture with her hands, something she often did when she wanted to be held.

You picked her up and the crying was gone, apparently her feeling all better. You were a bit disappointed, yeah, but not too much. You didn’t want her to get too big, too fast anyways. You were afraid of that, especially since she was half monster... but really, no matter what you would be by her side. Even if she ended up growing up way too quickly, you would be there.

...You were just hoping she wouldn’t get taller than you.

“Dunno if we’re gonna be able to recreate that,” You said, sadly admitting defeat, regardless of how much you wanted to fight.

“maybe just set her down and watch,” Sans offered, which you knew was probably the best course of action. She didn’t know what you wanted, so she was going to have to just do it on her own.

You decided to give it a shot, and set her back down on the floor, where she started to play with her toys right away. You sat down on the couch, and Sans sat beside you as you both watched her play around. You leaned your head on his shoulder, feeling pretty tired as you watched her start to chew on her toys. She acted so much like a teething dog that sometimes it scared you.
Maybe she was part dog on Sans’s side.

You had been watching and waiting, when apparently Sans got sick of it, because he picked up the toy she was going for and put it up on the coffee table where she couldn’t reach it. You were expecting her to cry, but…

...She stood up, and walked over.

You were silent as you watched, not wanting to startle her. She picked up the toy and then sat down right where she was.

...She did it.

You clapped when she sat down and praised her right away, feeling so happy she did it, and she did it so well!

She was confused of course, but that was okay.

You looked at Sans, happily, a huge smile on your face that you couldn’t wipe off.

“...she’s fucking amazing, holy fuck. we need to get her some actual foods now. she’s walking, she’s gotta be ready… long as it doesn’t taste like shit like that yogurt,” He told you, watching as she laid down and continued to chew on her toys.

“Do you think she’s gonna have big teeth like you?” You were pretty certain that she would have destroyed those toys if she ever did.

“no, not as big. she’s still human, angel,” He told you, which made sense. Besides, the fangs she did have were adorable.

“I guess… look at her, though! She’s growing up so fast!”
“she’s doing great… do we have any frosting? like, the canned shit or whatever,” He asked, which you knew was probably a bad choice. They put so many extra ingredients, and it was unnecessary, despite how delicious it was. You would much rather make your own… regardless of the fact that you didn’t have any canned frosting on hand.

“No… but we have powdered sugar and butter. Can make some,” You told him, watching as he picked her up.

“wanna make some while i watch her?”

“Sure. But we need to brush her teeth twice tonight if she’s gonna be eating sugar!” You told him, your answer final.

“alright,” He agreed, with a light chuckle.

You got up and went into the kitchen, getting out all of the needed ingredients before setting them on the counter. You started to cream the sugar and butter, when you decided it would be nice to add some color to it. You added in some purple food dye, just… feeling like the color suited her. You weren’t sure why, you just knew it was right.

You put a small amount into a bowl, and put the rest in the fridge. You could always put it on some cupcakes later, or Sans would just eat it, so you weren’t worried about wasting it.

You walked back into the living room with it, smiling when you saw Indie sitting on Sans’s lap, watching the TV. She seemed enticed by Peppa pig, but you didn’t feel too bad about having to take her focus off of it.

Indie looked over at you as you sat down, and smiled big.

“ma!”
You almost dropped the bowl on the ground.

Sans started to laugh as you pulled her in your arms, the excitement on your face no doubtedly ridiculous looking.

“W-We have to call Papyrus!” You exclaimed, feeling so proud of her. She was talking and walking!

“he’ll be here later tonight. let’s try the icing, okay?” He said, clearly trying to downplay his excitement. You could tell by the sparkle in his eye light.

He was beaming.

You put a small amount of icing on your finger and fed it to her.

You were just relieved that she liked it this time.
Sans was expecting you to confront him eventually, but he wasn’t expecting it so soon.

He was trying to make food in the kitchen while you watched Indie, but… you ended up coming into the kitchen. It was a bit surprising, especially since you had left Indie alone, but he figured you knew what you were doing. She was probably preoccupied enough for you to trust her for a moment or two.

He had just sat down with his ramen noodles, ready to eat them since he hadn’t eaten in a little while, being too occupied by the baby, when you came in, looking like you were ready to talk about something pretty serious.

It made him a bit nervous.

“…Sans?” You asked, not sitting, just standing by.

“yeah?” He responded, tearing himself away from his bowl to make proper eye contact with you.

“…I… think we need to take Indie outside today.”

…He saw it coming, so it wasn’t much of a surprise when you said it. A pain, of course, but he knew why you were saying it. He understood, but that didn’t change the fact that he hated it. He hated the thought of you and Indie going out, even if he was there. Everything seemed dangerous to him, even the fucking sun. She could get sunburned, and end up with sun cancer, and that thought alone was enough to make him want to hide inside for the rest of his life with her.

But it wasn’t like he was starving her from fresh air or sunlight at all. He still took her out in the backyard despite his fears, in fact…

“i took her in the backyard earlier, she got tired pretty quick.” He did so while you had been taking a nap, since she had been antsy. Papyrus had gotten her a swing set one day, so he decided to put it to
use and push her in it for a little while. She liked it, but did get worn out within twenty minutes.

“Sans, I don’t want her to be anti social. I want her to have friends and to have a normal childhood,” You said, still fighting and pushing. He would expect no less from you, yet it still frustrated him beyond belief.

He stayed quiet for a moment, trying to keep himself calm and collected.

“...there isn’t anything to do around here, anyways. not like we can just walk down the street to the arcade with her,” He explained, being pretty honest. It was a small town, and there was barely anything to do.

“No, but I could take her to the beach… we could have a little vacation with her, drive down there and stay the night,” You then offered, making him feel instant fear. So many things could go wrong at a beach… she could drown, be shocked by a jellyfish, eaten by a shark, leeches… and again, not to mention the sun damage.

...But he didn’t wanna voice all of it to you. Instead of being called over dramatic, he came up with a different excuse.

“...i hate driving,” He told you, which wasn’t a lie. Car rides make him anxious and sick.

“We could take a train.”

Wouldn’t be any better. Probably worse.

He didn’t know who would be driving it, and he didn’t trust that. He hated ho they moved, and he hated that so many strangers would be on board with him. They could be murderers or drug addicts for all he knew. It as too risky. Unsafe.

Dangerous.

“...too crowded.”
“Not if we go at the right time, on the right day.”

Why wouldn’t you just give up!?

He sighed and forced himself to relax. Your heart was in the right place, he knew that, but… he was sick of arguing over this stuff. He wasn’t going, and he wasn’t letting you take Indie like that out of town.

“look, y/n, she’s-,” He started, but… he stopped.

...Indie had walked into the kitchen.

Indie had walked into the kitchen.

Walked.

“...Walking,” You finished.

...Yeah.

That.

“...Sans, she’s walking!” You exclaimed suddenly, as she continued to waddle towards you before falling into your leg. He had no idea how she did that, but fuck, she did it.

...She was getting so big.

He watched as you picked her up, unsure how to react, and what to do next. His daughter just took her first steps.
“‘holy fuck.’

“She did so good!” You said. He stood up and walked over, giving Indie a soft pat on her head so she knew she did a good job, and smiled when she cooed at him. He never really viewed himself as a soft person until he had a kid… now he felt like mush.

“…don’t… don’t human babies start to talk before they take their first steps?” He had read that somewhere… he didn’t know if it was true or not.

“Yep! They do! But somebody’s got some strong lil leggies!” You praised her, tickling her gently. She liked when you did that, and it was always adorable when she would laugh.

“…it’s normal for a monster, but… holy fuck,” He said again, not knowing how to properly… ‘word’ in the moment. Everything was just… wow. She was walking.

You passed her over to him, and he hugged her right away. “who needs playgrounds? our baby’s the smartest. she would destroy the other babies.” He was serious, too. She was a natural predator, being a monster. She was sort of like a puppy, wanting to bite things and play all the time. Those were her instincts, and something she couldn’t control yet.

…Honestly it was another reason he didn’t wanna take her out in public much.

Not only might somebody hurt her, but she might hurt somebody, whether it be on purpose or an accident. He didn’t want to find out what the authorities would do if it happened.

“She would crush them all with her legs like a lil champ,” You said, jokingly. Wasn’t her legs he was concerned with… it was her teeth. They were already sharp and big compared to a normal baby, but still pretty small. Again, comparable to a puppy.

It was nerve wracking.

Indie looked so confuse as he stared up at the both of you, and it made Sans wanna laugh so hard. She was so unaware of what was happening around her… she was so needy. She needed to rely on her parents, and it was a big responsibility for Sans, and for you… which was why Sans was so fucking protective. He didn’t want her to be in any danger.
It was a scary thought.

“exactly,” He responded to you, giving Indie a soft kiss of her forehead. He knew that physical contact and affection was important for babies, and just looking at her made him want to love her anyways.

“C’mon, let’s go to the living room. I wanna see if she’ll do it again,” You said, before you started to walk to the living room. He followed, bringing Indie along.

He sat her down on the carpet and watched as she picked up a small toy.

“She literally walked in the kitchen so confidently. It was like she had been already walking for months,” You said, crouching down to be eye level with Indie. You were right, though. She did seem really confident as she totted in.

She looked over to you when you crouched, probably expecting you to hold her.

“C’mere, Indie! C’mon!” You said, encouraging her to go over to you… but she just looked over to Sans which made him want to laugh hysterically. His poor child was so confused.

It was pretty obvious you wanted to laugh, too.

“Come on, baby!”

Indie threw her toy instead.

“Ah. No throwing things, Indie,” You scolded her, making her pout.

That face reminded him so much of you, it was killing him.

“I’ll forgive you if you walk over to me,” You bargained.
She only made a sound of anger and a frustrated hand gesture.

Fuck, she was adorable.

“...Alright. I’m walking away,” You told her, as you started to leave the room. She didn’t like that, and started to yell at you.

“See ya later,” You called to her from the kitchen. He was expecting her to just keep yelling, but…

She started to cry because she couldn’t see you.

He was about to stand up and go to comfort her when he heard you from the kitchen starting to walk back in.

“Look, mama’s here,” You assured her, which made her start to reach for you.

You picked her up and she calmed down right away, much to Sans’s relief. He really enjoyed the clinginess she had towards you and him, but sometimes it was a bit nerve wracking. What if one of you weren’t there one day, and she really wanted one of you?

...Things like that were scary to him.

“Dunno if we’re gonna be able to recreate that,” You said, sounding defeated. He knew she would walk again, it might just take longer than you wanted it to.

She was probably just overwhelmed.

“maybe just set her down and watch,” He offered, thinking she might do it again on her own, anyways.

You listened to his advice and put her back down, allowing her to play on the floor with her toys.
You both sat on the couch and watched Indie, you eventually leaning your head on Sans’s shoulder. Your hair felt nice. Soft.

...After a while, Sans got pretty impatient. He saw she was going for a toy, and quickly put it up on the coffee table to see if she would go for it.

...The entire room was silent as she stood up and walked over before grabbing the toy and plopping back down.

She did it.

You started praising her right away, but Sans was frozen. He wasn’t actually expecting that to work, but… wow.

….What was weird to him was the fact that she was walking so well, and she still wasn’t on any solid foods.

“...she’s fucking amazing. holy fuck. we need to get her some actual foods now. she’s walking. she’s gotta be ready… long as it doesn’t taste like shit like that yogurt,” He said, watching as Indie laid down on the floor with her toys, chewing them.

“Do you think she’s gonna have big teeth like you?” You asked, making him want to chuckle. She was much too human to ever have these type of teeth, but he could understand why you asked. She did seem to bite everything she could.

“no, not as big. she’s still human, angel,” He explained.

“I guess… look at her, though! She’s growing up so fast!”

…It was adorable how happy it made you.

“she’s doing great… do we have any frosting? like, the canned shit or whatever,” He asked, figuring something sweet might actually be a better option to introduce her to food. She didn’t like the bitter yogurt, after all.
“No… but we have powdered sugar and butter. Can make some,” You offered, which he actually thought might be a better option. Less artificial ingredients than already necessary.

“wanna make some while i watch her?”

“Sure. But we need to brush her teeth twice tonight if she’s gonna be eating sugar!” You said, no question in your voice.

“alright,” He agreed, figuring it would be best for her anyways.

You walked out of the room, and the second you did Indie started to whine. It was cute, but it made Sans’s soul hurt a bit. He didn’t like seeing her sad, even if it was over something tiny, so he picked her up and set her on his lap while he waited for you to finish up.

When you came back in, she looked right at you and smiled, and Sans could feel the joy pulsing from his soul as you sat next to her.

“ma!”

…

...Oh wow.

Holy shit.

He couldn’t help but laugh as you took her right away and cuddled her, clearly excited about her saying her first word.

He was too, but… he didn’t know how to express it very well.

“W-We have to call Papyrus!” You exclaimed, clearly proud and wanting to tell everybody about
your baby’s accomplishment.

“he’ll be here later tonight. let’s try the icing, okay?” He said, wanting to stay on task, despite how proud he was.

You fed her a small amount, and this time, she actually ate it.

Thank fuck.

Chapter End Notes

My Tumblr.
Playground.

Chapter Summary

Playgrounds aren't dangerous in your eyes.
Until this happened, anyways.

ALSO, WE GOT FANART! (have to say, halloween Indie is my favorite)
Go follow Sanriff, she's incredible <3
https://skelesansation.tumblr.com/post/178056459649/sonamyluffer1011-more-fanart-oh-my-god-shes-so

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry I wanted angst.
It won't last forever. Just needed some pain in my life.
Writing both sides confuses me and hurts my head... I don't know who's truly right, so hey, you can decide for yourself, and let me know in the comments.
Please.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You had finally convinced Sans to let you take Indie to the park, but…

It didn’t go very well.

It took you forever to finally get him to allow it, through begging and convincing, eventually to crying from frustration. You were concerned about your child's social development, you couldn’t
help it. It was a scary thought to think that she might grow up with no friends, and no social interaction. Just the thought of how school would go for her was enough to make your heart start pounding out of anxiety. She didn’t know how to make friends, and the last thing you wanted for her was for her to be an outcast, desperately trying to find a friend, but constantly failing because you never provided her with proper social skills.

But it was okay.

You won in the end, and you were able to take her to the park.

The walk there filled you with excitement, wanting nothing more than to see her play around, whether be with other kids or by herself, she still deserved to have the normal experience of playing on a playground.

There weren’t too many people around anyways, so you pushed her in a swing to start, which she seemed to really like. She giggled and clapped, and just looked all around happy. Of course, it wasn’t her first time swinging since you had a play structure in your backyard, but she seemed to like the bigger swingset a lot better. You could push her higher, and she loved it.

After a little while, you took her out of the swing and let her walk around, her walking getting stronger and stronger each day. She was almost to the point of walking, walking. She was doing so well with it.

She started to walk over to another little girl, who looked to be about her age, and you were beaming. You were praying it went well… you really wanted her to have a friend.

It did for a while, she even pet the other little girls hair a couple of times, but…

…

...Indie ended up biting her arm when she tried to return the gesture.

Sans wasted no time in pulling her away, thankfully Indie have let go as soon as the girl let out a high pitched scream and started to cry. The mother looked incredibly enraged, and all you could think to do was apologize as Sans held Indie back.
“I—I’m so sorry, she isn’t usually like that, she didn’t mean to, I—” You started, but… the angry mother cut you off as she picked up her own sobbing child.

“Keep your freak away from my kid!” She screamed at you, holding her kid close, her eyes filled with such an intense anger that it made you feel physically ill. You knew you would react the same way if somebody had hurt your child, but… it hurt hearing anybody talk so badly about your baby.

She was a good girl. She was precious… just confused.

Before you could react, you had to put your arm out to stop Sans from lunging at her. You didn’t even have to look at him, you just… knew it was coming. Your arm hit his chest at just the right time, and you stopped him from murdering somebody right there out in a public park.

“…It’s her first time out with new people. She doesn’t know how to socialize yet,” You explained to the lady, but… it was too late. She had already walked away.

You turned back to look at Sans, Indie looking confused as she clung to her dad.

“…we’re going home. now,” He told you, his voice booming with rage… you really had never seen him so angry in your entire relationship.

You didn’t know what to think.

But you didn’t fight it. You followed him as he started to walk to the house, Indie looking back at you and whining. It was clear she was confused, and you didn’t know how to help her. You were just as confused as she was… you didn’t understand why she bit that little girl.

But this is exactly why you wanted to get her used to other kids. She needed to learn that it wasn’t alright to bite or hurt other children, no matter what.

As soon as you got to the house, Sans quickly brought Indie up to her room, and you followed behind, expecting that you might both have a talk with her together, but… Sans was letting her play.
“We didn’t scold her after she bit that girl. She’s not gonna know it was wrong,” You told him, watching as Indie started to play with one of her many dolls, one that Papyrus had bought her the other day.

“shouldn’t have been out in the first place,” He said, his voice snappy and hostile, catching you a bit off guard.

...He blamed you for this.

“...Don’t give me that tone,” You said, crossing your arms, and feeling suddenly defensive. You were trying to do what was best for your child, it wasn’t your fault there was a sudden bump in the road.

...His eye light vanished, and you felt frozen for a moment. But only for a moment.

He was yours. He would never hurt you. He loved you. You had literally no reason to feel any type of fear.

“If we take her inside every time something like this happens, she’ll never learn how to interact properly, Sans. She can’t be a hermit,” You said, starting an argument, which you were aware of. You didn’t care.

“go in the living room,” He demanded. You didn’t fight it. You knew you were about to fight, and you didn’t wanna do that in front of Indie, anyways.

You walked out and sat down on the couch, your frustrations rising more and more the longer you waited. You felt so angry that he was blaming you for this… you were just trying to do what was best for your kid, for fucks sake!

She couldn’t spend her life in doors just because Sans was afraid for her.

She needed to be social, and she needed to learn that she can’t bite other kids, especially unprovoked. That little girl hadn’t done anything wrong.
Sans eventually came out of Indie’s room, shutting her door behind him. You knew he had probably put her down for a nap, so you were going to have to be careful and make sure you didn’t yell or talk too loud if things escalated.

You already wanted this conversation to be over.

He walked over and stood by you, looking just as upset as you felt.

“this. this is why,” Was all he said, and it was enough to make your blood boil.

“Exactly. So now we work through it like adults, so the same situation doesn’t happen the next time she goes outside,” You said, your tone firm and stern. You were backing down on this one, you didn’t care.

“she shouldn’t have been outside at all. but you just always have to push everything until it goes your way,” He said, making you sound like a spoiled brat. It made you livid.

But you kept it together.

“Yes, she should’ve been outside. She needs to learn that these kind of things aren’t okay. She needs to learn that when you bite somebody, they don’t wanna be your friend,” You said, not believing that you had to tell him this.

“you have no idea how monsters work.”

...No shit. Because you didn’t have books on how to raise one like he did for human babies.

“I know how humans work, and she’s part human,” You shot back.

“you do realize she might be taken away from us now, right!”
...That seemed a bit extreme for the circumstances. It was just a bite. She didn’t kill somebody, or break their fucking arm! She’s a baby, even human babies bite sometimes! It’s not her fault she’s so big and smart for her age!

“For biting? Kids bite each other all the time,” You told him, not knowing if he was aware of that fact, considering a children’s manual probably didn’t mention biting.

He looked frustrated, and on the verge of explosion. You weren’t used to him acting like this, so you didn’t know how to react yet.

“She’s a hybrid, y/n! monsters can barely go into grocery stores without getting in trouble, so imagine what they’ll do to one who inflicted violence on a little kid!”

...You understood that to a point, but… she was a little kid herself. He was making a big deal out of something that really wasn’t all that serious. The mother was just angry… she was just going to go home and patch up her kid. It wasn’t like she was planning to call the police on a toddler for biting somebody when it happened everyday between human children, too. Just because she was part monster didn’t make it any worse. It wasn’t like she was rabies!

...But he was scared. It made more sense now.

You took his hands in yours, and spoke softly. “Sans. The worst that will happen, is we have to pay for that child’s medical bills. Nothing else.”

He pulled away from you, and you tried your best not to feel hurt.

“The worst that will happen is that the state takes her and then does awful shit to her, like experiments! it’s a real thing, you have no idea about half of the stuff that went on at the hospital, y/n!”

...You understood why he was upset, yes, but the yelling needed to stop.

“You need to stop yelling at me,” You told him, your voice tense like pulled elastic.
“you’re gonna have to stop fighting with me on everything i do to protect our fucking daughter!” He shit back.

“I asked nicely.”

“i don’t care, y/n.”

Yeah, that was obvious.

“This isn’t protection anymore, Sans. It’s overbearing. She won’t learn anything if this keeps up! And parental instincts are not an excuse to be an asshole to me!”

“you put her in danger, y/n. i told you so many times that it was a bad idea, and you always just shrugged it off!” He exclaimed, finally sitting down in the recliner, across from you.

But this time, you stood up, feeling too fidgety now to actually sit down and speak.

“Why’re you making this out like the park is going to kill us? There’s always danger, it’s what happens when you’re alive! That’s why you and I are here for her, so she can do things outside and live her life. We can protect her from bad things!”

“That’s not how it works for my kind, y/n. we can’t just make mistakes and then learn from them. we get arrested for every little thing that we do wrong!” He said, and you knew he had a point.

More and more monsters were being put in prison for dumb things, from accidentally bumping into somebody all the way to just voicing certain opinions. It was out of hand and stupid, but… you wanted better for your kid, and you weren’t going to let her live her life in fear just because other people were racist.

“I know that, Sans. And we need to teach her that she can’t make those mistakes now, so she doesn’t do it as an adult when the consequences are more harsh,” You explained.
“she’s too fucking young for these trial and errors. nobody’s going to care that she’s a baby making mistakes, a monster is a monster to them.” That statement alone made you angry, but you knew he was right.

Humans could be so evil.

“...Then let’s move into a community where there are more monsters. Where people will understand,” You offered, knowing there weren’t many… but maybe.

“nobody understands!”

“Stop yelling at me!”

“no!”

You felt your frustrations growing, and you didn’t know how to stop them anymore. He was just as mad as you were, and the entire situation was becoming toxic, and neither one of you knew how to stop it.

“It’s not my fault that the world is dangerous! You think I don’t get worried about her, too!??” You asked, feeling yourself getting even more worked up. You were reaching the point where you wanted to break down and cry, your anger getting the best of you.

You didn’t always cry when you were sad, but you always cried when you were mad.

“then stop putting her in situations where danger can happen!”

As if it were that easy! She would have to be dead for her to be ‘safe’.

“Going to a fucking park!?”

“yes!”
“Do you want her to be a lonely, friendless shut-in!?” You asked him, starting to think that might honestly be the case with how he was acting!

“she needs to grow up a bit before she’s in public like that! For fucks sake, why won’t you listen!?”

“She’s already walking and speaking!” You told him. She was so grown up for her age, it wasn’t fair!

“and biting people!”

...You took a deep breath.

“If you won’t take her out places, then I will.”

You knew inside that was a mean move on your end, since he was so attached to her, but you didn’t care. You weren’t letting your kid be a shut-in just to keep Sans happy. Besides, he would follow wherever you went, in the end.

“no you won’t,” He told you, as if it were a fact. Not even an argument, just... fact.

It pissed you off.

“Yes. I will.”

“no. don’t fucking do that. that’s a fucked up thing to say.”

...

...You knew that, but... she needed...
You...

...

...The tears started.

You covered your eyes and started to walk away. “I can’t do this.”

You didn’t look back at him, and didn’t wait for a response. Just went to your bedroom, and cried.

He wasn’t sure how you managed to drag him into this, but somehow you did.

You convinced him that everything would be fine, and that he was worried for no reason. Kids went outside and played all the time, so why should Indie be any different… for a while, he bought that. He thought you might be right, but… in the end, you were so fucking wrong.

At first, yeah, it was nice. Indie seemed to be enjoying herself, and she especially liked the swing set. She ha a lot of fun when she was pushed in it, which wasn’t very surprising. She liked the one in the backyard, too… where she should’ve been.
If she were in there, none of this would’ve happened.

The real problem started after the swingset, when you put her down and let her walk around a little… when she started to play with that other little girl.

The other little girl that caused a huge problem.

It wasn't her fault… he knew that. But she should’ve stayed away from Indie so she didn’t get hurt.

It started out innocently enough, Indie pet her hair a couple times. It was cute, and he felt pretty okay for the time being… but… the little girl reached up to pet Indie, and apparently Indie felt threatened, because she bit her arm.

Sans couldn’t blame her. It was purely instinctual and she thought she was about to get hurt… she really didn’t mean to hurt the girl. He could even see it on Indie’s face when the other kid started to cry, that she felt bad about it.

It made Sans feel terrible.

He picked her up right away and pulled her away from the girl so she didn’t attack again from fear of the loud crying, and the mother approached. He felt on edge right away, but you spoke anyways, so he didn’t have to.

“I-I’m so sorry, she isn’t usually like that, she didn’t mean to, I-” You started apologizing, but that fucking bitch was having none of it. She picked up her own kid as you spoke, and then opened her foul mouth.

“Keep your freak away from my kid!” She yelled, holding her own freak close to her chest.

…

…
...Indie was a freak, huh?

**His precious baby was a freak!**

He saw red as he started to walk towards the trash, uncaring and unable to feel empathy in that moment. All he wanted to do was rip her flesh off and drip venom in her veins. To make her eat her own eye lids. To make her watch as he destroyed everything *she* loved right in front of he-...

...

Before he could even think about what he was actually doing, he walked into your arm.

It took him a second to recollect himself, realizing what he was going to do... what he *wanted* to do.

It took him a second to realize those things were bad.

They were wrong.

*He* was wrong.

...You were wrong.

This was because you never stopped pushing.

You spoke up before Sans could, which was probably for the best. He didn’t have her best interest at heart in the moment.

“...It’s her first time out with new people. She doesn’t know how to socialize yet,” You tried to explain to the bitch, but she ended up walking away mid sentence.

*good riddance.*
He knew Indie was confused, and it made him feel terrible. She was just doing what she knew…
keeping herself protected, and trying to do what was best. She didn’t know she did anything bad, so
he was going to have to teach her about it when he got her home. But he didn’t wanna scold her in
public… didn’t wanna embarrass her.

...He just needed to get her home.

“...we’re going home. now,” He told you, not leaving any room for argument. He was taking over
now, and he wasn’t going to let you talk him into something like this ever again. At least not until
Indie was older.

And thankfully, you didn’t argue. You just followed behind him as he carried Indie home, her
occasionally whining from confusion. All she wanted to do was play at the park, and it was your
fault. She was too little for these things. Too young.

Monsters weren’t allowed to make mistakes, regardless of their ages.

She would be destroyed if anybody with proper authority found out.

Sans was honestly terrified.

As soon as he got inside of the house, he quickly brought her up to her room and sat her down. He
allowed her to play with her toys for a moment, since she was so upset, but he definitely planned to
have a talk with her once she was calm enough.

“We didn’t scold her after she bit that girl. She’s not gonna know it was wrong.”

...

...He didn’t understand why you always had to question his parental skills. Did you really think he
was that bad of a father?
“shouldn’t have been out in the first place,” He snapped, feeling suddenly very defensive. He felt insulted.

Like you didn’t think he was capable of being a parent.

“...Don’t give me that tone,” You said, crossing your arms in a defensive manner.

He hated how no matter what you played the victim.

He felt so much anger in that moment, but he forced himself to chill out. This… was just an argument. You were both upset, and taking it out on each other.

It would pass.

You still loved him.

You loved each other.

All couples had arguments.

You were fine.

“If we take her inside every time something like this happens, she’ll never learn how to interact properly, Sans. She can’t be a hermit,” You continued after a moment.

...He didn’t wanna argue in front of Indie.

He wasn’t gonna make her sit through it and make her even more upset than she already was.

“go in the living room,” He told you, feeling protective of his baby. He didn’t want any yelling around her, especially between the two of you. The last thing she needed was for her parents to have a toxic relationship.
You didn’t fight it. You just… went into the living room.

He turned back to Indie and sat down next to her.

“...sweetheart. you can’t bite people. okay?” He told her, making sure to be gentle with her. She didn’t know what she did wrong, and he needed to fix it.

“why?” She asked, poor baby was really confused. She continued to play as Sans spoke, but it was clear she was listening.

“because it’s bad. it hurts people. can get you into a lot of trouble.” He took the stuffed animal from her regardless, just so she knew the weight of the situation. So she knew that this was serious, and that she needed to really let it soak in.

“okay,” She said, and he believed her. She was a sweet kid, and he really only had to tell her something once for her to stick with it. She always listened.

“...okay. i’m gonna go talk to mom. wanna play in here?” He asked, even though she had to regardless. He didn’t want her to be in the living room while you discussed things with him, because you might end up yelling at each other. He would hate to traumatize her, especially if it’s from something that can be easily avoided and prevented. He knew enough about trauma for the entire family, so pushing any onto her would destroy him.

“here,” She said, which made things easier.

She wasn’t the best with talking, but that was okay. She knew enough to make simple conversation, and that made things easier.

He gave her a gentle pat on the head before leaving her room, and shutting the door behind him. Nothing in there could hurt her, and he knew she would call for him if something went wrong. Plus, there was a baby monitor in the living room, anyways.

And in the kitchen.
And in his room.

Even in Paps room.

He went over to you and stood by, noticing how you didn’t look guilty in the slightest.

You didn’t care about the danger she was in.

“this. this is why,” He said, knowing he didn’t need to say more. You knew what he meant. This was the reason he wanted to keep her home.

It wasn’t safe.

“Exactly. So now we work though it like adults, so the same situation doesn’t happen the next time she goes out,” You told him, sounding stern.

It frustrated the fuck out of him how you made all of these choices of your own, and didn’t even consult with him.

Maybe he disagreed with you, but clearly you didn’t care.

“she shouldn’t have been outside at all. but you just always have to push everything until it goes your way,” He said, his anger getting the best of him. If you hadn’t had said things that made him feel like a bad parent, he probably wouldn’t have been so defensive.

But you did. So he was.

“Yes, she should’ve been outside. She needs to learn that these kinds of things aren’t okay. She needs to learn that when you bite somebody, they don’t wanna be your friend.”

...That wasn’t going to work.
She ran on instinct when she bit that girl, it wasn’t because she just wanted to bite her. She felt threatened or confused, and she went into defense mode, so no, that wasn’t how it worked. She needed to grow up a little more before she got social, so she learned what proper and improper gestures were through you, him, and TV shows or books. Normally, yeah, trial and error would’ve been a good idea, but not for Indie. Not for monsters, because they still weren’t equal to humans here.

She would be taken from him.

You would both lose her.

“you have no idea how monsters work,” He said, feeling so frustrated and upset. He wanted to raise her right, and it was hard when you disagreed with him.

It made him question himself at times.

“I know how humans work, and she’s part human,” You argued, not seeming to realize that the monster part of her liked to take over. It was more dominant than the human part, and you didn’t realize how hard it was for her to control her instincts.

She couldn’t just be yelled at not to do it and then magically be cured. It didn’t work that way.

It took time and learning.

“you do realize she might be taken away from us now, right!?"

All because you wanted to go to the park! You could’ve pushed her in a swing set here but no. It wasn’t good enough!

“For biting? Kids bite each other all the time,” You said, but you didn’t seem to realize that she wasn’t just any other kid. She was a hybrid. Somebody people wanted to experiment on and use for science… people feared what they didn’t understand, and when they fear something, they put it under a knife.
“she’s a hybrid, y/n! monsters can barely go into grocery stores without getting in trouble, so imagine what they’ll do to one who inflicted violence on a little kid!” He exclaimed, trying to make you see why the situation was so serious. You were trying to brush it off as normal child behaviour that just needed to be corrected, but no! It was so much more serious than that!

You took his hands into yours, catching him by surprise. He thought for a moment that you were going to see his side, but…

“Sans. The worst that will happen, is we have to pay for that child’s medical bills nothing else.”

...

...Right.

Of course you weren’t seeing it.

He pulled his hands away, feeling too frustrated to properly touch you.

“the worst that will happen is that the state takes her and then does awful shit to her, like experiments! it’s a real thing, you have no idea about half of the stuff that went on in that hospital, y/n!” He exclaimed, knowing he left out a few details about the hospital that were sketchy and creepy. He didn’t trust anybody, and you didn’t care!

“You need to stop yelling at me,” You said, sounding angry.

“You’re going to have to stop fighting with me on everything i do to protect our fucking daughter!” He exclaimed, feeling frustrated that no matter what his reasoning was, he was never right! You always fought him!

“I asked nicely.” For fucks sake.

“i don’t care, y/n.”
You looked frustrated and slightly hurt, so for a moment he felt a tiny amount of guilt.

“This isn’t protection anymore, Sans. It’s overbearing. She won’t learn anything if this keeps up! And parental instincts are not an excuse to be an asshole to me!”

So now he was the asshole.

“you put her in danger, y/n. i told you so many times that it was a bad idea, and you always just shrugged it off!” He exclaimed, finally deciding to take a seat, at the same time you decided to stand up.

“Why’re you making this out like the park is going to kill us? There’s always danger, it’s what happens when you’re alive! That’s why you and I are here for her, so she can do things outside and live her life. We can protect her from bad things!”

Fuck, he wished it worked that way. But it didn’t.

“that’s not how it works for my kind, y/n. we can’t just make mistakes and learn from them. we get arrested for every little thing that we do wrong!”

Hell, he was surprised he didn’t get arrested for breathing!

“I know that, Sans. And we need to teach her that she can’t make those mistakes now, so she doesn’t do it as an adult when the consequences are more harsh,” You told him, still clearly not listening to what he was saying.

“She’s too fucking young for these trial and errors. nobody’s going to care that she’s a baby making mistakes, a monster is a monster to them.” He explained, trying again to make you understand. He didn’t know if you ever would, but he wasn’t ready to give up.

Not yet.

“...Then let’s move to a community where there are more monsters. Where people will understand,” You offered, which wasn’t even the point. The point was that she wasn’t ready for social activities!
Regardless, that didn’t exist. It would never happen.

“nobody understands!”

“Stop yelling at me!” You yelled.

“no!”

“It’s not *my* fault that the world is dangerous! You think I don’t get worried about her, too!” You yelled, making him doubt that. If you were so worried, you would listen to him when he told you something was unsafe. But you didn’t.

