**Despacito**

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**Despacito**

by bwandrz

**Summary**

Mili is a sensational, new group with you as the lead singer. Your manager, Kenneth, is trying his best to get you signed on with a record label, but he's having trouble finding someone who will give you a chance. Desperate for help, Kenneth cashes in for a favor, and enlists Mettaton's services and advice. Now you've somehow found yourself being taught to dance by a prima donna robot, and with an unexpected classmate at your side. The only comfort you find is in a new viral video of a dancing skeleton. A skeleton, and his brother, who soon become everything you live and breathe for, slowly, but surely.

Mili is a real band, but the reader and band members in this story are only based off of the actual members. I'll be sure to put links in every chapter referring to the songs used, and to their website! If you've never listened to them, you're really missing out!

**Notes**
Be sure to check out all the links I put in the end notes related to the band Mili!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Vulnerability

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The skeleton in the thumbnail was tall, his arms outstretched to his sides like he beckoned the person recording for a hug. You almost opened it then, but knew you’d have to get out your headphones to fully enjoy it. Besides, you watched enough YouTube to understand clickbait. The video probably wasn’t even about a damn skeleton. You scrolled past it, trying to find something else entertaining to keep yourself distracted.

You didn’t know at the time how precious that video would become to you.

Twitter was the place to be if you wanted to connect with your fans, and though you absolutely hated it at first, you were getting used to it. Your follower count was growing, but your band still wasn’t out there enough. You needed something to boost your popularity.

Which was how you found yourself sitting inside the cold, dim building of Strawberry Jam Records (a completely unfitting name), the blue hue only adding to the chills on your bare legs. You kept scrolling, reading tweets from your fans, the few celebrities you followed, and whatever shenanigans your favorite YouTubers were up to. However, nothing could pull the anxiety from your chest.

You clicked your heels on the floor, the sound resonating into loud echoes in the empty hallway. You were alone, save for the receptionist with a serious case of resting bitch face. She glared up at you, the sound obviously disturbing her, so you regrettably stopped. The movement had been warming up your legs just a tad bit. You’d worn a nice dress with a sweater, but it did no justice in protecting you from catching a cold.

Leaning your head against the wall, you took a break from the screen to let out a sigh. You were ready. You could do this. All you needed was for Kenneth to open the door to let you in, and sell yourself to these higher ups.

Your voice would win them over. If there was one thing you could do, it was sing. Maybe, if luck was on your side, that would be all that mattered to them.

The skeleton in the thumbnail caught your eye again, someone else sharing it. Wait, it was called ‘retweeting’ on Twitter, right? Ugh, whatever. It basically meant the same thing.

Your thumb hesitated over the video before you resisted, wishing your willpower to avoid viral videos matched that of food. God, you loved food.

Not that Kenneth let you gorge yourself into pure bliss anyway. He told you if you wanted to be a star you’d have to lay off the donuts, but damn, did you love them. You knew he was right. But donuts didn’t permanently affect your vocal range, so you didn’t see the harm in having one every now and then. Maybe you were just being a brat because you were starving.

Aaaaaand the skeleton in the thumbnail showed itself again. Alright, you couldn’t take it anymore. If you couldn’t have a donut, then you were going to watch the freakin’ video.

You tapped it eagerly, the cheering and Latin music echoing in a burst of melody and merriment in the once deadly silent hallway like a misplaced jumpscare. You yelled out in excitement, and the receptionist looked at you like you’d offended her. You held up your hand apologetically as you paused it. She scoffed before going back to her computer screen.
You reached for your purse, grabbing your headphones, complete with cat ears. They could glow a vibrant blue if you so willed them to. You plopped the headphones on your skull with a satisfying pop, making sure to activate the flashing blue lights, then pressed play.

The rapid music shot through you like bullets, the cheer curling the corners of your mouth upwards like they’d been hooked. You watched as the skeleton came to life, his extended arms wrapping themselves around him as he began to sway his hips to the music.

Wait, was it a he? You felt bad for not knowing, but you had never met a skeleton monster before. Your question answered itself when you heard him laugh, the sound a bit terrifying like a cartoon villain, but most certainly masculine. He’d taken hold of some sort of outdoor stage, festive string lights illuminating the black sky above him. A mixed crowd of humans and monsters circled around it, cheering as he held his readying stance.

Then he spun, the sudden burst of energy matching the music. You giggled at the big smile across his skull. You knew some of his close friends had to be there. You heard the nervous laughter of a girl. One woman in particular screamed something like, “You call that a DANCE!?!? Let your passion SHINE!!”

You wished you knew more about dancing. You couldn’t describe his movements, at least not with the proper terminology. They were so quick, so flawless and smooth like silk. He didn’t have to think about what he was doing. The dance was effortless. An extension of his soul.

Of course, from what you heard, all monsters danced in that fashion. You’d seen them dancing on the street, or on television before. They were all incredible.

But whoever this guy was… He had a fire in him. You felt inspired.

Then. His foot somehow collided with a cable.

Like dominoes, tables of food began clattering down, the horderves rolling across the floor like a stampede of treats. The crowd backed away as lights began to fall, the iridescent atmosphere shattered as the skeleton continued to dance.

He had to know he caused the chaos falling around him, right? Did he even notice?

Then, as some sort of tall floral arrangement began to tumble towards him, he caught sight of it, dashing out of harm’s way in a stylish spin. You laughed, unable to believe it. As more decor fell, the skeleton simply danced around it. Nothing could obscure his space. He owned it.

Then, the song ended, and he struck a brilliant pose with one arm extended in the air. The only light that from the fallen strings scattered and blinking.

The crowd began clapping, whooping, and cheering like before. He took a bow as everyone started throwing flowers.

Just before the clip ended, a deep chuckle slipped out from whoever recorded the video. Your cheeks flushed a bit. Whoever it belonged to had to know how dangerously attractive it was.

You couldn’t help but press play again. You couldn’t stop the grin across your face, resisting everything in you to cheer with the crowd. The skeleton twirled, striking a pose that made you giggle. His friends yelled and laughed at him again. The dance became a hurricane destroying everything in its wake. The crowd cheered. The videographer chuckled.

And you watched it again.
Only when your headphones came flying off, and your name being shouted at you did you come back to the cold hallway. Kenneth stood above you, his sunglasses pushed on top of his head, his expression dejected. You looked between him, and the closed doors of the conference room. You already knew the answer, but you asked anyway.

“So… Did they want to meet with me?”

Kenneth sighed, rubbing the back of his neck, your headphones making ungodly clicking sounds with the movement, the blue lights making his wavy, blonde hair green.

“I showed them your best live show. They just… They love your voice, and they think the band has an incredible sound!” He hesitated. “But…”

But. The word that always formed a pit in your stomach.

“They think you’re too plain for a lead singer. Kind of bland!”

You blinked. “You could’ve sugar coated that just a teeny bit.” You demonstrated with your thumb and forefinger.

Kenneth returned your headphones, shrugging unapologetically. “This is show business, baby. You don’t get cream and sugar in your coffee. You get it black and bitter, like the cold, hard truth!”

“Coffee isn’t hard.” You argued.

“It is if it’s not brewed!”

“And it’s not supposed to be cold.”

“It is if it’s cold brew!” He shot finger guns for effect, only irritating you further.

“You’re not very good at making analogies, are you?”

“That’s because it’s a metaphor!”

You almost continued to argue. You decided to stop. You found yourself gazing at the floor, the thoughts you’d been avoiding spinning through your head.

Your bandmates had been counting on you to do this. They said, “You’re a cute girl with an epic voice! You’ve got this!” Gosh, how wrong they all were… It didn’t matter how lovely your voice was if you were too bland for them to even speak with you before rejecting you.

Your band had been counting on you. And you let them down.

Not to mention, live shows and royalties could only do so much for you. At this rate you wouldn’t be able to afford to pay Kenneth, and then where would you be?

Kenneth’s hands were suddenly on your shoulders. “Hey--”

You pulled back, startled. “Don’t touch me.”

“Hey, look, I’m not trying anything funny! I just want to comfort you, alright?” The glare you gave him caused him to back off, holding his hands up defensively. “I know you’re suspicious of me, and I get it. It’s how I lost my job at the agency, after all. But hear me out. I’m not giving up on you just yet! I’ve got a plan--”
The receptionist slammed down a large folder, grabbing the attention. “Excuse me, but if you’re done with your meeting, you’ll have to leave. This isn’t a chat room.”

Kenneth gently placed a hand on your back, urging you towards the elevator. “Shut it, Gladis, this place is ugly, and smells like your mama’s dead ass.” Kenneth flipped down his sunglasses with a hard nod.

“Always a pleasure doing business with you, Conway.” She sneered as you choked back a gasp. You didn’t know how you weren’t used to Kenneth’s crude manner of speech yet.

The elevator came swiftly, and once inside you asked, “So, what’s your big plan now, Mr. Manager?”

“Have you ever heard of a robot named…” He peered at you from over his sunglasses. “Mettaton?”

“He’s like the superstar of the monsters, right? I’ve seen him on T.V. a few times. He’s kinda like their Kim Kardashian, only I’m assuming he’s actually famous for a reason?”

“Hey, hey, hey! Do not mock Kim K!” He scoffed, flipping the lapel of his suit coat. “At least you know who Mettaton is. I guess you don’t totally live under a rock.”

You crossed your arms. “I’m sorry my tastes lie elsewhere. I don’t mindlessly follow what’s popular.”

“That’s fine and all if you want to be a prudey little bitch, but you’re going to have to expand your knowledge if you want to get into this world.”

Kenneth always had a sharp tongue, but that’s what you liked about him. His brute honesty was something you needed. He wasn’t just a rejected jerk who didn’t know what he was doing. Really, if he were still under an agency, he would probably be much more successful at making someone else famous.

But he was stuck with you. And you were stuck with him.

“I know, and I’m willing to expand my knowledge.” You sighed reluctantly as you exited the elevator into the lobby. You thought the two of you might stop there to go over Kenneth’s idea, but he kept walking. “That’s good because we’re about to meet him for lunch in about twenty minutes.”

“Wait, what?!” You exclaimed. You followed Kenneth outside, questioning him as he began to hail for a taxi. “Did you just say we’re having lunch with Mettaton!?”

“That’s what I said! I know, I know, I’m a genius. I always tell you--”

“How in the hell did you manage that?”

He straightened his tie. “Let’s just say I did him a favor once, so I thought it was time to collect his debt.”

“But why Mettaton?” You pressed. Kenneth looked at you as if it were a stupid question. You further explained. “It’s not like he’s known for recruiting up and coming stars--”

“No, but he’s famous, and he’s a genius when it comes to giving people what they want! If anyone can get Mili’s name out there, it’s this guy!”

“But--”
“Ah, tut, tut, tut! Shoosh!!” Kenneth smooshed his index finger over your mouth. “You see this? This is the part of you that no one likes, alright?”

You backed away, wishing you could bite his finger, but you weren’t entirely sure when the last time he’d washed his hands had been.

“Relax. Monsters are what’s gonna get you famous, girl.”

The two of you remained silent, the taxi ride not as long as you would have liked. You would’ve liked to have mentally prepared for whatever you were about to go through. Whatever ensued, at least you’d finally be able to eat.

The taxi stopped downtown outside a building made of nothing but windows. MTT’s Resort Hotel spelled out in pink, neon lights above the doors. You recognized the brand name, but had never heard of the restaurant before.

“This is Mettaton’s restaurant and hotel.” Kenneth explained. Inside you could see a variety of humans and monsters merrily eating. They were all dressed to the nines, making you feel vulnerable. You were normally more confident, but…

There was that word again.

You timidly followed Kenneth inside, assuming he knew where you needed to go. He approached the hostess stand, a rather large fish type monster resting on it. He stood up straight when he saw the two of you coming. “Greetings, humans!” He blubbed, his smile unchanging. “Do you have a reservation?”

Kenneth leaned against the podium, peering over his sunglasses. You really didn’t understand why he wore those things relentlessly. “We’re here to meet Mettaton.”

“Sorry, sir, but Mettaton doesn’t do meet and greets without a reservation!”

“No, we’re eating lunch with him!”

“You must reserve a table if you wish to eat here!”

“The table’s already reserved.”

“You must also reserve your plate, and your silverware!”

“Mettaton made the reservation for our business meeting! I’m Mr. Conway!” Kenneth screamed, everyone in the restaurant pausing to stare. You did your best to look like you weren’t there with him.

The host looked down at his clipboard, squinting at it. Even squinted his round, yellow eyes were almost as big as your head. He suddenly perked up. “Oh! Why didn’t you just say so?”

“Just…” Kenneth exhaled slowly. “Just take us to our table, please.”

“Of course! Right this way!” The monster turned, beckoning for the two of you to follow. He took you through the middle of the dining room, people whispering as the two of you passed.

He led you to a private room located in the back of the main dining hall. One single, rectangular table sat in the middle of the room. A purple tablecloth gracefully grazed the white carpeted floor. A single plate and perfectly placed silverware sat before the end seat.
“I’ll let Mettaton know you’ve arrived.” The host bowed.

“Hey, can we get a couple of menus?” Kenneth asked, pushing his sunglasses on top of his head.

“I’m sorry. Mettaton didn’t reserve menus for the two of you!”

Your heart dropped, and you spoke up for the first time. “Did he at least reserve us plates?”

The monster looked at his clipboard, silently staring for a solid five seconds. He looked you dead in the eyes. “No.”

“Do you at least have complementary breadsticks?” You hoped.

“You must reserve your breadsticks as well!” He called over his shoulder as he left, slamming the door behind him.

You looked at Kenneth like he might have a solution. “You mean I still don’t get to eat?!”

“Relax, this won’t take long.” Kenneth sighed, seating himself at the table. You followed suit, concluding that you were not a fan of Mettaton.

You whipped your phone out, immediately going back to Twitter. You wanted to watch the skeleton in the thumbnail again. You wondered if Kenneth had seen the video yet, so you decided to share it with him.

“Kenneth, have you seen this video?” You offered your phone to him. He took it from you, squinting at it until his vision focused. He dismissed it back to you quickly.

“Oh, Desperado? You’re just now seeing it?!”

“Desperado?!”

“Yeah, it’s the nickname the internet’s given him. This video’s been viral for at least seven hours now. How are you this out of the loop all the time?”

You started to argue, but the hunger pain pulling at your stomach kept you from bothering. You didn’t really like that name for him. He didn’t destroy the party on purpose. Instead, you indulged in watching it yourself.

The two of you waited for what felt like nothing short of eternity. You were about ready to eat the table cloth. You grabbed your stomach, leaning your head down on the table. You began to sing softly.

“Tomato sauce simmering with onion blocks
How exciting
Butter up the sourdough submarine
Marinara flavored bedding
Meatball seats in my submarine
Delivery under the sea…”

“You’re only gonna make yourself hungrier.” Kenneth quipped, his fingernail tapping repeatedly
against his phone. You ignored him, continuing your song.

“So I leap

And swim against Atlantic stream

To show you what I’ve achieved

Going deep

Tonight we’ll make dinner a feast

Just count it on me

Just count it on me…”

“Better not go making promises you can’t keep.” He smirked.

“I’m gonna dieeeeee~…”

“Mettaton’s a busy guy. We’re lucky we got in with him today. Be patient.”

“Kenneth, it’s almost been an hour. I think we’ve been stood up.”

“Quit whining. This is our last chance to get your band noticed.”

That... That pissed you off.

You jumped up, throwing your sweater on before grabbing your purse. Kenneth finally pulled his attention away from his phone. “Hey, where’re you going?”

“I don’t need some prima donna, no show to get Mili famous. Even if I’m bland, the rest of the band can carry me with them.” You slammed your chair into the table so hard it shook. “And I certainly don’t need some vulgar perv who won’t let me eat as a manager.”

Kenneth sat his phone down. “Hey, wait, if you’re doing this because you’re hangry, I’m sorry, alright? I’ll get you some food~”

“It’s not about the food!”

The door swung open, a filtered sigh flowing into the room. Mettaton flipped his hair, strutting in wearing a large, off white fur coat, pink, cateye sunglasses and matching high heel boots. “So, sorry, darlings! I thought for sure these sunglasses would hide my real identity!”

He removed them, tossing them carelessly onto the table before reaching his chair. Kenneth stood up, outstretching his hand. Mettaton took it daintily, his expression as dramatic as his entrance.

“Thank you so much for meeting with us, Mettaton!” Kenneth wore his most professional grin. You slipped your purse off, waiting to introduce yourself, or for Kenneth to at least present you.

“I’ll have you know it was difficult to squeeze you into my schedule at the last second like this.” Mettaton shook his finger as he sat down, Kenneth doing the same. You reluctantly followed suit.

“Just give me what you can, alright? We really need some help here.”

Mettaton eyed you. “Is this her?”
Kenneth held out his hands. “Stage name: Momocashew! Lead vocalist and lyricist of project Mili!”

You held out your hand. “It’s nice to meet you.”

Mettaton raised a brow, totally ignoring your outstretched hand. “Rather dull, isn’t she?”

Kenneth nodded. “Please, help me.”

“If you’re going to insult me, at least say it directly to my face, Mettaton.” You huffed, fed up with them acting as if you weren’t present. “I’m sorry I don’t parade around in flashy clothes with a boisterous speaking voice, but—”

“Exnay on the sultintay~!” Kenneth gritted through his teeth.

You turned to him. “Shut up. It’s my turn to talk.” You moved back to Mettaton. “Now, how about you give me something constructive so I can get out of your seriously complicated structure of a restaurant, and actually get something to eat?”

Mettaton leaned back in his chair, the corner of his mouth curving up. “Oh, my~ You do have a bit of fire in you… This is good.”

He reached inside his fur coat, pulling out a thick file. He slammed it down on the table, licking the tip of his finger before opening it, flipping through the pages. “You’ll need to report for your dance lessons Monday through Friday exactly at 9:00 a.m. sharp for the next few weeks.”

“Dance lessons?” You repeated.

He took a hand full of papers from the folder, slapping them down in front of you. “Here is where your signature is needed to ensure you’ve given full permission to be filmed throughout the whole process—”

“Filmed!?”

“And, of course, a waiver stating any injuries or illnesses you may contract and or obtain whilst under our contract, the MTT network is not liable to take responsibility.”

“Wait—”

“No need to read into all that boring legality, darling. Go ahead and sign. I’m a very busy man!”

You looked at Kenneth. “Dancing? This is your big idea?”

Kenneth gave you a wink. “You wanna be a star, don’tcha?”

You went back to Mettaton. “And you’re going to film it?”

Mettaton clapped his hands together. “Yes, darling! You’ll be the season finale of my new hit show: Dancing with a Star!”


“Mettaton has a plan for you.” Kenneth explained. “Just trust him. He’s not a multimillionaire for nothing.”

“So… will I be dancing with you?”
Mettaton let out a very loud, “HA!” When he realized you weren’t joking, he added, “Oh, no, darling, you wouldn’t be able to keep up with me. I’ll simply be teaching you!”

“Teaching me… a routine, or something?”

Mettaton nodded. “A powerful, erotic dance that symbolizes what’s truly missing in this world!”

“Which is…?”

“Well, darling, that depends on you.” He laced his fingers together, resting his chin on them. “I’m going to be interviewing each and every candidate for the show to see what dance will bring what they’re missing out of them!” He threw his arms out. “Whether it be confidence! Freedom! Drama! Romance! Bloodshed!”

“That sounds dangerous.”

“Just you wait, precious. Once I bring whatever is missing out of you, you’ll give the world what its missing.”

You hesitated, looking down at the paperwork before you. The blank line waiting for your name stared back at you. If you refused, then what would you do? Your bandmates were counting on you. Kenneth went through all this trouble to arrange this meeting. Someone like Mettaton, despite his first impression of you, decided to give you a chance.

And that... That was all you needed.

You signed the document, Mettaton snatching it away the second your pen left the paper. He returned the stack to its folder, sliding it back inside his coat. He replaced the documents with a card, sliding it to you smoothly. “Here’s the address to the studio. Remember, 9:00 a.m. sharp tomorrow morning!”

“Tomorrow morning…” You whispered as he stood up, grabbing his sunglasses.

“Oh, and be sure to wear something comfortable.” He winked, strutting out the door without so much as a goodbye.

You looked at Kenneth as he leaned back in his chair, grinning. “Am I good or what?” He held up a hand, “Please. I know. I’m amazing.”

You started to speak, paused to collect yourself, took a deep breath, and exhaled it out. “I’m not trying to be ungrateful, but… How is a dancing reality show supposed to help Mili?”

“How can it not!??” Kenneth stood. “Even if it’s not related to Mili directly, you’re in with Mettaton now! The monster’s superstar! The show will get you well known, we plug in that you’re the vocalist of this hot, new band, and boom! Stardom!”

“Kenneth, I have very little experience when it comes to dance, not to mention our music isn’t really meant for dancing.” You grabbed your purse, the two of you leaving the private room. “This will be a disaster! Not only will I embarrass myself, but Mettaton’s show will bomb if he uses me for the season finale! And, honestly, I’ll feel awful about the whole thing!”

“For being so sassy sometimes you sure do worry about others for no good reason.” He sighed impatiently. “The guy could lose his entire network, and he’d still be on top.”

“Well, excuse me for having compassion.”
Kenneth mimicked you in a mocking tone before you finally decided you’d had enough of him for one day. You took your own taxi home, ordering yourself a large pizza topped with mozzarella, alfredo sauce, spinach, garlic and mushrooms. You shamelessly ate half of it in one sitting.

You, of course, called your band to let them know the news. They were all together, as always. You had the three of them on speakerphone as you held your food baby filled belly. Your gray cat, Ticket, had curled up on top of your hip when you turned on your side to face the television. You’d adorned yourself in cozy pajamas, surrounded yourself in throw pillows, and wished you had a straw long enough to reach your lips from your cup on the coffee table.

“A dancing reality show?” Yamato rolled it out, processing it.

“That’s pretty much how I felt about it, too…” You confessed.

“Well, hey! This is great!” The ever positive Shoto chimed in. “You’re going to be on T.V. to represent Mili! And with Mettaton! I love that guy!”

“As far as I can tell, he’s a bit of a narcissist.” You scoffed. “But, hey, who knows?”

“I don’t know if I like this.” Yamato remained pessimistic. “Do you even have any dancing experience?”

“A little.” You shrugged. “But that didn’t seem to matter to him.”

“You’ll be fine.” Yukihito added. “If you put the same energy into your dancing as you do your singing, then you’ll excel at this.”

“Thanks, Yuki.” You smiled.

“How long are your dance lessons?” Yamato asked.

“I don’t know yet.”

“We’re getting together for practice tomorrow at the warehouse!”

“Normal time?” You asked.

“We’re required to report for duty, as Captain HAMO always requests.” Yukihito quipped. You couldn’t see him, but you assumed he saluted at Yamato like always.

“I’m not in charge of the band!” Yamato argued, but you all knew he was lying. He’d been the unannounced leader for years, you his first mate. Kenneth technically ran the show, but really, you just did whatever you all wanted behind his back.

But your bandmates… They were incredible. You didn’t know where you’d be without them. They’d become like your brothers.

The next morning came. You had to force yourself to get out of bed, drinking your coffee along the way. You dressed in some black yoga pants and a dark grey, drop shoulder sweater. He said to dress comfy, so you took full advantage of that.

Upon arriving at the studio, you found it also belonged to Mettaton, named MTT’s Dance Studio. A bit unoriginal, but you weren’t complaining.

You walked inside, the bustling atmosphere warm, and inviting. There were three people behind the counter. One was a short, thin human girl with dark brown hair in a messy bun, and a coffee with
cream complexion. She looked a little annoyed. Another of the employees was a rabbit monster with pale blue fur. He wore a nice button up with suspenders, smiling and whistling. The final one was an orange cat monster looking so dead exhausted he made you want to go back to bed.

The blue rabbit spotted you immediately, leaning against the counter. “Welcome to MTT’s Dance Studio! How can I help you?”

You stepped up to the counter, getting a better look at the three of them. The blue rabbit’s name tag read C.G., the girl’s Juliet, and the cat’s Felix.

Felix leaned against the wall, his arms crossed, and a cigarette between his lips. Juliet had her arms crossed, glaring up at him. “Mettaton will kill you if he sees you smoking in here!”

“Umm. Hi.” You raised a brow at the two of them.

“Were you hoping to sign up for a class? Or did you maybe want a tour of the studio?” C.G. continued as if the other two beside him didn’t exist.

“Oh, no.” You shook your head. “I’m supposed to be meeting Mettaton here for… Our meeting?” You said it like a question. Was the reality show confidential, or did they know about it?

C.G.’s ears perked up straight. “Oh! You’re here for the dance show!”

Well. That answered that question.

“Ugh, good. Now Mettaton will be busy for a while.” Felix gruffed, taking a drag of his cigarette.

“You still can’t smoke in here! Go outside!” Juliet snapped back.

Felix blew smoke in her face, and she started coughing, guarding her face with her arm as C.G. reached for a clipboard resting on the counter, sliding it to you. “Just sign in for me, and I’ll explain how to find your studio!”

You eavesdropped the three employees as you filled out the information.

“C’mon, Burgey, don’t be a jerk.” C.G. smiled over his shoulder.

“Stop calling me that! I don’t even work at the Burger Emporium anymore.” Felix sighed. “Obviously, or I wouldn’t be here with you two!”

“You’re just mad because you lost your shift with Catty tonight!” Juliet scoffed.

“You not jiving with us today, Burgey?” C.G. quipped.

“Are you gonna use that pun you stole all day?”

“Probably!” He grinned.

“That’s it, I’m going outside.” Felix scoffed, exiting through a door behind the counter.

“Pfft, finally!” Juliet sighed with relief.

You couldn’t help but giggle. C.G. looked at you. “Sorry about that, ma’am. We get kinda rowdy.”

You shook your head, pushing the clipboard back to him. “Don’t worry about it. You guys are pretty entertaining.”
“Your studio is 13B! It’s on the sixth floor, down the hall on your left side! You’ll pass the bathroom and water fountains before you reach it!”

“Thank you, guys” You smiled.

“Enjoy your stay!” Juliet called out.

“Have a super, duper day, miss!” C.G. shouted louder.

You took the elevator, relatively finding the studio with ease. C.G. gave pretty good directions, not that it was hard to figure out the path. Though most everything with Mettaton’s name on it was pink and flashy, and/or metallic and shiny, you found you loved the color scheme of the hallways alone. The floor was lined with soft carpet, a nice tan. The lower halves of the wall were painted a pastel yellow, the tops a pale turquoise. Happy colors for a happy place, you hoped.

You passed the restrooms, water fountains next to them, then quickly found Studio 13B all alone in the back of the corridor.

You didn’t know, back then, how much time you’d be spending in Studio 13B.

You opened the door, a wall lined with mirrors reflecting back at you. The room looked massive, even without the reflective power of the mirrors enhancing the space. The hardwood floor was spotless, the bright cherrywood giving a warm, welcoming vibe. You found Mettaton standing directly in the middle of the room. He spun around when he spotted you entering in the mirror.

“Hello, darling! You’re right on time!” He extended his arms, adorned in a pink crop top.

“OH!? IS MY DANCE PARTNER HERE?!”

Dance partner?...

You stopped, not expecting another voice to float past. You stepped in further, shutting the door behind you. You gasped, dropping your bag when you saw...

The skeleton in the thumbnail.

Chapter End Notes

Here is a link to the chapter title: Vulnerability
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p7sNlYP14X8

And here is a link to the song the reader is singing at the restaurant titled Meatball Submarine:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jA7zK3jdB8Y

If you'd like to learn more about the Mili project, here's a link to their website!
http://projectmili.com/

Also, here's a link to their official twitter account!
https://twitter.com/ProjectMili

Aaaaand lastly, here's a link to their official YouTube!: 
Chapter Summary

You meet the skelebros, completely by surprise, and rehearse with your band.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Desperado, or so the internet called him, was tall, so very, very tall, and adorned in the most eighties style you’d seen since Stranger Things. A red sweatband, matching crop top with the words ‘spaghetti connoisseur’ written in black sharpie, blue shortie shorts, black leggings and stark white tennis shoes. You weren’t entirely sure, but you were almost certain he wore basketballs as shoulder pads.

The two of you locked eyes, his smile faltering as he cocked his head. Then, he did a double take, his small eye sockets widening as he clasped his gloved hands on either side of his face.

“Oh MY GOD!!!!”

“Umm--!”