Ever.

“then stop putting her in situations where danger can happen!” *simple!*

“Going to a fucking *park*!?” You asked, making him feel stupid by your tone.

“yes!”

“Do you *want* her to be a lonely, friendless shut-in!?” Hell, if that meant keeping her safe, then so be it.

“she needs to grow up a bit before she’s in public like that! for fucks sake, why won’t you listen!?”

It was like a loop was playing, and you were both screaming the same things at each other, and planned to until one of you broke. It was stressful and he wanted it to *stop*. He wanted you to just see his side for once instead of him always going with what made *you* happy!

“She’s already walking and speaking!”
“and biting people!” That was the issue!

You took a deep breath before you spoke up again.

“If you won’t take her out places, then I will.”

...

...Wow.

You really went *that* low. You knew how attached he was to her, and now you were threatening to do things he was against no matter what he said? Without him?

...Cute.

“no you won’t.” He wouldn’t let you.

“Yes. I will.”

“no. don’t fucking do that. that’s a fucked up thing to say.”

...And for some reason, you started to cry.

It hurt his chest, but before he could say anything you did.

“I can’t do this,” You muttered, covering your eyes and walking away.

...
...He sighed and took a seat on the couch.

He just didn’t understand why what he said never mattered.

Chapter End Notes

For those of you nervous, yes, there will be a happy ending.

My Tumblr.
Chapter Summary

He takes a moment to reflect on what happened.

...

...Maybe he should apologize.

Chapter Notes

Some of you were a bit too harsh on Sans in the comments xD He's not all right in the had, after all. Have to remember it's Horrortale, and he fucks up a lot. He's trying, just for you.

But still, he didn't mean to hurt you.

You lied in bed for what felt like hours, but glancing at the clock told you it had only been twenty minutes. You cried for a little bit, but that didn’t last long. You felt too tired to cry. It had been a long day, and it was taking a lot out of you.

The room smelled like Sans, and in that moment, all you wanted to do was go back out there and sort everything out. You hated arguing and fighting, and it all seemed like it was for nothing. There was no positive outcome, and neither of you learned anything from the others side… it was pointless and childish. You should have had a normal sit down conversation, but no, instead it became a yelling match.

And really, you didn’t want to apologize.

You didn’t feel like it was your fault, so why would you?

...Either way, you didn’t wanna leave the bedroom. You felt too upset to drag yourself out of bed, and unless Indie needed you, you didn’t plan to.

...
...Until you heard knocking, anyways.

“...Sans?” You asked, knowing Indie would never knock. She would just open the door or yell for you, and Papyrus wasn’t even home.

“...yeah,” His voice came through the door, already sounding apologetic and nervous. Guess you didn’t have to apologize anyways, since he did with almost everything, even if it wasn’t his fault, “can i come in?”

“...Okay,” You agreed, wanting to get this over with so things could be back to normal.

He opened the door and walked inside, a plate in one hand with a sandwich on it.

...Well, he did know the way to your heart.

He handed it to you and you ate it, feeling grateful, since you didn’t even realize how hungry you were until you actually saw the food. It tasted amazing, but you knew it was probably just because of your stomach being empty. A sandwich can only be so good.

“...i’m sorry.”

...

...It caught you a bit off guard as you swallowed the last of your sandwich, not expecting an out right apology. You thought that was what the sandwich was for.

You pat the spot next to you on the bed, signalling for him to sit next to you. You figured now was as good as any to talk everything out anyways, so you put the plate down and hugged him close, wanting to to cuddle after that yelling match. He quickly cuddled back and started to stroke your hair. It felt good to have him touch you again.

“...i think… we need to talk. not yell,” He said, as if it weren’t already obvious.
“Yeah,” You agreed, even though you had been saying that through the entire argument, but… whatever.

...

...You needed to take a deep breath. Stop holding a grudge.

“...you wanna start?” He offered, probably because you had been saying it.

You sighed softly, trying to think of where you should start. There was so much you wanted to say… but might as well start slow.

“...I just… can’t do this if you yell at me. We’re never gonna be able to talk if either of us yells at the other. Nobody ever comes out of a shouting match admitting they were wrong, y’know?” You said, deciding it would be best starting out with some rules. No yelling.

“i won’t yell,” He said, and you really hoped he was being honest.

“Okay… you can start, then,” You told him, deciding it would be for the best since he was coming to you, after all.

He nodded and seemed to be searching in his head for a moment before he finally spoke up, timidly.

“...you… don’t know how monster kids work, and i think i should explain it a little bit… so… do you have any specific questions about them?”

It was a good way to start, you had to admit.

...But you had a lot of questions, so trying to start was a pain in the ass.

“...Are… they like human babies in the same way where they need social interaction to develop
healthily? I’m really worried about her being a loner because she doesn’t have friends while she’s so little.”

“not exactly… she doesn’t need little kids around her like a human kid would. she’s pretty much relying on us. she needs her parents, but… friends would be nice. but hell, she’s still part human, so she might… if it weren’t for the racism around i would have no problem with taking her out and letting her learn, but… i’m scared,” He explained, which made sense to you when he explained it like that, calmly and factually.

It helped you see it from his point of view, rather than words just being screamed at you.

You understood his fear.

“I know you are. And that’s okay… I have a feeling we’re gonna get scared a lot as parents. But it’s never an excuse to yell at each other.”

“…i know. i’m sorry,” He apologized, genuine guilt on his face.

“She too,” You apologized as well, knowing you weren’t completely innocent either, “It just… feels like I have very little control at times.”

He snorted softly, and you almost felt upset until he started to speak.

“i feel that way a lot… but instead, it’s like i try to take control, and no matter what you end up breaking my shield and getting what you want in the end, y’know?”

Now it was your turn to snort.

“Doesn’t feel that way for me. Guess we both feel like we don’t have any control here.”

It was funny, in a fucked up sort of way.

“…we need to work on that. like… seriously. we are so bad at communication. and i am sorry, i’m
just… afraid of losing her. the surface is sketchy.”

You could understand that, too. All of the racism and the weird things at the hospital… you would probably be scared too, if you understood it better.

“Mhm… we should… have sit down talks, just like this every time we think something’s getting too heated. We can just walk away and relax, and then come back when everything’s cooled down, okay?” You suggested, thinking it would be the best option for when you argued. You didn’t argue often, but when it did happen, you absolutely hated it.

“that’s probably for the best… i did talk to her, y’know. i let her know it was wrong, what she did,” He told you, making you feel relieved. So she was at least scolded… now she knew what she did was bad.

You just hoped she actually learned from it.

“Good. Thanks.”

“she seemed to understand, too… so i’m not super worried about her learning not to do things… mostly just worried about another kid teasing her or being an ass and provoking her. racist parents rub off on kids,” He said which made sense. You hadn’t thought about that until then, but… that was a fear of yours, too. What if she got bullied because of racism?

“…i guess we just need to think about how much human is in there. How much she only has to rely on her parents, and how much she does need to interact with kids her age,” You concluded, knowing it would be for the best.

“i feel like there’s more monster,” He said, not surprising you, “how do you feel?”


“think so?”

“Mhm. I mean, just look at her. Sockets, teeth… she looks a lot like a monster just from those things
“i think emotionally it’s more human… but instinctually, of course it’s more monster,” He said, which you couldn’t argue with.

“Yeah. Definitely,” You agreed, with a nod.

“...maybe we should both go talk to her?”

...Well, even though he already scolded her… you did think it was a good idea for you to speak with her too, even if it wasn’t about the incident. You needed her to know that everything was okay, and even though she made a mistake, she was still loved and cared for. You would hate for her to think that you were so mad that you weren’t speaking to her.

...But you were comfortable.

“Mhm… just… in a second,” You confirmed, snuggling into him a little more. Arguments were normal, so you were glad you were able to get past them without holding grudges towards each other.

He ran his fingers through your hair as you clung to him for a little while, letting all of the new information soak into your brain as he did. You didn’t realize just how different monsters could be from humans until now… but you still didn’t mind. You found it interesting and you were excited to learn all of these things with your daughter as she experienced them.

...After a little while, you sighed. “...Okay. We should get up now.”

He was hesitant at first, but after a few seconds he did as you asked and let go, allowing you to stand up and get out of bed. He followed after you as you walked to Indie’s room and opened the door to find her sitting on the floor looking at a few of the books you had gotten her a few days prior.

You walked over and sat down next to her, and felt your heart melt when she looked up at you and smiled. You patted your lap and signalled for her to come sit with you, which she did, and quickly cuddled against you. You were glad she didn’t think you were mad at her, at least. That was a good thing.
...You looked over and saw Sans still standing by the doorway.

“Sans,” You said his name, and signalled for him to join in on the cuddle.

He did right away, and you felt happy that you at least had some control.

“There we go. This is nice… we should make this a regular thing, too,” You told Sans, feeling content with your entire family surrounding you… minus Papyrus, of course.

“why you fighting?” Came Indie’s small voice suddenly, as she looked up between the two of you.

...

...

...

...

...Shit.

You were afraid for what she might have heard, but you decided to tread lightly.

“...Daddy and mommy just disagreed on something, that’s all. But we’re okay now. Grown ups just argue sometimes, baby,” You assured her, looking to Sans to back you up.

“yeah. we just didn’t agree on something,” He agreed with you, giving Indie a gentle pat on her head.

“okay,” She said, not prying any further. You were grateful she wasn’t a pushy child, so far, “can i have ice cream?”
“After dinner.”

She frowned, and despite how badly you wanted to give in, Sans provided a distraction, instead.

“hey, c’mon. let’s all read this together,” He told Indie, picking the book up.

Didn’t take much for her to agree, and after dinner, she had a big sundae.

...Sans didn’t know what to do.

When he took a moment to think about everything, he knew that he was in the wrong for being so angry and for yelling, but… he didn’t know what to do now. He just wanted you to listen to what he was trying to say, and that Indie couldn’t do all of these things yet, but he did it so wrong by yelling and trying to do it while he was upset....
...He didn’t mean to be such an ass.

He wasn’t sure how he was supposed to apologize, either… he was bad at it, and all he could think to do was hug you or make you food, so… he decided he would do both.

Just needed to make a sandwich first.

He went into the kitchen and tried to get his thoughts in order to start. He needed to think of a plan, and how things were going to go. He didn’t know how he was gonna apologize, word wise, but… hopefully this was good enough of a conversation starter that he would be able to slip in an ‘i’m sorry’.

...He just didn’t wanna argue anymore, and he hoped this would be enough to start to fix it.

He put the sandwich on a plate, piled high with your favorite things, and then made his way up to the bedroom, where he considered just entering, but… ended up knocking instead, ready to accept it if you told him to go away.

“...Sans?” Your soft voice came from inside of the bedroom, the leftover strain from crying apparent.

It made him feel even worse.

“...yeah,” He confirmed it was him, hoping he at least sounded as sorry as he felt, “can i come in?”

“...Okay.”

He felt incredibly relieved when you said that, and quickly went inside, handing you the sandwich before standing by.

You didn’t question it, and just ate it. That was a good sign at least, so maybe everything would be fine.
“...i’m sorry,” He apologized, deciding to nip it in the bud. He loved you, and he wanted to kill the argument as soon as possible.

You didn’t say anything for a second, so he felt a bit nervous, but then you patted the spot next to you on the bed, which he quickly took as a sign to sit by you. You put the plate down and cuddled up with him, making all of his worries vanish. He felt so lucky that you didn’t hate him after what happened.

“...i think… we need to talk. not yell,” He said, knowing it was obvious, but still wanting to say it.

“Yeah,” You agreed, in a tone that made it seem obvious too, but he disregarded it. You were upset, and he felt like you had a right to be. After all, he came at you in a terrible way. He should have listened to you when you said to stop yelling. Should have spoken to you normally.

“...you wanna start?” He offered, knowing it would be best to let you speak and actually listen to you this time. Before, he just wanted you to listen to him, and that was wrong.

You sighed. “...I just… can’t do this if you yell at me. We’re never gonna be able to talk if either of us yells at the other. Nobody ever comes out of a shouting match admitting they were wrong, y’know?” You said, and he had to agree. Either of you yelling would ruin everything again, and nothing would get fixed.

Things needed to get fixed, no matter how long it took.

“i won’t yell,” He assured you, knowing he would be able to keep the promise. He was done being angry.

“Okay… you can start, then,” You said, which he wasn’t actually expecting.

...But he nodded anyways, and took a moment to think. If he wanted things to get better, then you would have to learn more about monster kids. He had researched so much on human kids, and here you were, in the dark for the most part because there was no way for you to learn aside from him, and he had neglected to ever share anything. He never thought to, and it didn’t come up… until just now.
“...you… don’t know monster kids work, and i think i should explain it a little bit… so… do you have any specific questions about them?” He asked, hoping you did, because he didn’t know where to start.

“...Are… they like human babies in the same way where they need social interaction to develop healthily? I’m really worried about her being a loner because she doesn’t have any friends while she’s so little,” You asked, which was a good question, and a very real concern. He just… wasn’t worried about it.

“not exactly… she doesn’t need little kids around her like a human kid would. she’s pretty much relying on us. she needs her parents, but… friends would be nice. but hell, she’s still part human, so she might… if it weren’t for the racism around i would have no problem with taking her out and letting her learn, but… i’m scared,” He explained as best he could.

“I know you are. And that’s okay… I have a feeling we’re gonna get scared a lot as parents. But it’s never an excuse to yell at each other.”

...He just felt worse the more it was brought up.

“...i know. i’m sorry.” All he could do was apologize.

“Me too,” You apologized back, catching him a bit off guard, “It just… feels like I have very little control at times.”

...He snorted. It seemed like he could never control you… it just wasn’t possible, no matter how hard he tried.

“i feel that way a lot… but instead, it’s like i try to take control, and no matter what you end up breaking my shield and getting what you want in the end, y’know?” He tried to explain, hoping it came out the right way.

“Doesn’t feel that way for me. Guess we both feel like we don’t have any control here.”
...And that was bad. You should have the same amount of control as him, and vice versa.

“...we need to work on that. like... seriously. we are so bad at communication. and i am sorry, i’m just… afraid of losing her. the surface is sketchy.”

He was afraid of losing both of you, and he knew a person could only put up with so much, so… he also needed to watch how he spoke to you, regardless of how upset he was. His emotions were never an excuse.

“Mhm… we should… have sit down talks, just like this every time we think something’s getting too heated. We can just walk away and relax, and then come back when everything’s cooled down, okay?” You suggested, which he agreed with. The worst thing that either of you could do was take your anger out on the other, and he felt terrible for doing it.

You deserved better than that.

“that’s probably for the best… i did talk to her, y’know. i let her know it was wrong, what she did,” He said, remembering that he didn’t tell you about that.

“Good. Thanks,” You said, but he was pretty sure you would have prefered to talk to her yourself.

“she seemed to understand, too… so i’m not super worried about her learning not to do things… mostly just worried about another kid teasing her or being an ass and provoking her. racist parents run off on kids,” He told you. He never brought it up, but it was a very real fear.

“...I guess we just need to think about how much human is in there. How much she only has to rely on her parents, and how much she does need to interact with kids her age,” You said, which made him feel anxiety… but he dealt with it.

“i feel like there’s more monster. how do you feel?”

“Physically? More monster. Mentally, though, I think more human,” You said, surprising him a little. He saw her as more human physically. With her hair, and skin… she was very human like. And she seemed to be a monster mentally, too, with all of her instincts.
...Of course you both didn’t see eye to socket, but that didn’t mean you couldn’t get along and figure it all out together.

“think so?” He wanted to hear the reasoning behind that.

“Mhm. I mean, just look at her. Sockets, teeth… she looks a lot like a monster just from those things alone,” You said, which he guessed was true… but she was still so human, too.

“i think emotionally it’s more human… but instinctually, of course it’s more monster,” He said, deciding to meet you halfway. It seemed like she had equal parts when looking at it from the outside… but he wasn’t sure.

“Yeah. Definitely,” You agreed, which made him feel better. Being on the same page was always the best option.

“...maybe we should both go talk to her?” After all, he knew you wanted to.

You hadn’t gotten a chance to yet, and you had mentioned it during the argument, Of course, you said scold her, but he knew you would never be harsh about it.

She was learning after all.

“Mhm… just… in a second,” You said, before cuddling closer to him. It caught him a bit off guard… but he definitely wasn’t mad about it. He ran his phalanges through your hair and held you until you felt ready to get up.

Cuddling was necessary for healing.

He held you gladly for a little while, but… eventually you sighed. “...Okay. We should get up now.”

...He didn’t want to. He really didn’t want to.
But he let go, and let you get up.

He followed you into Indie’s room, and stood by the doorway as you went in, feeling himself melt when Indie smiled at you.

You sat down next to her and patted your lap, and she quickly climbed into it. Seeing you both cuddle made him feel both envious and happy. He loved watching it… but wished he could join in.

But luckily, you looked over to him.

“Sans,” You said, signalling you wanted him to join in, which he gladly did with no argument.

safe.

“There we go. This is nice… we should make this a regular thing, too,” You told him, and he couldn’t agree more.

“why you fighting?” Indie asked, suddenly.

…

...fuck.

She heard the argument.

Sans had no idea what to say, so he was thankful you spoke up.

“…Daddy and mommy just disagreed on something, that’s all. But we’re okay now. Grown ups just argue sometimes, baby,” You told Indie, before looking at Sans. He assumed that meant you wanted him to back you up, so he did.
“yeah. we just didn’t agree on something,” He told Indie, giving her head a gentle pet. Her hair was so soft.

“Okay,” She said, clearly not too interested, anyways, “can i have ice cream?”

He wanted to give her all the ice cream in the world. He was about to agree, but…

“After dinner.”

Apparently not.

She frowned, clearly upset, disappointed.

...So he decided to provide a distraction.

“hey, c’mon. let’s all read this together,” He offered, picking up the book Indie had been reading on the floor.

She agreed, and he was happy to watch her eat ice cream after dinner.

Chapter End Notes

In the end, he apologized. He always will, because he loves you, and he loves his family.

My Tumblr.
Deja vu.

Chapter Summary

It's probably just the flu or something.
He'll be fine.

Chapter Notes

I can't believe we're 35 chapters in... why am I even still working on this?
Why are you even still reading this?
IAmEternallyGrateful

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The previous night, Indie had woken up from a nightmare crying.

So of course, you and Sans allowed her to sleep in your bed for the night.

She slept okay after that, and you passed out as well, but you were surprised to see Sans wide awake when you woke up.

It was pretty apparent by the look his face that he hadn’t slept at all, and that he was exhausted. He was staring at the ceiling and you weren’t really sure why he was up. Indie was still sandwiched between the two of you, so it couldn’t have had anything to do with her… it just seemed weird, and it made you worry about him. If he was tired, and wasn’t sleeping, then something had to wrong.

“...Hey,” You greeted him softly, your voice still a bit cracked from sleep. He looked over at you, tearing his gaze away from the ceiling and looking you in the eye. There were bags under his sockets, and all you wanted to do was hold him close… but you didn’t wanna crush your daughter.

“morning,” He greeted back, his voice cracking even worse from exhaustion.

You wondered if sleeping meds would work for him… maybe you should look into that.
“...You didn’t sleep,” You said, not even having to question it. It was obvious to both of you, and it was way too early to beat around the bush.

“nope,” He agreed, thankfully not trying to lie. You wouldn’t put it past him, since he didn’t seem to care about his health. He’d rather make you feel comfortable and have you not worry about him. He’d always been like that, so you were happy to see him be truthful instead of brushing it off like you were expecting.

“Feeling sick?” You guessed, knowing that monsters could get illnesses, and you had never seen him get one before, so... it seemed pretty overdue. Maybe it was finally hitting him.

...You had no idea how to deal with a monster sickness.

What if Indie got one?

...Could Sans take care of that?

Of course, right? He did it with Papyrus when he was little, so...

“think so,” He said, confirming your fears. You wished you knew how to fix it, but you didn’t. You looked down at Indie, making sure she was still asleep between the two of you. She was, softly snoring, practically using Sans’s arm as a blanket and a pillow.

It was adorable.

“...She sleeps so well. Most parents say their babies sleep like... from seven to ten at best. She conks out right away and sleeps for ages,” You said, voicing how grateful you were for how great your daughter is.

“used to be a nightmare. she wouldn’t even sleep in her own bed, remember?” He reminded you, making you think back to when she was first born, and you had to fo co-sleeping. A part of you missed it, being cuddled up with your daughter all night... but you were also super grateful to have a bedroom alone with Sans at night for personal reasons.
“Mhm. But that’s pretty normal for humans at that age. The fact that it’s gotten easier so fast is probably the you in her,” You told him, leaning over Indie carefully to give Sans a soft kiss.

He kissed back and then sighed as you lied back down. “…i just feel weird. probably a change in the weather or something.”

“...Can that actually affect monsters or are you just using a turn of phrase?”

He snorted. “turn of phrase, baby.”

“Okay. Just checking,” You said, giggling softly. You didn’t know everything about monsters, or how their illnesses worked. How were you supposed to know?

He yawned and you smiled.

...And then realized it was getting late, and you needed to start your day.

“I gotta get up and do the laundry. Mind just laying with her for a little while?” You wanted him to get some rest too, so you hoped he did.

“go ahead,” He said, pulling Indie a little closer when she stirred slightly in her sleep. You wished you could stay in the cuddle pile, but you had to do a few things. Laundry, pull out a meat for dinner, open all of the curtains…

You just hoped he would find time to nap while you did all of that.

...

When everything was done, you went back into the bedroom, ready to sleep for eight more hours. You hadn’t done a shit load of things, but the things you did do still made you tired.

You slid back into bed, a little disappointed to see that Sans was still awake, but gave him a smile
anyways. “Gonna have to switch the laundry over in a little bit, but for now I’ll lay here with you guys.”

“okay.”

Just then, Indie opened her sockets, and internally you were disappointed, expecting her to get up, but… instead, she just cuddled up to Sans, as if she could sense something was wrong. You assumed that was the case, because she was usually active and running around the second she woke up… maybe it was a monster thing to sense when somebody was having an off day. It wouldn’t surprise you.

“...What do you two want for breakfast?” You asked, deciding it would be best to get that out of the way before Indie complained about being hungry, which would cause Sans to sprint out of bed regardless of how exhausted he was. You’d rather do it yourself and let them relax for a little longer. You had already gotten up for the day, anyways, so might as well.

“food,” Sans said, of course.

“pancakes!” Indie requested.

She had always had a weird love for pancakes, ever since she had been able to eat solid foods. She asked for it for pretty much every meal, so you didn’t even know why you bothered asking sometimes.

“Pancakes it is,” You agreed.

“want me to help?” Sans offered.

“Nah. You two stay in bed.” And hopefully nap.

“...okay,” He reluctantly agreed.

Luckily for you, you always had pancake mix on hand.
You made them pretty fast, and thankfully you didn’t burn any of them. You made a good stack and divided them up in a way you thought was best. Three for Sans, two for Indie, and two for you. You knew Indie probably wouldn’t finish the whole two, but you weren’t too worried about it, because you knew Sans would finish whatever she didn’t.

You decided to bring the pancakes in on a little tray, so you could all have a little treat of breakfast in bed. Indie’s face lit up when you brought it in, so you decided it was worth it.

As you had predicted, Indie only ate one pancake, and of course Sans finished what she couldn’t. You finished yours though, and decided to just put the tray aside for the time being. You could bring it to the kitchen later.

Once Indie had finished, she ran off to go play in her room, and you allowed it. You wanted to talk to Sans anyways, and see what was going on. Maybe get him to nap a little bit.

You snuggled up to him, which made him hum happily and wrap his arms around you. You lived for these moments, where you could just be happy with him.

...But then a sudden rush of nausea hit you.

“...you okay?” He asked you, reading you like a book.

“...Mhm, just... feel a little... sick...”

...It felt too familiar.
Sans being exhausted, you feeling nauseous.

Sans not wanting to take his eyes off of you through the night.

“...what?”

“...This… feels a lot like morning sickness.”

...He looked shocked at first, and then relieved, and then a look of realization went across his features.

“...Do we have any pregnancy tests left over from when Indie was born?” You asked him, praying you did. You needed to know, and you didn’t wanna wait and then have to go out and buy another one.

“...ahaha,” He started to laugh softly. He looked almost insane… it made you worry. You hadn’t seen him act like that in a long time.

But only this time, it didn’t scare you.

“...Hey. It’s okay,” You told him, kissing him gently.

You knew it would probably help calm him down, so you tried it.

He kept laughing; cacking.

“It’s okay. We’ll be fine,” You assured him, rubbing his back and holding him close. You weren’t that surprised by his reaction. You knew it was going to be a lot to handle, but you could both manage it. You just had to work together.

He hugged you, and the laughing stopped. He just seemed like a scared little kid.
You were both silent for a little while, until he spoke up.

“...oh my god, we’re having another kid.”

“...Mhm,” You hummed, kissing him again, wanting to make him feel like everything was alright. You knew he was happy, but also terrified, just like you were.

“...we don’t even know how to raise the first one.”

...

...Well, he had a point.

“She’s doing fine,” You assured him.

“We don’t know how to raise her at all. We literally had the biggest fight over it, i dont… we can’t do that again,” He said, being realistic. It was scary, but you appreciated that he wasn’t sugar coating it.

“And we learned from it. We’re doing alright,” You said, which was true. You had been getting better with communication, and Indie was slowly learning about things through talking to you and Sans. You would do trial and error once you were both confident enough in her.

He took a deep breath, and you felt pride in the fact that he had gotten so good at controlling when he started to panic.

“There you go,” You encouraged him.

“...i-i… fuck,” Was all he could say, as he leaned over to his bedside table and opened the drawer. He pulled out a pregnancy test and handed it to you.

You probably didn’t even need to take it… but you probably should.
“Okay. I’ll be right back.” You kissed him once more, and then headed to the bathroom.

...

Two little lines.

You were pregnant.

You weren’t surprised, and there was a lot less anxiety while you were waiting this time around. You had already been certain before it was even confirmed, so you had just scrolled through social media while waiting.

You didn’t waste any time, and quickly went back to Sans the second you found out.

He was still laying in bed, looking over at the door, so you held up the test to show him.

...He didn’t look surprised either.

“...i mean it’s not a surprise. we kinda already knew.” It was nice to actually be experienced this time around.

“Mhm,” You agreed, sliding back into bed with him, “Think we’re gonna have a boy or a girl this time?”

“boy.”

“...Probably. You were right last time.”

He sighed and cuddled you close to him. “…this is gonna be hard. you ready for it?”

You knew what he meant. Juggling two kids at once, ones you both knew nothing about
scientifically… genetically.

But you knew you could do it.

“We got this.”

“...explains why i feel like this. thought i was sick, but... guess not,” He said, and you were honestly really relieved he wasn’t sick.

You’d rather be pregnant.

“Mhm. Can imagine you’re a lot crankier when you’re sick. You just seem tired,” You said, holding his boney hand in your fleshy one.

“...i love you,” He said, and you didn’t realize how much you needed to hear it until he said it.

“I love you too… we can do this,” You encouraged him, even though you knew you didn’t have to. He loved being a dad.

More babies just meant more dadliness.

“we can. plus, hey, a friend for indie. social development without the trial and error. no anxiety.”

...He had a point.

“Yeah. That’s gonna be great.”

You both cuddled a bit closer

...Speaking of Indie, you just hoped she would take it well when you told her.
Sans felt dead.

He hadn’t slept at all, and he didn’t understand why. He was tired, so it should have been easy for him… but it wasn’t.

He felt sick.

Indie was nestled between you and him, so he wasn’t worried about her. He wasn’t restless over that, no… it was different, but… so familiar. It was like he had felt like this before, yet he couldn’t remember why.

So he assumed it was just a fever.

“…Hey.” Your soft voice came from beside him, causing him to look over. You were awake now, looking fully rested… must’ve been nice. He wanted to dream and sleep so badly that his voice cracked like yours did.

“morning,” He greeted you, his voice cracking in a different way. A less adorable way.
“...You didn’t sleep,” You pointed out. He must’ve looked a mess for you to be able to tell so easily.

“nope,” He said, not bothering to lie. It was obvious, so why try to hide it. He was too tired to lie, and it just seemed like a lot of extra work for no actual reason. If he lied, it wouldn’t make him any less tired.

“Feeling sick?” You asked, which was a good guess. He felt awful.

But at the same time, it wasn’t any sickness he had ever had before.

“think so.” It wasn’t exactly a sick feeling… it was just… misery. Exhaustion. Drainage.

He watched as you glanced down at Indie, still asleep and snoring softly between the two of you. Sans had somehow became both a pillow and a blanket for her, but he didn’t mind. It was comfortable.

“...She sleeps so well. Most parents say their babies sleep like… from seven to ten at best. She conks out right away and sleeps for ages,” You changed the subject, which he was thankful for.He agreed, too. Indie was sleeping a lot better than she originally was.

“used to be a nightmare. she wouldn’t even sleep in her own bed, remember?” He said, remembering how awful it really was. You had to co-sleep, and even when you needed her to nap, it was just complete hell.

But it was better now.

“Mhm. But that’s pretty normal for humans at that age. The fact that it’s gotten easier so fast is probably the you in her,” You said, leaning over Indie to kiss him. It felt nice… your lips felt especially soft when he was so sleepy.

He kissed you back, and then sighed after it was over. “...i just feel weird. probably a change in the weather or something.”
“...Can that actually affect monsters or are you just using a turn of phrase?”

...

...Fuck, you were so innocent.

You still didn’t know anything about monsters, and it was kind of adorable how you asked a question like that.

Of course it wasn’t a real thing.

He snorted, unable to help himself. “turn of phrase, baby.”


It was precious.

He yawned, his exhaustion returning full force... man, this wasn’t gonna be a good day at all, he could already tell.

“I gotta get up and do the laundry, “ noooo, “Mind just laying with her for a little while?”

...He wanted you to stay, but... he didn’t mind.

“go ahead,” He said, pulling Indie a bit closer in her sleep. She was an adorable sleeper, just like you.

You left the room, and he spent his time just thinking and watching over her.

...
You eventually returned, and he felt a lot better when you were back in the room.

He felt on edge, and gross while you were gone… a weird thing that hadn’t happened to him in a while. He didn’t know why it was resurfacing now, but… it was. Probably had something to do with him being sick. Made sense his body would want you near.

You slid back into bed, and smiled at him. “Gonna have to switch the laundry over in a little bit, but for now I’ll lay with you guys.”

*thank fuck.*

“okay.”

...I think you were both disappointed when Indie suddenly woke up, opening her sockets to greet you both. You both wanted to stay in bed and cuddle, and Indie was much too active to stay in bed after she was awake.

...But to Sans’s surprise, she didn’t get up. She cuddled up to him.

Her instincts were a lot better than he thought, since she could sense how awful he felt.

“...What do you two want for breakfast?” You asked, making him feel disappointment again because that meant you were gonna leave the room.

“food.”

“pancakes!” Indie said, making the choice so he didn’t have to.

Thank god.

Her love for pancakes was cute, but sometimes he wished she liked something a bit healthier.
Pancakes were mostly sugar, even if they were delicious and filled her stomach.

“Pancakes it is,” You agreed.

“want me to help?” He offered, knowing pancakes were easy to make, but still.

“Nah. You two stay in bed.” He was pretty sure you just wanted him to sleep, but he knew he wouldn’t be able to.

“...okay.” But he didn’t fight it.

He watched you leave again, his soul instantly calling out for yours as he held Indie close to him.

...

It didn’t take you long technically, but it felt like forever to Sans while he waited.

You eventually returned, a tray in your hands, filled with plates of pancakes. You gave him the biggest one, which didn’t surprise him. You gave Indie two, and you had two as well… it was cute, the whole set up.

Indie couldn’t finish both pancakes, so he finished them for her. Right after, she ran off to go play in her room, leaving you and him alone.

You cuddled him right away, which made him immensely happy. He wrapped his arms around you and pulled you even closer.

Warm.

He looked down at you… and you looked uncomfortable. You looked almost like you were ready to vomit… thought he was the sick one.
“...you okay?”

“...Mhm, just… feel a little… sick…” You said, almost like you were realizing something as you spoke.

It made him anxious.

“...what?”

“...This… feels a lot like morning sickness.”

...

...It all made sense now.

The exhaustion, the constant need for you to be there.

...

...You were pregnant again.

“...Do we have any pregnancy tests left over from when Indie was born?”

...

...He wanted to answer, but… all that came out was a quiet laugh.

You were pregnant.
“...Hey. It’s okay,” You said, kissing him.

...It was fine. Yeah, it… it was fine. You could figure it out right!?

“It’s okay. We’ll be fine,” You said, making him realize how bad he must’ve looked.

...He was happy, he was, just… fuck.

It was scary enough having one kid.

He hugged you, trying to calm himself down. Realistically, it was scary. Indie was a handful as it was, and both of you still didn’t know how to raise her right. Hybrids were hard.

“...oh my god, we’re having another kid.” It seemed impossible… the first one wasn’t expected either.

“...Mhm,” You hummed, softly. You kissed him once again, and he knew you were doing it to comfort him. It felt unnecessary, since he wasn’t upset… just in shock.

He would love his kids no matter what.

“...we don’t even know how to raise the first one.”

That was his only concern.

“She’s doing fine,” You said, clearly trying to reassure him, when you both knew you guys weren’t doing that great. She was happy, sure, but she was inside way too much, even he had to admit it.

“we don’t know how to raise her at all. we literally had the biggest fight over it, i don’t… we can’t do that again,” He said, not wanting to mute reality. It was obvious to both of you that you were struggling.
“And we learned from it. We’re doing alright.”

...You weren’t going to back down, so he just took a deep breath and tried to relax.

“There you go,” You encouraged his breathing.

“...i-i… fuck,” Was all he could manage to get out.

...Two kids already.

He leaned over and opened up the bedside drawer and pulled out one of the unused pregnancy tests before handing it to you. He didn’t even know why you were bothering to take it. It was pretty obvious.

“Oh kay. I’ll be right back,” You said, before kissing him again and going to the bathroom.

...

He felt sick while he waited for you.

He didn’t know why, but he did. He already knew there was a baby, but that didn’t stop him from feeling anxious. What if it wasn’t a pregnancy, and it was actually something bad?

He didn’t know. He couldn’t know.

You came back exactly six minutes later, holding up the test.

...Positive.

He didn’t act surprised, because he really wasn’t.
“...i mean it’s not a surprise. we kinda already knew.” Despite his worries.

“Mhm… think we’re gonna have a boy or a girl this time?” You asked him, as you slid into bed.

“boy.” No question about it.

“...Probably. You were right last time,” You agreed.

He sighed and pulled you closer. “This is gonna be hard. you ready for it?”

He wasn’t even sure if he was.

He would love the baby, but it would be hell raising them both.

“We got this.”

He was glad you were go confident.

“...explains why i feel like this. thought i was sick, but… guess not.”

He’d prefer you being pregnant than him being sick, anyways.

“Mhm. Can imagine you’re a lot crankier when you're sick,” You weren’t wrong, “You just seem tired.”

You held his hand and he felt a lot better… he was so glad he had you.

“...i love you.”
“I love you too… we can do this,” You repeated.

“We can. plus, hey, a friend for indie. social development without the trial and error. no anxiety,” He pointed out, thinking this might be a great this after all, besides it being a miracle.

“Yeah. That’s gonna be great.”

You spent the rest of the morning in bed.

...

...Fuck. Another baby.

He just hoped he didn’t fuck it up.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not sorry

My Tumblr.
Sibling.

Chapter Summary

Indie isn’t too thrilled.

Chapter Notes

https://skelesansation.tumblr.com/post/178429962124/skelesansation-heres-a-wip-fucking-beautiful-3 MORE FAN ART GUYS AHHHH I LOVE IT SHE’S SO BEAUTIFUL

Also js... fluff won't last for long. ¯\_(ツ)_/¯

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

At first you were excited to tell Indie you were pregnant. You thought she would be so ecstatic and excited to be a big sister… but as you thought about it more, you realized it might not be that simple. She was used to being alone with her parents all the time, so she might not be happy with another baby, and then what were you supposed to do?

...You decided it would be best to do it in a way that made it seem fun, and like a reward. Like she got a sibling because she was a good kid, and maybe she would feel that way if she got a present.

So you bought a shirt that said ‘big sister’ in her size, and wrapped it up in a box with a little bow on top.

You made Sans sit with you while you got Indie into the living room, and had her sit in between the both of you before handing her the present.

“Here! It’s for you,” You said, making sure to sound cheerful. You had to do everything in your power to make sure she knew it was a good thing, but regardless of that, you still weren’t too hopeful for it. She was pretty spoiled with affection and attention, so this probably wouldn’t play out the best.

But hey, she just had lunch, so she was in a good mood.
She looked up at you, clearly confused.

“it’s not my birthday for two weeks.”

...Of course you had to have the one kid in the world that would question getting a present.

“...It’s… not for your birthday. Just open it up!” You said, keeping your optimism high. It was technically for the baby’s birthday, not Indie’s.

“what’s it for?”

You had to hold yourself back from groaning.

“Just open it, sweetie. You’ll understand,” You told her, hoping that explanation would be enough to satisfy her.

And apparently it was, because she opened it up and lifted up the shirt from inside. She read the front and then looked up at you.

“...i can’t read it. i can just read big.”

...It made sense. She had never seen the word sister before. None of her books were really about siblings, so you never had the opportunity to read it to her. But hey, now you did. Perfect learning opportunity.

“It says big sister.”

“i’m not a sister.”

...Technically she was right. She wasn’t yet.
“...You will be!” You told her bringing the excitement in your voice back. You just wanted her to be happy about it... you needed her to be excited. She was going to be a great big sister, she just needed to accept the fact that you were having a baby.

“nuh uh,” She argued, very matter-of-factly. She wasn’t happy, just like you were expecting... but you didn’t blame her. She was used to being the baby. Hell, she still was a baby... it was just very easy to forget that at times.

Throughout this whole exchange Sans had been silent... he was letting you handle it, and you were grateful for that... but you felt like you were going to need help soon. She was more of a daddy’s girl after all, so he would probably be better at making her feel better.

“Mhm. There’s a baby in here,” You explained, as you put your hand on your stomach. Her eye lights drifted down to your hand, and then snapped back up to your eyes. She definitely did not look happy about this.

“take it out.”

...You really weren’t expecting that, so it made you start dying of laughter.

Indie didn’t look very amused, but you really couldn’t help it. You looked over to Sans, and well... he raised a brow bone, so he probably wasn’t very amused either. You knew it was probably because he was afraid that Indie was so unhappy, but... you knew it would be okay. She would adjust.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry.” You apologized, pulling Indie into your lap so you could snuggle her, not really caring about the box falling on the floor. You could pick it up later, along with the shirt,

“i don’t want it,” She told you, hugging you back. Spoiled little princess didn’t want to share her parents.

“It’s okay,” You assured her, stroking your fingers gently through her hair.
It had gotten so long… it was soft.

“no it’s not!” She argued, pouting.

...You knew it was time to ask for help, so you looked over at Sans, silently pleading.

He pulled her into his lap, and you watched as he started to talk to her.

“think about it. you get a friend. can have somebody to play with, and you can read to them,” Sans told her. She did love reading… why didn’t you think of that?

You picked up the box and the shirt while still listening, putting the wrapping paper in the trash, and setting the box on the coffee table. It didn’t go how you planned it, but it also didn’t go as horribly as it could have… so hey, you were pretty satisfied.

“i’m fine on my own,” Indie argued, using her pouty voice. You didn’t even have to look over to know she was pouting again.

“But it would be better for you with another kid. you’d be happier,” Sans tried to explain to her.

“I’m enough, though,” She said, making you pause.

…”

...You hadn’t really taken into account the fact that she may feel insecure.

“...what do you mean?” Sans asked her, as you sat back down, his voice so soft. Gentle, and caring.

“A kid. i’m enough. don’t need brothers or sisters,” She said, crossing her arms. She was really upset by this… you felt bad.
“...of course you’re enough, indie. we love you.”

“mhm!” She said, in an ‘exactly’ type of tone. That was her point all along, and you understood. She was the princess of the house, and she didn’t wanna share.

“but now we have another baby we’re gonna love. doesn’t mean we’ll love you any less,” Sans explained, making you feel pretty bad for Indie when you thought about it. She was just afraid that her parents weren’t going to have time for her, now.

Which wasn’t true at all.

“...hm.” Indie hummed, looking away from you both and focused her eye lights on the floor in front of her. She was starting to realize that she couldn’t change what was happening, and it was making her upset. She probably felt trapped, and you felt bad about it.

“i mean it.” He assured her, even though you knew he knew that it was probably a lost cause.

She stayed silent.

“...you get to be in charge. you’re older. you’re the boss.”

...You weren’t sure if that was the best way to explain it, but you weren’t about to argue.

Especially since she perked up upon hearing that.

“...i do?” She asked, finally looking back at Sans while he spoke, her little voice so hopeful.

“yeah. when the baby gets old enough, you can even babysit,” He told her, which you didn’t mind. He would barely ever leave the house anyways, let alone without the kids. You weren’t concerned.

She smiled brightly and started to bounce a bit, excitement taking over.
“you’re gonna love having a brother or a sister. i promise. i love being a brother. it’s awesome having a sibling.”

You and Sans were both pretty sure it was a boy, but you didn’t wanna give her any false information. You were going to wait until you were certain.

“...is it really better than being with no siblings?” She questioned, falling into Sans’s trap, easily.

“mhm. less lonely.” Well he wasn’t wrong.

“...okay,” She finally said, sounding slightly defeated. You didn’t blame her. Sans was good at manipulation.

Sans snuggled her close, and she looked a little happier. You knew she believed it more now that Sans has been the one to tell her it was okay. A daddy’s girl was a daddy’s girl, and you didn’t blame her for that.

Indie ran off to go play after the talk, and you turned to Sans, just as he started to speak to you.

“...what are we gonna do for her birthday?”

...Normally first birthdays would include a big party, but… you didn’t really have anybody to invite.

But you could do something for her, still… like make pancakes, since she was weirdly obsessed with them.

“...Well, for starters, it’s probably gonna be pancakes for every meal.” You would be insanely shocked if it was anything else.

“i’m forcing a salad down her throat the day after,” He said, which made you smile. You loved when he would show humor. It was rare… and you knew it wasn’t like that before. Trauma ruined him.

“Better watch that you don’t lose a finger, then,” You joked back, giving him a gentle kiss.
“...i think we should invite pap over. make her a little cake… i dunno. i just want it to be special,” He said, sounding so sweet. You wanted to make it special too.

...You just found it very strange that it was going to be her first birthday, and yet she walked and talked like she was at least five years old.

“We’ll just go wherever she wants to go, and we’ll all go as a family.”

“...go?” He questioned, and you realized that might be a problem.

What if she wanted to go to the park or something? It would be a whole struggle.

“If she wants to, yeah. We’ll take her somewhere.” Or if worse came to worst, you and Pap could take her for an hour or two.

...If Sans was okay with that.

He sighed, probably secretly praying she wouldn’t.

Poor dude.

“If she doesn’t want to, we won’t force her. But if she does, then we can’t stop her. Okay? It’s her special day,” You said, gently, hoping he would agree.

“...mhm,” He agreed softly, “...we should have a little party, too. see if maybe pap has some friends he can invite.”

...That actually sounded really nice.

“That would be great.”
“...cool. okay.”

Telling Indie about the new baby was never viewed as something that was going to be simple in Sans’s ‘eyes’.
He spoiled her, and he was completely aware of that. He was never blind to the way he treated her, and he was fully prepared for the fact that Indie would not want to share her parents. But he was also prepared to let her know that she had to. She couldn’t change it no matter how hard she begged or pouted. He was even prepared for her to give him the silent treatment for a while, but that was okay. It was all expected, and he was ready to tell her about the new baby.

She would love them in the end, anyways.

He hated to admit it, but before Papyrus came, he never wanted to be a brother, either. He wanted everything to stay the same. Change is scary as hell when you’re a little kid, and he knew that first hand.

He hated that Indie was going to have to go through it, but he wasn’t sorry about getting you pregnant again.

He already loved this baby.

You said you had an idea on how to tell Indie, so he let you take over the situation. He sat with you on the couch as you brought Indie in, and then handed her a present. You hadn’t told him what was inside, so he was about to learn at the same time Indie was.

“Here! It’s for you!” You said cheerfully, sitting by Indie after handing her the present.

It was wrapped really pretty, but that didn’t mean it would help Indie cope.

She looked up at you in confusion, clearly suspicious as to why you handed her a present all of a sudden.

“it’s not my birthday for two weeks,” She told you, questioning your motives.

It was cute, but unnecessary.

“...It’s… not for your birthday. Just open it!” You continued to encourage her, but he knew it wouldn’t work. It would take a little more persuading than that, unless you just out right told her...
what was going on.

“what’s it for?” Indie questioned you again.

“Just open it, sweetie. You’ll understand.”

Apparently you had luck on your side today, because she actually opened the present. She took the top off of the box after unwrapping it, and when Sans saw the shirt that she held up he almost smiled.

Big sister.

Adorable.

“...i can’t read it. i can just read big.”

Made sense. She never saw the word ‘sister’ before.

“It says big sister.”

“i’m not a sister.”

Sans almost laughed. It was adorable how in the dark she was.

“...You will be!” You told her excitedly, but the look on Indie’s face was anything but. She looked insanely confused and almost irritated.

“nuh uh.”

“Mhm. There’s a baby in here,” You told her, gently patting your stomach.
It was amazing really.

His baby was in there.

Again.

“...take it out.”

...

Indie didn’t find it very amazing.

You started to laugh, and Sans didn’t really understand why. Indie was upset, and it made him feel upset, so he didn’t understand why you weren’t. He wanted Indie to be just as happy as he was, and he was hurting over the fact that she was so upset.

He wanted her to be excited.

Apparently you noticed you were the only one laughing, because you quickly stopped.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” You apologized to Indie, pulling her into your lap and cuddling her.

“i don’t want it,” She said, hugging you back. It broke his non-existent heart to hear that.

“It’s okay,” You said, starting to stroke your fingers through her hair.

It looked just like yours.

“no it’s not!” She disagreed, pouting. She really was unhappy.
You looked up at him with a pleading look in your eyes, and he knew it was time for him to take over.

He quickly pulled Indie into his lap instead, and started to speak to her.

“think about it. you get a friend. can have somebody to play with, and you can read to them,” He told her, trying to get her more interested in the thought of siblings. He knew how much she enjoyed reading, so he used it as leverage.

“i’m fine on my own,” Indie argued, crossing her arms and pouting her famous pout.

“but it would be better for you with another kid. you’d be happier,” He explained, trying to get her optimistic in his own way.

“i’m enough, though.”

...

...Of course she was enough. What the hell was she talking about?

“...what do you mean?” He really hoped she wasn’t feeling how he thought she was feeling.

Like she was being replaced.

“a kid. i’m enough. i don’t need brothers or sisters,” She confirmed his fears, crossing her little arms again.

“...of course you’re enough, indie. we love you.”

Probably more than a normal parent ever would.
The soul connection made it so strong.

“mhm!” She said in a tone that made him almost smile. If he wasn’t so upset by how upset this made her, he would have.

“but now we have another baby we’re gonna love. doesn’t mean we’ll love you any less,” He assured her, needing her to understand. He would never stop loving her… she was his daughter. His first baby.

“...hm,” Indie hummed, looking at the floor in defeat. She was starting to learn that she really couldn’t stop what was happening. She was going to have a sibling, and she couldn’t stop it. It was inevitable.

“i mean it,” He told her. He loved her very much. That would never stop… and he knew you felt the same way.

She didn’t say anything, and it made his soul hurt.

She didn’t believe him.

“...you get to be in charge. you’re older. you’re the boss.”

Last resort. Manipulation.

“...i do?” She asked, perking up and looking up at him. He had her right where he wanted her, and it was so easy to get her there.

“yeah. when the baby gets old enough, you can even babysit.”

Honestly, he didn’t trust her with that at all, but he wasn’t worried. He would never leave the baby alone until it was old enough to take care of itself, anyways. His body and soul would never allow that.
She smiled and started to bounce, suddenly very excited by what was going on.

Good. That’s what was needed.

“you’re gonna love having a brother or sister. i promise, i love being a brother. it’s awesome having a sibling.” He explained, being genuine. He absolutely loved his brother. Everybody knew that.

“...is it really better than being with no siblings?” She asked, making him smile.

“mhm. less lonely.” That he could say genuinely.

“...okay,” She said, still sounding defeated.

Sans cuddled her closer and held her for a little while before letting her run off and play.

...He realized something.

Neither of you had even planned her birthday yet.

“...what are we gonna do for her birthday?”

Weren’t first birthday’s supposed to be super special?

“...Well, for starters, it’s probably gonna be pancakes for every meal.”

...Well yeah, he knew that much.

“i’m forcing a salad down her throat the day after.” Needed to get some greens in her somehow. He didn’t care how he did it. He’d hide it in pancake batter if need be.
“Better watch that you don’t lose a finger, then,” You joked before kissing him gently. He thought it went well, the talk with Indie… not perfect, but well.

“…i think we should invite pap over. make her a little cake… i dunno. I just want it to be special.” It was his oldest kids first birthday. Of course he wanted it to be special… he just didn’t know how it was supposed to work. He had never celebrated a first birthday party before.

He didn’t even know if he had a first birthday celebration.

“We’ll just go wherever she wants to go, and we’ll all go as a family.”

…

“…go?”

He didn’t wanna go out anywhere.

She was a year old… what if they started to look for her again?

“If she wants to, yeah. We’ll take her somewhere.”

…

...He knew he had to if that was what she wanted.

It didn’t make it any easier, though.

He sighed.
“...If she doesn’t want to, we won’t force her. But if she *does*, then we can’t stop her. Okay? It’s her special day.”

He knew you were right.

“...mhmm. we should have a little party, too. see if maybe pap has some friends he can invite.”

“That would be great.”

“...cool. okay.”

...He just hoped Indie wouldn’t attack them.

Chapter End Notes

[My Tumblr]
You had never been woken up by somebody jumping on you before, but you actually didn’t mind all that much. It felt almost like an aggressive massage.

But still, you didn’t wanna wake up.

“Ahhhhhhgh… noooo,” You complained, knowing it was Indie jumping on your back. You had fallen asleep on your stomach apparently, because that’s how you woke up. Regardless of you complaining however, Indie didn’t stop jumping.

You knew it was her because of her little feet. Thankfully the comforter was over you, so it didn’t hurt at all.

“it’s my birthday! It’s my birthday!” Indie exclaimed, continuing to jump, until you turned over and grabbed her little leggies, pulling her down onto the mattress playfully. She giggled and you sat up before pulling her into a hug.

“Mhm. Happy birthday.” She was still so bouncy even as she hugged you back, clearly unable to hold in her excitement. You wondered what it was like, to have the mindset of a five year old, and just finally be having your first birthday.
“i’m all growed up!”

She was literally one.

...But she would be in no time, considering how fast she was growing.

“Mhm. My big grown up girl.” You pet her head and she smiled for a moment, before frowning.

“...where’s dada?”

...

...You looked over at Sans’s side of the bed, and realized he wasn’t there. You couldn’t remember the last time you actually woke up without him next to you… it felt strange. You didn’t like it very much. It was especially nerve wracking since you were pregnant, and that was usually the time where he was the most clingy.

But you assumed he was doing something related to a birthday surprise, so you weren’t too worried.

“...Uh, not sure, really.”

You wanted to know, but you didn’t wanna go look for him and have Indie follow, therefore ruining the surprise that was probably taking place somewhere in the house.

“he’s lost!” She exclaimed, angrily, clearly upset with Sans for getting ‘lost’ in the first place.

It almost made you laugh.

“SANS!” You called out, hoping he would answer so Indie would stop being upset, and so you knew where he was as well.
You hated to admit it, but you felt anxious without him.

He entered the room pretty much right away, and you felt a lot better just by seeing his face. ...You wondered if that was how he usually felt when you weren’t around and then came back. He didn’t say a word, just stood in the doorway, waiting for you to speak.

“Where’d you go?” You asked, as Indie ran over and hugged him.

“...nowhere. don’t get up,” He said, picking Indie up in a cuddle.

“...Okaaay…”

...That confirmed your suspicions. He was doing something nice for Indie.

You just wished you knew what it was.

“i wanna get up!” Indie argued.

“no.”

“YES!”

You almost laughed. “No, Indie. Stay in here.”

Sans put her down, and right away she started to run for the door.

You got up quickly, and pulled her to you before sitting back down on the bed and tickling her. She started laughing, and Sans took the opportunity to slip out and go back to his ‘surprise’ planning,

She screeched, but eventually you stopped, and her laughing died down.
“...i wanna get up. my birthday,” She said, being the bossy little monster she was.

“Daddy said no. Let’s snuggle instead,” You offered, knowing she liked to cuddle in the mornings, unless she was hungry.

“i’m hungry.”

Of course.

“So am I.”

“so let’s eat!” Logical, but no.

“What did daddy say?” You asked, scolding her gently. You couldn’t fault her for being hungry, but you could fault her for not listening. You knew Sans wouldn’t take much longer anyways, now that he knew Indie was awake.

“but i’m hungry!!” She whined.

“I know.”

...Tears started to well up in her little eye sockets, and you caved.

“SANS!”

He came in right away, just like before, again standing at the doorway.

“She’s hungry. Can we get up yet?” You asked him, noticing a bit of flour on his jacket.
You were starting to put the pieces together of what was happening out there.

“one sec,” He said, before running out of the room again.

Indie looked at you, and you looked back at her, just as confused as she was. You were expecting him to just say yeah, and that you could go out into the kitchen to get food, but no. He left you both there waiting and wondering.

...Until he returned with a full plate of pancakes for each of you.

Lucky girl.

Spoiled on her big day.

Her entire plate was covered in chocolate sauce and whipped cream, too… you were gonna have to brush her teeth at least twice before bed.

He handed her the pancakes in bed, and you prayed she wouldn’t make a mess with them. You set your plate down on the bedside table when he handed it to you, and pulled him down for a kiss. You always kissed him in the mornings, and you missed out that day since he wasn’t there when you woke up.

“ew!” Indie exclaimed from beside you both on the bed, and you almost cringed.

“...Nothing makes me feel quite as old as that,” You said, pulling away from Sans before looking over at Indie.

“you’re not old. indie’s old. look at her,” Sans said, pointing to Indie.

“i’m old!” She exclaimed, apparently very proud that she was called elderly.

“I know, but still. Doesn’t feel like long ago when I was internally ‘ewing’ my parents kissing, too,” You said, ruffling Indie’s hair gently. She had finished her pancakes, so you took the plate and set it
down on the bedside table aside your plate.

“ewewewewew!” She said, obnoxiously, clearly trying to get a rise out of you, but you didn’t encourage it.

You kissed Sans one more time and then started to eat your own pancakes while Sans left the room again, telling Indie to sit still. She didn’t want to, but she did.

Less than a minute later, Sans returned, with Papyrus who had a cake in his hands.

It looked… homemade, to say the least. That wasn’t a bad thing, hell, it made you smile so bright.

The spelling on it was even wrong, signalling Pap did it on his own. Trauma made him a bit slow, but that just made him all that more loveable.

‘Happy birthday Indie’

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY TINY NIECE OF MINE!” He greeted Indie, handing the cake to Sans so he could pick her up in a hug. Indie loved Papyrus to death, and hugged back with just as much enthusiasm.

He put her back down, and Sans handed the cake to her, and she… instantly started to devour it. She used her hands and ate it by the fistfuls.

You didn’t know what to think.

But nobody had the heart to stop her.

She stopped after eating half the cake, apparently her tummy finally being full after three pancakes and half of a real cake.

“Stomach is as big as ours,” You whispered to Sans.
“definitely my kid.”

“Oh, no doubt.”

There was a knock on the front door all of a sudden, and you assumed Papyrus must have invited some people after all. Sans went to answer it, and you stayed with Indie and Papyrus.

Sans had woken up early the morning of Indie’s birthday, and invited Papyrus over at the crack of dawn.

It killed him to be up so early, but he had to do what he had to do.

He was pretty good at cooking, but Sans had absolutely no baking skill at all, so that’s where Papyrus came in. He wanted to surprise Indie with a birthday cake, like most humans did, but he sure
as hell couldn’t make it himself.

He sent Papyrus a quick text message saying that he needed help making a cake, and he came over in no time.

“SANS! I HAVE BROUGHT FLOUR AND ALL ESSENTIAL INGREDIENTS!” Pap exclaimed, bags in hand, almost crashing through the back door, Sans luckily opening it before any damage could be done.

But with Papyrus in the house, damage was probably inevitable.

“that’s great pap. set ‘em down on the counter,” He instructed, pointing next to the bowls he had set out for him.

He didn’t even know you owned mixing bowls, but when he found them, he was pretty excited.

Papyrus plopped the bags down onto the counter, and quickly started to work, so Sans just sat back and waited. He had no actual interest in baking, and besides, he knew he would probably just fuck it up if he tried to help.

But if Pap requested for help, hell, he’d do it.

He’d love to help with decorating though, if anything.

Besides, he could still make the pancakes while he was waiting.

Which he did. He filled two plates, one with three and a mountain of whipped cream and chocolate sauce, knowing he would regret the sugar rush it gave her later, and normal stack for you when you woke up.

He hoped it was enough to be a good birthday surprise.

Since, y’know… he knew pretty much nothing about human birthday parties.
It could be either exactly like a monsters, or nothing like a monsters.

“SANS!”

...

...Speaking of birthdays.

He went over to the bedroom and stood in the doorway, his soul warming at the sight of his two favorite people cuddling.

“Where’d you go?” You asked, just as Indie had gotten up from the bed and ran over to hug him. He picked her up and hugged her properly.

“...nowhere. don’t get up.” He knew that if you got up, Indie would follow. She wouldn’t wanna be alone in the bedroom.

“...Okaaay…” You agreed, clearly suspicious of what was going on.

You would find out soon enough.

“i wanna get up!” Indie argued, right away, not a surprise to Sans at all.

“no.”

“YES!”

...She almost sounded like Papyrus.
He could tell you were trying not to laugh by the tone of your voice. “No, Indie. Stay in here.”

Sans put her down, expecting her to go back to bed with you, but that was a mistake on his part because she tried to run straight for the door. You acted quickly, though, because you grabbed her and sat back down tickling her and providing a distraction for him to slip back out.

He went back to Pap, to see him just pulling the cake out of the oven.

It looked and smelled like cake, so he was fine with it.

“what flavor is it?”

“CHOCOLATE! I KNOW SHE LIKES CHOCOLATE CHIPS ON HER PANCAKES, SO IT SEEMED LIKE THE SMARTEST OPTION!” He was right. She did love chocolate chips, so chocolate cake would probably be best.

“is the frosting chocolate, too?”

“YES! I HAVE TO MAKE IT NOW. DO YOU HAVE MILK? I DIDN’T BRING ANY.”

Sans got the milk out of the fridge and handed it to Papyrus, watching as he started to put sugar and butter into a bowl.

He had no idea how it was made, but Papyrus seemed to know what he was doing, so he trusted him.

He just hoped Indie liked it.

…

…Of course she would. It was made by Papyrus.
“SANS,” Papyrus said suddenly, gaining his attention.

“...yeah?”

“DID YOU EVER GET ANY MORE INFORMATION ON WHAT WAS HAPPENING AT THAT HOSPITAL?” He asked, his voice going only slightly quieter, as if he were afraid that somebody was listening.

“no. but i think i’m gonna take y/n to a new hospital for the new baby.”

“THAT IS A SMART IDEA… DID YOU GET INDIE A BIRTHDAY PRESENT?” He asked, changing the subject, which he was grateful for.

“yeah. you’ll see what it is later.”

He knew Papyrus would probably get too excited and tell her what it was when he saw her if Sans told him now.

“ALRIGHT, I GUESS THAT’S FAIR.” He finished making the icing and started to frost the cake, just when Sans heard his name being called again.

“SANS!”

He went over to the bedroom as fast as he could, and again stood in the doorway.

“She’s hungry. Can we get up yet?” You asked, Indie still in bed with you, cuddled up comfortably.

He was prepared for breakfast, and for some reason he hadn’t brought it to you both yet. It just slipped his mind.

“one sec,” He excused himself, before running back to the kitchen. He grabbed the two plates of pancakes, seeing the progress Pap had made on the cake, and then went back to the bedroom to feed you and Indie.
Pap had spelled birthday wrong, but he didn’t mind, and didn’t think Indie would either.

He gave Indie the plate piled high with whipped cream, and then gave you the one that didn’t have as much. He knew you wouldn’t wanna over do it so early in the morning on the sweetness.

Indie started to devour hers, but you set yours down so you could pull Sans down for a kiss.

He definitely wasn’t complaining.

“ew!”

But apparently Indie was.

“...Nothing makes me feel quite as old as that,” You said, pulling away from Sans and looking at Indie.

“you’re not old. indie’s old. look at her,” Sans joked, pointing to Indie. She was one years old, but hey, she looked way older to a normal human.

“i’m old!” She agreed, proudly.

“I know, but still. Doesn’t feel like long ago when I was internally ‘ewing’ my parents kissing, too,” You said, ruffling Indie’s hair.

Indie had finished eating and you took her plate off of the bed.

“ewewewewew!” She said, clearly trying to be obnoxious. But it didn’t get to you apparently.

You kissed Sans again, and then started to eat your own food.
He was pretty sure Pap was done with the cake by then, so he told Indie to sit still.

He went back into the kitchen and smiled when he was the cake. It was definitely something made by Papyrus… he loved it.

“ready?”

“YES! LET’S GO!”

Papyrus picked the cake up, and they both made their way into the bedroom to give Indie her special little surprise.

Indie sat up when both Sans and Papyrus entered, clearly excited to see her uncle. They had a bond that Sans loved… he suspected it had something to do with the fact that he raised both of them, but he couldn’t be sure.

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY TINY NIECE OF MINE!” He greeted her, giving Sans the cake so he could hold Indie and hug her. She hugged him back enthusiastically, and it was adorable.

He put her back down after a moment, and Sans took the opportunity to give her the cake.

She looked so excited… and then proceeded to devour the cake.

He was so proud.

He watched her eat it, only stopping after half of the cake was gone, her tummy apparently too full to keep going.

“Stomach is as big as ours,” You whispered to Sans, making him smile.

“definitely my kid.”
“Oh, no doubt.”

...There was a sudden knock on the front door, and Sans went to go answer it, wondering who the hell was here.

Did Pap actually invite people? He hadn’t told him.

He opened the door, and instantly felt on edge.

It was one of the doctors from the hospital.

Chapter End Notes

Can't be mad at me. You know how much I love cliff hangers.

My Tumblr.

If you're reading this, comment you're mom gay
You waited in the living room with Indie and Papyrus while Sans went and dealt with the door, figuring it really was just somebody that Pap had invited over for the party.

While he was gone, you took that time to play with Indie, letting her start to build a puzzle with her uncle, since they both had a similar love for them. It was a puzzle with a picture of a teddy bear on it, and it was one of her favorites, especially to do with Papyrus. It had 100 pieces so it always took them a while.

“THIS PIECE FITS IN HERE, NIECE OF MINE!” Papyrus told Indie, sticking them together and watching as her face lit up with pure joy at the progress they were making together.

“This one goes with it!” She told him, sticking another one in right next to the pieces he had just paired.

It was wholesome and adorable.

It always warmed your heart to see them together.

...But then Sans came back, looking like an absolute mess.

“...Hey, hey, need a hug?” You asked him.
He didn’t respond, and you noticed the signs right away. He was shaking, and his breathing was uneven… he needed to be in a private setting with you, and you both needed to talk. Something upset and triggered him, and you had no idea what.

You quickly got up and took him away, leading him into the bedroom and locking the door after calling out to Papyrus that you would be right back so he would watch Indie for a moment.

You needed to sort Sans out first.

You both went in to hug each other at the same time, you both knowing just how much he needed a hug to ground himself. He was shaking, and you felt worried out of your mind. What the hell could have possibly happened within five minutes that made him so upset?

“It’s okay. We’re all here,” You reminded him, wanting him to know that everyone was safe. Everyone was in the house and nobody was hurt or stolen.

“th-they’re gonna take her a-away,” He said, stuttering, which you weren’t very used to. It was rare, and you knew he was really fucking freaked out.

“Deep breaths,” You instructed him, knowing he needed to calm down before you could figure anything out.

“her doctor just showed up here, y/n!” He told you, letting you know that deep breaths wouldn’t really help the situation at hand.

...

...But shit.

Why was he here?

“...Is that who that was?” You asked him calmly, knowing that if you both started to freak out, nothing would end well.
You just needed to relax.

Besides, he probably just showed up because Indie hadn’t been back to the hospital since she was born, it didn’t automatically mean that they were planning something evil, or some super secret experiments.

It would be fine. You just had to be the one to explain that to him.

He nodded frantically, and you cupped his cheekbones gently to stop him from hurting himself.

“...It’s okay, we probably just need to take her in for an appointment. They can’t legally take her blood or inject her with anything without parental permission. Nothing bad will happen, and we’ll have control over the situation, okay?” You explained to him, slowly removing your hands from his face.

“i-i don’t wanna take her back there!” He exclaimed, clearly not pacified by your words. You couldn’t blame him, really. It all was scary to him.

“Did any of the doctors seem okay to you?” You asked, trying to see if there was some type of way to make him feel more comfortable. Maybe if you found at least one good doctor there, things would be better.

“no!”

Well there goes that idea.

But regardless, you all had to go.

“One appointment, so they can tell the government she’s fit to stay. It’s much better than the alternative.”

He stared at you for a couple seconds, clearly trying to get his breathing in order.
“...i’m scared,” He admitted, sounding so broken and defeated.

It broke your heart.

You knew the fact that you were pregnant again was also taking a toll on his magic and his sanity, so everything was a lot for him at the moment.

You hated that all of this was happening on Indie’s birthday, especially.

“I know. Me too. It’s okay to be scared.” Especially around you. You would always be willing to comfort him.

You kissed him softly, and he returned it gingerly.

“...i don’t know what to do,” He said, clearly admitting defeat to you.

“It’s just one appointment,” You assured him, holding his hand, “We’ll even take a camera in.”

“...you’ll set the appointment up?” He requested, which you knew would be your job anyways.

“Mhm. They can’t tell us not to have a camera, either. And the second something gets weird, we can start recording. Okay?”

“...o-okay,” He agreed, his voice wobbling slightly, but much less than it was before. You were proud of him. You knew it was hard for him to agree to this, especially with how afraid he was of anything happening to Indie, so this was a big step for him.

“Thank you,” You kissed him once more, “It’s scary because you’re a good parent, and you care about what happens to her.”

“...just stay close to me while we’re there, yeah? i’m gonna hold her the whole time,” He told you.
“Yeah. I will,” You told him, feeling so proud that he was able to be so brave.

He managed to pull himself together, and that’s when you both went back out to meet Indie and Papyrus, seeing they had finished the puzzle. You both had to give her a birthday present now, and you were certain you had picked one she was going to love, which you knew would turn this whole day around.

Hopefully.

Probably.

Sans went into the closet and pulled out the wrapped gift, placing it on her lap where she sat on the couch. Her little face lit up, and she started to tear it open right away.

Her face turned from happiness to confusion, however, when she actually saw what was inside.

“...what it do?” She asked, looking up at Sans, who smiled at her.

“wanna see?”

“mh,” She confirmed softly, handing the box up to him.

He took it, and then picked her up too before taking her into the small closet and shutting the door after you entered behind him. It was dark, and small, which was perfect for the gift.

He turned it on, and Indie’s face lit up.

The present was a tiny toy planetarium, since Indie had an interest in stars like her dad, and the entire closet was filled with stars from it.

“...like it?” He asked her, even though he really didn’t need to.
She let out a tiny squealing noise, the big smile on her face being enough of an answer.

He picked her up and hugged her, and you knew you were the only one who could tell he was doing it because he was genuinely terrified at the moment. But to Indie, it probably just seemed like a birthday hug.

She hugged him back tightly, her happiness never fading.

It was good.

It would help keep Sans calm.

His instincts would love a happy baby at the moment.

“it’s so cool!” She exclaimed happily, bouncing in his arms as she stared up at the ceiling.

“...i’m happy you like it.” He told her, staring down at her while she gawked at her present. You both knew this wasn’t the best birthday, but if she was happy, then you would both be happy, too.