You took a quick step back as the skeleton rushed you, holding up your arms in a defensive position in case he tried to tackle you. He stopped just short of running you over and shouted, “YOU’RE MOMOCASHEW!!!”

You started to speak, but paused, trying to process how in the world he could’ve--

“Oh!” It clicked. “You’re a fan!?”

“YES!! I ABSOLUTELY LOVE MILI!! I LISTEN TO YOUR MUSIC ALL THE TIME!”

Instead of thanking him, you blinked in disbelief. You’d never met one of your fans outside of a concert, and even then, they were never this excited. You tried to pull yourself together, not wanting him to think you were annoyed. “Well, thank you! We appreciate all the support we get!”

“WELL! LET US INDUCE OUR INTRODUCTIONS, THOUGH I ALREADY KNOW YOU! I DO ALSO KNOW THAT MOMOCASHEW IS NOT YOUR REAL NAME!”

You smiled, “Right! As I’m sure you’re not called Desperado?”

He sighed, his voice rattling. “I SEE YOU TOO HAVE TAKEN TO THE WAYS OF THE INTERNETS. CURSE THIS CENTURY AND ALL ITS SOCIAL MEDIA ADVANTAGES!!”

You shook your head, “Oh, no! I’m not trying to make fun! I saw the video yesterday, and I absolutely loved it! Your dancing is incredible!”

“WHY, THANK YOU!” His cheeks flushed just a tad orange. “THAT MEANS SO MUCH HEARING THAT FROM SOMEONE AS TALENTED AS YOU! I’VE NO DOUBT THAT WE’LL MAKE A GREAT DUO!” He held his hand out to you, and you took it. “I’M PAPYRUS!
THE GREAT SPAGHETORE!” He turned, looking behind him. “AND THIS IS MY BROTHER, SANS…”

You peeked around him, feeling absolutely horrible about not noticing the other person in the room. Another skeleton sat on the only bench, slouched against the wall. He was considerably smaller than his brother. He wore a blue hoodie, the hood flipped up and his hands stuffed in the pockets, black joggers with a solid white stripe and blue sneakers. His eye sockets were round, only one of them open. A bright, iridescent pupil stared at you, a pleasant smile on his face.

You waved. “It’s nice to meet you.”

“sup.” Sans hummed nonchalantly. You envied how comfortable he looked.

“METTATON, YOU DIDN’T TELL ME THAT THIS WOULD BE MY DANCE PARTNER!”
Mettaton winked. “I wanted to surprise my new star with his favorite star!”

“WOWIE!! THAT’S SO KIND OF YOU!”

“I’m sorry, but I’m kind of confused… We’re dancing together?”

Papyrus slumped at your words. “IS THAT A PROBLEM?”

“No!” You practically screamed at him. “No, you’re not the problem at all! I mean, I’ve seen you dance! You’re incredible! I won’t be able to keep up with you!”

“That’s what I’m here for, darling!” Mettaton called as he went to the far wall. Stacked chairs lined up under the window, the sun making them look uncomfortably toasty. He grabbed one, pulling it behind him, the dragging sound of the chair legs echoing in the vast, open space. He spun it around, plopping into it and crossed his legs, readying a notepad in his lap. “Have a seat, beauties. You’re about to get interviewed!”

You thought about getting a chair, but decided you didn’t really want to sit on the warmed up plastic, so instead, you sat in front of him on the floor. Papyrus seemed to like the idea, and he giggled, “NYEH-HEH-HEH!” as he giddily joined you, sitting cross legged.

“Now, Papyrus,” Mettaton began, “I know your specialty is Latin and Salsa, but are you comfortable performing any other types?”

“WHY OF COURSE! I’M THE GREAT PAPYRUS! I CAN DANCE TO ANYTHING!”

Mettaton rested his head in his hands, sighing dreamily, “I’ll bet you can…”

“don’t go getting starry eyed, pal.” You heard Sans’s deep voice behind you.

Mettaton snapped out of it, looking at you. “And what about you, darling?”

“To be honest, I don’t have much experience in dance. I took some swing dancing lessons with my dad before.” You hesitated. “You know, when I was a kid.”

Mettaton put a hand to his chest. “Swing!? Oh, that’s my family’s specialty!”

“Oh, really? That’s swee--”

“Though, I personally prefer jazz!” Mettaton cut you off as he started jotting down whatever on his notepad. “I think we’re already off to a fabulous start here! Now, we won’t be doing any actual
dancing at the moment.”

You relaxed, but Papyrus’s shoulders slumped. He looked a tad disappointed. He must’ve really loved dancing to be going along with this.

You suddenly felt like you were there for all the wrong reasons.

“I first want to start off by letting you two get to know each other! So, what I want you two to do now is play Two Truths, One Lie.”

Papyrus perked up. “OH, THAT SOUNDS LIKE FUN!”

“Yeah.” You nodded. “Sounds easy enough.”

“So, you know how the game works?” Mettaton asked.

“WE EACH HAVE TO TELL TWO TRUTHS ABOUT OURSELVES, AND ONE LIE, AND THE OTHER PERSON HAS TO PICK OUT THE LIE!”

“Talented, handsome, and smart as always!”

Papyrus, oblivious to Mettaton’s direct flirting, looked over his shoulder at his brother. “SANS, YOU SHOULD JOIN US!”

Sans waved him off. “That’s okay. This is about you two. You kids have fun.”

Papyrus looked at you. “SHALL I START!?”

“Sure!” You smiled, unable to resist the eagerness in his eye sockets.

“Hmm, let’s see… I love spaghetti… I love dogs, and… I use action figures to map out theoretical battle scenarios!”

You blinked. “That last one was so specific I’m not sure if it’s the truth, or a really hasty lie.”

He placed a hand on his chest. “I’m very clever like that!”

You looked at his shirt, and remembering his introduction, deduced that he did indeed love spaghetti, so you called him out on it. “Well, you obviously love spaghetti, so I’ll say that’s a truth.”

Papyrus looked down at himself, slapping his forehead. “Curses! Thwarted by my love of editing clothing!!”

You giggled, already charmed by this radiant personality. Or maybe it was because of his friendly, positive demeanor. Part of it was surely the fire in him you saw in the viral video. And another could’ve been because he was your first, true fan, and the moment he saw you will forever be burned into your memory. Besides, anyone who loved spaghetti had an integrity you couldn’t refuse.

“Well, I can’t say I see you as a dog hater, so I’ll say you do love dogs. So, that makes the battle scenarios thing a lie!”

Papyrus smirked wickedly. “OH, HO, BUT HOW WRONG YOU ARE!!”

You waited for him to tell you he was kidding. When he continued to smirk at you mischievously you pushed for the truth. “...Seriously?”
“IT’S TRUE! WHILE UNDERGROUND, I WENT UNDER INTENSE BATTLE TRAINING UNDER THE CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL GUARD!! WHILE NOT UNDER HER EVER WATCHFUL EYE, I WOULD USE THE ACTION FIGURES I GOT FROM SANTA TO MAP STRATEGIES IN CASE OF HUMAN ATTACKS!”

“Oh!” You blinked. Did he say Santa? “I’m so sorry, I had no idea it was like that for you…”

He held up a hand. “NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE! I WANTED TO BE A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL GUARD! IT WAS A DESTINY I BROUGHT UPON MYSELF!”

“I just didn’t see you as much of a fighter, but then again, we only just met. You could’ve fooled me!” It dawned on you what the lie actually was. “So, does that mean that you hate dogs?”

He looked away, his eye sockets squinting down as if he peered around for anyone who might be listening. He did know you were being filmed, right? “I WOULDN’T SAY I HATE ALL DOGS… JUST ONE IN PARTICULAR.”

You wanted badly to press further on that statement, but thought better of it. It seemed like something he didn’t really want to discuss, so you let it go.

You had your own secrets, after all.

“OKAY!” Papyrus clapped you out of your daze. “NOW IT’S YOUR TURN!”

“Oh, right…” You placed your thumb on your chin, slowly thinking. “Umm… I’m trilingual, I have a pet cat named Ticket, and…” You smirked. “I hate mushrooms.”

Papyrus slammed his hands on the floor. “I KNOW FOR A FACT YOU’RE TRILINGUAL! MOST OF MILI’S SONGS ARE IN ENGLISH, TRUE, BUT YOU HAVE A FEW IN CHINESE AND JAPANESE!”

“Guess that was an easy one, huh?” You shrugged.

“ALSO, I FOLLOW YOU ON TWITTER, AND I KNOW YOU DO IN FACT OWN A GRAY CAT NAMED TICKET! YOU POST PICTURES OF TICKET MORE THAN RECIPES YOU’VE PREPARED!”

“Hey, you have an unfair advantage.”

“ALAS! NOW IT IS YOU WHO HAS BEEN THWARTED!! NYEH-HEH-HEH!” He paused. “THOUGH, MOST OF YOUR TWEETS ARE IN JAPANESE, SO I HAVE TO GET ALPHYS TO DECIPHER THEM FOR ME.”

“I’m the only one in Mili who’s not actually from Japan, so my knowing the language really helps me out. When we’re all together we usually speak Japanese to each other. The notes Ao sends us about our artwork are in kanji. Plus when Yamato and I work on lyrics together, he writes his ideas in kanji.” You realized you were rambling apologetically, so you finally stopped, the grin on Papyrus’s face unchanging.

“OH, PLEASE, DO WHATEVER YOU LIKE! I RATHER ENJOY DECIPHERING IT, ACTUALLY! IT’S LIKE A CODE, OR A PUZZLE!! YOU’RE SUCH A FUN AND INTERESTING PERSON!”

Fun and interesting? That’s certainly different from what you had heard yesterday… You couldn’t stop the smile curling up your lip.
You and Papyrus played a few more rounds, finding out that he lived underground in a place called Snowdin Town, he is absolutely not a fan of puns, he loves puzzles, and he did in fact escape an awkward situation once by jumping through a window. You only guessed right on one round while he nailed yours every time. The more Papyrus spoke, the more elated excitement flowed from him, the R’s in his words rolling longer. You could listen to this skeleton talk for hours.

Finally, Mettaton ceased the game with a clap of his hands. He stood up from his chair, pulling it aside. “Now, I want the two of you to dance together, but with no direction.”

“YOU WANT US TO IMPROVISE!?” Papyrus’s eyes twinkled.

“For now, yes. I want to see the way you two move together naturally.”

“Oh…” You sighed, trying to sound enthusiastic.

Papyrus sensed your apprehension. “IF YOU’RE NERVOUS, I DON’T MIND LEADING!”

“Well…” You chewed on your cheek, biting the bullet. “In this situation, I guess that’d be okay.”

“Yes, this is good!” Mettaton laced his fingers together. “Get comfortable with each other! By the time I’m through with you two, you’ll know each others bodies better than your own!”

You blushed, wondering exactly what kind of nonsense you’d really gotten yourself into. You darted your eyes around the room, looking for the cameras you knew were present. You quickly spotted the four in each corner, and at least one above the windows. You didn’t actually read the contract. What if it said you were required to get naked or something? Oh, God, that would’ve been awful, and you would never forgive yourself if you got into something like that--

“WHY DON’T WE START WITH SOMETHING SIMPLE, LIKE THE BASIC WALTZ?” Papyrus’s booming voice shook you from the edge of the rabbit hole.

“Oh, you don’t have to change your style for my inexperienced self.”

“It’S NO TROUBLE AT ALL! ONCE YOU’RE MORE COMFORTABLE WE CAN CHANGE STYLES! HOW DOES THAT SOUND?”

You smiled. “It sounds like you’re very thoughtful.”

“OF COURSE! THOUGH I COULD SAY THE SAME ABOUT YOU!” Papyrus grinned proudly as he moved in front of you. He gently grabbed your right hand in his left, bringing it up just above your shoulder. He took your other hand, placing it on his shoulder, then placed his on your shoulder blade. “FORGIVE ME, BUT NOW I WILL STEP CLOSER TO YOU... PLATONICALLY!” He announced just before he inched closer to you. You weren’t really used to being this close to someone you’d just met, but at least you knew he had good intentions. As far as you could tell Papyrus was undeniably the definition of a cinnamon roll.

“NOW, WE’LL COUNT IN STEPS OF THREE. YOU START WITH YOUR RIGHT FOOT, AND I’LL START WITH MY LEFT! THAT WAY, WE’LL ALWAYS BE IN SYNC.”

“Right… I’ve done this dance before at a wedding reception, but it’s been a while.”

“OH, PERFECT! SO NOW, YOU’LL GO BACKWARDS, AND I’LL GO FORWARDS!” He moved his leg slowly, you jerking yours back to catch up. “NOW, TO THE SIDE!” Papyrus stepped, and you followed more gracefully this time. “CLOSE YOUR LEGS TOGETHER, THEN STEP BACK!”
You managed the step sequence, but with the grace of a newborn giraffe. You wished you were drunk so you had an excuse to look so sloppy and disoriented. Papyrus, kind soul that he was, continued to walk you through it again and again until the two of you reached the far wall. He stepped back from you, holding onto your hand as he led you back to the center of the room.

“NOW, LET’S TRY ADDING A SLIGHT SPIN TO OUR STEPS THIS TIME SO WE STAY IN THE OPEN SPACE!”

“Oookaaayyyyy.” You droned, not wanting to whine, but wanting to simultaneously.

You began again, the slight spin giving you more difficulty than before. You wondered how on earth you possibly ended up in this situation. There were so many girls who could do this better than you. And here you were with a dancer as incredible as Papyrus.

There must have been a mistake. This would accomplish nothing but holding him back, and making a fool of yourself.

“You’re doing great!” Papyrus smiled, despite the obvious attempt at lying. You knew you weren’t doing great, but his genuine smile gave you comfort.

“You’re a great teacher.” You smiled back, trying to hide your insecurities and put the focus on someone else.

“I learned the waltz in my younger days! My father specializes in it!”

“Oh, really?”

“Yes! That, and staying up for days on end while induced on caffeine...” He looked away concernedly.

“He sounds… interesting? Why does he do that?”

Papyrus met your eyes again. “He works for the royal family!”

“The king and queen of monsters?”

“Why, yes!” His body shook with excitement. “I can’t tell you how happy all monsterkind is to have the king and queen married again!”

“I heard they were having a wedding, and it was a really big deal. Didn’t that happen recently?”

“I should know! I’m the one who destroyed their lovely buffet with my raw talent!”

“Oh, so that’s where the viral video took place. No wonder you were dressed so nice!”

“Oh-ho, yes indeed! Though I’m surprised you didn’t know that already!”

Kenneth did call you out for living under a rock, but you didn’t really care. You liked your rock, and you planned on staying in it.

Well. Until you ended up dancing the waltz with a skeleton.

“I don’t know if you’ve realized, but since I’ve kept your mind busy, you haven’t missed a single step!”
You grinned, only to misstep the second you started thinking about the steps again. You and Papyrus giggled when Sans called out, “you guys are making me dizzy. why not change it up, huh?”

“Don’t intervene!” Mettaton snapped his fingers in a ‘Z’, Sans grinning in response. “Let the mood take them where it will!”

“I’LL HAVE YOU BOTH KNOW THAT WE DON’T NEED YOUR TWO CENTS!” Papyrus spat, pausing your dance to scold the peanut gallery.

“that makes sense.” Sans quipped, winking. Papyrus hummed a growl through his nasal cavity. You snorted out a laugh, and Sans looked at you, his smile faltering.

“Sorry.” You giggled. “It’s been a while since I’ve heard a good pun.”

“OH MY GOD.” Papyrus sighed.

Sans refused to make eye contact, his cheeks flushing a brilliant shade of cyan. You gawked at the color, unable to tear your eyes away. He noticed, grabbing the strings of his hoodie and yanking them so the fabric trapped his glowing skull inside.

“WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY A SPIN?!” Papyrus clapped enthusiastically.

You turned your attention back to your dance partner. “Yeah, sure!” The two of you began your step sequence again. He spun you, but it was stiff. You giggled at yourself. “Sorry…”

“ONE MORE TRY!” He attempted the spin again, your execution more fluid with your momentum. You yelped in surprise when he pulled you in for a dip, bouncing you back up and stepping back for a bow. You curtsied in response.

“NOW, THIS IS CALLED THE MERENGUE!” Papyrus pulled you close, taking your hand in his again. “THIS IS A SIMPLE LATIN DANCE THAT I THINK YOU WILL LEARN QUICKLY!”

“Alright…”

“THIS TIME WE’LL COUNT IN STEPS OF EIGHT! LIKE THIS!” Papyrus demonstrated, moving his left foot out, then closing the gap with his right. You followed, watching his feet carefully. He counted out the steps for you, pausing when he reached eight. You did it again, following his count, your movements more confident.

“Be sure to accentuate those hips, darling! The merengue is all about that hip action!” Mettaton chimed in.

“Ha! Right…”

“HE’S RIGHT, AFTER ALL! YOU’RE USING YOUR HIPS TO SHIFT YOUR WEIGHT!”

“And to tantalize your audience!” Mettaton winked. You raised a brow, quirking a smile.

“NOW WE’LL INCORPORATE THIS BY MOVING IN A CIRCLE, JUST LIKE WE DID IN THE WALTZ! JUST FOLLOW MY LEAD!”

The first step you took, you tripped over your own foot. You almost smacked face first into the floor, but Papyrus caught you by grabbing onto your shirt. The collar shifted up, gagging you as he pulled you back up to your feet.
“Holy shit!” You sighed, adjusting your clothing.

“ARE YOU ALRIGHT!? WE DIDN’T DAMAGE YOUR VOCAL CHORDS, DID WE!?!?”

“No, I’m okay! I’m so sorry…”

“NO NEED FOR APOLOGIES! I THRIVE TO BE A KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR!” He puffed out his chest, grinning with a smoulder. You started dancing again, this time careful to not trip over your own feet. Mettaton, despite saying he’d give you no direction, continued to call out tips.

“No matter what, stay at his center! Always remain parallel with your partner!”

“Okay!”

“CARE FOR ANOTHER SPIN?” Papyrus waggled his brow bones.

“You like spins, don’t you?”

“I REALLY DO!”

“Okay, I’m game.”

“Make sure to spin to your right!” Mettaton called.

“AND ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR!” You spun, extending your arm. Papyrus pulled you back in, and you slammed into his rib cage.

You sighed, stepping back from him. “I’m so sorry.”

“DON’T SOUND SO DISCOURAGED! YOU CAN’T EXPECT TO GET IT ON YOUR FIRST TRY!”

“Yeah, you’re right…” You smiled. “Thank you for being so patient with me.”

Papyrus continued to teach you basic steps of different latin style dances. Bachata, Mamba, and the Cha Cha Cha. The muscles in your thighs screamed, the balls of your feet throbbed, and your hips ached like you’d slept on them all night long.

“I think that’s enough for one day, beauties…” Mettaton came to your rescue, stopping you with a clap. “From listening to you, and watching the two of you interact, I’ve got a pretty good idea of what I’d like to do with you. However, I’ll need the rest of the day to perfectly choreograph a routine for you. So, I’ll need you to vacate the studio!”

“OH, I HATE THAT WE’RE ALREADY LEAVING!”

“We’ll see each other tomorrow, won’t we?”

“TRUE, BUT I WANTED TO KEEP GETTING TO KNOW YOU!”

The downtrodden frown looked misplaced on him. Why did he think you were so great anyways? Not that you wanted to put forth false modesty. You knew you could sing, and you didn’t doubt your ability to write songs, but… You were still in awe. Most people didn’t give you a second glance. But Papyrus truly seemed to like you as a person.

And, really, how could you not like Papyrus as a person as well?
“How about we exchange numbers, then?”

He perked up. “WHAT!? REALLY!?!?”

“Yeah, I’d love to!”

“WOWIE!!!” Papyrus’s eye sockets began to water, the tears tinted orange like little pieces of pulp. “THIS IS THE GREATEST DAY OF MY LIFE!”

You were still in disbelief, how this all tied together. At this time yesterday you didn’t even know this vibrant skeleton existed, and now, here you were tied in some sort of fate that somehow intertwined. And to think meeting you and exchanging phone numbers constituted as the greatest day of his life.

You, however, felt like you didn’t belong in this magical exchange of bodily expression. Dancing? Who were you kidding? You knew you didn’t belong there.

But you did enjoy Papyrus’s company. That much made you feel at least somewhat relevant. And, you had to admit... Dancing became quite fun once you’d gotten the hang of it.

You’d planned to exchange phone numbers with Sans as well, but realized he was no longer in the room. He must have left while the two of you were dancing. Papyrus scoffed when he realized it, too, saying his brother always popped into quiet places to sleep. You weren’t really sure what that meant, but took it that Sans was just really passionate about napping.

Since the rest of the band were just meeting up for practice, you decided arriving fashionably late was better than not arriving at all. After leaving the studio you began walking, trying to hail a taxi when you received a phone call from Kenneth. You hadn’t spoken to him since the day before. Your spirits had been lifted since your last conversation, so you answered in a sing song tone, “Hello?”

“Soowoooo, how did it go?”

“Well, we just practiced basic dances, but I did meet my dance partner!”

“Ohhhhh, reallillly?”

“Yeah, he’s a skeleton monster named Papyrus, and--”

“He’s currently known as the destructive, dancing sensation: Desperado!”

You stopped, your mouth agape. “Wait, you already knew?”

“Well, duh! After you so rudely stormed off yesterday Mettaton and I had a conversation over the phone about your reluctance! He’d already planned to have Desperado--”

“His name is Papyrus.”

“The internet knows him as Desperado, alright? You’re going to have to get used to people saying it.”

“He doesn’t like that nickname.”

“Too bad for him! He shouldn’t have destroyed the royal wedding, and gotten himself in a viral video then. But no one would give a fuck about him otherwise, so he can’t really be picky now, can he?”
You hesitated, biting your tongue. “I guess not.”

“Now you want to let me finish without interrupting me?”

“I really want to irritate you as much as you’re irritating me, so no promises.”

“Now, Desperado had already been asked to be on Mettaton’s show, apparently they’ve known each other for a while or something, and when Mettaton realized you were the lead singer of his favorite group—”

“He decided to pair us up, yeah, I get it.”

“*He* decided?” Kenneth breathed. “Listen here, woman, I decided it would be a good idea to put the two of you together!”

“Oh, so that was your idea?”

“After you were drooling over the video yesterday I thought it’d keep you interested!”

“I want to give you credit for being that smart. I really do.”

“I don’t need your sass, alright? I just need you to keep doing what you’re doing.”

“Alright. I’m heading to band practice.”

“That’s my gir—” You hung up before he could claim you as his, smirking as a taxi pulled up beside you on the curb.

______________________________________________________________________________

Sans’s eye sockets were heavy, much more than normal, but he tried to ignore it. Papyrus’s voice had become a string of unending exclamations and his decibel count was through the roof. Even with all that, he could have fallen asleep walking.

“I CAN’T WAIT TO TELL ALPHYS AND UNDYNE ABOUT TODAY! THEY AREN’T GOING TO BELIEVE IT!! I MEAN, SANS, OH MY GOD, I MET MOMOCASHEW!! YOU HAD TO OF KNOWN ABOUT THIS!!”

“i can honestly say i had no idea.”

“HOW ARE YOU NOT SCREAMING IN EXCITEMENT RIGHT NOW!? YOU’VE HEARD HER SINGING VOICE HAVEN’T YOU?”

“yeah, i’ve heard you listening to her before.”

He *should* know. Papyrus played his music as loud as he spoke, not that Sans really minded. Sans could probably sleep through a hurricane, so the noise didn’t bother him. Besides, Papyrus hung the moon, so in Sans’s mind, he could do whatever the hell he pleased.

Like taking part in a stupid, reality television show hosted by that sleeze-bot.

If there had been one piece of advice Sans could’ve given his younger brother in all their lives, it would be to back out of this deal. Sure, he got to meet you, his favorite singer, but…You were a human after all…Humans still weren’t quite adjusted to monsterkind.

“And she’s such a nice person!” Papyrus droned on, Sans not annoyed at the fact his brother was being unnaturally obsessive, but that it was about you.
“she’s probably under contract like you, so she’s gotta be nice.”

“SANS, DON’T BE SO PESSIMISTIC! SHE WOULDN’T BE LIKE THAT!”

“she’s probably just like the rest of them…”

“YOU HAVE TO AT LEAST ADMIT… HER SINGING VOICE IS ANGELIC!”

“eh. she probably uses autotune.”

“DAMMIT, SANS!” Papyrus stopped, stomping his foot, and Sans tried desperately to hold back a snicker. It didn’t work. “MUST YOU HAVE A RETORT FOR EVERYTHING I SAY!!?”

“is that a retorical question?”

“OH MY GOD, I’M GOING TO KILL YOU BEFORE WE GET HOME.” Papyrus gritted through his teeth, turning heel and continuing on his way. “WHY MUST YOU INSIST ON RUINING THIS FOR ME? YOU’RE NOT BEING VERY SUPPORTIVE…”

Sans hesitated, pulling his hood tighter around his skull. Even if Sans wasn’t the one directly involved in the show, and he didn’t have to come to rehearsal with Papyrus, he still felt like he needed to be there. It was his fault his brother ended up being known as Desperado, after all.

And maybe you were a good person. Maybe you weren’t a monster in human skin. He’d give you a chance, for Papyrus’s sake. But he didn’t have to like you.

“sorry, papy.” He mumbled, following just a few steps behind.

The warehouse rested out by the sea, the damp, windy air pushing against the docks. It wasn’t the classiest of places, but you’d written some of your best songs there. Your legs hanging off the edge, getting the occasional splash from the icy water, your tired eyes focused, your hand swiftly pushing ink against the paper.

The taxi dropped you off, the driver eyeing you suspiciously as you got out, leaving you to walk down to the end. It was fine, you didn’t mind. You enjoyed the walk, and the smell of rain that clung there. In the distance, just faintly, you could hear them begin to play, though you weren’t sure what song. Until you got closer--

“Holy crap, they’re playing Sl0t!”

You sprinted, trying to make it in time for the first chorus. You were cutting it close, realizing half a pizza the night before probably did not help your stamina.

But you made it, your vocals just seconds away from starting. Yamato stood stage right, his fingers gliding down the neck of his guitar. Yukihito stood opposite, his backside resting on a stool, his bass placed on his knee, his fingers pecking away at the strings. Shoto sat in the back, his body shaking with excitement as he slowly played the drums. The three of them were so wrapped in the sound, a rhythmic cradle around them, they didn’t notice you coming in. You threw down your bag, sprinting up to the stage and grabbed the mic.

“You whispered out my name

Woke me back up again
What are these things I see

Through the slots on my skin?”

The guys noticed you, obviously, Shoto whooping behind you. You smirked, never losing your count.

“Deeper

I’m sinking into the slot, the slot at my feet

Pulling me in

Colors

They make my vision insane

My vision is insane

I’m not the same

Red, blue and green

They run down my veins, the veins in my brains

Dying me deep

You said that blue is life, and you said

You said that red is love

You said that red is love…”

You felt it, the coalescence of emotions running through you, the violin coming in to pick up the pace. It faded, the song slowing as the lyrics you had so carefully written passed through your lips.

“It is only the first time we meet

But it feels like I’ve always been with you

A sense of deja vu

And you said that white is truth…”

You pictured the white of Papyrus’s bones, how the personification of death spun you around earlier, your senses more alive than any breathing organism on Earth from his guidance.

“Saturate

Vermillion

Cyan

Ebony

Burgundy
Silver machinery

Staring back at me…”

The flush of Sans’s face came back to you, the shell of protection around him like a security blanket. You wondered where his reluctance to face you stemmed from. Why had he been there that day?

“Why are my organs trying to escape this broken cage

Then I learned that this pounding can’t be love

That it can’t be love

That it can’t be

Why are we always separated by bulletproof walls

Then I learned that this emptiness could be love

That it could be love

It must be love…”

You let the mic fall to your sides, exhaling out all your frustration and anxiety. It dripped from you, cleansing your pores and hair follicles in a pool around your feet. The music caressed you, your heart pounding in sync with the strings of the bass. You breathed it in, absorbing the sound like you would perish without it.

You owned this space, completely in your element.

Your euphoria halted when someone embraced you. The black hair twirling around your peripheral vision coupled with a strong grip indicated Yamato had abandoned his post. The music ceased, and you huffed out a breath of irritated hot air.

“Way to come in an kill it!” He breathed into your ear.

You pushed him off. “Way to kill the atmosphere! Why’d you stop!?”