“What’s that one?” She asked Sans, pointing up at one of the constellations.

“Delphinus.”

You were glad Sans knew his constellations, because you had no idea.

“...like... like dolphins?” She asked him, staring up at the same constellation curiously. You felt slightly left out, but you didn’t mind. You weren’t a huge nerd when it came to stars and planets like the rest of your family.

Maybe the new baby would be like you in that aspect.
“...pfft. do you see the dolphin, or did you get that from the name?” He asked her, and you were impressed. She was smart to notice either of those things.

“see it. issa triangle.”

...

...You looked at it and realized she was right. It did kinda look like a dolphin.

“mhm. happy birthday.”

Indie smiled up at him again, beaming happily as he kissed her on the forehead.

It wasn’t the best birthday, but it was a good one.

The last thing he was expecting was for Indie’s doctor to show up at his fucking house.

He always had that fear, but he truly believed he was just being paranoid, because that’s what you told him. He didn’t need to worry, and he believed you when you said that, because you had no reason to lie to him.
So it took some serious fucking balls for this asshole to actually *show up* at his house.

“Good morning,” The assho- I mean doctor greeted Sans, offering a polite smile that he knew was faker than his fucking teeth.

“what the *f u c k ,*” Sans growled, unable to keep himself from feeling so *angry.* He had the *nerve* to show up here of all days. On his daughters *fucking birthday* when he knew how much Sans fucking hated all of them.

*He would fucking kill him.*

“Are you aware your child hasn’t had a single vaccination, doctor’s visit, or blood test?” He asked Sans, condescendingly.

Obviously he fucking knew that. It was his fucking kid. Who else would bring her to a doctors appointment!?  

She didn’t *need* any appointments!

She was *p e r f e c t !*

“are you aware that i don’t give a fuck?” He told the doctor, trying his best to keep composed, and to keep calm. Nobody was going to touch Indie, especially while she was inside where it was safe. She was safe.

She’s safe.

“If you don’t give a valid explanation we are going to have to assume neglect.”
Neglect.

Neglect.

Sans would never neglect his angel.

“you do realize this is like… completely unprofessional, right? why didn't you call?” They had to do that, right?

“We’ve been sending you letters for two months.”

...fucking. Letters?

“who the hell reads letters?”

Not him, that's for fucking sure.

“If you don’t sign your daughter into a doctors appointment by next Tuesday we will be forced to call social services to investigate the household.”

…

He did not want strangers in his home.

This was his place. His safe space, where he knew he could keep his family safe and comfortable. He would never let a stranger in, even if he had to… so in the end that would lead to Indie being…
…”she’s fucking fine. it’s her birthday you dick head.” stop fucking ruining it.

This was her day.

She deserved it.

“Your behaviour is only going to make things worse, Mr…” He started, but then stopped, apparently not even able to remember Sans’s name.

“get the fuck out of here.” It wasn’t even close to a request, but it sure as hell was a threat. He knew it would upset you, but he was willing to kill again, especially if it was for his baby. She didn’t have to put up with this shit.

“I don’t want any confrontation, Mr. Sans,” He said, just now apparently remembering his name, “We can solve this amicably.”

No the fuck they couldn’t.

Sans slammed the door shut and quickly went back to the living room where he knew you were. You would help. You would make the panic stop.

You would fix it.

You always fixed it.

He needed you.

“...Hey, hey, need a hug?” You asked right away, reading him and reading his anxieties. He did need a hug… but most of all, he needed to hide away with you, so he didn’t ruin Indie’s birthday with his panic attacks.

He couldn’t answer.
He felt stuck.

But you being you, quickly got up and took him to the bedroom, calling back to Papyrus to look after Indie while you dealt with him.

He felt bad.

He was selfish.

This was Indie’s day.

You both hugged each other at the same time, and he felt a bit calmer almost immediately. You were so warm and smelled so good. You would help him with this… you would help protect the family. He knew you would.

But he was still so scared.

“It’s okay. We’re all here,” You told him, having no idea how much that sentence fucked him up. Yeah, you were all here for *now* but for how long!?

“th-they’re gonna take her a-away,” He told you, feeling panic rise just from saying it out loud.

What if he couldn’t stop it?

What if they took his baby?

He would kill *everyone*.

“…Deep breaths,” You said, knowing exactly when he needed to calm down.
But he couldn’t.

“her doctor just showed up here, y/n!” He exclaimed. There was no way in hell that taking a few deep breaths would help the situation!

He couldn’t calm down!

Not until this was over!

“...Is that who that was?” You asked, your voice completely calm. How the fuck could you stay calm at a time like this!? Indie might be taken, and you didn’t seem the slightest bit concerned! It made no sense!

He nodded, a little too aggressively apparently, because you held his face still.

“...It’s okay, we probably just need to take her in for an appointment,” you said, since you were smart enough to already know why he was here, “They can’t legally take her blood or inject her with anything without parental permission. Nothing bad will happen, and we’ll have control over the situation, okay?”

“i-i don’t wanna take her back there!”

He would rather die!

“Did any of the doctors seem okay to you?”

If by okay you meant evil, then yes. They were great.

“no!”

“One appointment, so they can tell the government she’s fit to stay. It’s much better than the alternative.”
But what if they didn’t say she was fit to stay.

What if they lied, and made a bunch of shit up just so they could get their way!?

He wouldn’t put it past them!

They would do anything for their fucked up experiments!

...

“...i-i’m scared.”

That was all he could say.

“I know. Me too. It’s okay to be scared,” You told him, which he didn’t believe. He was scared of being scared. He wanted to be brave, and he couldn’t be, no matter how hard he tried. He knew he had no control over this situation, and that fucking terrified him.

...You kissed him, and he calmed down a little bit.

“...i don’t know what to do.”

“It’s just one appointment. We’ll even take a camera in,” You told him, holding his hand to comfort him.

“...you’ll set the appointment up?” He knew he would never be able to do it, no matter how hard he tried.

“Mhm. They can’t tell us not to have a camera, either. And the second something gets weird, we can start recording, okay?”
...He never really thought of bringing a camera in, but hey, it was probably a good idea.

“...o-okay.”

“Thank you. It’s scary because you’re a good parent, and you care about what happens to her,” You said, kissing him again.

“...just stay close to me while we’re there, yeah? i’m gonna hold her the whole time.” No matter what the doctors fucking said.

“Yeah. I will.”

...He needed to relax, and he needed to get himself together so he could go back out and be with Indie.

It took a minute, but eventually he got her present and he went to sit with Indie on the couch, placing the gift in her lap.

She looked so happy.

But the happiness turned to confusion when she actually opened it.

“...what it do?” She asked, looking up at him.

“wanna see?” He couldn’t help but smirk.

He knew she would love this.

“mh,” She confirmed in her small voice, handing him the box as best as she could with her small arms.
He took it, and then picked her up to take her into the closet, you following behind and then shutting the door. He knew it would work best in a dark and closed off space, so the closet was perfect for it.

He couldn’t wait to see her face light up, so he turned the planetarium on right away.

And like expected, she lit up like one of the stars on the ceiling.

“...like it?” He asked, wanting to be sure.

She squealed and smiled brightly, and he took that as an affirmative.

He picked her up and held her close, wanting to feel her in his arms so he knew she was real. She was here, and she was okay. She wasn’t taken away yet.

She was fine.

He just hoped it didn’t come off as suspicious, but knew it probably just seemed like a birthday hug.

But judging by the look on your face, you knew what was really up.

“it’s so cool!” She said, bouncing in his arms as she stared at all of the stars on the ceiling and walls. She looked so happy… she belonged here, with you and him. Nobody could take her away.

“...i’m happy you like it.”

Out of everything she could have inherited from him, he was glad it was the love of stars.

“what’s that one?” She asked, pointing up at one of his favorite constellations.
“delphinus.” It was Papyrus’s favorite too when he was little, since it was shaped like a dolphin. Most kids found dolphins adorable.

“...like… like dolphins?”

She was smart knowing that just from context clues.

“...pfft. do you see the dolphin, or did you get that from the name?”

“see it. issa triangle.”

...She was one smart kid, that’s for sure.

“mhm. happy birthday.”

She smiled again, and he kissed her on the forehead.

He knew this was the calm before the storm, but he was still going to enjoy it while he could.

Chapter End Notes

My Tumblr.

ANYBODY WANNA GUESS HOW THE APPOINTMENT WILL GO?

I really want a tea cup poodle.
You made an appointment for Indie to see her doctor the day after her birthday, and strangely enough, they fit you in that exact same day. It didn’t surprise you for some reason… you were kind of expecting it, but that didn’t make it any less creepy. You figured it would at least be a week later, but they insisted it happened the day of, and that they were expecting your call. You didn’t like it, but you knew you had to go.

But you knew it was probably just Sans’s paranoia rubbing off on you. Everything would be fine.

You walked into the bedroom, Sans still in bed since it was pretty early, and sat beside him on the bed.

“Sans?”

“hm?” He asked, lazily looking up at you, not bothering to lift his head from the pillow.

“I organized the appointment.”

You were expecting a bad reaction, but…

“okay.”
You didn’t get one.

“...They want us in today at five.”

That got him to sit up.

“...heh, of course they do.” He didn’t sound very happy, but you were hoping you wouldn’t have to pry him off of somebody who only wanted to check her throat and ears, or check her weight.

“Mh… we’ll get through this,” You reassured him, squeezing his hand.

“...sure.”

With that, he got up to go and get Indie ready, so you took the opportunity to pack the diaper bag and charge your phone.

You would use your phone as a camera, and you would record anything weird that happened, so you had evidence if it was needed. You really hoped you wouldn’t need it, but hey, it would make Sans feel better.

By the time you were all set and ready to go, Sans had managed to dress Indie and put her hair into a messy bun. It looked adorable, especially with the little bow he had stuck into it. It matched her blue dress.

“All set?”

“yep!” Indie exclaimed, taking Sans’s hand. You took the other one, and closed your eyes as he started to teleport.

...
You had landed right outside of the doctors office, and you watched as Sans picked Indie up right away and held her tightly to him. You knew it would make him feel safer, and that Indie didn’t mind, so you didn’t comment. You just hoped they wouldn’t have to do anything that required her being put down, because it wouldn’t happen.

“Alright. C’mon,” You told Sans, leading the way inside.

He followed of course, but he wasn’t happy about it.

You went up to the front desk while Sans sat in the waiting room.

“Checking in for my daughter. Indie,” You told the receptionist, and she sat up right away.

“Oh! Yes! Right this way!” She said, catching you a bit off guard. You didn’t have to wait…?

You turned back to look at Sans who was on the couch, and he sighed before standing and following the lady. You had never been taken in right away to see a doctor, there was always a waiting period, even if you were the only person there.

Something didn’t seem right.

You took Sans’s hand as you were led back into a room, noting how pissy and skeptical he looked. Indie however, seemed excited by the new place, and was looking around at everything. It was adorable.

The lady left you in the room, and before you could even sit, a nurse entered with a smile on her face.

“Hi! I’m Stacey. This is your first appointment, right?”

“...Yes. She’s fine, though, no worries,” You told her politely, gesturing to Indie in Sans’s arms. She looked nervous now, and was laying her head on Sans.
She simply nodded and then got the thermometer that goes into the child’s ears, and approached Indie with it.

You didn’t have any time to warn her, but the second she got too close Sans hissed loudly.

It was almost funny.

She stepped back, clearly shocked by that reaction. You had no idea if she had ever worked with a monster before, but judging by her reaction, probably not. That just made it more funny.

You smiled at her. “I’m sure you know about monsters and their instincts, since you’re a nurse,” You said, wondering if she would be honest with you or not.

“...Yes. But, um... I have to...” She lied, before leaning forward and trying again.

Sans growled at her, and it made her jump back again.

You shook your head. “Can I do it?” You offered, knowing Sans would feel better if it was you.

She allowed you to take it, and handed you the thermometer before sitting in her chair. You walked over to where Sans was sitting, and he looked up at you nervously.

“What is that?” You weren’t surprised by the question, since he didn’t have ears. How would he know what it was?

“It’s okay, baby. Just a thermometer. There’s nothing bad,” You told him, even wiping it on your shirt so he knew.

He seemed to loosen up a bit, some of the tension in his shoulders dropping.

You smiled at Indie before placing into one of her ears. She whined, clearly not liking the sensation, but you knew she was fine, and Sans trusted you enough not to stop you. You were glad.
“It’s normal. Ninety-eight degrees farenheit,” You told the nurse, watching as she wrote it down.

“I’ll let the doctor do the rest,” She informed you, before leaving the room. You weren’t surprised, especially with how frightening Sans could be at times. It wasn’t good for somebody who had never worked with a monster before to start with Sans.

You looked over at Sans when she had gone, and you felt so bad. He was so stiff and on edge.

“...We’re good. You’re doing perfect so far,” You assured him, squeezing his hand.

“i wanna take her home.”

You did too, out of fear that somebody might die today.

“Not yet. Almost done.”

He groaned, and just as he did, her doctor came in. The same one that delivered her.

Again, it seemed to be way too quick.

You started to record on your phone pretty discreetly, not wanting him to know and try to play nice. If Sans was really right about everything, you wanted proof, and you wanted to fix it. You would take them to court if it was necessary. You needed safety for your family.

“Hello. It’s good to see you here so soon,” He greeted you and Sans, but Sans just wasn't having it.

“not in the mood for small talk. get this shit over with.”

You almost snorted.
The doctor looked over at you with raised eyebrows, as if to say ‘is this guy serious?’, but you just looked away, not wanting to agree with the doctor.

“Well. I suppose,” He said, responding to Sans as he sat down and opened up his laptop.

“she’s fine. obviously. can we go?”

“I’m afraid since your daughter hasn’t had a single vaccination, I’m going to have to give her one now,” The doctor said, making you feel a bit suspicious. What vaccination? And since when were they mandatory?

“Which vaccination?” You asked him, holding the phone up a bit to get a clear video of his face while you recorded.

“i didn’t agree to a vaccination,” Sans said sternly, glaring at the doctor.

Indie looked so confused and afraid in his arms. She probably just wanted to go home.

“It won’t take long,” The doctor tried to assure you both.

“No. Neither of us are agreeing to this until we know what it is,” You said, starting to feel anxious.

Maybe Sans was right.

“what the hell is it!?” Sans practically screamed at the doctor, sounding just as frustrated as you felt.

The doctor didn’t respond, and all you could do was watch as he prepared the needle and started to approach Sans and Indie slowly.

“You need to step back. I’m warning you,” You said, keeping the camera pointed at him, knowing how unstable Sans was. He would probably end up killing the doctor if he didn’t stop… and really, a part of you would agree with that.
You were getting pretty pissed yourself, since he was trying to do shit to your daughter.

“do not. fucking touch her,” Sans warned him too, growling softly under his breath.

You knew this was going to end really badly.

“It’s just a small jab,” He said, getting a bit closer.

“Do you know anything about monster instincts? If you put that near her, he’ll take your arm off,” You tried to warn him, but he didn’t listen.

“Then you should talk him down,” He said, as if you were supposed to ‘tame the beat’.

“ YOU should stop aggravating him!”

The look on Sans’s face was one that could still freeze your blood, let alone somebody who didn’t really know him. His smile took up almost half of his face, and made him look like a complete psychopath. His eyelights had vanished, and you knew he was silently daring him to come closer to his baby.

“Step away!” You tried one more time to warn him.

But he didn’t listen.

And once he was close enough, Sans had slammed him down face first on the floor, and was holding him there.

It horrified you at first, but once you saw that Indie was seated on the examination table, you calmed down. She was okay, but looked confused, and didn’t understand why her daddy was on top of that man.
You stood up and walked over to Sans, and gently placed your hand on his shoulder. “Sans. Sans, it’s okay. Let’s leave.”

He didn’t say anything, and you could tell by the way he was breathing that he was about to kill him.

...You had to act quickly, so you picked Indie up and placed her in his arms.

He held her close right away, and you felt relief. The power of love was pretty damn powerful.

“...dolphin,” She said softly, looking up at Sans with her curious little eye lights.

He took a couple deep breaths and stood up with her, but the doctor didn’t dare stand.

“...you mean delphinus,” He corrected her softly, kissing her forehead.

“yes!” She exclaimed happily, bouncing in his arms. You were convinced Indie could fix any situation.

Sans smiled at her one more time before looking at you. “we’re switching hospitals.” You one-hundred percent agreed.

“Let’s go. I got that all on film,” You told him, following him out as he left during your sentence. The doctor finally stood, but you didn’t bother to look at him.

You finally stopped the recording, and you felt so much relief now that it was over, and you were taking your baby home.

...Sans had Indie sleep in the bed with you and him that night, and you didn’t mind. It was nice to have her so close after such an awful experience. You hated to admit it, but you were really shaken up from the experience, despite how many times you had told Sans that it was fine and that he was just being paranoid. You felt awful now. What happened today showed just how right Sans was.
...You waited until they both fell asleep, and then escaped to the bathroom to have your nervous breakdown.

Today had been such a close call. What if something bad did happen to Indie from going to a hospital, the place that was supposed to keep her safe. It wasn’t fair, all of this just because she was different!?

It was racist, and you needed to find a way for her to be safe!

...But what if you couldn’t!?

Fuck… you couldn’t stop shaking.

You felt so sick.

You almost screamed when you felt a pair of arms wrap around you, and you jumped pretty violently. You looked down and saw the familiar sweatshirt that Sans always wore, and felt yourself relax a bit.

...Of course he would come to your rescue.

You leaned your head back on his chest and took a few deep breaths, reminding yourself to live in the moment. You were here, Sans was here, and Indie was here. You were all safe, and you all had proof of what the hospital was up to. You could get justice.

You would be okay.

You felt him start to rub your stomach, and it reminded you of the new life you were carrying. It was so weird, how something so huge could slip your mind like that. You had been so busy and preoccupied, that you hadn’t even started looking at baby supplies. You still had some baby supplies from Indie, sure, but since you were sure it was a boy, you knew you needed more stuff… you would think about that in the morning.
You needed to calm down.

You took some deep breaths and tried to remind yourself that everything was okay.

“i love you,” He said, his deep voice rumbling and making your small body vibrate a little.

“...I-I love you too.”

“it’s okay. we’re okay,” He assured you, the same way you always assured him. It was weird, how the tables had turned. You switched places.

“...Heh… I-I can see why you get so nervous,” You told him, thinking back to the appointment and how scared you were.

“...believe me now?” He asked, in a soft voice that wasn’t at all in an ‘i told you so’ type of tone.

“...S-Sorry.”

“don’t be sorry.”

...You felt yourself slowly relaxing in his hold, all of your nervousness slowly slipping away. You were safe here with him.

You survived.

“there’s a monster hospital nearby. i think that’s the safer bet.”

...Yeah. That would be better.

You nodded, unable to form words.
“we’ll call tomorrow. we’ll fix it.”

“...Yeah.”

It felt weird being on the other end of things, but you didn’t mind it.

You both went back to bed and cuddled Indie close, trying to forget the days events.

Sans felt exhausted. More so than usual, but he knew why now, so it wasn’t as scary. The new baby wasn’t taking nearly as much magic as Indie did while she was inside of you, but it still made him feel like shit. It was bearable though, and he was doing a pretty good job of hiding it. You hadn’t suspected a thing as far as he knew.

He just wanted it to go away, and it would eventually.

It would just take time.

You came into the bedroom, having just went out to go and make the appointment that was apparently mandatory, and you sat next to him.
“Sans?”

“hm?” He hummed in response, too tired to make a proper one in his head, or too sit up. He just glanced at you instead.

“I organized the appointment.”

“okay.” Whenever it was would be too soon.

“...They want us in today at five,” You told him, your voice full of nerves.

...

...Fucking pricks.

He sat up, forcing himself to ignore the pain. “…heh. of course they do.” Why would he expect anything less?

“Mh… we’ll get through this,” You said, clearly trying to make him feel better as you squeezed his hand. He appreciated the gesture, but it didn’t really work.

“...sure.” Maybe if he killed somebody.

Considering the fact it was already three thirty, he stood up and went to go get Indie ready, knowing it would be a bit of a hassle actually dressing her, and doing her hair. He eventually got her in a blue dress, and got her hair situation with a bow in it. He considered it good enough, and went out to meet you.

“All set?” You asked as he came into sight, Indie right beside him.

“yep!” Indie answered, taking Sans’s hand. It was so cute whenever she did that, and it made it ten times better when you grabbed the other one.
He took a shortcut to right outside the hospital, and then picked Indie up as soon as possible. He didn’t want her out of his arms this whole time, and he was gonna try his damn hardest to make sure he got his way on this one.

“Alright. C’mon,” You said, leading the way into the building while he held Indie. He followed you, reluctantly… but hey, sooner he did it, the sooner it was over.

He sat at the small waiting area and watched as you went and signed in at the front desk. He eavesdropped on your conversation, but he knew you wouldn't mind.

“Checking in for my daughter, Indie,” You told the lady, and she sprung up.

“Oh! Yes! Right this way!” She exclaimed, way too happily.

...But why the fuck was there no waiting time?

There were at least five other people waiting before Indie.

But regardless, he sighed and stood up before following the lady. You took his hand as he did so, and it helped him feel a bit better… but he was still pissed. He didn’t wanna be here. At least Indie was intrigued by the place, though. She couldn’t stop looking at everything.

The lady left you in a room, and then left, but before he could even sit on the table with Indie, a nurse was in.

“Hi! I’m Stacey. This is your first appointment, right?” She seemed way too happy to be real. Fake bitch.

“...Yes. She’s fine, though, no worries,” You spoke so he didn’t have to. You looked over to him as
you said it, gesturing to Indie. She was starting to feel nervous, and it was pretty obvious by the way she laid her head on Sans’s chest.

He wanted to get her out of there.

The nurse nodded, and then got some fucking needle looking thing.

What the fuck.

He started to come closer, and Sans’s instincts kicked in, causing him to hiss loudly and hold Indie closer. It worked, since the nurse stepped back in fear, so he didn’t regret it.

You smiled at her for some reason. Why the fuck were you okay with this!?

“I’m sure you know about monsters and their instincts, since you’re a nurse,” You told her.

“...Yes. But, um… I have to…” She said, walking forward again.

Apparently a hiss wasn’t enough, so this time he growled.

“Can I do it?” You asked the nurse, making his feel a bit better. Maybe it wasn’t a needle? You wouldn’t stick her with a needle… especially not from a doctors office.

She gave you permission and handed the thing to you, and you came over.

“what is that?” It couldn’t have been a needle.

“It’s okay, baby. Just a thermometer. There’s nothing bad,” You said, wiping it on your shirt. That wasn’t like any type of thermometer he’d ever seen… humans had some weird fucking inventions. It looked ancient.
He relaxed, though, and he let you do it.

You put the thing in her ear, and she whined out of discomfort. It made him so uncomfortable, but... he trusted you.

You took it out, and read the number out loud. “It’s normal. Ninety-eight degrees fahrenheit.”

Least that was normal, of all things.

“I’ll let the doctor do the rest,” She said, before leaving the room. He didn’t know what ‘the rest’ was, but it didn’t sound good.

Not at all.

“...We’re good,” You voice came suddenly, as you squeezed his hand, “You’re doing perfect so far.”

Sure as fuck didn’t feel that way.

“i wanna take her home.” And never come back.

“Not yet. Almost done.”

Bullshit.

He couldn’t help but groan, and didn’t stop as the doctor came into the room. He didn’t care if he knew Sans was upset about being here. Dude knew from the second he set foot in the hospital the first time, so who was he fooling?

“Hello. It’s good to see you here so soon,” The doctor greeted, mainly towards you. Were only there ‘so soon’ because he forced it by threatening to take his child away.
Bastard.

“not in the mood for small talk. get this shit over with.”

He looked over at you, as if you were going to take his side on this, but you looked away.

*that’s my girl.*

“Well. I suppose.”

Damn right you suppose.

“she’s fine. obviously. can we go?” He didn’t want to spend another second in that disgusting hospital. It smelled too clean… nauseating.

“I’m afraid since you’re daughter hasn’t has a single vaccination, I’m going to have to give her one now.”

…

...Vaccination?

Sans looked it up. He couldn’t vaccinate her unless he had parental permission.

“How vaccination?” You asked.

“i didn’t agree to a vaccination.” He never fucking would from this place.

“It won’t take long,” He said, as if it were supposed to be an answer that would satisfy you both.
“No. Neither of us are agreeing to this until we know what it is,” You said, and Sans almost interfered by saying neither of you were agreeing to it no matter what he said. He didn’t trust this guy.

But he still needed to know what he was trying to do to his kid!

“What the hell is it!?”

He didn’t respond. Just started to prepare the needle, and slowly stood and started to approach.

He would fucking kill him.

He heard your voice… but he couldn’t make out what you were saying. He was sweaty, and everything was so overwhelming as the doctor continued to walk closer, his face enough to make Sans sick.

“Do not. fucking touch her,” Sans tried to warn him, unable to stop his growl.

“It’s just a small jab.”

*It’s just a small grave.*

“Do you know anything about monster instincts? If you put that near her, he’ll take your arm off,” He heard you say to the doctor, making him smile of the inside. You were sugar coating it.

“Then you should talk him down.”

Wasn’t gonna happen.

“YOU should stop aggravating him!”
He kept coming closer… fucking idiot.

“Step away!” You exclaimed, trying so hard to save the doctor.

You’re so cute.

He got even closer, and Sans decided enough was enough. He set Indie down and quickly grabbed the doctor's arms before shoving him to the floor, trying to keep calm as he held him on the floor.

He wanted death.

He felt your hand on his shoulder, and he knew you were saying something… he just couldn’t hear it.

It was just static.

Suddenly Indie was in his arms, and… the static faded.

It was normal again.

“...dolphin,” She said, making him almost laugh.

He took a deep breath and stood up, holding her closer. “you mean delphinus.”

“yes!” She exclaimed, bouncing happily. Apparently she had forgotten the name, and was happy to remember.

He smiled at her before turning to look at you. “we’re switching hospitals.” He knew you would agree at this point, after everything you had both just seen.
“Let’s go. I got that all on film,” You said, and he left before you could even finish the sentence. He wanted out.

He took you both home, but it still wasn’t soon enough.

...

That night, he had Indie sleep in bed with you and him. He needed her close, and he wouldn’t be able to breathe if she wasn’t. He felt so on edge, and sick after the experience at the hospital. He hated everybody except for you, Indie, Papyrus, and the new baby, and he never wanted to go out again.

He fell asleep pretty easily with Indie tucked against him, but… he woke up when you got up from the bed.

He waited a moment before following after you, tucking Indie in and letting her stay asleep. You were in the bathroom staring into the mirror, but it was clear to him that you weren’t actually watching your reflection.

You were panicking.

He wrapped his arms around your body and pulled you close, trying to calm you down. You relaxed a little bit in his hold, and he knew that was probably the best he was going to get, but he would take it.

You leaned back on his chest and took a few deep breaths, making him smile. You were doing incredibly well given the circumstances. You just needed to remind yourself that everything was okay. He knew from experience.

He started to rub your belly, knowing it would probably soothe you and force you to think about the baby. Babies made everything easier on your mind, and he knew it would help you to think about something other than the hospital.

“i love you,” He reminded you as you continued to breathe.
“...I-I love you too.” You sounded so shaken up. So frightened.

“it’s okay. we’re okay,” He told you, repeating what you often told him, knowing himself that it worked to help anxiety. But then again, maybe it was just your voice in general that soothed him. It might not work for you.

But he was trying.

“...Heh… I-I can see why you get so nervous,” You said, your voice still shaky and anxious. At least now you understood. Now there would be less fights. Less fears.

“...believe me now?” He asked, making sure not to sound like an asshole. He wanted to know, genuinely.

“...S-Sorry,” You apologized, anyways.

“don’t be sorry.”

You relaxed slowly, and he let you lean on him for as long as you wanted.

“there’s a monster hospital nearby. i think that’s the safer bet.” It had just opened up recently, a month or two ago. He had been considering it.

You nodded.

“we’ll call tomorrow. we’ll fix it.” We’ll make things safe.

“...Yeah.”

He held you for a little longer and then you both went back to bed and held your baby girl between you.
Chapter End Notes

Can we focus on the new baby yet like damn so much drama

My Tumblr,
You're overly emotional. He doesn't blame you.

Babies cause hormones. You'll be okay.

You called the new hospital as soon as you could, since you knew despite how evil the doctors had been, Indie really did need to be seen by a professional. She was a year old, and didn’t have anything she needed yet. She needed her shots, and she needed a proper physical examination. They fit you in within a week, which was a lot less scary than going in the day you called. They weren’t a very busy office, so it made sense.

And Sans was a lot more on board with this hospital than he was with the last one.

And since you were pregnant, you decided to kill two birds with one stone, and made it a double appointment for you and Indie.

Sand had taken you both, and he had Indie in the baby carrier strapped to his chest, which you found a bit over the top. He could have just held her like last time, but hey, whatever got him through this appointment, you guessed.

You were in the waiting area, and you been there for about five minutes before Sans spoke up,

“i swear to…” He started, but then hesitated, covering Indie’s ears before continuing, “fuck, this better not be as bad as the other place.”

You rolled your eyes at the swear, but couldn’t help your smile. Least he covered her ears. “…I hope so.”
It seemed better so far.

“good sign that we’re actually in the waiting room,” He said, removing his hands from her ears. It didn’t seem to bother her in the slightest, she just looked up at him and then away after he gave her a reassuring smile.

“Yeah. We’re not an abnormality who takes first priority, here,” You agreed, also noticing there was a different smell. Still clean, but… not overpowering. You also liked the fact that there were both monsters and humans working at the hospital. Showed that not everybody was a racist asshole, thank God.

“thank god.”

You watched Indie as she chewed on her teething ring, since she complained her teeth had been bothering her lately. Sans said it was just her teething, so you believed him, since he apparently had been through it before. It seemed to work, anyways. She didn’t really complain as long as she was chewing on something. She was like a little puppy gnawing on a bone.

After about twenty minutes of waiting, which was pretty reasonable, you were finally taken back into a room. It was a lot smaller than the one at the hospital, but you honestly preferred it that way. It was cozy.

The nurse was already in the room, a goat, sitting and waiting, when she looked up at Sans.

“...Sans! It’s been a while,” She greeted him… apparently they knew each other?

You looked over at Sans, and watched as he blinked in clear shock, staring back at the woman.

“Ah, yes, I know. Don’t worry. I’ve been in therapy with some lovely humans who managed to get me back on the right track. Having Aliza around also definitely helps,” She said, her voice soft and friendly… but her story didn’t sound so good. You just hoped she was safe… who even was she?

She stood up, towering over you and Sans, hell, probably even over Papyrus if he were here. She was huge.
“...so… you’re a nurse?”

“Yes. Functioning healing magic is actually very useful in hospitals,” She said, which was kinda of a given in your opinion.

“...oh… uh, this is indie,” He said, taking a seat with Indie still strapped to him.

The lady smiled at her, and she shyly peered up at her.

“My, what a grown up girl! She has her father’s eyes,” She practically gushed over your daughter, who stared up at her in a mixture of confusion and distrust.

“i have indie eyes.”

The lady chuckled. “Why yes, I suppose you do, silly me.”

She turned to you suddenly.

“I don’t believe we’ve met. I’m Toriel. You must be Sans’s mate,” She greeted you, extending her arm out to shake yours.

“...O-Oh, uh… yeah. I’m y/n,” You greeted her back, shaking her hand politely.

“...you gonna stay in here when the doctor comes in?” Sans asked her, sounding almost like he was pleading. You weren’t sure how you felt about that.

“Of course,” She told Sans, when right on cue, the doctor came in.

She was a bunny monster of some sort, and she looked friendly enough. You wouldn’t say you trusted her yet, but… it seemed promising, at least. She sat down and opened her computer, like any doctor would before introducing herself.
Her name was Lucy, and she was Indie’s new doctor.

“Today we’ll be giving Indie her MMR. Is that alright with the both of you?” She asked, like a doctor was supposed to.

You already trusted her more than the last one, so you gave her a nod.

“...what’s that?” Sans asked, and you realized he knew nothing about human vaccinations. It made you feel a little bad, since he was pretty much on the spot now, but... since you agreed, you were sure he would too.

“It’s a vaccine for measles, mumps and rubella. We’ve found that monster children can have their vaccinations at a very very early age, but since she’s part human, we’re only going to do this one and see how it goes,” The doctor explained to Sans, very professionally, yet he still seemed pretty nervous.

“...uh.”

“Would you like Ms. Toriel to do the shot?” She offered, as she started to prepare the needle. It all seemed legit.

He didn’t respond, so you took it upon yourself.

“Yes. We’d like that,” You said, knowing he probably wouldn’t attack or growl at somebody he knew and trusted, like this random lady.

You watched as Sans looked down at Indie and examined her nervous face. She no longer had a good association with doctors offices, but hopefully today changed that for her. You really hoped so, because if Indie really hated doctors, Sans probably wouldn’t force her to go unless she was on her deathbed.

“Indie?” Toriel asked her, as she came a bit closer with the needle in her hand.

Indie didn’t say anything, but she made eye contact, which was the best anybody could hope for.
“I’m going to count to three, and you might feel a little sing on your arm. Do you like stickers?” She asked, which was smart. Instantly ask a question she enjoys to avoid her being upset about the thought of pain.

Indie nodded.

“I’ve got some lovely stickers in lots of different colors. After this you can have one in any color you like,” She told her, bargaining with a one year old. Hey, as long as it worked, you didn’t care.

“can i have two stickers?”

“Absolutely.”

You just hoped she didn’t stick them all over the walls at the house.

“Ready? Why don’t you pick the stickers you like from the sheet,” Toriel offered, handing her a sheet of stickers in all different colors.

Indie took it happily, and looked over them with excitement.

Toriel counted backwards from three before quickly injecting Indie, and then using what looked like healing magic on her. It was different from Sans’s… a different color, and it seemed to work a lot faster. It was like Indie never even felt it.

After she chose her stickers, she looked over at her arm. It didn’t even need a band aid.

“Perfect! Wow, you’re so brave, you didn’t even feel that!” Toriel cooed to her, and you weren’t sure how you felt about that… but Indie seemed happy, so whatever.