He grinned at you, his brown eyes focused directly on yours. His handsome features made him a good pick for a guitar player in a band, but his skills at composing were what you admired the most about Yamato. Too bad he could be an obnoxious ass to counter all of that.

“We weren’t expecting you today.” Yukihito’s soft voice barely carried over to your ears. His long, black hair obscured the right side of his face. The other half rested behind his ear, neatly tucked back like drapes.

“She, today was kind of like the first day of class. My dance partner and I got to know each other, and I learned the basics of a lot of Latin dances.”

“Dance partner?” Yamato sounded disappointed. “You’re not doing a solo number?”

“Nope. He’s a skeleton monster named Papyrus!”

“Could it be the boney lad who just tweeted at you?” Yukihito held up his phone.

You squinted at the screen, stepping closer to get a better look. “Yeah! That is him!”
“Holy shit, I know that guy!!” Shoto grabbed the phone, bringing it so close to his face you wondered if he really needed those glasses for nearsightedness. His freshly cut fohawk was messily groomed to a disheveled perfection. “That’s Desperado!!”

“He doesn’t like that name!” You snapped defensively, snatching the phone back. You read the tweet, Yamato rubbernecking as you did your best impression, “MET @momocashew/mili TODAY!! SO EXCITED TO WORK WITH HER ON THIS SUPER SECRET PROJECT!!”

“Must you yell?” Yamato backed away from you.

“That is so sweet… I should follow him back!”

“Best do it on your own phone, love, otherwise he won’t know it’s you, but rather me.” Yukihito held out his hand.

“Oh!” You returned Yukihito’s phone before jogging to your bag to dig out your own.

“How’d you end up dancing with Desperado?!” Shoto shook, bouncing on his heels. “That guy is legendary!”

“Kenneth and Mettaton keep stealing the glory from each other, so I honestly have no clue who really came up with the idea.” You shrugged. “But Papyrus is a fan of ours! He recognized me as Momocashew!”

“Surprisingly. You won’t even let Ao record your face during performances.” Yamato sighed. “Which is a shame because you’re so dang cute.”

You swiped open the notification, oblivious to the chatter from the guys. You immediately liked the tweet, replying back: ‘Super intimidated by the great @COOLSKELETON95 !! Can’t wait for tomorrow!!’

You hit reply, clicking the links to his profile to follow him back when your phone flew out of your hands. You gawked at Yamato as he started scrolling through Papyrus’s timeline. “Let me check this guy out before you go following him.”

You cocked your head, expecting him to return it. When he didn’t, you snatched the phone back. “Umm, excuse you, but you don’t get to tell me who I can and can’t follow!”

Yamato looked as if you’d offended him. “What if he’s some kind of creep?”

“I’ve already been up close and personal with this guy. If I thought he was a creep, I would’ve backed out already.”

“He looks like a fun guy!” Shoto thankfully squeezed between the tension building between you and Yamato. “Does he actually laugh like that, or was it fake?”

“He actually sounds like that, yes.” You confirmed with a nod, still fuming.

“Whoooa!” Shoto nodded slowly, drawing out his reaction.

“You’re obvious attempt at stifling those two is invalid, Shoto.” Yukihito mumbled without looking up from his phone. “HAMO is pouting, and momo is distracted by her dear dance partner.”

“Bite me.” Shoto snapped.

“Later, honey.”
“Wait, what’d you say HAMO stood for again?” Shoto smirked.

“Hunky Adult Man… Oh My.” Yukihito mimicked a sultry voice. Now you were in hysteric with Shoto.

“First of all, that’s not what it stands for! Second, there’s nothing to stifle. We’re best pals.” Yamato put an arm around you, and you cringed away.

“Get off me!” You huffed. “I’m trying to stalk my new friend!”

“Friend, huh?” Yamato hummed.

You started scrolling, the majority of his timeline responses to the Desperado video. Many of the tweets were cluttered with emojis, clapping hands and crying laughter faces. Papyrus had gone through thanking every... single... person...

Then… something changed.

@COOLSKELETON95 go die you fucking piece of shit

Your heart dropped. You hesitated over the thread, knowing where this would go. A rabbit hole, beckoning you to look inside before tumbling down. Your curiosity got the better of you, and you peeked over the edge.

Seriously you’re disgusting!! Go dance in traffic and see if you survive!!

can someone get this off my timeline already?

Block the content, idiot. It’s not hard.

we’ve already had to listen about the ducking royal wedding. Who cares if one of those freaks destroyed it? He deserves a medal imo

smh y’all need to find something else entertaining, this is pathetic.

Look at it! It's so gross!

I wish that floral arrangement had crushed you

Too bad it’s illegal to kill them—

You tore your eyes away, tears stinging the edges. Your heart sunk in your chest, the pain resonating deep in your ribcage, forming nausea in your stomach. You hadn’t felt grief like that in a very, very long time.

You knew monster racism existed. You’d heard comments before. Distasteful things that only despicable people could think to utter beyond a passing thought. But directed with such malicious intent? They knew he’d read it.

You looked again reluctantly. Papyrus had not only seen this thread of horror, but… He responded to them all with one simple tweet.

“FEAR NOT, TO THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE INTIMIDATED BY MY PROWESS!! I, TOO, WAS ONCE IN DOUBT THAT I MIGHT ONE DAY REACH GREATNESS! BUT! YOU, TOO, CAN BECOME AS GREAT AS I! (WELL, NOT AS GREAT, BUT PERHAPS PRETTY CLOSE!) I WISH YOU ALL THE BEST OF LUCK!!”
You were shocked. And here you had been upset because you’d been called bland, and forgettable. That was nothing compared to what they’d called him. How could he come back like that so flawlessly after such slander? After the death threats, and everything?

Just what kind of person had you encountered?

You closed Twitter faster than a kid hiding a suspicious website from his mother, going to your text app. You typed so furiously you had to go back to fix your mistakes before you let out a shaky breath, trying to contain the swirling rage inside you. You wanted to tell off every single one of those narrow minded bigots, but you knew that wasn’t the right way to go.

You - 2:45 PM
Hey! Thanks so much for the tweet. It really means a lot! Can’t wait to practice more tomorrow! :)

Immediately, he replied.

The Great Papyrus - 2:46 PM
NO NEED TO THANK ME! IT’S MY HONOR AND PRIVILEGE TO LET THE WORLD KNOW I’M WORKING WITH SOMEONE AS WONDERFUL AS YOU!

You couldn’t help but blush. What a sweet guy. You hoped the two of you could grow closer. You wanted someone like him in your life. Maybe someday, he’d be like your family. Something else you hadn’t had in very, very long time.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, boy, it’s chapter two! Yay! I can’t express how much fun I have writing this. And all your comments and feedback is just wonderful! Thank you all so much for reading!

So, here's a link for the chapter title (Which is one of my personal favorites!): RTRT https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IcpzqZrpLVM

And here's a link to the song Mili is practicing called Sl0t https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OPAB_1T2bxk

Wanna know what Kenneth looks like? Good news! There’s a production sketch of him on my tumblr. Here’s a link to it! https://www.tumblr.com/bwandrz

I also have another tumblr of my art not related to my fics if you're interested! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/jakrabbitjetpak
A life altering experience always leaves a drop of its essence inside your soul the morning after. Those first few moments of awareness the only freedom you have from the prior days exchanges.

When you awoke, your eyes fluttered over the familiar sights of your bedroom. The same, soft tones brightened by streaks of sunlight peeking through the curtains. Ticket had lied down in the same spot as always at the foot of your bed. The bouquet of chrysanthemums and kalanchoes still had the smallest amount of decay on the tips of their petals. The same noises from the bustling city burst through your closed windows, unwelcomed, but almost nonexistent.

But you… You felt different.

Your muscles ached as you sat up, crawling from the nook of your comforter. You rested on the side of the bed, your bare feet grazing the top of the carpet. Your mind phased out as the memories of the day before played like a fuzzy recording in the back of your mind.

Papyrus… You couldn’t stop thinking about him. His loud, booming voice coupled with that confident and boisterous personality. His very presence overwhelmed yours, in theory, and yet… You didn’t hate him for it, but rather idolized him.

But oh, the memories of those tweets came flooding back, and you found yourself fuming all over again.

You hadn’t yet realized just how different your life had become in a matter of twenty four hours.

With the little time you had after your reflections, you fixed your hair and fed Ticket, heating up a bagel and whipping up a fried egg, peppered and salted to perfection, crispy bacon, and a slice of muenster cheese.

You dressed yourself in a pair of baggy sweatpants and a light sweater, steadily chewing your breakfast as you headed out the door. You poked your head back in and cooed to Ticket, “I’ll be back to feed you later, okay! I promise!” He looked back at you with disapproving eyes as you closed the door.

When you arrived at the studio, you found a very similar scene to that of yesterday’s. Juliet was hunched over, her small frame quivering with anger. Felix sat on the floor in front of her, his posture slumped, and his arms crossed. C.G. leaned against the counter, his head in the clouds as he whistled a cheery tune.

“Get off your butt!” Juliet huffed as you stepped up to the counter.

“What’s the big deal?” Felix groaned, looking at anything but her.
“It looks so unprofessional! What if Mettaton comes down here!?”

“Oh, my God, woman, I don’t caaaaaarrreeeee!!!”

C.G. slid you the clipboard, his ability to ignore the noise from his coworkers deserving of a medal. “Hey, it’s miss movie star!”

“Movie star is a bit of a stretch.” You confessed with a shy smile as you signed in.

Juliet looked at you as if your mere presence mortified her being. “Oh, my GOD! Now a guest has seen you!”

“And?” Felix croaked out.

“What if she gives us a bad rating on Google!??”

You extended a helping hand, hoping to stop Juliet’s insistant nagging, and to assure her that you were indeed not going to do that. “Is the floor comfortable, Felix?”

“Yeah. Mind if I stay here?”

“Knock yourself out.”

“Don’t encourage him!” Juliet snorted.

“Let me guess… You got switched from the night shift again?” You pressed.

“Yeah.” He gruffed. “It’s busier in the mornings now that everyone knows Mettaton is up here all the time, but somebody’s gotta be here when Juliet leaves for class.”

“Oh, you’re in school, Juliet?”

“Yeah. Unfortunately.” She sighed, blowing a stray strand of hair from her vision.

“What’s your major?”

“Business management, but i’m minoring in dance.”

“What style do you dance?” You asked, hoping engaging her in conversation might calm her down.

You could see the bags under her eyes, her glasses doing little to obscure them. The messy bun she wore again today indicated a quick fix to maintain the tight curls.

She shrugged, “I do different ones, but--”

“She’s a stripper!” Felix used his hands to amplify his voice.

Juliet spun around to face him, her rage back instantaneously. “Pole dancing is not stripping! It’s an elegant, acrobatic dance that has been sexualized by piggish men like you!”

Felix snickered as C.G. leaned on the counter, loudly whispering, “She’s really sensitive about it.”

“I can see why…” You lamented. No one wanted to be looped in with that kind of thing. Women finding themselves in those types of situations were never there because they wanted to be.

Desperate to change the subject, you asked, “Umm, what about you, C.G.?”

“The jive is my specialty!” He stood up straight, doing a little jig as he snapped his fingers.
“Oh, so that’s where that pun came from yesterday!”

“Don’t give him credit. He stole it from that skeleton.” Felix rolled his eyes.

You knew it couldn’t have been Papyrus. He had told you he hated puns, so obviously he must’ve been talking about Sans. He did ever so smoothly quip out that pun the day before. Did he normally crank out word play like that? He had practically been non existent during rehearsal. In fact, he kind of vanished before you were done.

“So, Felix, what’s your dance?” You thought you’d asked, since you’d asked the other two, and you didn’t want to be rude. His ears went back as he moved his gaze from you to the floor. You couldn’t help but notice the grin Juliet wore.

“I don’t have one.” He gritted through this teeth.

“But… I thought all monsters had a type of dance? Isn’t it beneficial to your health?” You asked, now wondering if what you heard was the truth.

“Okay, yeah, you're right. I do--”

“Can I tell her?” Juliet asked.

“No.”

“Can I tell her?” C.G. suggested.

“Hell no!”

“Can I tell her?” You asked.

“N--” He started to say, only to realize you were obviously pulling his leg. He let out a long breath through his nose before he grumbled, “Interpretive.”

“Interpretive? As in interpretive dance? Like Renata Bliss, your freestyle dance teacher?” Your grin grew with each word that passed through your lips. C.G. and Juliet lost it, the two falling into hysterics. Felix’s face sunk, and you felt instant regret. You were absolutely not trying to make fun of him. Besides, you had no room to criticize anyone’s dancing. You tried to fix your mistake. “Oh, my gosh, that is so cool!”

Felix physically reacted to your words, shaking his head in disbelief and blinking. “Eh-- Really!”

“Yeah! I just… I wasn’t expecting that from you. Guess you really can’t judge a person by their cover, huh?”

Felix refused to look at you, but you couldn’t help but notice the smile on his face. More monsters entered the studio, the three of them having to get up to help them, so you carried yourself to the elevator and back to studio 13B. Upon arrival, you found nearly the same scenario as the day before, only this time you expected to see Papyrus there. Sans, however, you did not expect to see again, yet there he was.

“Hey, guys.” You chirped, tossing your bag down next to Papyrus’s.

“AH! YOU’RE HERE!” Papyrus practically sang.

“Did you expect me to not be?” You glanced at Sans, but he hadn’t bothered to open his eyes and greet you. Had he fallen asleep?
“OF COURSE NOT!” He puffed out his chest, giving a bold smoulder. “HOW COULD YOU NOT WANT TO COME BACK TO A STUD LIKE ME?”

You snorted a giggle when Mettaton stepped out from a door in the far corner you hadn’t noticed the day before. He carried a rather large boombox in his hand, swinging it around like a briefcase as he spun to face the two of you. He beamed the second he spotted Papyrus. “Ah, my star! My diamond in the ruff!”

You didn’t bother responding, seeing as how he only cared about Papyrus’s presence.

“HELLO, METTATON! ARE WE FINALLY LEARNING OUR ROUTINE TODAY?” Papyrus jogged in place eagerly.

“Oh, yes, Papyrus, you won’t have to contain those hips much longer!” Their back and forth enthusiasm had you fired up and ready to go. Mettaton slammed the boombox down, popping back up. “The song the two of you will be dancing to is none other than…” He paused, unmoving, drawing out the suspense, and for a moment you worried he’d short circuited. He sprung back to life, inching slowly closer as he began, his filtered voice melting in a seductive rasp, “Des…”

“…” Papyrus cocked his head.

“…pa…”

“…” You raised a brow.

“…cito!”

“OH, I LOVE THAT SONG!!” Papyrus jumped nearly two feet in the air.

“Despacito?” You asked, just to be sure you’d heard correctly.

“YES, YOU’VE HEARD IT, HAVEN’T YOU!? IT’S THE SONG BY LUIS FONSI AND DADDY YANKEE!!”

You were grateful that Papyrus was in touch with pop culture because you had never heard those names before in your life. Although you had heard the remix of the song featuring Justin Bieber on the radio once or twice. Honestly, who hadn’t heard Despacito by now?

“That’s exactly right, handsome! However, we’ll be using the remix!”

“REALLY!? I LOVE THAT VERSION, TOO!”

“Why that version?” You curiously asked.

“Listen to this pure genius!” Mettaton boasted. “The meaning of Despacito is a sexual relationship slowly turning into a truly romantic and loving one!” He moved between the two of you, placing an arm around you both. He smelled of metallic perfume, and cocoa powder. “Now, the idea here is to portray this with you two, but not to just tell a simple love story. This, my darlings, will symbolize the unity of humans and monsters, our existence colliding, and slowly, but surely, turning to peace.”

“How lovely…” Papyrus mused, his voice barely above a whisper. His eye sockets relaxed, his mind sinking into peaceful fantasies.

“Yeah, that…” You hesitated, watching Papyrus, the Twitter comments scrolling through the back of your mind. “That sounds really lovely.”
“Of course it does! I came up with it!” Mettaton flipped his hair unironically, releasing you roughly. “The reason for using the remix is because it features the two different languages coming together. Justin’s intro is sung in English, but through the rest of the song, he sings in Spanish. The same is said with Luis, and Daddy Yankee, only vice versa.”

You watched Mettaton, unable to believe how thoughtful the idea sounded. You were convinced he only cared about himself. You supposed he did at least care about bringing humans and monsters together through entertainment. You quirked a smile.

Though, you didn’t think the sexuality part really fit in with his message. You supposed there were human and monster couples out there who had sex. Your mind wandered, and you began to image how that would work, and how different it must feel with a monster. You glanced at Papyrus, trying to picture yourself touching him sexually, but… It just didn’t click.

“That being said, darlings, lets get started!” Mettaton snapped your mind from the gutter, only for your anxiety to come crashing in like the trainwreck it had become over the years.

You had forgotten, for a moment, your purpose in being there.

“We’ll first take a listen to the song, then we’ll start learning the steps from the beginning!” Mettaton bent over, his incredibly impressive robotic rear predominant as he tapped a button on the boombox.

The song began with a light guitar chord, quickly transitioning into Justin Bieber’s intro. You had to admit, he did have an impressive voice, now that it had matured. You really didn’t care for hating celebrities just because it was cool to do so, though you still couldn’t get on board with the Kardashian craze.

The beat was quite catchy, and the sexiness of the Spanish language had you in a bit of a tizzy. You could envision yourself dancing to this song at home in front of the mirror with no one watching. It had been a shame that you didn’t bother giving it more attention before. You decided investing in learning the Spanish language would be beneficial. Maybe one day Mili could put out a song in Spanish?

You giggled when you noticed Papyrus’s involuntary swaying to the song. You joined him, unable to contain the movement of your soul. Papyrus cackled, stepping up next to you, and you jokingly bumped your hips together.

The song came to an end, and Mettaton went straight to his instructions on what he wanted from the two of you. The first verse in English would be your introduction, Papyrus frozen in place until the second verse began, in which you would be frozen.

Why, in Sam hell, did you have to start the song off? You were clumsy, and ungraceful. The second the audience saw how you moved, they’d switch their televisions off and probably break them in disgust. Perhaps chunking them out the window! You begged Mettaton to reconsider the decision, but he refused to listen.

Though the one bystander in the room had fallen over snoring just loud enough to be a distraction, your heart pounded so hard it stung. You were sure you’d vomit it up right there on the dance floor, your blood filling in the grooves of the wood.

The song began, the two of you frozen until Justin’s words filled the room.

“Comin’ over in my direction
So thankful for that, it’s such a blessin’, yeah…”
You moved with the words, looking over your shoulder at Papyrus’s still frame. You twirled your foot around you, the sole of your shoe gripping the floor, your body not turning as sharp as you’d been instructed.

“Shake it off! Just get through the steps!” Mettaton yelled over the song.

“Turn every situation into heaven, yeah
Oh-oh, you are…”

You stepped forward, twirling around as you fixed your gaze back on Papyrus. You told yourself the words Mettaton conveyed to you in his instruction.

“My sunrise on the darkest day
Got me feelin’ some kind of way
Make me wanna savor every moment slowly, slowly…”

In the distance, your ivory knight awaits for your touch, his tall frame looming over you seductively. You reach him, touching his broad shoulder first, only to run it across his chest, you melting just at the mere masculinity. You gaze up, looking into his eyes--

You fell out of character, Papyrus’s boyish grin and sparkling eyes giving you the opposite effect of sensual. You grinned back at him, unable to suppress a chortle, as Mettaton scoffed. You quickly snapped yourself back into it as the song continued.

“You fit me tailor-made, love how you put it on
Got the only key, know how to turn it on…”

You grabbed onto Papyrus’s shoulder, spinning around him, only to have the bone underneath dig into your wrist uncomfortably. You managed to ignore that, however, remaining diligent to avoid hurting Papyrus’s feelings for any reason.

You didn’t know, at the time, how natural the pressure of bones against your flesh would become.

“The way you nibble on my ear, the only words I wanna hear
Baby, take it slow so we can last long…”

You spun back around the front of Papyrus, spinning away from him before freezing in place. Now, you had to stay perfectly still while portraying the embodiment of an untouchable goddess. This proved difficult, however, as Papyrus moved closer.

“¡Oh! Tú, tú eres el imán y yo soy el metal
Me voy acercando y voy armando el plan
Sólo con pensar lo aceler a el pulso (oh yeah)...”

Papyrus so gracefully moved before you, his gaze locking with yours, his eye sockets half lidded, his aura stoic and controlled. He stepped just inches from you, his fingertips sliding up your arm tenderly, the teasing sensation sending goosebumps down your skin. He moved closer still, his other hand moving up your thigh. You gulped, trying to hold yourself together as his caress moved from your arm across your chest, your body trembling despite your attempt to stifle it. He elevated his
touch before grazing your breasts. You exhaled in relief.

“Ya, ya me está gustando más de lo normal
Todos mis sentidos van pidiendo más
Esto hay que tomarlo sin ningún apuro...”

Papyrus gripped your shoulder, forcibly spinning you in a swift, quick push to face him, your hand landing in his as instructed, Papyrus catching it like a pro, intertwining your fingers. Papyrus pulled you against him, your bodies moving in sync.

“Despa--”

The music halted, just as the chorus began. You hung in Papyrus’s embrace, looking over your shoulder at Mettaton. His head rested in his hand, shaking it slowly. He looked between his fingers before composing himself, brushing his long bangs back. He placed both hands on his hips before he finally strained out unforgivingly, “My dear, what in the world was that?”

“Umm.” You spat out, your brain scrambling to form a sentence. Papyrus released you, and you stepped away from him, finally able to form a sentence. “Did I do it wrong?”

“You followed my step sequence, but that’s all you did! Darling, I need to see that you want nothing more than to make sweet, sweet love to this skeleton!”

You and Papyrus exchanged a glance.

“And, Papyrus, don’t be afraid to be a little more physical with her! I know you don’t have attraction to one another, but this is where the act comes in!”

“RIGHT! OF COURSE!... I JUST…” He turned to you. “I CAN TELL YOU’RE UNCOMFORTABLE. I FEEL IT WHEN I TOUCH YOU… YOUR SOUL ACHE...”

You cocked your head, your interest peaked. “My soul?”

“I’M SORRY, I DON’T MEAN TO INTRUDE ON YOU, BUT...” He began carefully, “WELL, YOU SEE, THE THING IS THAT MONSTERS ARE VERY SENSITIVE TO HUMAN SOULS.”

You waited for a further explanation. When he didn’t deliver, you pressed for more. “How do you mean?”

“WE PICK UP ON STRONG EMOTIONS, AND THE MORE POWERFUL THE EMOTION, THE MORE IT RESONATES, YOU SEE. LIKE, EHHH…”

“like a radio signal.” Sans spoke up, and again, you’d completely forgotten his existence until that moment.

“YES, THAT’S A GOOD EXAMPLE, BROTHER! LIKE A RADIO SIGNAL!” Papyrus nodded, satisfied with that comparison.

Your curiosity peaked ever higher, but before your questions started flying left and right, Mettaton clapped, “Well, uncomfortable or not, this just will not do! Again from the top, and I want contact, people!”

So, you rehearsed it again, this time trying your best to be less… awkward. To your dismay, you
were still not complacent with the way Mettaton wanted you to move. He acted as if you should treat Papyrus like a dance pole rather than a living thing. Your shoes kept skidding your movements on the floor, your sweatpants tripped you twice, and the sweat forming on your brow had your hair sticking to your forehead. You felt anything but sensual.

You rehearsed it again, and again. And again, your director found it displeasing, shouting out insults between helpful bits of constructive criticism.

“Alright, let me explain it to you this way. I don’t want your bodies separated unless I direct otherwise!”

“No, no, no, move your hand more fluidly! Don’t rush it across his ribcage! Make it look like you want it there!”

“You call that a spin!? I bet Sans could do that better than you! Go back and do it until you get it right!”

Mettaton abruptly stopped the chorus again, your bent over body panting, desperately needing water. You pleaded, “Please, I’m sorry, I… I really am trying!”

“Alright, sugar, what’s the problem?” Mettaton briskly marched towards you, crossing his arms. “Something is obviously holding you back.”

“I…” You hesitated. “I’m just… thinking too much.”

“Well, think less. You’re looking at Papyrus as if he’ll bite you!”

“OH, HEAVENS, NO!” Papyrus grabbed either side of his skull. “I’D NEVER DO THAT!”

Mettaton raised his brow, an idea striking him. “You’re not afraid of him, are you?”

You panicked, “No! Why would I be?”

Papyrus put a hand on your shoulder, coming to your rescue. “I THINK SHE’S JUST NERVOUS… WE’VE ONLY JUST MET, AFTER ALL!”

“Right!” You looked up at him, thanking him silently. “We’ve only just met, and I’m not used to all this close contact with strangers… I’m not a dancer! This world is new to me!”

“or maybe your souls aren’t compatible.”

Sans’s words hung in the air, stagnating the already heated atmosphere further. Papyrus’s grip on your shoulder tightened.

“SANS! HOW COULD YOU SAY THAT!!?”

“hey, it’s just a thought.”

“I’m sorry, I’m still out of the loop with this monster terminology… What does that mean, exactly?”

“basically it means you’re incompatible.” Sans tilted his head, his radiant smile wickedly mocking as he looked you dead in the eyes. “you’re not a good match.”

“THAT’S IMPOSSIBLE!” Papyrus roared over your pounding heart. “WE GET ALONG SO WELL, AND, HONESTLY, WHO WOULDN’T BE COMPATIBLE WITH ME!!?”
“It’s unlikely, darling, but it does happen.” Mettaton sighed, looking reluctant to agree with Sans.

What would it mean, then, if you and Papyrus really weren’t able to resonate your souls together? Did human souls really affect monsters in such a way? Could a soul really reject someone enough that the two weren’t able to dance?

Your own ignorance astounded you.

Mettaton stepped in front of you, startling you from your daze. He leaned down, his perfectly chiseled face just inches from yours. “So far, you’re not conveying the message I’ve envisioned. You’re only here because I owed Conway for something big. Figure this out, or I’ll find a better candidate to dance with him. I am not afraid to replace you.”

Your heart cracked, only thin fibers of muscles and tendons holding it together. “I… I won’t let you down.”

He turned heel without so much as a reassuring word. “Alright, let’s take fifteen and start from the top! You’d better be ready when I return! We’re not leaving until you get this right!” The door slammed, the echo filling the silent room as a temporary distraction to the utter humiliation inside you.

Your stomach twisted, nausea taking you by surprise. You shuffled yourself over to the bench, sitting down on the opposite side from Sans. You exhaled in an attempt to quell the churning in your belly.

Papyrus followed you to the bench, kneeling down in front of you. “DON’T WORRY! WE’LL GET THIS!”

“I thought…” You choked back tears. “I know I’m only here because of Kenneth, and I’m so grateful for that, but…”

But. Your stomach heaved harder, your eyes stinging.

“He said he’d fire me if we didn’t get this… If I don’t get this…”

“WE WON’T LET THAT HAPPEN!”

“But--”

Why did that word always come back to haunt you?

“But what if Sans is right? What if it’s because our souls can’t resonate with one another?”

Papyrus twisted his mouth over his teeth, and watching it awestruck you. How on Earth did skeletons move like they did? “PERHAPS IT’S BECAUSE WE DON’T KNOW EACH OTHER WELL ENOUGH YET! LIKE WE DISCUSSED BEFORE!”

“Yeah, I guess…”

You sank into the depths of your thoughts, knowing you wouldn’t come up for air. How were you going to explain to everyone what happened if you got fired from the show? That would only further hurt your progress, and Kenneth would surely give up on you at that point. If you didn’t have a manager, it’d be harder for agencies to take you seriously, and you’d have even less of a chance to sign with a record label.
Papyrus grabbed your hands, pulling you up to the surface. “THEN WE’LL JUST HAVE TO BECOME BEST FRIENDS!”

You blinked. “Just like that?”

“JUST LIKE THAT! WE’LL GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER SO WELL WE’LL BE ABLE TO FINISH EACH OTHER’S SENTENCES! COMMUNICATE WITH FACIAL EXPRESSIONS! CRAVE THE SAME THING SIMULTANEOUSLY!” He dropped down on both knees, shaking your hands like a martini mixer. “OH, YES, IT’S BRILLIANT, I TELL YOU! BRILLIANT!”

“uh, i don’t think it works like that.” Sans mused.

“What would you know about having a bestie!?”

“You’re my bestie.”