You were glad that Indie had a good experience with her shots, though… yours were a lot less pleasant.
Once that was settled, the doctor decided that it was time for her to check Indie’s chest, and listen to her heart. She told you both this, and then started to approach Indie and Sans, but like the last time, he growled at this doctor, too.

You were about to say something, but before you got the chance… Toriel did.

“Sans,” She said sternly, practically shooting lasers at him with her eyes.

You didn’t know why, but it annoyed the fuck out of you.

And what made it worse, was that Sans actually stopped.

He was practically sweating!

“She’s only checking her chest. Don’t be ridiculous!” She scolded your mate.

He grumbled in response, and that was all he did. Didn’t argue, didn’t talk back.

...The doctor checked her, and everything was fine. She was healthy, and now you were ready to get out of there.

“She might get a little sick but if it lasts longer than a week, come see us,” She instructed, before turning directly to you, “And you’re here for a pregnancy check, yes?”

You wished you could cancel, but you were already there.

“...Yeah. Just a scan.”

They brought a machine in and did a quick ultrasound, where you found out Sans was right. It was a boy, and Indie got to see her little brother on a screen. She seemed to love it, and that made the time pass quicker for you.
“There. I think that’s all. Just remember to take your vitamins,” The doctor told you right before you were about to head out.

“cool. thanks,” Sans thanked her for you, before turning to Toriel and giving her a proper goodbye with Indie. You didn’t know why you felt so pissed about it. This wasn’t like you… you knew something was going on, or… maybe you were just jealous…?

…

You didn’t like it.

You knew you probably came off as rude, but you didn’t say goodbye. You just walked out and waited for Sans to follow you and then teleport you home.

…

As soon as you got home, Sans finally put Indie down and out of the baby holder. She quickly ran off to play, her new stickers in her hands, and you just sat down on the couch, quietly. You just… felt pissed off.

Really pissed off.

“…you okay?” Sans asked you, but you didn’t respond. You just looked away from him, and focused your attention towards the window.

You watched as a couple of kids played outside, with chalk. Hopscotch.

“babe?” He tried again, this time using a nickname.

Dickhead.

“What.” You said, your voice filled with a lot more anger than you had intended.
Opps.

...You weren’t very sorry.

“...what did I do?”

Oh please. As if he didn’t already know.

“Nothing. I’m fine,” You said, even though you knew that the tone of your voice said otherwise. You didn’t wanna tell him. Wanted him to figure it out on his own.

He started to get closer, and you turned away from him, knowing he was probably gonna pull some type of manipulation. You weren’t gonna let him. Fuck him. This was his fault in the first place.

“...angel,” He cooed, now sitting on the couch, next to you. It made you angry. Who the fuck did he think he was, sitting there!?

“I said I’m fine.”

“Then look at me.”

You wanted to slap him instead.

“Why should I? You don’t do what I say,” You said, still refusing to look at him. Why should you do what he says, when he never listens to you?

“...what?” He asked, as if he had no idea what you were talking about.

“I can’t even get you to not try and kill people that look at Indie the wrong way, but Toriel barely even looked at you and you immediately let somebody touch Indie,” You pointed out, sick of the game, and wanting it to just be out there so he knew why you were so pissed. It wasn’t fair! She wasn’t your mate!
“...y/n, i’ve known her my whole life. i trust her judgement if she knows the doctor.”

*Oh* ho!

“So you don’t trust my judgement!?”

“i never said that. you didn’t know those doctors,” He explained, keeping calm which just made it *worse*!

“You don’t! I knew it!” You exclaimed, folding your arms, and still refusing to look at him.

“What are you talking about? you can’t have judgement when you didn’t know them,” He said, trying to be reasonable. What the fuck!?

“We’re never going to know every doctor or teacher in the world, Sans! At some point we’re going to have to trust somebody else, and right now I don’t even think you completely trust *me!*” You just felt so *frustrated*!

He stared at you for a moment, before speaking.

“...you’re jealous because of toriel, and you don’t wanna admit that so you’re turning this into something it isn’t. it’s not your fault. you’re pregnant. it’s making you territorial.”

Territorial!?

“It’s not about that!” You were never territorial before, so… there was no way you were now, right!? ...

...Right.

“it is. i can smell the hormones,” He said, making you scowl.
“Of course you can! You can probably smell how pissed off I am!” You didn’t even understand why you were pissed off!

“i can,” He admitted, scooting a little closer, “it’s okay. you can be mad. you’re hormonal.”

“Stop being so…! NGGGH!”

“...so what?”

“I don’t know! Calm!” Reasonable!

“i understand why you’re upset. i’m not gonna get mad,” He said, chuckling a bit towards the end.

“F-Fuck off!” You said, starting to tear up and not being able to stop it. You were so frustrated.

“...listen. toriel’s a really old friend. if there was something there it would have happened a long, long time ago. it never did. i’m yours. i love you.”

...

...You didn’t know how, but he managed to say exactly what you needed to hear.

You sniffled, trying to hold back your tears. You felt awful, and you wanted it to go away. It wasn’t fair.

“c’mere,” He said, and you turned just in time to see him opening his arms for a hug. You accepted it gladly, and hugged him back as tight as you could. He was yours. He loved you. She wasn’t anything important.

He felt so warm. So safe.
He assured you, making you feel a bit better.

“M-Mhm.”

He smelled so good to you in that moment. You didn’t understand why.

“wanna get indie settled for a nap then lay in bed naked?”

...Oh fuck yeah, you did.

You gave him a nod, and you spent that entire afternoon in bed.

The new hospital didn’t smell as bad as the last one.

It still had that way too clean lemony smell, but it was a lot more tolerable than the last one. They probably didn’t have as many patients, therefore they didn’t need to clean it as much as the last place did. It looked nice… smelled tolerable… so Sans just prayed that it wasn’t as evil as the last place.

He strapped Indie to his chest, just in case.
In the waiting room he was actually able to sit for more than five seconds, so that was a promising sign, at least.

“i swear to fuck, this better not be as bad as the other place,” He said to you, making sure to cover Indie’s ears so she didn’t hear the swear.

You rolled your eyes, but you were smiling, so he assumed he wasn’t in trouble. “...I hope so.”

So did he.

“good sign that we’re actually in the waiting room,” He said, taking his hands off of Indie’s ears. She looked up at him, and he smiled at her, reassuring her everything was okay. She looked away again, and he sighed softly.

“Yeah. We’re not an abnormality who takes first priority, here,” You said, which hit way too close to him.

That was exactly how they treated Indie.

It wasn’t fair.

“thank god.”

Here had to different.

You both watched as Indie chewed on her teething ring. It was good for her teeth, and Sans enjoyed watching. He knew it felt good to her, so it was nice to watch. It took about twenty minutes for somebody to finally call for Indie to go to a real room, but Sans didn’t mind. It was a lot better than going in right away when it should take time.

But when Sans walked in there…
“...Sans! It’s been a while.”

...Toriel was in the room, wearing scrubs.

The first thing he felt was anxiety. She was *not* mentally stable, and she should not be working around children. It wasn’t safe. She wasn’t safe.

This wasn’t safe.

Indie wasn’t safe.

“Ah, yes, I know. Don’t worry. I’ve been in therapy with some lovely humans who managed to get me back on the right track. Having Aliza around also definitely helps,” She said, making him relax a bit. If she wasn’t a danger to Indie…

...It was really good to see her.

She stood from her seat and kept her reassuring smile.

“...so… you’re a nurse?” He would’ve expected her to be teaching, back when she was normal… but it made sense, now, that she would work with kids who had problems and such.

“Yes. Functioning healing magic is actually very useful in hospitals.” Made sense. No need for stitches or ointments if you could heal things magically.

“...oh… uh, this is indie,” He said, introducing Toriel to his daughter. Only seemed right, since she was such an old time friend. Usually he would be all for letting you make the introductions, but… this was kind of special.

Toriel smiled at her right away, and Indie shyly peeked up at her, staying clutched onto Sans’s front just in case.

“My, what a grown up girl! She has her father’s eyes,” She said, gushing softly over Indie. Indie still
seemed confused.

“i have indie eyes.”

He had a perfect kid. He was proud.

Tori laughed. “Why yes, I suppose you do, silly me.”

She finally turned to meet you, and Sans really hoped you would get along. He didn’t see why you wouldn’t, but it still made him a bit nervous.

“I don’t believe we’ve met. I’m Toriel. You must be Sans’s mate,” She greeted you politely, offering her hand for a shake.

“...O-Oh, uh… yeah. I’m y/n,” You greeted her, shaking her hand. It was strange, how you stuttered like that. It seemed backwards. Like you and him truly were switching places somehow.

“...you gonna stay in here when the doctor comes in?” He asked Tori, knowing he would feel a lot safer that way. If he had somebody he knew working there, it would help him keep his instincts under control, and he would allow people to touch Indie.

“Of course,” She reassured him, just as the doctor entered the room.

She was a rabbit monster that he was certain he had seen around Snowdin back when they were still trapped. He didn’t know her personally, he just knew of her. Could recognize her face, just couldn’t put a name to it. He watched as she sat down and opened up her laptop before she introduced herself. Her name was Lucy, and she was Indie’s new primary care doctor.

He just hoped she didn’t force a vaccination on her.

“Today we’ll be giving Indie her MMR. Is that alright with the both of you?”
...MMR?

The fuck was that?

You nodded, but he was still confused and had questions.

“...what's that?”

“It’s a vaccine for measles, mumps and rubella. We’ve found that monster children can have their
vaccines at a very very early age, but since she’s part human, we’re only going to do this one and see
how it goes.”

...He understood, and he knew it would probably be fine, but…

...What if it wasn’t?

“...uh.”

“Would you like Ms. Toriel to do the shot?” She offered.

...He wasn’t sure if he completely trusted her yet, with her mental stability.

“Yes. We’d like that.”

But apparently you wanted to make the choice for him.

He glanced down at Indie to check on her, and he felt his soul throb when he saw how nervous she
was. Last doctors visit must have traumatized her. He wished he could make all of the anxiety go
away, because he sure as hell knows how bad it can be.
“Indie?” Tori said, coming closer with the needle in her hand. Thank God Indie didn’t know what those were, yet.

Indie didn’t respond, since she was so nervous, but she looked up at Tori.

“I’m going to count to three, and you might feel a little sting on your arm. Do you like stickers?” She asked her, sweetly.

Indie nodded.

“I’ve got some lovely stickers in lots of different colors. After this you can have one in any color you like.”

can i have two stickers?”

“Absolutely.”

That seemed to pacify her enough.

“Ready? Why don’t you pick the stickers you like from the sheet,” Toriel said, handing Indie the page of stickers.

She took it, and started to look through them.

Toriel did the injection while Indie was distracted, which ended up working perfectly, because Indie didn’t even know it happened. She just looked over afterwards and saw her healing her arm after she had chosen her stickers.

“Perfect! Wow, you’re so brave, you didn’t even feel that!” Tori cooed to Indie, encouraging her good behaviour. Indie seemed to enjoy it.

She clearly like Toriel.
Once that was all finished, the doctor said she needed to check Indie’s chest, but… Sans didn’t like that. He didn’t know her, and he couldn’t stop a growl from escaping his chest when she got closer.

He was a bit surprised when Tori snapped at him

“Sans,” She said sternly, glaring at him with the wrath of a thousand suns. Needless to say, it shut him right up.

“She’s only checking her chest. Don’t be ridiculous!”

…

He grumbled in response, but let her check Indie’s heart. They said she was fine, so that was good enough for him.

“She might get a little sick, but if it lasts longer than a week, come see us,” She said, before turning to you, “And you’re here for a pregnancy check, yes?”

He was excited to see the baby. He knew it was a boy.

“…Yeah. Just a scan.”

You on the other hand, seemed really upset.

He didn’t know why.

They brought in the ultrasound machine and you both quickly found out the gender. It was a boy of course, and he already had a name picked out.

He would just wait until later to actually share it.
It seemed a lot more real to Indie now, and she seemed excited for the baby thankfully. He was
nervous she would never really accept it, but she did. Everything was going to work out, just as long
as she kept that optimism about being a sister.

“There. I think that’s all. Just remember to take your vitamins,” Sans listened to the doctor as she told
you what to do.

“cool. thanks,” Sans thanked her for you, knowing you weren’t really in the mood for talking. He
turned to Tori and said goodbye properly, letting Indie do it as well. They seemed to like each other.

You walked out while he was saying goodbye, but he didn’t mind. He caught up with you when he
was done and brought you home.

…

He set Indie down right away, knowing she would be antsy since she had been attached to his chest
for so long, and she quickly ran off, no doubt to play with her toys in her bedroom. She had her two
new stickers too, so… he just hoped she didn’t stick them on the walls or on anything else that
needed to be a sticker free zone.

He watched as you sat down on the couch, practically oozing anger out of your aura. He wasn’t sure
how to feel about that.

“...you okay?”

You didn’t answer him. You just continued to stare out the window and deliberately ignore his
existence.

“babe?” He tried again.

“What.” Your voice was saltier than the dead sea.
“...what did i do?”

He never meant to make you mad.

“Nothing. I’m fine.”

...

...He was so confused.

He came closer, and sat next to you on the couch. He knew you probably didn’t want him next to you, but oh well.

“...angel.”

“I said I’m fine.”

Damn. He was convinced.

“then look at me.”

“Why should I? You don’t do what I say.”

...

...What?

...He thought he was doing better…?
“...what?” He asked, wanting to make sure you meant what he thought you did.

“I can’t even get you to not try and kill people that look at Indie the wrong way, but Toriel barely even looked at you and you immediately let somebody touch Indie,” You said, spitting fire with your words.

...He didn’t mean to make you angry over something so small.

Shouldn't you have been happy since there were no conflicts?

“...y/n, i’ve known her my whole life. i trust her judgement if she knows the doctor.”

Why was that such a bad thing?

“So you don’t trust my judgement!?”

...what?

“i never said that. you didn’t know those doctors.” You couldn’t have any judgement.

“You don’t! I knew it!” You exclaimed, folding your arms.

...

...This didn’t make any sense.

“what are you talking about? you can’t have judgement when you didn’t know them.” It was impossible.

“We’re never going to know every doctor or teacher in the world, Sans! At some point we’re going to have to trust somebody else, and right now I don’t even think you completely trust me!” That
wasn’t fair. He didn’t understand why you were acting like this.

...Oh.

“...you’re jealous because of toriel, and you don’t wanna admit that so you’re turning this into something it isn’t. it’s not your fault. you’re pregnant. it’s making you territorial.” It all made sense now.

You didn’t want anybody else around him.

“It’s not about that!”

It was completely about that.

“It is. i can smell the hormones.”

It was strange, but when you were pregnant with a boy as a monster, you would often feel more possessive, but when it was a girl, females tended to feel more passive. It was just a common thing for monsters, but it wasn’t set in stone. He wasn’t surprised you felt this way, so he wasn’t upset with you for being upset over something so small. It would pass, he just needed to spend more time around you.

(Of course you can! You can probably smell how pissed off I am!”

Oh yeah definitely.
“i can. it’s okay. you can be mad. you’re hormonal,” He said, scooting a bit closer to you.

“Stop being so…! NGGGH!”

...

...He had no idea how to react to that one.

“...so what?”

“I don’t know! Calm!” You exclaimed, sounding overly exhausted and frustrated. He really needed to get you to take a nap.

“i understand why you’re upset. i’m not gonna get mad,” He told you with a small chuckle.

“F-Fuck off!” You were starting to tear up, so he knew he needed to take action.

“...listen. toriel’s a really old friend. if there was something there it would have happened a long, long time ago. it never did. i’m yours. i love you.” He hoped that would be enough to nip this in the bud and pacify you, because he meant what he said. He just wasn’t the best with words.

You sniffled, and it was obvious you were trying to hold your tears in.

“c’mere,” He said, opening his arms just in time as you turned to accept his hug.

It felt so nice.

“think about how desperate i was when we first started talking. i needed you. that’s never gonna go away.”

He would always need you.
always.

“M-Mhm.”

“...wanna get indie settled for a nap then lay in bed naked?” He needed to get you settled for a nap, too.

You nodded, and he got Indie to sleep and then spent the rest of the afternoon in bed with you.

Chapter End Notes

I hate stink bugs.

My Tumblr.
Jester.

Chapter Summary

He's here.

Chapter Notes

Kinda a big skip, but it's time!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It didn't take long, and soon enough you had a new baby in your hands.

This baby looked exactly like Sans. The spitting image of his father.

Sans named him.

Jester.

JJ for short.

He was beautiful, and he made your heart swell every time you looked at him.

He fed really well, and it took him literally no time at all to latch. The second you had him at the
nipple, he was eating, and he was eating well. You couldn’t stop yourself from snuggling him the entire time he ate, too. He was just way too precious. Sans watched from his seat next to you as he ate, clearly amazed by his son.

“...jeez,” He commented softly so he didn’t disturb Jj.

“He’s just like his sister,” You commented. He was a little piggy when it came to food. Your breasts already hurt from feeding him.

“but worse.” He wasn’t wrong. Jester had more suckling power than Indie did, but you would be fine. If it ever got to be too bad you could just start pumping and bottle feed him… that way Sans could feed him too. Wasn’t such a bad idea.

“My poor boobs,” You joked, but apparently he took it literally.

“does it hurt?”

“Not really. Not yet.” You knew it would be a lot worse tomorrow.

“can i hold him yet?” He asked. He was being so patient, but you still weren’t ready to give him up. Not yet.

“Mmm… when he’s done.” You knew he had more than enough to eat by this time, but you wanted to hold him a little while longer.

“selfish,” Sans joked, his line of sight still directed at the small little baby on your chest. He seemed just as happy as he did when Indie was first born, and it warmed your heart. You just couldn’t wait for Indie to meet him and fall in love, too… but you had to admit you did have a little bit of fear that she might reject him.

Maybe even throw a tantrum.

You finally decided to stop being selfish, and handed Jester over to Sans so they could get some bonding time in. He took him eagerly, and examined his face a little better. Jester was the spitting
Sans kept eye contact with Jj, and you noticed it almost seemed like a dominating stare. Like Sans was trying to let him know that he was in charge, and that he was the alpha male.

But then Jester let out a little growl, and Sans’s face softened.

You couldn’t help the small squeal that escaped your lips at how cute he was.

Jester wiggled his hands as best as he could and bared his teeth at Sans in a small defense. It was so cute you had no idea what to do with yourself. Sans didn’t seem offended or threatened, he just cuddled Jj close to his chest pretty tightly. It seemed to keep them both calm after that exhausting argument they just had.

“just born and already picking fights with me.”

“I think he just won.”

Sans chuckled softly and proceeded to smoother Jester with kisses, planting them all over his face causing him to make small noises and bare his teeth a little bit, but you could tell it was only playful.

It still amazed you how alert and lively monster babies were fresh out of the womb.

Human babies were alert, sure, but… not this animated.

“...do you think we should wait until after we get home to introduce him to indie, or have her come here?” Sans asked you, as he rocked Jj back and forth. He had fallen asleep in Sans’s arms, and he seemed pretty content there.

“We should have her come here. He had a big head, so I’m gonna be here for a few days.” You said it light heartedly, but you were serious. It felt like he had ripped you in half on his way out. You felt like you were never gonna walk again.
He gently placed one hand on your thigh and rubbed it gently, still holding Jester in his other.

“it’ll be fine.” You weren’t sure if he was referring to your vagina or Indie coming to visit, but either way, you agreed.

“Mhm. Just hope she doesn’t flip him.” It wouldn’t surprise you if she did. She was easily jealous, especially when the attention was taken from her. Particularly Sans’s attention. She was still a major daddy’s girl.

“...shit,” He muttered softly, probably realizing how real that fear actually was. Indie was a wild card.

Unpredictable.

“It’s okay,” You assured him, taking his hand and yawning, “You have lightning fast reflexes when it comes to kids.”

You were exhausted from giving birth, but you knew now was no time for a nap.

“i try,” He said, sighing himself rather softly.

You and Sans spent most of the day alone with Jj at the hospital, getting to know him. Sans told you his soul was green, and he told you it meant kindness. It seemed like a perfect trait for your baby. You needed a kind child to balance out the little firecracker you already had. He was a growly baby right now, so you questioned it a bit, but Sans assured you it was just a normal thing for a new monster baby, and Jester was definitely more on the monster side, at least physically. But hey, at least that meant you didn't have to buy diapers.

After you had eaten your dinner provided by the hospital, you told Sans he could text Papyrus and have him bring Indie on over.

“think they’ll get along?” Sans asked you, after sending the text. You both knew Papyrus would have here at the hospital right away, so now it was just a waiting game. Luckily it would be short, so neither of you had to worry for long.
“I think they’ll get along just fine.”

“...really?” He asked, raising a brow bone. You had just finished feeding Jj, and he was asleep in your arms, so you looked down at him. He seemed like such an angel. You were sure him and Indie would be best friends.

“Really. I’m sure of it.”

That seemed to pacify Sans a bit, and you smiled as you laid back. You knew how much he loved both of his babies, so the thought of them not getting along must have really hurt his soul. You just wished he didn’t worry so much. Even if they didn’t get along at first, they would when they got home.

You would make sure of it.

Papyrus came into the room with Indie in his arms, and quickly set her down before announcing that he had to go, and congratulations. Indie instantly ran over to Sans, and he picked her up in a hug. Seeing that made you feel so happy.

You loved your little family, and you loved how much it was growing.

Sans set her back down after giving her a hug, and she ran right over to you and sat next to you on the bed, peering down at the baby in your arms curiously. She looked back up at you and you smiled at her.

“Hey, baby. Watch out, mama’s delicate right now.” Your entire body was sore, so the last thing you needed was for Indie to jump all over you, even if it was out of love and excitement. Wouldn’t be a fun time for you.

“is that my baby?” She asked, quietly. Jester had woken up at the sound of new voices, and from Indie sitting on the bed. It became a staring match between the two of them, and you and Sans watched.

“Mhm. It’s your baby brother,” You told her, smiling down at her softly. Last thing you wanted was for her to feel like she mattered less, so you needed to be sure that you gave her just as much attention. You would hate if she resented her brother because of an attention issue that you could
“Okay. But you have to be very gentle, alright?”

“Okay,” she agreed, clearly getting excited.

You were glad.

You gently placed Jester into Indie’s arms after explaining to her the right way to hold a baby, and placed a pillow right under the arm that would be supporting Jj’s head. She was excited, so you had to warn her to calm down a little bit.

You took a deep breath, and then placed him into Indie’s arms.

It started out as a staring contest. They were both looking into each others sockets and trying to figure out who they were. It was a heartwarming moment, and you started beaming when you saw Indie smile big at him.

“Hi! I Indie!” she said, introducing herself to her new baby brother. It made you so happy. You were so proud of her, and you could tell Sans was too, based on the look on his face. He had an even bigger smile than Indie did. You felt good about this.

...But then Jester growled at her, like he had done to Sans.

Only Indie didn’t find it as cute as Sans did.

She slapped him.
“INDIE!” You exclaimed, scolding her loudly.

Sans had grabbed Jester the second it happened, and held him to his chest protectively. Luckily, Jester hadn’t started to cry, so it didn’t affect him that much, but it didn’t matter. Indie couldn’t do that!

“he did a rawr!” She said, defensively, clearly upset at the fact that you were upset with her.

“No! You never hit your little brother, do you understand me!?” You asked her, trying not to be too harsh, but… you were protective right now. Even Sans was taking it better than you were in the moment, but you couldn’t help it. He had just came out of you!

She frowned sadly, and you tried to be a little less intense, but… she wouldn’t even look you in the eye.

“Look at me.”

She started to tear up, so you gave her a bit of a break.

“Indie. You never ever slap your little brother. Say it to me,” You told her, demanding she learn her lesson and not make the same mistake.

She started to cry, and she didn’t respond.

“Say it.”

Sans decided to step in just then.

“…i’ll take her out and talk to her.”

He handed Jester back to you, and you held him close, examining his face momentarily to make sure he was okay. He seemed fine, so you relaxed.
You watched as he picked Indie up and carried her outside of the room, and you waited in silence. You were curious as to what Sans was saying, sure, but… you were too tired to go and find out. You just cuddled up with Jester and tried to relax. You knew they wouldn’t be too long.

It took about five minutes before they came back, Indie pulling Sans along with her by his hand. He didn’t seem to mind.

She came over and shuffled up onto the bed and sat beside you, a sad look on her face. You could already tell she felt bad. Whatever Sans had said to her, must have worked, because she never looked so upset before.

“i sorry,” She apologized, to both you and Jester. She looked between the two of you as she said it, and you gave her a soft smile.

You kissed her on the forehead.

“It’s okay.”

Sans got into the bed with you and you all cuddled up together. Was gonna be a long first night.
When you went into labor with Jester, it came as a complete shock to the both of you.

He came a little earlier than either you were expecting, about two weeks before your actual due date. But luckily he was perfectly healthy, just a little smaller than Indie was. The male monsters were usually the bigger ones, but since he was a little early he wasn’t as big.

Sans wasn’t worried. He still had a strong soul and would continue to grow.

It would just take a bit more magic from Sans. He didn’t mind.

Indie stayed with Papyrus while you gave birth, and honestly it made it kinda hard for Sans to concentrate while she wasn’t around. He didn’t know exactly where she was, and exactly what she was doing, and it made his instincts worry. It would be the same exact way if you were the one not around, he just… needed to know where every family member was at all times or else he felt like he was going crazy. He was missing one fourth of his family… it wasn’t whole. It felt wrong.

But his family had grown.

You were holding a miniature version of him in your arms.

Only this little boy was pure.

Perfect, with a green soul.

He was kind.

...And also apparently very hungry.

He started eating the second you attached him to your boob, and he hadn’t stopped since. He was a little pig for food, and Sans couldn’t have been any prouder. He watched as you snuggled him, as he fed, in amazement.
“...jeez,” He said softly, a bit shocked by how much he was eating in one sitting. He was taking big gulps too, so he knew your boobs must have hurt.

“He’s just like his sister,” You said, smiling softly. You were glowing, despite how corny that sounded.

“but worse.” Much worse.

“My poor boobs.”

He called it.

“does it hurt?”

“Not really. Not yet.” thank fuck. He was worried for a second.

“can i hold him yet?” Sans still hadn’t had a chance to. They put him right on your chest, and you instantly fed him.

“Mmm... when he’s done.”

Course not.

“selfish,” He joked softly, watching Jester as he ate.

He felt good about everything.

But he missed his daughter.
He felt a little better when he finally got to hold Jj, but… he still felt off. He didn’t have his entire family, and he felt bad.

He wanted Indie.

...He stared down at Jj, and tried to assert dominance. Since Jj was a male monster, he would try to gain dominance over Sans if he didn’t prevent it. He held firm eye contact and made sure to be assertive.

...

Then Jester growled.

He couldn’t help himself from going soft.

He heard you squeal from how cute it was, but he couldn’t bring himself to look away from Jj. He moved his little arms and bared his teeth at Sans, but he couldn’t bring himself to care. He just cuddled his son close to his chest. Jester no longer felt the need to growl or be defensive, and Sans decided he liked this better. Besides, he was half human, so maybe he didn’t feel the need to be the alpha. Maybe he was only doing it because he was trying to be like his dad.

Seemed likely.

“just born and already picking fights with me,” He joked, looking down at you as he continued to hold Jester close to his chest.

“I think he just won.”

Sans chuckled and kissed Jester all over his face. He made small noises in response and bared his teeth, but Sans could tell there was no even intent.

“...do you think we should wait until after we get home to introduce him to indie, or have her come here?” He asked you, rocking Jj in his arms. He wanted Indie to be around, but… he was still anxious when it came to hospitals. Another person to look after did seem a bit overwhelming.
“We should have her come here. He had a big head, so I’m gonna be here for a few days,” You told him, making him feel awful.

He placed his hand on your thigh and rubbed it.

“it’ll be fine.”

“Mhm. Just hope she doesn’t flip him.”

...

...Shit.

She so would.

“...shit.”

“It’s okay,” You told him this time, taking his hand in yours before yawning, “You have lightning fast reflexes when it comes to kids.”

...He tried.

“i try.”

The day at the hospital was pretty slow and quiet. Nobody really bothered you or Jester unless it was to make sure he was doing okay, and it wasn’t in a strange or suspicious way. Sans felt okay with the choice to go to this hospital instead, and he could tell you felt good about it too.

He just wished he was home so he could protect his family properly.
You ate your dinner provided by the hospital that night, and once you had finished, you said he could have Papyrus bring Indie over.

“think they’ll get along?” He asked you after he texted Pap. He knew it wouldn’t take long for him to bring Indie over, so he was a bit nervous. The last thing he needed was for his two babies to fight. He could never take a side.

“I think they’ll get along just fine.”

...Well that was good, at least.

He just wished he agreed one hundred percent.

“...really?” He asked, just double checking. He was still a paranoid person, if that wasn’t already apparent.

“Really. I’m sure of it.”

It helped Sans relax a bit, hearing you reassure him and give him a smile. He watched as you laid back and got comfortable, and waited in silence.

He couldn't help it.

He was still nervous.

Papyrus ended up taking less than twenty minutes to show up, and Indie ran up to Sans right away. Pap congratulated you both and then ran off, no doubt to his new job. He could meet Jester later.

Sans picked Indie up in a snuggle and held her close. He knew she was upset and felt left out.

He set her down after a moment so she could go over and meet Jester and greet you, and that’s exactly what she did. She ran over and sat next to you on the bed, peering down at Jj in your arms.
“Hey, baby. Watch out, mama’s delicate right now,” You greeted her, giving a gentle warning. She didn’t move, so he assumed she got the message.

“is that my baby?” She asked you, her voice barely above a whisper. Jester wasn’t even sleeping… Indie was just trying to be gentle.

“Mhm. It’s your baby brother.” You held such a sweet smile for her.

“i hold.”

…

...That was a good sign… he thinks.

Hopefully she didn’t really bodyslam him.

You looked over at Sans, and he gave a nod, knowing you were asking how he felt about it silently. He didn’t mind, he just had to come close and standby in case anything went wrong. You scooted over so Indie could be in the middle, and she did so gladly.

“Okay. But you have to be very gentle, alright?”

“okay,” She agreed, excitedly. He was glad she was showing an interest, he just hoped it lasted and didn’t backfire on him.

Sans watched as you put Jester into her arms, and explained the correct way to hold a baby. You put a pillow under her arm that was supporting Jj’s head, and then warned her not to get too excited.

It started out with Indie and Jester just… staring into each others sockets. It was cute but also a bit concerning. He couldn't really tell if it was a mean stare or a friendly exploring one. He hoped for the later, but he was prepared for the worst.
Then Indie smiled at him.

“hi! i indie!” She introduced herself, as if he would understand every word. It was adorable., and he couldn’t stop his smile.

Jester growled in response, so… apparently he didn’t like that.

And Indie didn’t either.

So she slapped the shit out of him.

“INDIE!” You shouted, louder than he had ever heard you before, as he grabbed Jester from Indie’s arms and held him close. The slap didn’t affect him in any way, but Sans couldn’t help himself. He needed to be sure.

“he did a rawr!” She said, defensively. Sans knew she didn’t mean any harm. She had instincts too, and she felt threatened. It happened. But you were pissed, and he didn’t wanna cause a fight, especially now.

“No! You never hit your little brother, do you understand me!?”

...You sounded so mean, he couldn’t help but feel a bit bad for Indie. She looked so sad.

“Look at me,” You demanded.

She started tearing up.

“Indie. You never slap your little brother. Say it to me,” You demanded again.

She started genuinely crying, and you kept pushing.
“Say it.”

Sans decided it was time to step in, and put Jj back in your arms.

“i’ll take her out and talk to her,” He told you, as he picked her up and exited the room, going into the hallway before setting her down.

He didn’t stop hugging her, but she was on her feet.

She sniffled and cried for a good minute or two before she finally managed to calm down a bit.

“...better?” He asked, petting her hair, gently.

She gave a ginger nod, but he still have a her a moment and waited until she was completely calmed down. He didn’t wanna talk to her about this while she was still crying or even still sniffling. She would never really engage that way.

“look at me,” He requested gently, making sure not to sound too assertive.

She did what he asked.

Progress.

“you can’t hit jester, he’s just a baby,” Sans said, looking her in her sockets. He wasn’t mean, he was just stern. Made sure she knew he was serious without making her upset.

“...he growled at me,” She said in defense. He was expecting it.

“he was just born, he’s just using his instincts, just like you do when you get scared or overwhelmed. he’s trying to figure out what’s going on, sweetheart,” He explained as best as he could, and as gently as he could.
She was quiet for a moment, but then she nodded. “...okay.” She wiped her eyes and took a deep breath.

“promise me you wont hit.”

“...Promise.”

He believed her.

“thank you you,” He praised her, petting her head gently, “now go say sorry to mommy and jj.”

“...Okay,” She agreed, taking a hold of Sans’s hand and dragging him in with her. She didn’t wanna go alone. He didn’t make her.

She pulled him in by his hand, but let go once the door was shut.

Sans stayed by the door as he watched Indie go over to you and sit back next to you on the bed.

“i sorry,” She apologized, looking between both you and Jester as she spoke.

You smiled at her, and kissed her on the forehead.

“It’s okay.”

You all spent the rest of the night cuddled up in bed.

Sans just personally hoped you could all go home soon.

Chapter End Notes
Stories almost over ;) but don't worry. There are more to come, and more in progress. If you like this story, read my other ones if you haven't.

My Tumblr.
The day after Jester was born had to be the scariest day of your life.

You were alone in your hospital room, feeding him and watching the clock sleepily. Sans had taken Indie out to get McDonalds, since he knew she wouldn’t be a big fan of the hospital food, so you didn’t mind spending some time alone with the baby. He was a quiet one, so you expected no trouble.

But the trouble wasn’t his fault.

He stopped eating all of a sudden, which was very unlike him. He always ate for at least ten minutes, and it had only been about five. You looked down at him, expecting him to burp or something, but…

He started wheezing.

You quickly pressed the call button for the nurse and sat him up more hoping that would help him, but it didn’t. You started to panic, and just then the nurse came rushing in and all but ran over to you. She took Jester right away and started to look him over.

Before you could ask any questions, he was placed into the small bed next to yours and a breathing mask was placed on his face.
All you could do was assume the worst.

The machine he was hooked up to was going crazy, and you were so scared and confused and you wanted to know what was going on!