“I’m already taken! You have to pick another one!”

“kay, then tori’s my bestie.”

“Toriel hardly counts as a bestie! You rarely see her!”

“Fine. Grillby’s my bestie.”

“He’s your bartender!!”

“Didn’t realize there were so many rules to this. guess i’m not the bestie at this.”

“Oh. My. God.” Papyrus turned back to you. “Please, don’t listen to him! Now!” His eyes twinkled. “Tell me all your secrets!”

“Papyrus, wait…” You paused, examining his beaming face. “Are you sure this is what you want? You… You could probably have a better dance partner if Mettaton fires me… Someone who can deliver the same amount of passion as you… You don’t have to invest all that time and energy into me…” You choked up, unable to hold back the tears this time. “No one else wants to…”

You wiped your face with the back of your hand as Papyrus gave you a firm squeeze. “I WOULDN’T WANT ANYONE ELSE BY MY SIDE. YOU’RE MY BEST FRIEND, AFTER ALL!” He balled his free hand into a fist, extending his pinky. “I WON’T LEAVE YOU IN THE DUST! I PROMISE… OR SHOULD I SAY… YUBIKIRI-GENMAN!” You gazed back and forth between him and his extended phalange. He gave you a charming little wink. “It’s my favorite song of yours, after all!”

“Papyrus… I feel like I don’t deserve you.”

“Ludacris! Everyone deserves greatness in their life!”

“Okay, then…” You smiled, extending your own pinky, wrapping it with his. “Yubikiri-Genman.”

“Perfect!” Papyrus released your hand only to engulf you in a massive hug. “Now, as our first act as acclaimed besties, I propose we go out for dinner tonight!”

“Yeah… I haven’t been out to eat at a real restaurant in awhile…” You reminisced what could hardly be called a restaurant where you met Mettaton. “That sounds nice!”
“WOWIE!! THAT WENT EXACTLY AS PLANNED!” Papyrus turned to his brother. “SANS, YOU SHOULD COME, TOO! IT’S BEEN TOO LONG SINCE WE’VE GONE OUT TOGETHER!”

“nah, i’ll pass.” Sans closed his eyes, leaning his head against the wall.

Papyrus glared at him, squinting his eye sockets. “BUT, SANS, IT WOULD BE AMAZING OF YOU IF YOU CAME ALONG TO GET TO KNOW MY NEW BEST FRIEND.”

“and i think that you can keep your new friend to yourself, and i’ll just cut out to grillby’s.”

“NOT AGAIN!”

Sans stood for the first time, and though you were sitting down, you could see the dramatic height difference between him and his brother. You jumped when a flash of cyan blue consumed his body, and blipped him out of existence. You tried to articulate a sentence to express your concern and many, many questions when you managed to get a tangled mess of two words smooshed together. “He zappered!”

Papyrus let out a long sigh. “I HATE IT WHEN HE DOES THAT.”

Sans’s sudden outburst of his obvious disdain for your presence had you in a whole new world of anxiety. You performed even worse than before when Mettaton returned, his patience growing thinner with each time you rehearsed it.

“I can’t believe this…” Mettaton shook his head. “How many times must we go through this part of the routine? And darling, believe me, the choreography only gets more intricate!”

You bit your lip, your gaze glued to the floor. Your racing heart kept you frozen, the fire in you doused. Papyrus hugged you around the shoulders, resting his chin atop your head. The gesture eased you.

“OH, METTATON, YOU CAN’T GIVE UP ON HER YET!! IT’S ONLY HER SECOND DAY!!”

“Papyrus, my dear, I understand that you’re a fan of her, but--”

“I’M NOT ONLY HER NUMBER ONE FAN! SHE’S ALSO MY BEST FRIEND!”

Mettaton started to argue, stuttering before he paused, tilting his head. His eyes searched Papyrus’s embrace around your shoulders, his brow furrowing. “Your best friend?”

“YES, THAT’S RIGHT!”

He opened his mouth again. “Ah.” He bit his lip. “I see.”

“JUST GIVE HER TIME TO GET USED TO THE STEPS… I CAN’T TELL YOU HOW CRUSHED I WOULD BE IF YOU REPLACED HER WITH SOME HARLOT!”

Mettaton scoffed. “I would never allow some harlot on my family friendly show!”

You tried to see how this dance defined as ‘family friendly.’

“THEN DON’T RUSH HER! THERE’S PLENTY OF TIME TO GET THE ACT IN PLACE! DON’T YOU THINK SO?”
The twist of Mettaton’s lips read that he didn’t agree, but... as he gazed back at Papyrus, his stern eyes softened. “Fine.”

“AHH, YAY!! THANK YOU, METTATON!!” Papyrus released you, sprinting to Mettaton in a hug. You chortled as Mettaton flinched in surprise, his sudden reserved behavior hinting at something deep. He quickly recovered, his razzle-dazzle back as he returned the hug. When he pulled back he flipped his luscious hair.

“Why don’t we stop here for today?” Mettaton’s chipper tone throwing you for a loop.

“Really?” You gasped, your voice quivering.

“I think in your current state of mind you’ll do no better. Perhaps some beauty sleep and reflection will help you start fresh tomorrow.”

Your aching muscles sang to the heavens as you tried to hide your enthusiasm for rest. He marched up to you. “Tomorrow you’d better bring your A game!” He flicked your nose, Papyrus holding you back as you took a pathetic swing for his arm.

On the way out of the studio, you asked, “Do you mind if I feed Ticket before we have dinner? It’s still early, but he gets cranky when he doesn’t get fed on time. Seriously, he’ll bite.”

“OF COURSE NOT!” He hesitated, looking unsure of what to do.

“You can come with me, if you want.”

His eyes shot open. “YOU WANT ME TO COME TO YOUR HOUSE!?”

“I don’t see why not! We’re besties, right?”

“RIGHT YOU ARE!”

“Alright, I’ll hail us a taxi.” You spun around merrily, stretching your arm out to wave down a chauffeur, Papyrus waiting eagerly beside you. Every taxi that passed, however, didn’t give you so much as a second glance. With it only being 2:30 PM you didn’t see why you were having such a hard time.

Papyrus coughed, pulling your attention from the road. “PERHAPS WE SHOULD JUST WALK?”

“Oh, well, I suppose we could, but it is a bit far. I could try calling one to pick us up. Surely they’re not all busy yet?”

“RIGHT YOU ARE!” He nodded, but his furrowed brow gave you pause. You studied his body language, his nervous smile.

“Is everything alright, Papyrus?”

“YES.” He nodded firmly, though his eyes betrayed him. You were going to have to dig if you wanted to find out what was bothering him.

“Do you... not like riding in a taxi?”

“WELL... IT’S NOT SO MUCH THAT I DON’T LIKE IT, BUT RATHER...” He twisted his mouth over his teeth, pursing his skeletal lips in a fashion that had you mesmerized again. “WE’VE NEVER HAD GOOD EXPERIENCES WITH TAXIS.”
Oh, how stupidly naive you were. You smiled weakly. “Oh… Right. Let’s walk then, shall we?”

You and Papyrus spent the next half hour walking downtown to your apartment, the two of you talking nonstop the whole way. Papyrus had most definitely labeled himself the talker between the two of you. You didn't mind. You enjoyed listening to him go on and on, and interjecting questions between stories further fired him up.

Your journey was hindered twice along the way due to people recognizing Papyrus from the viral video. They asked if they could take selfies with him, which he obliged to without hesitation. You stood back, smiling proudly at how he interacted with his admirers.

You had never, not even once, thought about bringing someone you barely knew to your residence. But if you were going to get through this dance, you would have to befriend Papyrus. Not that you disliked the idea of becoming his best friend. You didn’t believe becoming instant besties would solve your problem, however. Years upon years of healing couldn’t, after all…

Your apartment was small, but with it only being you and Ticket, you didn’t need a large space. An open concept one bedroom, one bath, a small kitchen and living room fitted your needs perfectly. You watched Papyrus as he stepped in, looking around in awe.

“Wowie…” His exclamation came out in a whisper.

“I’m glad you think it’s so impressive. Although he has no room to talk, Yamato tells me it needs more color.”

“NO!” His booming voice was back. “I LOVE IT! IT'S SO CLEAN, AND WELL ORGANIZED! AH, JUST LOOK AT YOUR BOOKSHELF!” He scurried over, eagerly eyeing your belongings.

“Make yourself at home!” You called as you entered the kitchen, going to the fridge. Ticket loved his wet food heated because you’d spoiled him that way. Every now and then you’d cook him something special that he could digest without difficulty, but for now, canned store food would be his delight.

You expected Ticket to show himself when he heard the can open, but to your surprise, he didn’t sprint from whatever hidey-hole he’d crawled into. You peeked over the counter into his usual nooks and crannies in the living room, but alas, no Ticket revealed himself. You stepped out into the living room to continue your search, finding Papyrus still examining your bookshelf, and Ticket resting in a ball on the top. His eyes were wide and searching at the skeleton below.

“There you, are, Ticket!” You sighed with relief. Papyrus looked up, spotting the cat and screeched loud enough that it frightened Ticket into a jump. He leapt from the bookshelf onto the back of the couch, springing to the the floor into a sprint to your bedroom so fast he must have broken the sound barrier.

“OH, NO!! COME BACK, DEAR FRIEND!!”

“Hey, hey, it’s okay!” You grabbed Papyrus as he passed you, chasing after Ticket. “He’s nervous around people he doesn’t know, and, well, he’s never seen a monster before.”

“CURSES. I ALWAYS KNEW ONE DAY I WOULD INTIMIDATE SOMEONE WITH MY GREATNESS TO A POINT THEY WOULD RUN FROM ME!”

You giggled, “Your confidence knows no bounds.”

“MY ENTIRE EXISTENCE KNOWS NO BOUNDS!”
“Once I heat this up, and we leave, he’ll come back out.” You assured him, returning to the kitchen. You nuked Ticket’s meal in the microwave, Papyrus following you into the kitchen. His grin widened as he looked around.

“SO, THIS IS WHERE THE MAGIC HAPPENS…”

“Yeah, I really do love to cook.”

“SO DO I, YOU KNOW!”

“Oh, really?” You perked up. “What do you like to make?”

“PASTA IS MY SPECIALTY, BUT MY MASTER CRAFT IS SPAGHETTI!”

Ah, of course. You should have known. “You mentioned loving spaghetti, but not that you cooked it.” You put a finger on your chin. “Now that I think of it, you did introduce yourself as ‘Papyrus, the Great Spaghettore.’”

“I THRIVE TO KEEP PEOPLE ON THEIR TOES!”

“How long have you been cooking spaghetti?” You inquired, ready for more story telling.

“UNDYNE STARTED TEACHING ME AFTER WE BEGAN OUR WARRIOR TRAINING!”

“Who is Undyne?”

“UNDYNE IS ONE OF MY CLOSEST FRIENDS, AND THE PREVIOUS CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL GUARD I MENTIONED BEFORE!”

“Oh, the one who trained you to fight?”

“PRECISELY!”

“So, I’m guessing you met most monsters while underground, right?”

“FOR THE MOST PART.” He placed his hand on his chin. “I BELIEVE I DIDN’T MEET METTATON UNTIL THE DAY THE BARRIER FELL!”

“I’ve been meaning to ask you how know Mettaton.”

“WHY, THAT’S THANKS TO FRISK BREAKING THE BARRIER!”


“FRISK IS THE HUMAN CHILD WHO FREED US!”

“Oh, right, right. I remember seeing that on the news now… How many years has it been? Since the barrier fell, I mean.”


Again, those tweets scrolled through your mind. You wanted to ask him how he dealt with the hate. The racism. The nasty remarks. But looking at him in the bright light of your kitchen, the
illumination like a halo around his precious skull… You couldn’t bring yourself to pull him down from his blissful thoughts.

You changed into a navy dress with a floral pattern and flats, freshening up before you stepped out into society. The two of you set out again, this time calling a monster friendly Uber. The driver gave you pause when you climbed in, the hooded figure suspicious. Papyrus, however, climbed in without a worry in the world. You followed, relieved when the driver singsonged, “Tra la la~! Where will it be to today?”

“THE TASTE OF ITALY!” Papyrus answered. You hadn’t actually discussed where you’d be dining that evening. He turned to you, “IT’S A HOLE IN THE WALL TYPE OF RESTAURANT! YOU’RE GOING TO LOVE IT!”

“I’m sure I will.” You relaxed. The ride to the restaurant remained relatively lively with Papyrus’s stories, your quickly interjected questions, and the sudden outburst from your driver.

“Tra la la~! Eat a mushroom everyday!”

“Why?” You asked, tilting your head.

“Why?” They looked over their shoulder, the hood still obscuring any distinct facial features. “Then I know you’re listening to me!”

The restaurant sat in between two others, smooshed tightly in the downtown area. The sun had just begun to set, darkness cooling down the heat of the city. You were lucky enough that you managed to grab the last available booth in the thin establishment. It looked barely wide enough to be called a decent hallway. But, oh, the smell. Your stomach had never growled so hard.

The menu consisted of basic Italian dishes. Pizza, manicotti, lasagna, and the works, but Papyrus insisted you try the spaghetti, so you did.

You didn’t know, when you ordered it, that it would be the best spaghetti you had ever eaten.

You slurped it up, knowing how unladylike and sloppy you looked. You, however, did not have a care in the world other than consuming the entire plate. You wished you’d gotten it on video so you could send it to Kenneth to horrify him. Maybe later you would stop by a donut shop and send him a video of that instead. Perhaps one with bavarian cream, sugar coated, caramel drizzled, and--

No. Your plate of spaghetti bested you. You pushed away the remaining smears of sauce left behind in your wake, triumphantly leaning back in your seat. Papyrus leaned across the table cackling.

“WELL, HOW WAS IT!?”

“Delectable.” You moaned.

“UNDYNE AND I LOVE THIS PLACE!” He leaned closer, now scream whispering, “THEIR PASTA IS ALMOST AS GOOD AS MINE!”

“You’ll have to make it for me sometime.” You daydreamed, unable to picture pasta more delicious than what you’d just inhaled like a vacuum.

“OH, MY GOD!” He screamed, and the tables around you jumped in surprise. “WE SHOULD HAVE A SLEEPOVER!! I CAN MAKE YOU MY PASTA, AND YOU CAN MEET ALPHYS AND UNDYNE!!”