“Wh-What’s wrong with him!?” You asked, practically screaming as you stood up.

“I-I’m not sure. Just stay calm,” She told you, and you watched as she stuck a needle in his arm and withdrew blood. You had no idea he even had blood in his bones. That must’ve been a strong needle.

“I-It’s not fatal, right?” If she said stay calm, what did that mean? Did it mean you didn’t have to worry, or did it mean you should worry!?

She didn’t respond.

She just went out into the hallway, and called for the doctor.

You were terrified.

You had to watch as they wheeled your baby out and told you they were going to handle it, and that you needed to stay where you were.

...Were you already gonna lose him…?

...

...You got your phone out, and texted Sans.

Y/n: - Come back quick
It took less than a minute for him to respond.

**Sans:** - why you okay?

**Y/n:** - Somethigns wrong with jj everyones freaking out

You couldn’t spell correctly, you were so shaken up. You were terrified and expecting the worst, and it *sucked*. You just wanted to hold your baby.

But the second you hit send, Sans was back in the room, with Indie in his hands. He let her down right away, and she ran over to you, but Sans stood still. He must’ve noticed your tears, and the lack of a baby in your arms.

“...what happened?” He asked, clearly trying to keep himself composed and calm, on the one time he didn’t even need to. You were freaking out, so he could too.

You looked over at the door where they had taken your baby through. “I-I don’t know! He just suddenly started wheezing, and almost stopped breathing!”

His eye lights went out, so you just kept going, knowing he wouldn’t respond.

“Th-They took him through there on life support.” Just saying it out loud was enough to destroy you. Your baby was on life support.

You had never seen Sans run as fast as he did in that moment. He hauled ass out the door and after Jester, and all you could do was hold Indie close to you and cry.

Poor thing had no idea what was going on.

“...what happen?” She asked you softly, sensing the tension and sadness in the room. She never talked that quietly.
“J-Jester’s a bit sick, honey.” You didn’t want to tell her the severity of the situation. The last thing you needed was for her to be afraid.

“...my baby?” She asked you, making your heart split in two.

You hugged her close, and couldn’t bring yourself to form words. You just kept crying. You couldn’t stop it. You couldn’t do anything.

“c-cuz i hit?” She asked you, blaming herself now.

“N-No, sweetie. It’s not because of that. It’s something else.”

You weren’t even sure what it was.

You were expecting the worst.

Indie started to cry, and you felt heart broken. You had been trying your hardest to prevent any tearshed, and you failed. All you could do was hold her close to you and wait for her tears to stop, along with your own.

You laid there in constant sadness and panic while you waited for Sans or a nurse to come in, just... for something to happen.

You hated being in the dark, especially when it came to your child’s health.

You didn’t know how he was doing.

Didn’t know if he was breathing on his own.

Didn’t even know if he was alive.
You could only hold Indie until she fell asleep and then wait some more in eerie silence.

...Until Sans came back.

...

...With Jester in his arms.

You instantly started to cry again as you sat up and opened your arms, requesting to hold him again.

He was alive.

He was breathing.

Sans gave him to you, and you held him close to you, sobbing and kissing his little face. He seemed annoyed by it, but you didn’t care. He was safe. He was okay. You added Indie into the hug and took a deep breath. Today had been so stressful and scary… all you wanted to do was go home and cuddle your kids while taking a huge nap.

The doctor came into the room not too long after and you had to admit having her around made you feel safe in general.

“We figured out what happened,” She told you all right away, making you feel both terrified and relieved. Maybe they would have good news and you could fix it, but maybe… it would be bad news.

Sans sat up and decided to speak, so you let him take over.

“What?” He asked, looking over at the doctor.

“His primary soul trait is Kindness, which although very rare, is a very weak soul. Without the stabilising frequency of Sans’s soul, the magic from his mother’s human soul is overwhelming and chokes the system.”
...Oh no.

What were you supposed to do to fix that?

Was there a way to fix that?

“...so how do we prevent that?”

“Just stay together... here,” She said, handing Sans a piece of paper, “It’s a signed note from me. Show it to your boss or to whomever may be trying to separate you, and it gives my explicit order that you two must stay together with the baby.”

Sans took the paper from her and looked it over for a brief second before looking back to her.

“...thanks.”

“Anytime. Give me a call if you lose it- I’ll also email you a copy.” She seemed so nice. You were so glad you switched hospitals.

Lord knows the other place would have used this as an excuse to experiment.

“alright.”

“Call for me if Jester starts to seem faint or is having any difficulties with breathing,” She said, before leaving you all be.

As soon as she was gone, Sans came over and picked Jj up out of your arms. You were expecting him to just cuddle, but...
He started to sob.

You sat up and watched as he stared down at Jj’s face, worry and anxiety so clearly all over his face. You felt awful. You didn’t know how to help.

...But you didn’t need to, because Jester reached up with his little hand and made a soft patting motion towards Sans. He chuckled and kissed Jj’s fingers. You swear, the only time you ever see him being a softy is when he’s with his kids.

You felt special that you were able to experience it.

Jester stuck his tongue out at Sans, and in return Sans started to purr. It was a big change from the growling yesterday, but you were certain Jester could sense the sadness from Sans.

Their souls were still bonded, so it seemed more than likely.

Jj did a small purr back, and you swear, it sounded like a kitten. It was so high pitched and adorable, hell, you heard kittens purr deeper than he was before.

He was such a cute baby.

Sans pulled him closer and gave him a big cuddle before turning to you.

“i-i thought we were gonna lose him.”

...Well you couldn’t lie.

“...Me too.”

“...it’s all my fault.”
...Wait, what?

He was blaming *himself* for this?

How was he supposed to know this was gonna happen?

“...Don’t say that. It’s not. Neither of us knew,” You told him, knowing that if he had somehow knew, he would never have left. He wasn’t in the wrong here. None of you were. Jester just… had to pay for something neither of you were knowledgeable about, and it was a shitty situation for everybody involved.

“i-i should’ve known. i should’ve been here.” You should’ve known he was going to try and blame himself for this.

It was such a typical Sans move.

“...Hey, come here,” You said, moving over a little, letting Indie continue to sleep on you.

He came over and sat beside you, Jj still safe in his arms, and you both shared a soft kiss.

“You couldn’t have known. It’s not your fault. And you came back straight away and fixed it, right? So really, you saved him,” You tried again to explain it, but you were pretty sure it was a lost cause.

“i put him in the situation to start with.”

“You could never have known, baby. The doctor said it’s never happened before.” You tried to keep your voice soft and gentle.

“...i should’ve.”
There he was. He was in that headspace where everything was his fault.

“How could you?”

“instincts? i don’t know.”

You sighed, deciding it was best to give up. It was a lost cause, and there was no way you were getting through to him on this.

“...Hey. Instead of thinking about what we should’ve done, let’s focus on what’s happening now, right?” You said, patting Jester’s little head. He seemed perfectly content with just hanging out and looking around.

He didn’t respond, so you kept speaking.

“Indie’s safe. Jj’s safe.”

“...for now.”

“Yes. Now. Focus on now. Let’s enjoy now instead of worrying about later, okay?” It was all you could do to keep from going insane.

“...okay,” He finally settled.

He cuddled up to you, and you slept surprisingly well.
The last thing Sans wanted to witness was Indie wasting any food, so he avoided that by taking her
to McDonalds instead of forcing her to eat at the hospital.

She was thrilled of course, as most kids were by the mention of fast food, and you said that you were
fine alone for a little while, so he took her. He told you to text him if you needed anything, and said
he’d bring back your favorite.

He took a shortcut to the ‘restaurant’ and brought Indie inside.

“whadaya want?” He asked her, looking over the menu. It all seemed fake and honestly a little gross,
but… food is food.

“chicken nuggies!”

Hey, chicken was supposedly better for you than beef, right? He was fine with that choice.

Least she didn’t ask for cookies or an ice cream cone.
He knew that choice would’ve set you off when she told you about it later.

“wanna apple juice?”

“yeah,” She agreed, looking around at the menu, before glancing at the toy display. She seemed excited by it, so he figured he could just get her a happy meal and then let her play with it afterwards.

He waited their turn and then walked up to the counter to place his order, Indie still in his arms and now staring at the cashier. Thankfully it went smoothly, and she got her happy meal without either Sans having a panic attack from social interaction, or somebody being racist. Didn’t happen as often as it used to, but racism was still very much alive.

He waited patiently for the food to come out, and when it did, he brought Indie to one of the tables and set her down in the booth before getting her food out for her.

Like most kids, she was instantly drawn to the toy, so he had to take it away until she ate her food.

She wasn’t very happy with this predicament, but she didn’t complain too much. She knew how much Sans cared about her eating properly.

You and Sans had both drilled it into her head at this point.

She started to eat her small container of fries right away, which wasn’t a surprise to him. He knew they were covered in sugar and fried in beef fat, so of course it appealed to kids. Hell, even most adults craved the stuff.

He just refused to give it to her enough to where she got addicted.

“eat the chicken,” He reminded her. It was better for her than the fries, even if it was breaded and probably fried.

“kay,” She said, picking one up and dipping it in the ketchup.
Definitely his kid, even if he didn’t crave the stuff as much as he used to.

Once she finished all her food, including the apple slices, he gave her toy back and let her play with it for a little while. He wasn’t really in any rush to go back. He knew you had the baby, and he trusted you and he didn’t want Indie to be restless and bored at the hospital all day.

The last thing either of you needed was a cranky Indie while dealing with a newborn.

He was watching her play when his phone buzzed in his pocket. It was either you or Papyrus, so he checked it right away.

**Y/n: - Come back quick**

…

Well that was terrifying to read.

**Sans: - why you okay?**

He was praying to God you said yes and that you were just hungry. He hadn’t even ordered your food yet… he didn’t want it to get cold while Indie was eating hers.

**Y/n: - Somethigns wrong with jj everyones freaking out**

The fact that you couldn’t even spell right was enough to make his ass terrified.

He didn’t waste a second, he just grabbed Indie and teleported straight back to the room. She still had her toy in her hand, but she put it down when she sensed something was wrong.

He put Indie down right away, and she ran over to you. It wasn’t a surprise, he expected nothing less… but what *did* surprise him was that Jester was nowhere to been seen, and you were *crying.*
Where the *fuck* was his kid!?

...He needed to stay calm.

Everything might’ve been okay, right? He shouldn’t over react.

“...what happened?” He asked, hoping for the fucking best.

You looked right over at the door and sobbed out your answer. “I—I don’t know! He just suddenly started wheezing, and almost stopped breathing!”

...

...Stopped… breathing.

...

...

“Th-They took him through there on life support.”

That was all he needed to hear before he ran as fast as he possibly could.

He could still feel Jesters soul through the connection, so he knew *exactly* where to go. He ran into the room he felt him in and almost screamed when he saw him hooked up to a machine inside a bed with a glass top.

He only saw those in movies when things went really bad.
The nurse ran over to him and tried to tell him that he couldn’t be in there while they were trying to save him, but… Sans just pushed her out of the way. If he wanted his baby, he was seeing his baby.

He crouched down and stared through the glass. He wasn’t breathing good, and he looked so tired, just like you said.

It broke him.

As Sans looked closer, he saw all the little patches attached to his little rib cage, right over his soul. He could see the green shine through his rib cage, and it was so much fainted than it should have been.

...But suddenly the beeping machine steadied.

That was a good sign… right?

“...jj,” Sans called out to him gently, letting him know he was here. He wasn’t gonna leave him alone ever again.

Jester took a big deep breath in, and Sans smiled.

“there ya go.”

All of the nurses practically slumped to the floor in relief. He was breathing on his own again, and he was okay. His soul was shining brightly, too. Hell, even brighter than it was when he was first born.

“His magic is stabilising,” The nurse that Sans had pushed announced. He knew it was. He could see and feel it.

...He opened his little sockets, and Sans took the cover off along with the mask, and quickly held him close to his chest. He was okay. He made it through this. The nurse took the small patches with the
wires off of his rib cage too, so Sans could hold him better.

He didn’t wait any longer, and quickly brought him back to your room.

He opened the door and brought him in, and you instantly started crying and reached out for him.

He placed him into your arms and watched as you kissed his face and held him close to you. Sans desperately wanted to break down and cry, terrified by what just happened, but… he held it in. He needed to be strong for you.

He took a seat in one of the chairs and watched, relieved to see his little family didn’t break today.

The doctor came into the room about half an hour later and made an announcement.

“We figured out what happened.”

...Thank fuck.

Sounded like good news to him.

“What?” He asked, sitting up to talk to the doctor properly. He needed to hear this, so he didn’t mind talking to her.

“His primary soul trait is Kindness, which although very rare, is a very weak soul. Without the stabilising frequency of Sans’s soul, the magic from his mother’s human soul is overwhelming and chokes the system.”

...

...It made sense. He was pissed at himself for not realizing that sooner.
He could have prevented this.

He should’ve stayed.

That would keep him stable, right? If he just… stayed around?

“...so how do we prevent that?” He needed to be sure.

“Just stay together… here,” She started, handing him a piece of paper, “It’s a signed note from me. Show it to your boss or to whomever may be trying to separate you, and it gives my explicit order that you two must stay together with the baby.”

...That would definitely come in handy.

He took it and looked it over. It all seemed legit.

“...thanks.”

“Anytime. Give me a call if you lose it- I’ll also email you a copy,” She said. She seemed nice… pretty perfect.

...

Maybe too perfect.

...What if she was planning something evil just like the other hospital, only somehow worse?

...

“...alright.”
He was probably being paranoid.

*Probably.*

“Call for me if Jester starts to seem faint or is having any difficulties with breathing,” She said, before leaving the room.

Pretty obvious instruction.

...Sans took the opportunity to walk over and take Jester in his arms, and hold him.

...And then the tears started.

He couldn’t stop them.

He almost lost his baby. He just got him, so the thought of never even getting to know him… it was completely crippling.

...Jester reached up suddenly, and made a small patting motion near Sans’s face, and he couldn’t help but chuckle. He kissed his little fingers knowing he could sense how scared and upset his dad was. He already knew what a good kid he had made with you.

He stuck his tongue out, too. Green and vibrant.

Sans purred, knowing his magic levels were completely stable once again based on the color of his tongue alone.

Jj started to purr with him.

Sans felt incredibly special.
He pulled him closer and cuddled him properly, feeling content as Jester continued to purr softly.

“...i-i thought we were gonna lose him,” He admitted to you, knowing full well that you thought the exact same thing.

“...Me too.” Was the answer he was expecting.

“...it’s all my fault.”

He should’ve been there for Jester, the entire time, like he had done for Indie. He was a bad parent.

An awful dad.

“...Don’t say that. It’s not. Neither of us knew.”

He was surprised when you said that. He knew you would try and make him feel better.

“i-i should’ve known. i should’ve been there.”

He wanted to blame himself. Wanted to be able to make it his fault so he had a source to take his anger out on. A source that legitimately deserved it. Himself.

“...Hey, come here,” You said, moving over on your small bed to make room for him and Jj.

He did, and he sat beside you, sharing a soft kiss with you.

He hadn’t kissed you since Jester was born. Felt like a long time.

“You couldn’t have known. It’s not your fault. And you came back straight away and fixed it, right? So really, you saved him.”
...Why couldn’t you just let him wallow in self hatred?

He didn’t wanna fight.

“i put him in the situation to start with.”

“You could never have known, baby. The doctor said it’s never happened before.”

“...i should’ve.”

“How could you?”

“instincts? i don’t know.” Somehow he really should have. Soul connection or something.

You sighed and he knew you were giving up on trying to convince him it wasn’t his fault. He was grateful for that at least.

“...Hey. Instead of thinking about what we should’ve done, let’s focus on what’s happening now, right?” You offered, patting Jj’s head. He peered up at you curiously for a moment, and then continued to look at everything else around him.

...He guessed that was one way to look at this.

“Indie’s safe. Jj’s safe,” You continued, since he didn’t speak.

“...for now.”
Things could blow up in his face at any second, and he knew that.

That’s why he was so fucking scared all the time.

Life was unpredictable.

“Yes. Now. Focus on now. Let’s enjoy now instead of worrying about later, okay?”

...

...He didn’t want talk about this anymore.

He could just hate on himself internally.

“...okay.”

You fell asleep pretty fast after he snuggled up with you, but he spent the entire night watching over his family and counting every breath Jester took.

Chapter End Notes

Why am I so mean to my children

My Tumblr.
Daycare.

Chapter Summary

Daycare?

More like

I wanna be Winston.

Chapter Notes

I really wanted to highlight the fact that a lot of couples fight after having a baby. It gets rocky for a while, and I really felt it was important to add that in here. It was never any huge arguments, just small side comments and disagreements, which I found to be the most real.

But hey, what do I know, am I right?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Your family finally felt complete.

You had a son and a daughter, and they both filled your heart more than you ever thought was possible. You loved being a mom, and they made every single day of your life worth living, despite how cheesy and stupid it sounded. You loved them, you loved Sans, and you loved your life.

But it wasn’t all perfect. No, not even close.

You were exhausted all the time, and barely ever got any time to sleep, and you knew the same went for Sans. You knew he wasn’t sleeping either, and you had to figure out a way to make life a bit easier with two needy kids.

…

…You decided it was time to put Indie in day care.
You just had to try and convince Sans to go along with it.

“...Sans?” You asked him one day, walking into the living room where he sat on the couch with Jester in his lap, and Indie on the floor by his legs coloring in her little notepad Papyrus had bought her for her birthday a few months ago. It was currently her favorite thing, and she always seemed so content when drawing, so you really appreciated it too.

“hm?” He asked, looking up at you, clearly exhausted.

You decided not to drag it out, and nipped it in the bud right away.

“We should take Indie to daycare.”

He blinked, his reaction being nothing short of complete shock.

“...uh... what?”

“She’s old enough now. It’d be a good way to get her used to being around people. That and with Jj, it’ll be hard to give her the attention she needs all the time,” You said, knowing he would have an open mind. He listened better now, so you didn’t see any reason he would disagree with you on this.

“no.”

...

You blinked, taken aback by his response.

“...What? Why not?” You asked, taking Jester from him as he reached up for you.

Jester hadn’t grown nearly as fast as Indie, which was concerning to you and even Sans, but the doctor told you it was because of his soul trait, and Sans seemed to think it made sense, so you figured it was okay. Besides, you had grown to trust this doctor, you and Sans both. You knew he would be alright under her care.
Plus he was a happy kid. No problems with him aside from the one incident where he stopped breathing on his own.

He was a lot more independent than Indie even was. Sure, he had his moments where he wanted his parents, but it was a lot less than often. He preferred to play alone in his room, or occasionally with his sister, who ended up getting along greatly. He was the equivalent of a three year old at age one and a half, where Indie had been the equivalent of a five year old at his age. It was confusing, but you all managed, Sans being better at telling than you were.

...You brought your mind back to the conversation at hand, and decided you could gush about your kids later.

“because. i don’t know those people. i don’t trust those people.” A short and valid answer, but not valid enough to keep Indie from starting school.

With daycare, it wasn’t mandatory she went, so you knew it would be best to get her started in there and have Sans get used to having her away so just in case he had issues with it and ended up taking her out for a week or two at a time, it wouldn’t get you guys in trouble. Your hope was that once he got used to it enough, he wouldn’t feel the need to take her out of school, and she would be able to attend daycare and then normal school without any hiccups.

It would probably be a bit of a struggle though, since she was now basically a seven year old trapped in a three year old's body. You prayed her social life didn’t suffer from that. You planned to put her with other three year old’s, but you weren’t sure if she would click.

But who knows? Maybe she would end up just being the smartest leader out of her group of friends.

“You’re never going to be able to trust everyone, Sans,” You reminded him, taking a seat beside him and letting Jester down onto the floor to watch Indie draw. He had been watching her from your arms, so you let him take a closer look.

“so why risk it? it’s my kid, i can’t just… hand her to somebody?”

Again, you understood the concerns, but that didn’t mean she didn’t need to have a social life.
“She’s three. She’ll be surrounded by other three year olds.”

“and sketchy adults.” This was starting to get on your nerves a bit. You didn’t understand why he thought every human was out to get your family. There were some good people out there, and he couldn’t seem to separate them from the bad.

“Adults who’ve spent years training to know how to look after children and babies,” You said, finding a little ridiculous that you had to even explain that.

“not hybrids.”

You knew he had a point there, but that didn’t change anything.

“Not all human adults are out to eat our children.”

“i never said that,” He said, defensively, apparently thinking you were serious. He was too exhausted to even comprehend a damn joke.

“We’ll send her to a monster daycare if that makes you feel better?” You would to anything at this point to help him feel better about this whole situation. You just needed to get him to cave.

“then they don’t understand her human needs.”

You realized pretty fast that no matter what he wasn’t going to feel comfortable no matter where she was, so you decided it was just time to convince him into caving.

“People can learn, Sans.”

“i don’t want her to be the guinea pig teaching them, y/n.”

“If we never let anyone learn, how will anyone look after her?” You asked, wanting him to know how ridiculous he sounded. She couldn’t rely on you both forever, and you both needed to teach people how to properly take care of a hybrid.
“they can have the next hybrid couple’s kid.”

For fucks sake.

“...That’s...” You started, and then sighed, “Sans, baby, daycare people aren’t like doctors, They don’t want to experiment or take blood samples or anything like that.” You said, hoping it would calm some fears, which you knew was pretty much impossible when it came to him.

“how will we know when we’re not there?”

You couldn’t be around Indie every single second of her existence. Why didn’t he understand that?

“We’re not always going to be with her. Sometimes you just have to trust other people.”

...

...He started to laugh, and it made you upset.

“...Don’t laugh at me,” You said, your voice soft from embarrassment.

“don’t say things you know go against my every instinct,” He said, but he did stop laughing. You tried not to let it get to you. He was tired, you were tired… arguments happened, and you didn’t wanna hold a grudge over it. It wasn’t a big deal.

“I’m her parent too, Sans. I don’t want to let her go. But it’s important for her and for us,” You explained, hoping that might get through to him somehow.

He didn’t respond right away, just staring at you before leaning down and picking Indie up off of the floor and holding her in his lap. She didn’t seem to mind despite the fact that she had been in the middle of drawing,
“is this important to you?” He asked her, as she looked up at him.

“no.”

You weren’t expecting anything different.

“She’s three, Sans. She won’t want to go if you keep making it sound like the end of the world,” You said, and Indie looked up at you in confusion.

“She doesn’t even know what we’re talking about,” He said, placing her back down. She instantly went back to her drawing, and Jester had managed to find a teething ring.

You sighed again.

“If we never let her go anywhere alone, she’ll never learn how to make it if we’re not there to help. It’s not like we’re throwing her into the deep end of a pool, she’ll be in daycare with trained professionals who spend their time taking care of kids and babies. They’re used to surprises, I mean how could they not be? They’re looking after *kids,* ” You explained as best as you could, knowing that if that didn’t work, then you were fucked with this situation.

“whatever, y/n. you’re gonna get what you want, anyways.”

…

...You weren’t expecting that.

You didn’t know what to say. You just… stared at him in shock, a bit hurt by that. It gave you a flash back to your last argument, and you realized this was a reoccurring thing he felt. You didn’t get it. You felt the opposite.

His face softened and he sighed. “...i’m sorry. i didn’t mean that. i’m just exhausted. haven’t slept in like a week.”
...You sighed too, and knew he didn’t mean it. You were both stressed, and this was exactly why you needed to convince him to get Indie into day care.

“Yeah. Me neither,” You said, kissing him gently. He returned it, so you forgave him for what he said.

“...can we talk about this later?” He asked, and you smiled.

“Sure.”

That didn’t mean no, so it was good enough for you.

---

You did get your way in the end.

You both enrolled Indie into a daycare that had both monster and human kids in it, which you both decided was best at the end of the day since she fell into both of those categories. It also helped Sans feel a bit better, since they knew how to take care of both sides of her.

The only issue you ended up having was that Indie was nervous as all hell.

And Sans didn’t even influence it. She just seemed to have inherited his insane anxiety and separation issues.

Poor baby.

You both walked in on her first day, Jester strapped to Sans’s back and Indie being held by him. You dressed her up real pretty so she felt confident, and even did her hair in a nice bow. She seemed
excited at first, but once you all actually left the house and brought her to the building, she started to feel scared and unsure.

You tried your best to stay positive and give off good vibes, but you could tell it wasn’t helping much.

The main teacher had greeted you all, but quickly left to go take care of the rest of the kids and allowed you some space to say goodbye to Indie for the day.

Sans set her down, and you quickly got down to her level and gave her a little kiss on her forehead. “We’ll be back later,” You assured her, giving her your signature smile that usually helped her feel better.

“no.”

But not today.

You gave her a big hug, and she instantly clung onto you.

“You’ll have lots of fun.”

“no!”

You pulled away and set her back down, and then turned to Sans, signalling it was his turn to say bye.

You stood back and watched as he picked her up in his arms, and started to whisper soft reassurances to her and pet her hair. You felt bad having to leave her here, but you knew it would be good for her, and for Sans. They both needed to be able to be independent from each other so Indie could grow properly.

He set her down after a moment, and Indie instantly reached up for him again.
And of course he picked her back up.

You didn’t mind. You weren’t going to rush them.

“You’ll be okay. I promise,” He whispered, but Indie didn’t say anything. You knew she was on the border line of tears, and hell, Sans wasn’t far behind. You knew this was killing them, but you also knew they needed this.

He set her back down after a moment, and you took his hand and started to lead him out. He didn’t fight it, so you didn’t stop. He watched her as you both walked away, and… you heard a sniffle behind you.

Then suddenly Sans was gone. You turned back around and he was holding her again.

“Sans,” You said softly, almost pleading. You were afraid this was just going to make Indie more upset the more it was dragged out.

He didn’t respond.

Just kept trying to console Indie as she cried.

“How can I make this easier?” He asked her, wiping her tears as they fell.

“d-don’t go!”

“i have to.”

That made her cry harder, and he held her closer.

“…do you wanna get ice cream after school?” He asked her, which you had to admit was a good idea. If she knew she was getting a reward for it, she would learn to like it a lot more. It was always good to have something to look forward to.
She gave a small nod, and he smiled.

“there ya go. that’s something that’ll make this easier. when school’s over, we’ll get ice cream.”

“...o-okay,” She agreed after a moment, and he set her back on her feet.

“i love you,” He told her.

“luvu too.” She said softly, wiping her face clean of tears.

He gave her another kiss on her forehead, and then he practically ran out of the room when she looked away, Jj giggling on his back from the fast movement. You followed after him after giving her a smile too, and then you both went home.

You weren’t surprised when he actually started to cry at the house.

---

It took longer to console Sans than it had Indie, but you eventually got there. You just had to lay in bed with him all day with Jester hanging out between the two of you. It was a day of constant cuddling and reassurances for Sans.

And hey, you never got a phone call, so apparently Indie was doing alright.

You watched the clock pretty intensely as you waited for the moment you had to go pick her up, and when the clock finally struck three, you smiled and looked over at Sans next to you in the bed.

“...Hey,” You said softly, trying to gently get his attention.
He looked over at you, so you continued.

“We can go pick her up now.”

He sat up so fast that you almost fell over, and he scooped you and Jester up before teleporting back to her school.

You held Jj as soon as you all got there, and you watched as Sans watched Indie while she was drawing on the floor. She did that all the time at home, sure, but… it was different here. She had a friend with her.

“…she’s doing so good,” He whispered to you, since Indie hadn’t seen you guys yet.

“Mhm. See? Loads of fun.”

“indie,” He called her name, and she looked up at him.

Her face lit up right away.

“DADDY!” She exclaimed, running over to him. He picked her up, and they hugged closely. They both looked so happy to be with each other again.

You all went home and Indie got to eat a big bowl of ice cream while she told you about her day.
The one thing Sans never expected was for you to force him into putting Indie into day care.

He thought everything was going pretty well.

Sure, you were both exhausted as fuck, but that was okay. It was worth it, because at the end of the day his kids were here. Kids he *never* thought he would have. He never pictured himself as a family man, even before he suffered. It just never appealed to him, and he nobody pegged him as that kind of guy.

But apparently you brought that out in him.

“...Sans?” You said his name, walking into the living room where he sat and hung out with the kids. Jester always seemed to end up on his somehow, usually in his lap or trying to climb on him, and Indie was on the floor coloring or drawing.

“hm?”

“We should take Indie to daycare.”
That was honestly the last thing he ever expected to come out of your mouth.

Daycare was one of those things that aren't necessary, and could be skipped out on, so he never gave it a second thought. He knew after kindergarten all of the school levels were mandatory, so he didn’t think he would have to worry until then.

Apparently he was wrong.

“...uh... what?” Maybe he misheard you. You didn’t ever mention it prior to this so why would you bring it up now?

“She’s old enough now. It’d be a good way to get her used to being around people. That and with Jj, it’ll be hard to give her the attention she needs all the time.”

You were serious.

“no.”

You seemed surprised for some reason.

“...What? Why not?” You asked, taking Jester when he reached for you.

He had no idea why this shocked you so much. He figured you were ready to argue with him, since he was so attached to Indie. He would never willingly let her go anywhere without him, especially with somebody he didn’t know.

Anywhere aside from Papyrus’s house, anyways.
“because. i don’t know those people. i don’t trust those people.”

It couldn’t get any simpler, and he meant every word.

“You’re never going to be able to trust everyone, Sans.” You put Jester down on the floor and he crawled over to Indie to watch her draw as you sat next to Sans.

He didn’t wanna trust anybody, let alone everyone. He trusted two people, and that alone was exhausting.

“So why risk it? it’s my kid, i can’t just... hand her to somebody?” He found it insane that you wanted him to.

“She’s three. She’ll be surrounded by other three year olds.”

“And sketchy adults.” He didn’t give a fuck about the other kids, he cared about what the adults could do or say when there was nobody around. He didn’t trust them, and he didn’t like that you wanted him to.

“Adults who’ve spent years training to know how to look after children and babies.”

He hated that you were taking the sides of strangers over his.

“not hybrids.” Nobody knew how to take care of hybrid kids yet. Hell, he barely even knew.

“Not all human adults are out to eat our children.”

…

...What the fuck?
“i never said that.” He wasn’t *that* paranoid.

You changed the subject.

“We’ll send her to a monster daycare if that makes you feel better?”

What would really make him feel better would be to not send her to daycare at all.

“then they don’t understand her human needs.” No matter what school you chose, he would never feel comfortable with it.

“People can learn, Sans.”

Yeah, by studying or experimenting on innocent things.

“i don’t want her to be the guinea pig teaching them, y/n.”

“If we never let anyone learn, how will anyone look after her?” You asked him, making him want to laugh. That was exactly what he was trying to *avoid*. He didn’t want anybody looking after Indie that he didn’t know!

“they can have the next hybrid couple’s kid.”

Just not his.

“...That’s…” You started, as if you were about to scold him, but then sighed, “Sans, baby, daycare people aren’t like doctors. They don’t want to experiment or take blood samples or anything like that.”

The fact that you brought up the doctors and experiments just proved to him that you had similar fears.
These people could be evil.

“how will we know when we’re not there?” There was no way.

“We’re not always going to be with her. Sometimes you just have to trust other people.

…

….Trust… other people…?

…

“...Don’t laugh at me,” You said defensively.

He hadn’t even realized he was.

“don’t say things you know go against my every instinct,” He said, cutting off his laughter.

“I’m her parent too, Sans. I don’t want to let her go. But it’s important for her and for us.”

More like important for you.

…

...He picked her up off of the floor and held her in his lap.

“is this important to you?” He asked, as she looked up at him.

“no.”
Case closed.

“She’s three, Sans. She won’t want to go if you keep making it sound like the end of the world.”

Apparently you didn’t find it very funny.

“she doesn’t even know what we’re talking about,” He said, putting her back on the floor. She had looked so confused when you said that, so now he felt a bit bad. She was probably going to be anxious now.

She went back to drawing, and Jester had found a teething ring.

Sans looked back at you when you sighed.

“If we never let her go anywhere alone, she’ll never learn how to make it if we’re not there to help. It’s not like we’re throwing her into the deep end of a pool, she’ll be in daycare with trained professionals who spend their time taking care of kids and babies. They’re used to surprises, I mean how could they not be? They’re looking after kids,” You said, but really he didn’t feel any better. He still absolutely hated the idea of Indie going to daycare, let alone being with adults he didn’t know.

But what was the point, right?

You would never stop pushing.

You never did, and you always got what you wanted at the end of the day.

“whatever, y/n. you’re gonna get what you want, anyways.”

…

…You looked shocked and hurt, and that was when he realized what he had just said.
He felt himself soften right away.

“...i’m sorry. i didn’t mean that. i’m just exhausted. haven’t slept in like a week.” He knew that didn’t excuse him, but it was true.

You sighed and kissed him.

“Yeah. Me neither.”

“...can we talk about this later?” It was killing him.

“Sure.”

---

He hadn’t actually meant it one hundred percent, but… you did get your way in the end.

You ended up enrolling Indie into a daycare that had both species and hey, he did prefer that over the others, but he still hated the idea of daycare all together.

And hey, so did Indie.

She didn’t wanna go, and he didn’t even say anything bad about it in front of her.

Bringing her in on the first day was absolute hell.

She didn’t wanna be there, he didn’t wanna be there.
Jester was strapped to his back safely, and he carried Indie in. He needed both of the kids on him to keep himself calm. He wanted to freak out.

He wanted to take her home.

You on the other hand, were clearly trying to stay optimistic. You had a smile on your face and you seemed ready to get her situated and then leave.

He didn’t agree.

He set Indie down and let you greet the teacher. He ignored her, since he didn’t give a fuck, and just situated her hair and fixed it a bit. He at least wanted her to feel confident while she was here since she had to be.

You walked over and kneeled down to her level once the teacher had left and gave her a small kiss on her forehead.

“We’ll be back later.”

“no.”

That broke his heart.

You hugged her, and he could see how hard she was holding onto you.

“You’ll have lots of fun.”

“no!”

You pulled away and looked over to Sans, and he knew it was his turn to say bye.
He didn’t wanna say bye.

He picked her up and held her close anyways, knowing he had to.

He stroked her hair and tried to make it better, but he knew he couldn’t. She wanted to go home, and he couldn’t make that happen.

He set her back down after saying bye, and she instantly reached up for him again.

He picked her back up.

“you’ll be okay. i promise,” He whispered, trying to help in anyway he could. He wanted to cry. He hated the thought of leaving her here alone.

She didn’t say anything, so he just held her for a little longer before putting her back down.

You took his hand and started to walk him out. He let you, but he watched Indie as you both walked away.

She started to cry, and he wasn’t leaving her like that.

She was back in his arms the second the first sniffle happened.

“Sans,” He heard you call his name, but he didn’t answer. He wasn’t leaving her while she was in tears.

“how can i make this easier?” He asked Indie, trying to wipe all of her tears away.

“d-don’t go!”
He wished he didn’t have to.

“i have to.” But he did.

That made it worse. She sobbed as hard as she could and he held her even closer. He wanted to make it stop.

...

“...do you wanna get ice cream after school?”

He knew he shouldn’t be bribing her, but at the same time, he thought it was a pretty good idea. Rewards were good, right? If she felt like she was getting a reward for doing something good, maybe she would learn to like school.

He hoped so.

She gave him a nod, and he smiled.

“there ya go. that’s something that’ll make this easier. when school’s over, we’ll get ice cream.”

“...o-okay,” She eventually agreed, and he set her back down.

“i love you.” So much.

“luvu too.”

He leaned down and gave her another kiss on her forehead, and then practically ran out of the building, afraid to look at her again.

You followed after, and he brought you home. The second he was able to put Jj down, he started to
It took a lot longer than he would like to admit to console him. He felt a bit bad, since you were the one who had to do it.

You eventually managed though. It was pretty easy apparently, because all it took was to lay in bed all day with him and Jester. You were there to reassure him, and you and Jester both provided hugs. It was surprisingly helpful.

But he still felt depressed.

It was very apparent to him that Indie wasn’t there.

So you could imagine his excitement when you told him it was time to go get her.

“...Hey,” You said to him out of nowhere, your voice gentle, yet happy.

He couldn’t bring himself to say anything, so he just looked at you. He knew he had bags under his sockets, but he didn’t care. He felt like shit, so might as well look the part and really commit, right?

“We can go pick her up now.”

... He grabbed both you and Jester and teleported as fast as he could.

He handed Jj to you upon arrival, and instantly brought his attention to Indie. She didn’t look
miserable like he was expecting, and she wasn’t crying.

...No, she… was drawing. With a friend.

She made a friend.

The friend was a dog monster. She had a bow in her hair just like Indie, and they were both coloring pictures of flowers.

...He felt so much pride.

“...she’s doing so good.”

“Mhm. See? Loads of fun.”

Indie hadn’t noticed either of you yet, so Sans decided to take the first step.

“indie,” He called her name, and smiled when she looked up at him.

Her face lit up like a star.

“DADDY!” She practically screamed, running over. He picked her up and held her close, feeling so much better now that his entire family was present.

He brought her home, and had her sit on his shoulders while he scooped her ice cream. She told him all about her day and he felt completely content listening to it. Maybe the domestic life really was for him after all.

Chapter End Notes

I wish there were more solo Sans stories.
My Tumblr
Friends.

Chapter Summary

Playdates are fun.

Chapter Notes

To be completely honest, I got a bit bored with y/n's p.o.v at the end and rushed it a bit. Not my favorite chapter, but it was necessary and hope you enjoy it anyways.

I promise I'll be less lazy with the next one!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

You knew Indie was becoming more social and starting to make friends, but you definitely weren’t expecting her to want a friend to come over so soon.

You and Sans had just brought her home for daycare, and you were getting her a bowl of ice cream when she brought it up to you.

“mama,” She said, standing beside you.

“Mhm?” You acknowledged her as you scooped the ice cream in the bowl. You always stuck with vanilla, since it had the least amount of added sugar as far as you knew. It was either that or the rocky road you kept in the back of the freezer, and you really didn’t think that was a better choice.

“can my friend come over tomorrow?”

…

...You really weren’t expecting that. If anything, you were expecting her to ask if she could have whipped cream on her ice cream.

But you smiled widely. You would highly encourage her social life, and this seemed like such a
perfect opportunity.

“Sure! I don’t see why not. As long as their mom is okay with it.” You weren’t sure who the friend was, but if you had to guess you would assume it was that dog monster she had been drawing with on her first day. They seemed to be getting along and were with each other whenever you and Sans picked her up from school.

“okay!” She exclaimed happily, hugging your leg. You leaned down and gave her a proper hug.

“What’s their name?”

“dogarina.”

Well her name implied she was a girl. And a dog.

“Was that the girl you’ve been playing with lately?” You asked.

“mhm!” She sounded so proud and excited.

“Awe. Well it’s okay with me. Just gotta ask dad, okay?”

“okay!” She exclaimed, and you watched as she ran out of the room. You decided to follow her and watch.

Sans was on the couch with Jester in his lap, and it looked like he was chewing on Sans’s fingers really painfully… but it didn’t seem to phase him at all.

He was just petting him and letting it happen.

Alright then.
“dad?” She said, approaching Sans and sitting beside him and Jj on the couch.

“yeah?” He asked, looking over and seeing you for a moment, before letting his gaze fall on Indie properly.

“mom said my friend can come over but i gotta ask you, too.”

He looked shocked at first, just like you had been. He set Jester down on the ground, who whined at first and looked ready to cry, but once Sans put a teething ring in his mouth he calmed right down and started to gnaw on it.

“...what friend?”

Oh great here come the thousand questions.

“dogarina!”

“who are her parents?”

“she said her mom and dad are dogs like her!”

“What are their names?”

You were starting to suspect he might know them from the underground.

“dogamy! and... uh…”

“dogaressa?” He finished for her, confirming your suspicions.

“yeah!” Indie seemed happy that he knew.
"what’s their phone number?"

Oh dear God.

"...phone number?" She asked, tilting her head to the side in confusion. She probably didn’t even know what a phone was.

"social security number?"

You almost laughed.

"...soshal… number…?"

You actually laughed.

Sans chuckled as well before pulling her into his lap.

"sure. she can come over, but i wanna talk to her parents. i know them," He told her, and you smiled a bit. You hoped he was on good terms with them, at least. You had no idea since he had never mentioned them.

Maybe they were just neighbors?

Indie hugged him tightly. “her parents used to be in the royal dog guard!”

You had no idea what that meant.

“i know. i used to pet them.” Well that was a good sign! Maybe they were friends, after all! That would make this a lot easier!
“really?” She asked, her little eye lights brightening at the mention.

All this talk of petting kind of made you want a pet.

“mhm. right here,” He said, scratching behind Indie’s ear. For a moment she looked surprised, and then she smiled and started to purr.

He kissed her on the forehead after her purring stopped.

“That felt nice!”

He chuckled. “supposed to.” He started to do it again, and then she started up like an engine.

---

When you and Sans brought Indie to school the next day, she seemed genuinely excited. Usually she would be nervous and want to go home, even with having a good friend, but today was much different.

You liked it.

She ran off to play with Dogarina, and you stood back and watched as Sans started to approach a dog couple.

Assumedly her parents.

You walked over with Jester in your arms, and smiled, deciding to watch the conversation.

They looked up at Sans, and… they seemed almost frightened?

“...hey,” He greeted them, politely, and the male stayed silent, but the female seemed to have a lot
more courage than her husband.

“Hello Sans,” She greeted him back.

They were covered in scars, and you assumed it had to do with the fight for food back underground.

“never knew you guys had a kid.”

“We have about seven. She’s the youngest, just started school.” Jesus, seven kids? You could barely handle two.

“...jeez. i’m outta the loop, i guess.”

“Monsters don’t… really bother keeping in touch,” She told him, almost sounding apologetic. You wondered how good of friends they had been underground. Had to be pretty close, right? Since she seemed to feel guilty?

“I know… so, uh, our kids became friends,” He responded, clearly wanting to move away from that subject for some reason.

“Mhm. She wouldn’t stop talking about Indie when she got home.”

Awe. That made you so happy.

“tell you they wanted to have a playdate?”

She gave a small nod. “I told her it was alright with us if it was alright with you.”

Well this was easier than expected.

“yeah, it’s fine. do you have a phone number?”
“Yes. Here,” She agreed right away, writing it down on a piece of paper that was at one of the kids tables laid out for arts and crafts.

Sans took it, and then put it in his pocket.

“...so, we’ll pick them up and i’ll call you later so you can grab her,” He said, even though you both knew he wouldn’t call anybody. You would be the one calling them after dinner.

“She has self defense class at six, so it would be good if we could have her home by five thirty,” She explained, and you smiled. You wondered if you should put Indie into some type of class, whether that be self defense or gymnastics, you didn’t know. You just thought it would be nice to get her out of the house more. And if her friend was in self defense classes, she would probably enjoy them, too.

“sounds good.”

---

After you picked Indie and Dogarina up from school, you couldn’t help but smile. They were so happy and they were talking so fast that you could barely understand a word they were saying. They ran upstairs to Indie’s room the second you got home, and you turned to Sans who had Jj in his arms, and was chewing up his arm.

It had become a normal thing at this point, so you didn’t even question it.

“It’s so nice to see her with a friend.”

“we’re never going to see her again,” He said, and you almost laughed.

She wasn’t quite at that age yet, but eventually it would seem that way.

“Just listen… they’re talking so fast I can barely understand them. It’s perfect.”
“It’s weird.”

It didn’t surprise you that he thought that, since he had never dealt with any little girls as far as you knew.

“It’s exactly what she needs.”

“Whatever you say… should we like… order them a pizza or something?” You were pretty sure he got that from the cliche in every movie where friends would order pizza at slumber parties. It was pretty accurate, though.

“We’ll ask them what they want to eat.” It’ll probably be pizza, anyways.

“You ask, I can’t understand them.” This time you did chuckle, and kissed him on the cheek.

He gave you a proper kiss in return.

“We haven’t had sex in like a year.”

That made you laugh a little.

It wasn’t true, but it was funny. You had sex a few weeks ago, but yeah, it did feel a lot longer. You used to be together intimately almost every night, but ever since you had the kids it had been much different.

“Well… Indie will be very tired out tonight,” You offered, knowing that when kids hung out with friends it always made them exhausted at bed time.

His smirk grew ten times wider.

“I’ll start wearing out Jester,” He said, exiting the front room and taking Jj into the living room, where he started to play with him.
You took the opportunity to go upstairs and ask the girls what they wanted to eat.

“i want food,” Was Indie’s answer, which you were certain she had learned from her dad.

“What type? Dogarina, do you like pizza?” You asked her, knowing most kids did, but you could never be too careful.

“Yes! I love pizza! I want pizza!” She said, very excitedly. She was definitely a lively one, much like a dog.

It was cute.

“Alright. What kind of pizza?”

“CHEESE!”

You giggled at her sudden increase of volume. “I’ll order some pizza. You girls have fun,” You said, before leaving the room and letting them play. You knew they couldn’t get into too much trouble in Indie’s bedroom, but even if, you stayed close by and kept a close listen on them.

On your way downstairs, you saw Sans tossing Jester in the air and playing with him. It was adorable.

You ordered the pizza, and when it arrived, you all ate at the table and listened to Dogarina and Indie blabber incoherently. Sans just fed Jj and stared at them in pure confusion.

You ended up calling Dogarina’s mom at the end of the day, like you were expecting, and you had Sans go and tell the girls.

Needless to say, once she had left and you put the kids to bed, (who had conked out instantly from exhaustion,) you and Sans had one hell of a night.
Sans didn’t wanna accept it, but Indie was growing up faster than he liked.

It was terrifying, really, the fact that he knew one day she wouldn’t be here anymore. She would move out and she would never call, and never visit aside from holidays and whenever she needed something.

…

...He knew that was still a long ways away, but… it was scary.

The more the kids grew up, the more kids he wanted to have. He couldn’t handle the thought of being without them, so he kept wanting to have more babies. He knew it wouldn’t work out, since you were stressed out with just two kids, so he just… had to suck it up.

...Or he could just ‘accidentally’ get you pregnant.
...No. He couldn’t do that.

You would hate him.

He really fucking wanted to, but he couldn’t.

“dad?” He heard Indie’s voice from beside him, suddenly. He turned to look at her just as she sat down beside him and Jester.

“yeah?” He asked, glancing up at you, since you were standing in the doorway. It showed you already knew what was about to be asked. Didn’t surprise him. Usually she did ask you things first since you were more lenient.

“mom said my friend can come but i gotta ask you, too,” She told him, and he felt a bit taken aback. He really wasn’t expecting that… but he probably should have. He knew she had become good friends with one of the kids.

He set Jester down on the floor, and just as he was about to start crying, he put a teething ring in his mouth. Worked much better than a pacifier. He had already chewed through five of them, so this was a better solution.

“...what friend?” He assumed it was the dog, but he could be wrong.

“dogarina!”

So it was her.

“who are her parents?”

“she said her mom and dad are dogs like her!”
Well he figured that.

“what are their names?” He should’ve been more specific. He knew most of the dog monsters back underground. He might know them.

“dogamy! and... uh…”

...

...oh.

“...dogaressa?”

“yeah!”

...Oh damn. He hadn’t seen or heard from them since everybody first reached the surface. Everybody just kinda… fell out.

...

“what’s their phone number?”

“...phone number?” She asked, incredibly confused. She tilted her head to the side, and he almost laughed. He was just messing with her of course, since she obviously wouldn’t know.

“social security number?”

“...soshal… number…?”
He heard you laugh, and he chuckled as well, pulling her into his lap.

“sure. she can come over, but i wanna talk to her parents. i know them.”

Indie hugged him tightly, and he held her close. “her parents used to be in the royal dog guard!”

Those were the good days.

Back when the world wasn’t so shitty.

“i know. i used to pet them.” A random fact, but he thought she might like it. And hey, maybe her friend would like a few scratched behind her ears. Just a helpful tip.

“really?” She asked, clearly surprised as her eye lights brightened. She seemed to like the thought of it.

“mhm. right here,” He said, demonstrating by scratching behind her ear.

She smiled and started to purr. It was cute.

He gave her a soft kiss on her forehead.

“that felt nice!”

“supposed to,” He said, starting it up again.

---

Bringing Indie to school the next day was probably both the easiest and the hardest day for Sans. She seemed… excited to be at school. To be away from you and him, and to be with her friend. He knew it was only because Indie would have a friend over after school, but still… the excitement kind of
hurt.

She said goodbye super fast, and then ran off.

Pretty much forgot and you and Sans.

…

...He spotted Dogaressa and Dogamy and walked over.

They looked the same as when he had last seen them, if not better. Seemed like some of the scars were healing and starting to fade at least.

...Some of them he caused.

…

“...hey,” He greeted them, making sure to stay soft and vulnerable as not to scare them away. They were tough dogs, but… not really anymore.

He kinda fucked that up.

He had to give Dogaressa props, though. She definitely knew how to put on a brave face. Dogamy…? Not so much.

“Hello Sans,” Dogaressa greeted him back.

“...never knew you guys had a kid.”

“We have about seven. She’s the youngest, just started school,” She said, and he was a bit shocked.
He missed a lot.

He wondered who else had kids.

“...jeez. I’m outta the loop, i guess.”

“Monsters don’t... really bother keeping in touch.” She sounded sorry. He had no right to have sympathy from her, and he knew that... but he missed how it was before. Before the world turned to shit.

“...i know. so, uh, out kids became friends.” He wanted nothing more than to move away from this conversation.

“Mhm. She wouldn’t stop talking about Indie when she got home.”

...

...Sounded a little weird, but alright.

“tell you they wanted to have a playdate?” He hated to admit it, but a part of him hoped she might say no.

But she nodded. “I told her it was alright with us if it was alright with you.”

He almost sighed.

“yeah, it’s fine. do you have a phone number?”

“Yes. Here,” She said, scribbling it down for him. He took it and put it in his pocket for later when he would make you call them.
“...so, we’ll pick them up and i’ll call you later so you can grab her.”

No he wouldn’t. You would.

“She has self defense class at six, so it would be good if we could have her home by five thirty,” She said, which sounded good to him.

“sounds good.”

---

You all went together to pick Indie and Dogarina up from school, and you seemed… insanely happy about this entire situation. He didn’t get it, but you were. They seemed happy too, so he couldn’t complain. They ran upstairs right away, and you, Sans and Jester were left alone,

And Jester wouldn’t stop chewing on Sans’s arm.

“It’s so nice to see her with a friend,” You said, but he wasn’t so sure he agreed.

“We’re never going to see her again.”

She was gone.

“Just listen... they’re talking so fast I can barely understand them. It’s perfect.” You both had a very different definition of perfect, apparently.

“It’s weird.”

“It’s exactly what she needs.” What she needed was to learn to talk slower.
“whatever you say… should we like… order them a pizza or something?” Kids like pizza, and he knew Dogamy and Dogaressa would not be very pleased if Dogarina went home on an empty stomach.

“We’ll ask the what they want to eat.” He was betting on pizza, but he wasn’t gonna ask them.

“you ask. i can’t understand them.”

You chuckled a bit, and kissed him on the cheek. He returned it with a proper kiss, when he realized something.

He couldn’t remember the last time you had sex with him.

...

...Well he could, it just… felt like a long time ago.

“We haven’t had sex in like a year.”

You laughed.

He didn’t know if that was a good sign or not.

“Well… Indie will be very tired out tonight.”

….oh. Oh. Good sign

He smirked. “i’ll start wearing out jester,” He said, taking Jester and going into the living room.

He played with him for what felt like hours, but really as only about ten minutes before you came back downstairs and ordered a pizza for everybody.
Everybody sat at the table and ate, but… Sans kinda felt like he and Jester were on their own. The girls were talking way too fast, and you were just watching. All Sans could do was feed Jj and try to focus on him as he lifted his arms and made small noises.

Afterwards, you called Dogaressa.

You made him go and tell the girls while you did, which he kind of dreaded. They were barely speaking english.

He went upstairs to Indie’s room, and gently knocked on the open door to get the girls attention. They were looking through Indie’s toys and seemed to be playing some sort of game with dolls. Probably house.

“hey. your mom’s on her way,” He told Dogarina, expecting her to say okay, but that wasn’t the case.

“AAAWWWW! NOOO!” Dogarina exclaimed, looking at Indie in pure distress.

“i’ll hide you!” Indie said, shocking Sans a bit.

“...uh,” Was all he managed to say, before he slowly backed out and went back downstairs.

He had no idea if that was normal, but he decided not to worry about it.

Despite Indie’s earlier statement, Dogarina left with her mom when she arrived, and the kids went to bed easily.

That night neither you or Sans ended up sleeping much, though.
plz comment it makes me feel like i have friends

My Tumblr.
Chapter Summary

Jesters soul is finally developed.'
You know what that means. ;)

Chapter Notes

I'm so fucking sick somebody please help me.
Leave me a comment saying a meme ty

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You had to bring Jester in for his monthly check up, and now that he was over one and a half, they said his soul had fully developed.

You were so proud of him, and you were so happy to finally be able to have a bit of freedom. You would no longer have to be around his 24/7, along with Sans. The first thing that actually came to your mind, was the thought of a date night. You couldn’t remember the last time you and Sans had hung out, strictly just the two of you, and you thought it would be great if Papyrus would babysit Jester, and then maybe Indie could go stay with Dogarina for a little while. You weren’t sure how on board with it Sans would be, but… you were pretty determined to get your way on this one.

You wanted alone time with him.

As soon as you got in the door and set Jj down on the floor, you turned to Sans, who was letting Indie down, and picked Jj back up when he ran over to Sans and reached for him. It was so cute. Jj really was a mini Sans.

“Do you know what this means?”

“uh... he’s the equivalent of a six year old,” He said, apparently thinking you meant what his age was.
“No, it means we can have a date night!”

“...date... night...?”

You smiled widely, and watched as he peered down at Jester, who just stuck his tongue out at Sans. Sans didn’t say anything to Jj in reply, instead just scratched his skull until he started to purr in response.

“...i dunno,” He said, which didn’t surprise you much. You figured he would be reluctant.

“His soul is developed now,” You said, tickling Jester gently.

“What if they’re wrong?”

“Why would they be wrong?”

“He’s unique,” He said, which you knew he meant he was a hybrid.

“We have Pap on call.” You would understand if it was a stranger babysitting Jester, but it wasn’t. It was his brother, and you both trusted him with Indie and Jj, so you didn’t see the problem that he was having.

“Something can still happen.” With that logic, something could happen with him just breathing.

“You trust Pap, right?”

“Of course.”

“So there’s no problem. If something happens, he’ll call us, and you’ll teleport us right over. Instant,” You said, determined to convince his stubborn ass.
He sighed, and you took that as a good sign.

“...two hours.”

Your face lit up instantly, and you wrapped him in a tight hug, being cautious of Jester between you two.

“you wanna call?” He asked you, and you quickly got your phone out and called Papyrus. He answered of course, pretty much instantly, and you asked him. He said yes, and you organized for Jj to go over, and decided you could call Dogaressa after and have Indie stay there.

It was good for the kids to stay together of course, but sometimes they needed breaks.

Just like with Papyrus Dogaressa said she had no problem with having Indie over. It was only fair, since you had Dogarina the other day.

You told Sans everything was all set, and he sighed.

“You wanna bring her over while I take Jj to Paps?” You asked, and he nodded before going to get Indie and taking her over.

You took the time to pack Jj’s diaper bag, and then brought him over to Paps house in his stroller. The walk was really nice, and there were no bad signs while you brought him over, so you knew the doctor had been right. Everything was fine, and his soul was doing amazingly. Sans was just very paranoid.

You told Pap you didn’t have much time to stay and chat, and he understood. He just took Jj and went inside after wishing you a goodbye.

You started on your walk home, and were almost there when your phone rang.

It was Sans.
“Hey. Everything okay?” You asked, as you picked up the phone and started to walk a bit faster, having a feeling you needed to.

“where are you!”

You were expecting something bad, but you weren’t expecting him to sound so scared. ...You forced yourself to stay calm and collected for his sake.

“I’m on my way back. I told you I was gonna drop Jj off at Papyrus’s house while you took Indie, remember?” You asked, even though it was pretty damn clear that he didn’t.

“n-no!”

...You felt awful. He sounded so scared.

“Hey, hey, it’s okay. I’m almost home. Just stay on the phone with me,” You said, realizing this was the first time he had been alone since you were first pregnant with Indie. That was scary for him, and you understood why. His brain was going crazy, and that was probably why he forgot that you said you were going to Paps.

“but where are you!” He asked again.

“...Just coming around the corner now,” You said, as you walked up on the front porch, just as the door was swung open.

Epic timing.

He pulled you inside and into a hug, and you held on tightly, rubbing his back soothingly.

“It’s okay,” You said, as softly as you could without making it a whisper.

He clung to you and shook so bad that it felt like he was vibrating.
“...Been a while since you’ve been alone, huh?” You asked him, even though you already knew the answer.

He put his face in your neck and breathed in deep, something you were very used to at this point, and you let out a comforting humming noise.

After a moment, he spoke.

“...how did it go?”

“Dropping Jester off?”

“yeah. how’s pap?”

You smiled. “Papyrus was so excited to spend time with Jj. Was telling me all about what he’s gonna do while he’s over.”

“...like?” He asked, and you knew he wanted you to keep speaking as a distraction from his anxieties. You didn’t mind in the least, since you liked gushing about the kids as often as you could.

“Drawing, building… sparring.”

...He looked horrified.

“...oh dear god.”

“Don’t worry, I asked about it. He’s not actually going to summon any weapons.”

“i really doubt that. don’t be surprised when jester starts throwing bones at you.”

You couldn’t help but giggle at that one. The thought of Jj summoning tiny bones and yeeting them
across the room was kind of funny.

“i’m not kidding.”

“I know. But I think doing it with uncle Pap is the best way to do it,” You said, pulling away since his shaking had stopped.

“i guess… now what?” He asked, clearly not used to having no kids around. You didn’t blame him, since you felt a bit strange too, “are we going out?”

“Do you want to?”

“this was your idea, sweetheart.”

“I don’t care as long as we get to spend some alone time together,” You said, mostly just to annoy him.

“c’mon,” He said, rolling his eyelights. You smiled.

“Hm… stay at home and cuddle… watch movies,” You said. This was the first time in a long time you actually really wanted to stay home when you had the opportunity to go out.

“okay.” You knew it wouldn’t be hard to get him to agree.

You both took a seat on the sofa and you watched as Sans put on a movie, choosing a horror one from Netflix. He laid down, and you lied in front of him so he could properly spoon you while you both relaxed.

It was nice, and you felt yourself really relaxing for the first time in a long time.

About half way through the movie, however… you felt him pull your pants down.
You couldn’t help but giggle. You definitely didn’t have a problem with this, since you rarely had the opportunity to be intimate, so you just stayed still, and didn’t use the safe word. You wanted to do this. You heard him unzip his pants, as well as feeling his bulge being released. You had to admit, it was a lot more comfortable feeling his dick pressed against your back rather than being a hard ball in his shorts.

He lifted your leg up, and he slid in slowly.

It didn’t hurt. You were so used to it.

You gripped onto the arm underneath your body, sticking out in front of you, and clung to it as little noises escaped your mouth. You couldn't help it, it just felt way too good.

He started out by thrusting gently, being sure not to hurt you, and you tried your best to give back in this position. All you could really do was move your butt a little bit, and hopefully that made him feel good.

You felt his other hand that you weren't holding slide down your body, letting go of your leg and making you hold it up on your own. It slid all the way down to your clit, and you squealed a little bit when he started to rub small circles.

“...you’re so beautiful,” He whispered in your ear, making you shudder so violently.

You felt beautiful, for the first time in a long time.

You wanted to kiss him so bad, but you just couldn’t at this angle. You couldn’t even look at him, and it was mildly frustrating, yet somehow extremely arousing.

His hand that had been rubbing your clit somehow made its way up to your chest, and he started to fondle your nipples.

You couldn’t help but whine.
“Sensitive.”

“...hm?” He asked, as if asking for clarification.

“Boobs are sensitive,” You said, sighing a bit. It did feel good, just... maybe a bit too good.

“cuz you’re pregnant.”

...

...He said it so casually, that it made you stop for a second. You stilled your hips, but... only for a moment before you started up again.

“...A-Again?”

“again.”

...You kissed the hand you had been holding onto. It was the only thing you could reach, so you had to make due with it.

His hand left your breasts and returned to your clit, and you felt yourself getting closer and closer to an orgasm. You felt that oh so familiar burning in your belly, and you started to chase it. You humped back at him faster and faster.

You couldn’t stop all of the noises that were pouring out of you, from moans to mewls, to the occasional whisper of his name.

“i’m cumming,” He told you, his voice somehow so calm and gentle as he kissed the back of your head and then emptied his seed into you.

It was so warm.
So gentle.

The feeling of the sticky substance inside of you pushed you over the edge, combined with the small rubbing on your clit. Your orgasm felt soft, despite how big the fire in your belly had felt prior. Usually your body would pulse and spasm, but... this time only your leg twitched, and you contracted around him softly.

It was nice.

You liked it.

It felt... cute, somehow.

You felt him nuzzle the back of your head while he stayed still inside of you, and rubbed your belly. You could feel all of the... 'fluids' leaking and running down your thigh. It wasn't gross, just... a weird sensation.

"I-It’s getting all over the couch,” You said, but you weren’t really complaining. This felt worth it. You wouldn’t mind cleaning up later.

“clean it later,” He said, as if he were reading your mind.

He sounded so calm. So much better than he had when he called you earlier.

You snuggled his hand, since it was still the only thing you could really touch properly.

“you bit me.”

...

...You glanced at his hand.
There was a bite mark.

...

You must’ve done that when you came.

“..Sorry. It felt really good.”

“good.”

He pulled out, and you almost groaned as all of the fluids leaked onto the couch. But you decided not to, and instead just snuggled up to him.

He nuzzled into you. “...what time is it?”

It took all of your energy to lift your head and glance at the clock, but you managed. “It’s six.”

“got an hour… wanna cook something?”

“Absolutely.” There was the Sans you loved so much.

He pulled your pants up for you, and you almost protested since you still had sticky stuff all over your thighs, but… you didn’t. It was kind of arousing as it settled between your underwear and your vagina.

He stood up and fixed himself as well, and you both made your way to the kitchen.

*
“...Got my pants all sticky. Why’s there always so much?” You asked, before leaning up and **finally** giving him a proper kiss. It felt so nice, to finally feel his bony lips pressed against yours.

Perfect.

“We haven’t fucked in like a week.”

...

“...So is there more if you don’t fuck? I thought that was a myth.” You had always heard that it wasn’t true.

“no idea, but i think so. magic build up.”

“Makes sense… Besies, if I get dirty, y’know what that means?”

“showers.”

You smiled and kissed him, since he guessed right.

“food first,” He said, returning your kiss.

“Definitely.”

You both started getting out all of the needed ingredients to make pancakes, and you sat on the counter while he cooked them. You didn’t like to admit it, but you were **really** bad at cooking, so you just left it up to him.

He fed them to you when they were done, and then you both went and took a shower.

Despite your suggestive smile earlier, nothing actually happened. You just cleaned each other, and
then dried off before getting dressed.

You told him you would go grab Jester while he got Indie, like before, and he agreed.

This time you made sure he actually listened.
Sans was so proud of Jester.

He was doing so good after that big scare at the hospital, and they said his soul had finally developed to full child size. He was able to be on his own now, and that was a big relief to Sans, while at the same as kind of terrifying, because he knew you would now want to let Jester have more independence. That was a good thing, sure, just… not to Sans. Not while his babies were still young. You should have learned that by now with how he was with Indie. Maybe you just didn’t care.

When you all got home, Sans let Indie down to go play, and you did the same for Jj, but he didn’t run off like his sister. Instead, he walked over to Sans and reached up for him to hold him, which he did right away. He could never let this precious angel go.

“Do you know what this means?” You asked him, and he had no idea what you were talking about, so he just guessed.

“uh... he’s the equivalent of a six year old.” That was his best guess.

“No, it means we can have a date night!”

…

“...date… night…?”

He had never really thought about dating. You were already his, so… it seemed a bit unnecessary. He’d much rather stay home and cuddle.

He looked down at Jester, and he in turn stick his tongue out like the precious angel he was. He scratched his skull and stopped once he started to purr, knowing he was contented.

“...i dunno.” The thought of leaving Jester alone, even now when it was safe, was terrifying to him.

“His soul is developed now,” You said, reaching out and tickling Jj.
“what if they’re wrong?”

“Why would they be wrong?”

“he’s unique.” Nobody knew enough about Hybrids to be one hundred percent sure, so… this was all just based off of an educated guess.

“We have Pap on call.”

He trusted Papyrus, of course he did, but… that didn’t stop his fears. The last thing he needed was for Jester to stop breathing again, and for a whole new emergency to be at hand. He was afraid.

“something can still happen.”

“You trust Pap, right?”

“of course.”

“So there’s no problem. If something happens, he’ll call us, and you’ll teleport us right over. Instant.” He would much rather just be safe than sorry, that way nothing bad could possibly happen to him.

...But he didn’t wanna argue.

And he did wanna spend time with you.

...

He sighed.

“...two hours.”
Your face lit up instantly, and you wrapped him and Jj in a hug.

“you wanna call?” He sure as hell didn’t.

You called him right away, and set everything up while he held Jester close. He hoped everything would be okay, especially since he couldn’t be there to watch over him.

You also called Dogaressa for Indie to go there, which Sans didn’t mind.

He trusted them, despite their history.

He sighed when you were done. It was all set in stone now.

He couldn’t back out of it.

“You wanna bring her over?”

Might as well.

He gave you Jester and then went to grab Indie, before teleporting over to Dogamy and Dogaressas house.

The house was pretty big, which was understandable considering how many kids they had.

He knocked on the door and didn’t have to wait long before Dogaressa opened the door, and gave a warm smile.

“...hi,” He greeted her, awkwardly.
“Hello, Sans. Here to drop off Indie?”

He had no idea how to make conversation. What was he supposed to say? ‘hi, sorry i tried to kill you multiple times haha please watch my kid.’

...Yeah, that… wouldn’t go well.

“...yep.”

Just then, Dogarina came running around the corner, her tail wagging in excitement.

“INDIE!!!!”

“dogarina!”

He knew it was time to let her go, so he kissed her forehead and set her down, watching her zoom off to go play.

He turned back to Dogaressa, who was giving him a warm smile.

“We’ll give you a call if anything happens.”

“...thanks. i’ll pick her up around seven.”

“See you.”

He teleported back home.

...
...Where were you?

Where was his family?

He was alone.

The house was so empty, so... so lonely and quiet. It was *not* supposed to be like that. It was supposed to be loud and filled with kids, and...

...He called you.

“Hey. Everything okay?”

No.

Nothing was okay.

“where are you!??”

“I’m on my way back. I told you I was gonna drop Jj off at Papyrus’s house while you took Indie, remember?”

He didn’t remember that *at all.*
“n-no!”

“Hey, hey, it’s okay. I’m almost home. Just stay on the phone with me.”

He’d much rather just go get you!

“but *where* are you!”

“...Just coming around the corner now.”

He swung the door open immediately, and there you were.

He yanked you inside and clung to you for dear life. You started to rub his back, but just still felt so anxious. His kids were gone, and he hadn’t known where you went.

“It’s okay,” You said, softly, but he disagreed. Nothing felt okay.

He held on tighter, and couldn’t stop shaking.

“...Been a while since you’ve been alone, huh?” You asked, as if you didn’t already know. You were always with him. Of course it had been a while.

He buried his face in your neck and inhaled, finding something very comforting about your smell. It made him feel so much better.

“...how did it go?”

“Dropping Jester off?”

“yeah. how’s pap?” He hadn’t seen him in a while.
You gave him a smile and he felt reassured. “Papyrus was so excited to spend time with Jj. Was telling me all about what he’s gonna do while he’s over.”

“...like?” If he knew Pap, it would probably be either puzzles or fighting.

“Drawing, building… *sparring*.”

Exactly.

There was no way that would end well.

“...oh dear god.”

“Don’t worry. I asked about it. He’s not actually going to summon any weapons.”

Oh please.

“i really doubt that. don’t be surprised when jester starts throwing bones at you.”

You giggled.

“...i’m not kidding.”

“I know. But I think doing it with uncle Pap is the best way to it,” You said, pulling away. It felt like you were ripping his rib off, but he didn’t fight it.

“i guess… not what? are we going out?”

“Do you want to?”
Of course he didn’t.

“this was your idea, sweetheart.” He was going to leave it up to you.

“I don’t care as long as we get to spend some alone time together.”

For fucks sake.

“c’mon,” He said, unable to keep himself from rolling his eyerights.

“Hm… stay at home and cuddle… watch movies,” You said, which made him feel relieved. He would’ve been so upset if you made him go out.

“okay.”

You both settled down on the couch and Sans put on a horror movie before laying down behind you so he could spoon you comfortably.

…

…No kids were around, so he wasn’t about to waste an opportunity.

He pulled your pants down to your ankles.

*

You giggled so he took that as a good sign and continued. He pulled his dick out of his pants and lifted your leg up so he could slide in, easily.
It felt incredible.

He had one arm underneath you and poking out just enough for you to grab onto it. You were making such *cute* little noises as he started to move, thrusting gently.

You were rubbing your butt against him as he moved, and it took everything in him to not laugh.

You were just too precious.

He slid his other hand down to your clit, and started to rub small circles. You let out a happy sound, so... he kept going.

“...you’re so beautiful,” He whispered, taking note of how violently your body shuddered.

*precious.*

He moved his hand to your breast instead, and started to rub your nipples. They felt so soft.

So prefect.

You whined.

“S-Sensitive.”

“...hm?”

“B-Boobs are sensitive.”

...heh.
Of course they were.

“cuz you’re pregnant.”

You stilled, and he got a bit worried.

But he didn’t need to be.

“...A-Again?”

“again.”

You kissed his hand, and he moved the other one away from your nipples back down to your clit. You started to move your butt again.

And you were making such beautiful noises.

It didn’t take him long.

“i’m cumming,” He warned you, kissing the back of your head as he filled you.

warm.

You came as he did, his seed apparently pushing you over the edge. You came… but it was a lot different then your usual orgasm. It was softer. Somehow adorable, even though you were biting down on his hand pretty hard.

He loved it.

He nuzzled the back of your head and stayed inside, finding comfort in both your smell and warmth. He loved it.
“I-It’s getting all over the couch,” You complained very softly. He could tell it wasn’t bothering you *that* much, plus he didn’t give a shit.

“clean it later.”

You nuzzled into his hand, and he smiled.

“you bit me.”

You seemed surprised.

You must’ve been unaware when you did it.

“...Sorry. It felt really good.”

That’s what he wanted.

“good.”

He pulled out, and had to hold in a laugh when he saw how much got on the couch, but you didn’t comment on it. You just turned around to face him and cuddled up to him, and he nuzzled you in return.

“...what time is it?” The last thing he wanted was to be late picking up the kids.

You lifted your head and looked at the clock behind him. “It’s six.”

Good.
“got an hour… wanna cook something?” He needed to make sure you ate.

“Absolutely.”

Before you could protest, he pulled your pants up for you, trapping all of the fluids inside. He mostly did it to annoy you, but… it was pretty hot. He situated himself as well as he stood up, and then you both went to the kitchen.

*

“...Got my pants all sticky. Why’s there always so much?” You asked, before kissing him. It felt nice.

“we haven’t fucked in like a week.”

“...So… is there more if you don’t fuck? I thought that was a myth.”

“no idea, but i think so. magic build up.”

“Makes sense… besides, if I get dirty, y’know what that means?”

...heh.

“showers.”

You kissed him again.

“food first.”

“Definitely.”
He made pancakes, and let you help him get all of the ingredients together. He had you sit on the counter while he actually made them, and you seemed happy with that. He fed them to you, and then you both went and took a shower.

Nothing really happened, but he was fine with that.

This time when you told him you were getting Jester, he actually heard you, and he went to grab Indie.

Chapter End Notes

My Tumblr, even though it's dying.

So, here's my discord.

Sonamyluffer101#5316

Feel free to add me and chat.
Haircut.

Chapter Summary

Indie why.

Chapter Notes

Guys, here's a heads up. Most of this story is going to be domestic fluff from here on out. If you aren't into that sort of thing, you should probably stop reading now. I don't appreciate anonymous comments telling me my story has gone down hill. Just stop reading if you feel that way, because this was my plan from the get go. Character development and a happy ending after all of the angst. Sorry if that disappoints anybody, but that's how it goes.

It's my story, I choose my ending.

That being said, Crave is almost a year old, and I wanna thank everybody who stuck it out with me this far. Sorry if the story became something you don't like, but I'm thankful for you anyways. Especially those of you who were mature enough not to leave nasty comments even when it wasn't your cup of tea.

Happy holidays <3

But next chapter will be the final chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Most television shows had started including monsters on their programs, and you thought that was really cool. It was a lot better than watching humans play monsters, and hearing them talk about them even though they had no idea how to. They even had a couple of monsters on the news now, one talking about the weather, and the other sitting at the desk with a human. It was nice.

You were watching to see what the weather would be like over the weekend, when Indie came running into the living room and stood in front of the TV, blocking your view so you would focus on her.

“mommy!” She exclaimed, sounding excited.

“Mhm?” You asked, figuring she found something exciting, like a smooth rock or an old toy.
“i wanna cut my hair!”

...

...Okay, you weren’t expecting *that*.

“...Are you sure?” You really didn’t want to. You *loved* her hair. It was so long now, and so pretty. It curled at the ends, and it would break your heart to cut it.

“yes! i want BANGS!”

Oh god.

“You’re sure?”

“yes yes yes!”

“...Okay. Don’t see why not. Wanna book a trip to the hairdresser?” You knew it would be a hard experience, her first hair cut, but she was old enough to choose now. In monster years, that is. She was only three afterall.

“no! you do!”

...

“...Honey. I don’t know how to cut hair.” You tried once when you were little, tried to cut your own hair, and, well… you didn’t do a very good job.

And that was putting it nicely.

“daddy said don’t trust strangers with scissors!”
...You were going to kill him.

You sighed and rubbed your temples. “I guess I could just… watch a tutorial on YouTube?” You knew in the back of your mind how terrible of an idea this was, but hell, it was just hair right? It would grow back if you messed it up.

Plus you could just hold Sans accountable since he told her hairdressers were evil, apparently.

“yeahyeahyeah!” She seemed so excited. You hoped you didn’t disappoint her.

“Right… what kind of hair did you want, again?” You remembered, you just… hoped she might change her mind.

“baaaaangs!”

Fuck.

You sighed. “...I’ll try, Indie.”

You both went into the bathroom, and you sat her down on the counter facing you. You got a tiny pair of scissors, and pulled up a YouTube tutorial and watched it at least five times before even attempting to cut her hair.

You pulled down the pieces you wanted to cut, and put the rest behind her head in a ponytail before wetting the front part and starting to cut, slowly.

When you finished, you pulled back and examined.

...
You failed your daughter.

You’re a terrible mother.

“how does it look?” She asked you, excitedly.

...Shit.

“It loo-” You started, but you were cut off.

Sans called you in from the other room.

You told Indie to sit tight and that you would be right back before quickly exiting and going to the kitchen.

Jester was sitting on the kitchen counter beside the stove, and Sans was standing with him and cutting up some steak.

“Yeah?” You asked, walking over and standing beside Sans.

“come try this. jj helped make it.”

Awe. The thought of Jester cooking was completely adorable.

You took a piece of the steak and popped it into your mouth before chewing it.
It was delicious.

“Wow! It’s awesome!”

His little face lit up so brightly, and so proudly. You were so proud of him for being proud of himself.

...But back to the issue at hand.

“...Sans?”

“mhmm?” He asked, plating the food he and Jester made on to four separate plates for dinner. The kids always got a little less.

You sighed. “Indie made me cut her hair because she wanted a haircut and wouldn’t trust a hairdresser.”

“...okay,” He said, waiting for you to continue, because of course there was more to it. He knew you well enough to know that.

“...Help?” You asked, quietly. You were kind of embarrassed. He didn’t even have hair, and you needed his help.

He froze, and put the plates down before turning to you.

“what did you do.”
You gulped.

“Sh-She wanted bangs! Wouldn’t leave me alone until she got them! You can imagine how that went!”

He stared at you for a few minutes longer before sighing and picking Jester up, then making his way to the bathroom to go see Indie. You followed behind and got nervous when he froze in the doorway.

In his defense, her hair was kind of terrible at the moment.

He sighed again, and handed Jj to you, who you took gladly, and then walked over to Indie. You sat on the toilet seat cover and watched, keeping Jj occupied by playing with your hair.

“indie, you’re a pain in the butt.” He told her, picking the scissors up, and rewetting her bangs.

“yep!” She agreed.

“why do you want bangs?” He asked, starting to cut her bangs.

“pretty.”

“you’re already pretty.”

“want pretty hair!” She said, which made you almost step in. Her hair was beautiful as it was, and you were proud it came out of you.

He gave her a look.

“your hair is curly on the ends. that’s pretty.”
Thank you!

She gave him a big smile. “I know.”

You and Sans raised the kids to have confidence, and you didn’t regret a thing.

He kissed her on the forehead and moved back, putting the scissors back on the counter before turning her around so she could look at herself and her new bangs. “There. All done.”

Her little face lit up, and you were kind of shocked.

She looked adorable.

“...Were you a hairdresser or something?” You asked him. You didn’t even know if anybody underground had hair, or cared about how it looked.

“No. I’ve never cut hair in my life.”

...That kind of annoyed you. You could barely cut a straight line.

“You don’t even have hair and you’re better at cutting it than I am.”

“That’s probably why. You overthink it.”

...You guessed that kinda made sense.

You hugged him, grateful he saved you and Indie from this disaster.

He hugged back, Jester squished between you two, but he didn’t seem to mind. In fact, he seemed
completely happy where he was.

“daddy?” Indie said from the counter, causing Sans to pull away from the hug and give her his full attention.

“yeah?”

“why do you have a big hole in your head?”

...

...He looked at you, and you had no idea how to react either, so you just stared back at him. You had never really thought of how to answer that question, and clearly he didn’t either. You were both stuck on what to do next.

“...it’s… a long story, indie,” He said, hoping that would satisfy her.

“i love stories!”

It didn’t.

He sighed, and Indie smiled, knowing she had won.

“...well, somebody… hit daddy. on the head. really hard.”

Indie’s smile quickly fell and was replaced with a scowl.

“who!?"

“bad lady.”
“i’ll beat her up!”

You and Sans both snorted at that one.

“you sound like your mom,” He said, which was exactly what you were thinking. You remembered saying something very similar to that.

“mom! why didn’t you beat her up!?!” Indie asked you, clearly mad.

“she can’t.”

“i can! i’m strong!”

Headstrong, maybe.

“you don’t know her. flaw in your plan, kiddo.”

“tell me her name!”

“debby.”

You almost laughed. You knew why he was hiding Undyne’s real name, but it was still hilarious.

Indie stood on the counter and reached for Sans, who gladly picked her up. She gave him a kiss on his cheek and you smiled.

“i think you’re hansom and debby should die!”

“...eheh. thanks, princess.”
Sans made most of the meals around the house.

He enjoyed doing it, and everyone seemed to enjoy his food, so it worked out nicely. It helped him
feel normal. Like he belonged on the surface, even when a part of him really felt like he didn’t. Like he deserved to still be suffering down underground.

...

...Cooking often took his mind off of that.

While he was making dinner, Jester had wondered in and waddled over to Sans, and stood beside him, peering up at him.

“...what doin?” He asked, clearly bored and looking for attention. He wasn’t sure what you were doing, but you were probably with Indie somewhere.

“hey,” Sans said, picking him up and holding him so he could see what was going on, “cooking.”

He stared down at all of the ingredients on the counter, intently.

“...food?”

“yep. this is steak, and this is potatoes, and carrots,” Sans told him, showing him each item individually. He planned to make a steak dinner, but he didn’t mind if Jester wanted to stick around. Maybe he would even help out.

“...make food?”

“yeah. cooking is making food,” He told him, with a slight chuckle.

His little sockets widened, and Sans could tell his little mind was exploding. He never thought about it from a child's perspective, but he understood why Jester would find it so amazing.

“...wanna help?” He offered, figuring it would be a good learning experience for the little guy. Never too young to learn a skill.
He picked him up and set him on the counter before placing the steak in front of him with all of the seasonings. Sans picked up the salt and handed it to Jester, who looking at it like it was some sort of alien device.

“take that stuff, it’s called salt, and put it on the steak.”

He took a small amount and put it in his mouth, which made Sans smile. He was adorable.

He thought for a second, and then put some on the steak. Not too much, surprisingly.

“now rub it in.”

He did as Sans said, and let out a little sigh.

“smells yucky.”

Sans chuckled before handing him the pepper. “cuz it isn’t done. here. rub this stuff on it too.”

Jester made the mistake of sniffing the pepper, and let out a soft sneeze. Sans wiped his little nose ridge, and Jj pouted.

“nose spice,” He said, as he rubbed it into the steak.

“pepper.”

“nose spice.”
“yeah, sure. okay.” Why not.

Jester nodded, as if he had just taught Sans a very important lesson, and was proud of him for finally understanding it and getting it right.

“all done?” He asked, as Jj stopped rubbing the steak.

“What next?”

“i gotta cut the veggies,” He told him, taking the carrots and potatoes and placing them on the cutting board. He chopped them up fast, since he had gotten pretty skilled in using knives, and Jester looked completely amazed.

His face lit up like a Christmas tree. “chopchopchopchop!” He exclaimed happily, with each chop Sans made.

“exactly.” Sans filled up a pot with water for the vegetables, and put it on the stove before turning it on. He made sure Jj was away from the fire first.

“veggies are deaddies.”

...

“...what?”

“chop chop chop.”

...

“...that’s pretty morbid, kiddo.”
He was clearly very impressed by Sans’s knife skills, but... he just hoped he didn’t get any bad ideas.

Sans still got anxious around knives.

He put a skillet on the stove and turned the heat up to high and added some oil. He let it heat up for a minute or two before putting the steak in, and Jester hissed at it when it sizzled.

Sans laughed. “I think you’re gonna be a chef.”

“Chop,” He repeated, with a big smile on his face, “bad steak!”

“Hissing isn’t always bad, buddy.”

“Chop chop!”

“Easy, killer,” Sans said, as he flipped the steak over, and it hissed again, in turn making Jester hiss.

“My dada will chop you!

Such an innocent little biscuit.

Sans took the vegetables and drained them of their water before putting them into a bowl and placing it in front of Jj. “Can you add salt to those?”

He did so, sprinkling a little in.

“Pepper, too.”

“Nose spice,” He corrected him.
“sorry. nose spice.”

That made his little face sparkle with joy.

Once the steak was done, he took it off of the heat and put it on a plate before cutting it up into pieces. It was still a little pink inside, but cooked all the way through. Jester seemed completely amazed by this.

“...yucky is gone!”

“mhm,” Sans agreed, putting a small piece on a fork and feeding it to him. He chewed it and his eyelight grew in size, sparkling.

“cooking... magic!” He said, as if that was the only logical explanation.

Sans smirked. “you’re so right. and you definitely have it.”

“jj cooking!”

“jj’s the best chef... hey, y/n!” He called for you, wanting you to come and see what Jester had done. He felt so proud of him, and proud of himself for teaching his kid something valuable.

You came into the kitchen almost instantly, and he continued to cut the steak, wanting you to try it, and also because he needed to for dinner.

“Yeah?” You asked, walking over and standing beside him.

“come try this. jj helped make it.”

He held out the piece of steak for you, and you popped it into your mouth and tasted it.
You looked very impressed.

“Wow! It’s awesome!”

Once again, Jj’s little face lit up in delight and he smiled so big.

“...Sans?” You said suddenly, while he was plating the food for dinner. You sounded nervous. That was never a good sign.

“mhm?”

You sighed before speaking. “Indie made me cut her hair because she wanted a haircut and wouldn’t trust a hairdresser.”

...

“...okay.” He could already tell this wasn’t going anywhere good.

“...Help?”

...

Shit.

He put the food down and turned to you. “what did you do.”

“Sh-She wanted bangs! Wouldn’t leave me alone until she got them! You can imagine how that went!” He really would rather not. He knew it was a disaster.
He sighed and picked Jester up off of the counter before going to the bathroom. He walked in, and had to stop when he saw her.

...For fucks sake. It was like you had never cut a straight line before.

He sighed again, and put Jester in your arms before walking over to Indie and grabbing the scissors.

“indie, you’re a pain in the butt.” He told her, as he rewet her hair.

“yep!” Least she was aware of it.

“why do you want bangs?” He asked, as he started to snip at them, fixing them so they would be a straight line, but being sure not to go too short.

“pretty.”

Fair enough.

“you’re already pretty.”

“want pretty hair!”

Little late for that. It was already pretty.

“your hair is curly on the ends. that’s pretty.”

She got a big smile on her face from that one.
“i know.”

She better know.

He kissed her on the forehead and then put the scissors down before turning her to look in the mirror.

“there. all done.”

He didn’t do too bad, if he did say so himself.

Her face lit up, and he decided it was worth it, despite how much of a pain it was that he had to do this at the spur of the moment.

“...Were you a hairdresser or something?” He heard you ask him.

“no. i’ve never cut hair in my life.” Didn’t really appeal to him.

“You don’t even have hair and you’re better at cutting it than I am.”

“that’s probably why. you overthink it.”

You have him a hug, and he smiled, hugging back with Jester squished between you two. He seemed pretty comfortable.

“daddy?” Indie said from the counter, and he assumed she wanted a hug too, so he pulled back.

“yeah?”

“why do you have a big hole in your head?”
That one he wasn’t expecting.

He looked at you, wondering what the fuck he was supposed to say, but you clearly had no idea either.

“...it’s… it’s a long story, indie.”

“i love stories!”

Fuck.

He sighed.

“...well, somebody… hit daddy. on the head. really hard.” So hard that it completely destroyed who he was mentally and left an ugly and permanent scar.

Indie looked pissed.

“who!?”

“bad lady.”

“i’ll beat her up!”

Oh god.

You both snorted at that one. She sounded just like you.
“you sound like your mom.”

“mom! why didn’t you beat her up!?" She said, scolding you.

“she can’t.”

“i can! i’m strong!” Strong willed.

“you don’t know her. flaw in your plan, kiddo.” He planned to keep it that way. He never wanted his kids, or you anywhere near Undyne. Ever.

“tell me her name!”

“debby.” First fake name he could think of.

Indie stood up and reached for Sans, and he quickly picked her up and held her close. She gave him a kiss on his cheek and smiled at him.

“i think you’re hansom and debby should die!”

He wished she would.

“eheh. thanks, princess.”

Chapter End Notes

Who cares about Tumblr? Here’s my Pillowfort.

Can also follow my Twitter. @skelesansation1
Epilogue.

Chapter Summary

Here it is. The end.

Happy one year anniversary to Crave, and also happy ending.

Posted the first chapter exactly one year ago, and now it's ending on the same day. It's fitting in my opinion.

Thank you to everybody who stuck through this story with me, even when certain things happened that you didn't enjoy, and thank you to those of you who were kind enough not to be a jerk in the comments when things didn't go your way.

I have no idea what to do with my life now.

Til next time <3

Chapter Notes

Special thanks to @llama_goddess for helping me throughout the story and for just plain being my best friend

I'm sad this is ending, but it definitely feels like it's time.

POV is a bit different this time. No switching.

If you have any requests or story ideas you'd like to share, feel free to either shoot them at me on Tumblr, Pillowfort, Twitter or even just in the comments!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The day that Indie went off to college had to be one of the hardest that Sans had ever experienced. It was hard for you too, but you knew their bond was special and it was much harder for him to let go of people, especially his own child.

You watched from the front door as he helped her pack up her car, one she had gotten herself after working as a waitress for a little while. You were proud of her and her ability to save money. She had always been a determined and very stubborn girl, so you weren’t surprised when she told you she wanted to go to law school.

You could tell Sans was taking his sweet time with packing up the car, since usually he would be done by this point. He had separation issues, and you understood that. You didn’t want her to leave
either.

But this was good for her.

She could be so successful.

They eventually finished packing, and you knew it was time to say goodbye, so you walked over to stand with them.

Sans was completely terrified, and he wished she wouldn’t leave. He wanted nothing more than to have his family stay with him forever. All of his kids, so he would never have to let them go. He knew it was unrealistic, but he still wished he could have it.

Sans wrapped Indie in a hug, and she hugged him back even tighter. It was clear she was nervous about leaving, but in the end it was what she wanted to do. She knew she would be a kick ass lawyer, and she was going to stick with it no matter how hard it became.

“call me when you get there,” Sans told her, petting her head once before letting her go to say goodbye to you.

“i will,” She assured him before turning to you and hugging you. She was taller than you now, but you really didn’t mind.

“call if you need anything, or wanna come home,” Sans told her, watching as she hugged you. He was so anxious, and he wished he had more time with her being little. She grew up so fast. It felt like just yesterday she was going to her first day of kindergarten and crying over him leaving her. Now all he wanted to do was cry because the tables have turned.

“i’m only gonna be gone for a few months, dad. i’ll be back for christmas.”

Regardless, Sans wasn’t used to not having Indie in the house, so he was still dreading this. She was only about five hours away, sure, but that didn’t change the fact that she wasn’t in the house with him.
She was growing up, and it was scary as hell.

“just... just call.” He needed her to.

“i will,” She assured him, giving him another tight hug.

“i love you.” He loved her more than anything.

“love you too, dad.”

…”...call me.”

Indie laughed and gave him a kiss on his cheekbone before getting in the car and driving off. Sans held your hand the whole time and you squeezed it to reassure him. He was taking deep breaths, and you were proud of how well he was handling this.

When she was gone, he turned to look at you, and you smiled.

“She’ll be fine.”

“i know she will.” That was a big step for him.

“She’s gonna kick ass and have fun with her friends,” You told him, as you both went back inside the house. Jester was sitting on the couch watching some TV show, so you and Sans took the loveseat.

“mhm... jester you’re not going to college.”

“What!?” He asked, defensively.

He wanted to be a chef, and he needed college to do that.
“no college.” He couldn’t lose another kid.

“It’s fine, honey, you can be a chef anyways,” You told him with a soft chuckle. He was an amazing and smart kid. You knew he would go far in life.

“only one kid gets college, and your sister beat you to it,” Sans told him, but he was just joking. Everybody knew that, but you decided to carry the joke on even further. It would help clear everybody’s mind of the sad fact that Indie had left.

“If you say that, he’ll run off.”

Jester smirked.

“no he wont,” Sans said, a bit defensively before turning to look at Jj, “...will you?”

...And with that, Jester took off running, most likely to his room.

Sans stood up and chased after him.

...
out of it, right?

No.

Harper was like her father.

Severe anxiety and separation issues.

She would hide in her bedroom often, and if she wasn’t doing that, she was sticking by you or Sans. Trying to get her to go outside was hard enough, so of course getting her to go to school was like pulling teeth.

Sans understood her, so he was the one who often dealt with those situations.

She skipped school again, which really wasn’t a huge deal legally. She’s was sixteen, so technically she was at the age where she didn’t have to go. But you and Sans still wanted what was best for her, so you tried to push her.

Sans knocked on her door, and waited a couple of seconds before she said hi.

“can i come in?” He asked, not wanting to intrude on anything.

“...Ok,” She agreed, her voice quiet and timid. Sans knew why. She was afraid he was going to force her to go to school.

Sans entered and saw the bundle of blankets on the bed, indicating she was hiding under them. He sat by her head, where he saw her silver hair pouring out of the mess of pillows and comforters. He started to pet her head gently, knowing all of his kids found it comforting and that she needed some comfort.

“...I’m sick. I can’t go to school,” She insisted, and he felt bad. He knew she wasn’t sick, but he also knew that she really didn’t want to go to school. He wished she never had to. He wished all of his kids could stay home all the time.
“you’re not sick, sweetheart.”

“Yes I am!” She exclaimed, poking her head out so he could look at her. Her cheeks were stained with wet tear tracks that were coming from her sockets, and her skin was flushed red from crying and anxiety. He knew how that felt. To cry from being so overwhelmed.

He pressed his boney hand against her forehead and gave a gentle smile. She was pretty cool to the touch.

“you don’t have a fever.”

“I feel sick and dizzy,” She continued to insist, and he shushed her gently, continuing to stroke her hair, softly. The last thing he wanted was to make the anxiety worse and have her panic.

“it’s anxiety,” He assured her, hoping it would help her relax, but it just made her even more anxious because she thought he would make her go to school.

“No! I’m really ill!”

“sweetheart. i have anxiety too.”

“You can’t make me go to school! I’ll be sick everywhere!” He hated that she assumed he was trying to force her to go.

“i’m not making you do anything,” He told her, keeping his voice soft and steady. He didn’t wanna sound like a liar.

...She sniffled, and he knew the tears were coming.

He quickly pulled her close and gave her a comforting hug, his smell helping calm her with its familiarity. He smelled safe and like home.
“i just wanna talk. alright?”

“...Okay,” She said in between soft snuffles.

“what happened at school yesterday? you came home and hid in your room.” That was normal for Harper, yes, but usually she would at least come in and tell you and Sans that she’s home before hiding in her room. She would take a snack with her, but he was pretty sure she didn’t eat much at all yesterday. That alone was enough to make Sans worry.

...She curled in on herself, and he knew he was right. Something did happen.

“you can tell me. i won't tell your mom.”

He didn’t have to. You were outside listening.

“...It’s… I… I-I got told off… and laughed at f-for not standing up to show my work.”

...

...Sans felt angry. It wasn’t fair.

“that’s ridiculous. you have social anxiety. you don’t have to do that.” No child should be forced to.

Harper was shaking violently. “I-I kept saying no, but the teacher made me, a-and I dropped my book and my voice cracked and everyone laughed at me!”

She was practically hysterical, and it broke Sans’s non-existent heart.

But it was just high school.
People forgot about things within a week.

“wanna know something? tomorrow nobody will even remember what happened. it’s high school. new things happen everyday.” Of course Harper wouldn’t know that. She never talked to anybody. Gossip was the last thing on her mind.

She shook her head, clearly not believing a word he said.

“trust me.” He wasn’t just saying it to appease her.

“I-I don’t w-want t-to!” She exclaimed, sobbing hysterically to the point she could barely get it out.

He had to take a step back and just cuddle her and hold her close. He knew no matter what he said, she was at the point where she was too anxious to believe him, or even listen.

“easy. you can stay home today.” He never planned to force her to go in the first place.

She nodded, unable to speak with how hard she was crying.

“we’ll try again tomorrow. i can even drive you,” He told her, continuing to pet her.

She eventually fell back asleep, after a little more conversing with Sans. She was so anxious and overwhelmed, it made him feel awful. He knew exactly where she was coming from with all that anxiety and he felt terrible for passing it down to her. He eventually fell asleep as well, while he was stroking her hair, but he woke up to you shaking him.

He opened his eye and looked at you, and you gave him a gentle smile. You were just as worried as he was about Harper, and you had finally made a decision.

“...I think you were right. We should home school her.”

It was what was best for her.
“...oh thank god,” Sans said, quickly sitting up and then gently shaking Harper awake. He didn’t want to startle her, but he needed to let her know right away.

She opened her sockets, and was instantly panicked by the sight of both of her parents in the room. That usually meant trouble, either that she had caused, or she was being informed of. She felt fear.

“hey, sweetheart, we gotta talk,” Sans told her, which of course, made her panic even more.

“I-It’s not tomorrow, I don’t h-have to go back ye-” She started, frantically, but you quickly cut her off by shushing her and hugging her close to you.

“No, baby, not that. we’re gonna pull you out of school,” Sans told her, making sure his voice was as soft as it could be. She was fragile, and he didn’t wanna shatter anything in her that was close to breaking.

“...Really?” She was in clear disbelief.

“yeah, we’re gonna do homeschooling for you, alright?”

...She started to cry again, only this time it was clear that they were tears of joy.

You and Sans both cuddled her gently, and decided later on that it was best for her to do her schooling online.

...
You and Sans were proud of all of your kids for different reasons.

Indie was in law school, Jester was working on becoming a chef, and Harper was trying to overcome her anxiety. They all had different strong points, and different weaknesses, and you both thought those things made them stronger.

You enjoyed watching them go through these things and being on standby, but… Sans still had the issue of letting go.

So when he found out Jester was also going away for college, well…

He didn't take it the best.

Jester came running into the house after getting the mail, excited as all hell before stopping in front of Sans.

“dad!” He exclaimed loudly. A bit out of character for Jester, since he was normally quiet.

“why are you yelling?” Sans asked, stopping where he was so he didn't run into his son.

“i got in!”

…

...In?

Sans didn’t have any idea what he was talking about, since Jester hadn’t actually told anybody he was applying for colleges.
“shhh. deep breath,” Sans told him, wanting him to stop yelling before he learned what he was talking about.

Jj did what he was told, and took a deep breath before lowering his voice.

“i-i got into culinary school.”

...

“...you did?”

Jester nodded frantically, still very clearly excited out of his mind and unable to contain it.

Sans pulled him in for a tight hug, which Jester returned tenfold. He was practically crushing Sans, but he didn’t mind.

“i’m so proud of you,” Sans praised Jester, meaning every word. But… that didn’t change the fact that he was terrified. “...but i don’t want you to go.”

Sans released the hug and examined Jesters face, finding he still had a smile, but his eyes were full of confusion.

“...i’m not… gonna tell you that you can’t go… you can, just… shit…”

He didn’t want him to go.

Sans hugged him again, tightly.

Jester frowned, suddenly not as excited. It made Sans feel like shit.

“...sorry. i’m happy for you.”
This wasn’t about Sans. He knew that.

“...you don’t want me to go?” Jester asked, confused out of his mind. He thought Sans would be happy… but he seemed sad.

“i’m just emotional. you’re going.”

“...o-okay,” Jester agreed hesitantly. He didn’t want his dad to be sad, but… he did want to go.

Sans have him a reassuring smile.

“you’re gonna do amazing.”

Harper was doing a lot better in school now that she wasn’t in a public one. Her grades had improved miraculously, and she seemed all around happier. More content, and it was clear she felt safer.

The only issue with it was that she wasn’t leaving the house at all.

Even Sans knew it was unhealthy, and you both worried for her.

“...harper,” Sans said her name one day as he sat on her bed, where she laid and used her phone. She
had just finished her school work and she was relaxing, but now was the best time to speak with her.

“What?” She asked, turning her screen off and setting her phone down to give him her attention. She was respectful, and Sans was proud she was raised that way.

“you haven’t left the house in three days.”

“I’m fine.”

“you need to get out more.” He knew he sounded like you, and he knew Harper sounded like him. It made him feel genuinely guilty for all the times he argued with you over going outside. It must have been so annoying, when you were just trying to get him to get some sunlight. You were concerned for his health and well being, and now here he was, in the exact same boat getting his karma.

He was going to apologize to you later, for sure.

“I don’t need to go out,” She told him, in that teenage voice that made it seem like she knew what she was talking about. She had no idea how bad it was to always be inside. It made her anxiety so much worse, the longer she listened to it. She was giving it power, and he was determined to stop it.

“you do.”

“It’s nice inside.”

He agreed. He really did. But it didn’t change anything.

“...come to the store with me.” He had to go anyways, so it was a good opportunity.

She shook her head.

“you can pick dinner.”
“No.”

can pick some candy.”

“I’m not hungry.”

He sighed.

...He didn’t wanna resort to this, but…

“...you’d rather stay here? all alone? your mom’s coming with me.” He knew how much she hated to be alone, but he had to do it. He needed to get her out.

She started to tear up and his face softened.

“...we have to go.”

She got up, and he hugged her, but she wouldn’t hug back so he pulled away.

“...why are you mad at me?” He was just trying to do what was best for her.

“I don’t wanna go.”

Regardless, he still had to go to the store, and you would still go with him. She would end up going no matter what, whether he was asking her to or not.

“you need to. you need fresh air.”

“I can open the window!”
He said that before.

He started laughing, unable to help himself. It was so funny that she was so much like him! He gave her all the bad parts of himself, and he felt so awful for that, yet so proud! She was so sweet and naive. He wished he could help her see things in a better light.

She looked mad when he started to laugh, but he just hugged her.

...This time she hugged back.

“you sound just like me.” He wasn’t sure whether he should be proud or upset.

“...I do?”

“i said the same shit to your mom.”

“...But… you go outside and stuff?”

“i used to be so afraid of leaving the house and being without your mother… i’ll tell you the story one day. but for now, c’mon, sweetheart. we’ll go super fast.” Getting her out at all was a victory on its own.

“...Okay.”
Apparently all of the hard work Sans put into pushing Harper wore off.

She eventually got a girlfriend, and she moved out.

The nest was officially empty, and surprisingly, it was hitting you worse than it was hitting Sans.

You had been hibernating in bed for about two weeks at this point, which was very out of character for you. It was obvious to Sans that you were bored and needed something to do, he just… wasn’t sure what that was.

He came to check on you, when usually he would just let you hide away. He just felt it was necessary that day. You hadn’t even come down for breakfast.

His relationship with food was much healthier, and he was less obsessive over it, yes, but that didn’t mean he didn’t want you fed properly.

“...hey,” He said, sitting next to you where you lied on the bed. You looked so tired, but he knew better. You were depressed.

“Hey,” You greeted him back, and he pulled you closer for a cuddle. Your body was still such a blessing to him. To have it against him was his favorite thing.

“you’ve been in bed for weeks.” Before that point, he hadn’t even mentioned it, he had just let you do your thing and waited until you were comfortable either talking about it, or getting up yourself. Neither of those things happened, so he took action.

“...Have I?”
Apparently you hadn’t even noticed.

“you’re depressed,” He told you gently, running his phalanges through your hair gently. If anybody would know what depression looked like, it would be him.

“...It’s just… so quiet.”

“...you want more babies?” He really wouldn’t mind.

Hell, he kind of wanted more.

“...No, it’s just… I miss them.”

“we can have more.”

You smiled and shook your head.

“...wanna get a dog?”

Dogs were kind of like kids. Just… a bit less work.

...You nodded.

You got a dog, and it helped fill a hole in your heart.

Chapter End Notes

Who cares about Tumblr? Here’s my Pillowfort.
Can also follow my Twitter. @skelesansation1
Chapter 48

A continuation/ AU of crave was created.

https://archiveofourown.org/works/17746352

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!