“A sleepover? I haven’t been to one of those in over a decade.” You smiled. “So, who is Alphys?”
“SHE’S UNDYNE’S GIRLFRIEND!”

“Oh, I see.”

“I’LL INVITE YOU, ALPHYS AND UNDYNE OVER TO MINE AND SANS’S HOUSE, AND WE CAN ALL GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER!”

Sans…

“Can I ask you something?” You sat up straight.

“OF COURSE! WE’RE BESTIES! YOU CAN ASK ME ANYTHING!”

“Did…” You hesitated. “Did I do something to make Sans not like me?”

Papyrus’s smile dropped. “NO, YOU DIDN’T DO ANYTHING. YOU’VE BEEN NOTHING BUT KIND.” He sat back in his seat, his gaze now averting yours. “SANS IS… HE’S JUST A BIT SHY, AND WELL, HE’S NORMALLY VERY FRIENDLY WITH PEOPLE. EVERYONE LOVES SANS BECAUSE HE’S JUST… THAT GUY. THE EASY GOING ONE, EVEN IF HE IS LAZY.” He looked back up at you. “I GO ON ABOUT HOW GREAT I AM, BUT, REALLY, SANS IS PROBABLY MORE POPULAR THAN ME! HE’S JUST… NOT INTERNET FAMOUS.”

It warmed you to hear Papyrus speak so highly of his brother. You knew absolutely nothing about Sans until that moment, but you were still confused. “So… He’s not angry at me?”

“HE’LL WARM UP TO YOU EVENTUALLY, I’M SURE.” He paused again. “HE’S DEALING WITH A LOT RIGHT NOW.”

Guilt gripped you like a corset. How presumptuous of you to think that you caused his behavior. Granted, you still didn’t exactly know the cause, but it could have been a number of reasons. You, of course, had follow up questions, but… you thought better of it. Sans’s personal life was certainly none of your business. Kenneth’s words reminding you that your inquisitive nature was one of your more dislikable traits spun around you.

Dean Fujioka’s History Maker filled the still air, and until Papyrus pulled out his cell phone, you didn’t realize it was a ringtone. His face dropped when he saw the screen.

“Speak of the devil…” He mumbled before answering. “GRILLBY, I HATE TO SAY THIS, BUT I DO DREAD WHEN YOU CALL…”

Grillby? Wasn’t that the name of Sans’s bartender?

Papyrus listened, though you couldn’t hear a word from the other end of the conversation. “ALRIGHT. I’M NOT TOO FAR FROM YOU. I’LL BE THERE SHORTLY.” He hung up, looking to you with sad eyes.

“I’M SORRY… I HAVE TO GO.”

“Is Sans alright?” You asked concernedly.

“WELL…” He hesitated as he stood up from the table. “I SUPPOSE HE’S ALRIGHT… I JUST NEED TO PICK HIM UP.”

“Do you… need a hand?” You asked, hoping you weren’t intruding.
He twisted his mouth again. “NO, I… I DOUBT HE’D WANT YOU TO SEE HIM LIKE THIS… BESIDES, I DON’T WANT TO RUIN OUR EVENING—”

“It’s not ruining it, Papyrus. I’d love to come help you.” You stood up, slapping down money on the table before grabbing his hand, urging him out of the restaurant. “Besides, it’s late now, and I don’t want you two walking home alone in the dark. C’mon, if he wants me to leave, then I’ll leave. I promise.”

Papyrus looked over his shoulder worriedly. “ALRIGHT…” He looked back at you, the smile returning to his face, much to your desire. “YOU… YOU REALLY ARE A GOOD PERSON. I HOPE SANS WILL SEE THAT.”

You returned his smile, but…

You weren’t really a good person. You just didn’t want to leave Papyrus’s side yet. And perhaps this would give you an opportunity to speak to Sans a little more?

Chapter End Notes

Here’s a link to the chapter title (and Papyrus’s favorite song!) titled: Yubikiri-Genman
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AN72_SVbETA

Mili also released a special edit of Yubikiri-Genman which I’ll link here!
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VkhEnvIy0yU

For those of you who haven't heard the remix of Despacito, here's a link!
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=72UO0v5ESUo
Lemonade

Chapter Summary

You have your first real conversation with Sans, if it could be called that, and we have a look inside the life of a small, sad skeleton.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Grillby’s sat on the end of downtown, the walk only a few blocks but, with a full belly, perilous. You offered to call for another Uber, but Papyrus insisted the two of you should burn off the calories you’d just eaten.

Old, wooden planks, worn and split like a sunken ship served as the structure of the establishment. Orange neon lights traced along the humongous light bulbs spelling out ‘Grillby’s,’ a few of them flashing. The wafting smell of fried food and drunken merriment put you right at home. You would have engulfed yourself in the festivities if you weren’t already sickeningly full.

Papyrus let out an exasperated groan. “I DESPISE THIS PLACE.”

You blinked. “Why?”

“BECAUSE I HATE GREASE.”

Oh, of course.

Once inside, the slurred mixture of sea shanties, big fish storytelling and chokingly hysteric guffaws showered over you. The warmth indoors heated your cheeks, an orange glow like a campfire bouncing here and there along the walls and ceiling.

The crowd was, to your delight, a mixture of humans and monsters. A booth to your right held a female rabbit monster with blonde fur, her slumped frame supported by a young college boy with wide eyes and flushed cheeks. A table near the center had a group of doglike monsters lapping up beer from their steins. It looked to be a contest to see who could drink it the fastest. A man circled around the table, taking bets from onlookers. A quartet of slime monsters sang merrily on a stage to the left, though you could only distinguish a mouth on the one with a mustache. In the middle of them a floating fish with green hair and a glowing antenna sang in tune.

Papyrus reached back, gently gripping your palm as he guided you through the crowd. You yelled over the noise, “Is it always like this here?”

“THEY’RE CELEBRATING!” He screamed back, his elevated tone barely carrying over. “MONSTERS TAKE CELEBRATIONS VERY SERIOUSLY!”

“What are they celebrating?”

“What!?”

“What ARE THEY CELEBRATING!?” You screamed.
“THE KING AND QUEEN’S RE-MARRIAGE! AS I TOLD YOU BEFORE, IT WAS A HUGE DEAL!”

“Monsters sure celebrate for a long time!”

“What!?”

“I SAID MONSTERS SURE CELEBRATE FOR A LONG TIME!”

“Oh, of course we do!! We know how to have a good time!”

That much you could not deny.

The bouncing, orange glow had moved, the warmth of it now very close. Papyrus stopped so suddenly that you almost ran into his back. “AH, GRILLBY!! MY GOODNESS, THEY’RE OUT OF CONTROL THIS EVENING!”

You peered around Papyrus, gasping when you realized the source of the warmth came from a monster completely clad in flame. Or perhaps the flames completely constructed his form? Regardless, your awed gazed grasped his attention. His head turned, the square framed glasses the only thing distinguishing he had any eyes at all. He adorned the rest of his, dare you say, hot bod in a classic bartender get up including a vest and bowtie. The monsters around began to hush, watching Grillby intently, their drunken heads bobbing as they tried to focus.

“Who might this be?” Grillby’s airy voice crackled, the scent of a campfire escaping his lips.

“MY DANCE PARTNER!! AND MY NEW BESTEST FRIEND!!” Papyrus presented you proudly before adding in a roaring whisper, “ISN’T SHE BEAUTIFUL!?”

“Just as you described her…” Grillby gazed back at you, and upon further inspection, could make out glazed eyes like a Greek statue.

You paused greatly before squeaking out, “Thank you…”

Grillby turned his attention back to Papyrus. “Your brother is at the bar.” You followed his pointed finger to find a tiny, blue lump hanging onto the bartop. You stayed two steps behind Papyrus, stopping next to a table of a sleeping man getting his picture taken. You wanted to get closer, but…

You knew Sans didn’t want you there.

Sans had slumped over into a pile of comfiness in his blue hoodie, his arms folded under his head to act as a pillow. You couldn’t see his face, but the rising and falling of his back indicated he slept peacefully. Papyrus placed a gentle hand on his brother’s shoulder before shaking him. “SANS…” Sans gruffed a moan in response. “SANS, COME ON. I’M HERE TO TAKE YOU HOME.”

Sans finally sat up, opening his eyes and blinking a few times before rubbing them with the back of his hands. In the oversized hoodie he looked a bit childlike. You hadn’t noticed how petite of a frame he had. His infamous smile remained on his skull, only widening when he realized Papyrus was the one to wake him.

“Oh, hey, i’s papy!” Sans heavily slurred.

“Yes, brother, it is I.”

“Hey, ever--re--body! papyrus is here!” Sans swung to the side, extending his arm to present Papyrus.
The bar gave a loud cheer with a round of applause. The whole bar began to hush, practically everyone watching the two skeletons. Grillby himself had gone behind the bar, watching the two as he thoroughly dried a beer glass. You took note of a few of the onlookers whipping out their phones… Were they recording them?

“papyrus, i love you!” Sans chirped. The bar snorted with hushed laughter.

Papyrus gazed around at everyone before gritting through his teeth. “I LOVE YOU, TOO, BUT I’D LOVE YOU MORE IF YOU’D STOP MAKING THIS OUR NIGHTLY ROUTINE.”

“hey…” Sans waved a hand in front of Papyrus’s face. “did you know that you’re the coolest?”

“YES! OF COURSE I KNOW THAT! YOU ACT LIKE THIS IS NEW!” Papyrus scoffed.

“yeah… it’s not no new news cause e’rybody knows you’re cool.” Sans finished his nonsensical statement with a thumbs up and a bright grin. The bar cheered in affirmation, and you thought Papyrus’s head might swell so much it would explode. He covered his glowing cheekbone, waving them off. “OH, EVERYONE, STOP IT!” He added in a whisper, “PLEASE DON’T!”

“hey, let’s do a celebratory shot! round’s on me!” The bar became an incoherent roar as Sans slammed his hands down on the bar. “grillby, put it on my tab!”

Papyrus popped out of his fantasies, “WAIT, SANS, NO!! NO MORE SHOTS!!”

Sans hiccuped before shooting Papyrus finger guns. “thought i’d take a shot in the dark!”

“Oh my god.”

Sans winked, “you know you love me.”

“I LOVE YOU, BUT I DO NOT LIKE YOU RIGHT NOW.”

“that’s okay…” Sans relaxed against the bar, barely holding himself upright with his left arm. “you don’t have to like me… as long as you’re here to take care of me.”

“I ALWAYS WILL BE, BROTHER.”

You were thankful when Sans ended up passing out on the bartop again, his round cheek squished by the ball of his hand. It slid, further and further, his face becoming more concave. You had no idea skeletons had squishy parts to their bodies. You’d touched Papyrus’s arms, bumped into his ribcage, and grazed many other parts of his body, but nothing had ever seemed so… soft? Could it have been the roundness of Sans’s face?

You desperately wanted to run up and touch them to find out for yourself.

Regardless, you didn’t think your heart could take anymore swelling from the overwhelmingly cute, pure, brotherly bond between them. Until that moment, you hadn’t seen much interaction between the brothers. Really, you hadn’t seen much out of Sans at all besides his painful grin and harsh words.

Maybe you’d get to see a bit more of him. If only he’d give you the chance.

______________________________________________________________________________

“Are you sure it’s okay for me to be here?”

Sans stirred awake, the familiar feeling of his dangling legs, and Papyrus’s firm shoulder answering
the majority of his questions.

“I completely understand if I need to go.”

“NONSENSE, I’D LOVE TO SHOW YOU OUR HOME! THIS IS WHERE YOU’LL BE FOR THE SLEEPOVER, AFTER ALL!” Jangling keys, metallic and oily, turned his stomach worse for the wear. He clenched onto Papyrus’s shoulder. “BESIDES, IT’S LATE. ONCE I PUT SANS TO BED I’LL MAKE SURE YOU GET HOME SAFELY!”

Who was Papyrus talking to?

“DO YOU MIND WATCHING HIM WHILE I MAKE HIM A QUICK MEAL AND GET HIM WATER?”

“Of course not!”

He tried to lift his head only for another wave of nausea to hit him. Papyrus’s sudden movement settled his struggle, and only when his back met a lumpy cushion did he realize they were home. His eye sockets fluttered open, his gaze fixed on the ragged green couch, the beaded fabric all too familiar. He gazed at it, connecting the pieces like constellations, creating creatures that never should have existed, even in his mind.

His head lulled to the side, the concentration it took was too much for his aching skull, when he spotted you. His face scrunched up in disdain.

You looked over your shoulder at him before turning to face him, your dress twirling around you. You opened your mouth, but Sans beat you. “what are you doing here?”

“I’m just…” You shrugged. “I’m just watching over you while Papyrus makes you something to eat.”

“watch me?” Sans gruffed. “i’m not a kid…”

“No, but you’re definitely drunk.” You shrugged again. “He’s just worried about you--”

“you think i don’t know that?” He snapped before he could stop himself. “you think i don’t know my bro? you’ve known him for, like what, forty-eight hours? you bestie poser--” He only paused because of the hurk escaping from his throat. He slapped his hand over his mouth, not bothering to force his smile as he swallowed it back down.

You moved from the middle of the room to his side so quickly he barely caught it. You crouched down, tilting your head as you inspected his face. He exhaled, still covering his mouth in hopes of quelling his sickness, his vision falling to your lap. He could feel them.Your eyes burning into his skull. He trailed his gaze up your body until he found himself staring back at you, your eyes intensely focused on his.

He waited for it. For you to scold him because of his behavior. For you to lecture him that Papyrus deserved better. Or to ask the same questions all ignorant humans asked. Like how he could be sick without a stomach, or if he could fuck someone without a dick.

You were all the same. All of you.

“Oh, geez, you need greasy food STAT.”

He blinked, his focus lost in what he’d pictured. It took him a moment to process what you’d actually
said. “papyrus hates greasy food…” He mumbled through his hand, finally able to coherently respond.

“It’ll help your hangover. Trust me. I never thought McDonald’s would be my savior.” You let out a nervous laugh, brushing hair behind your ear. You quirked a smile. “Want me to make you a cheeseburger?”

Sans glared at you as if you’d offered him poison to end his suffering. “what, you cook?”

“Yeah, actually, I love to cook!”

“oh, yeah? well, i don’t need your help, alright?”

“It’s not hard. I really don’t mind…”

“begone, THOT.” He croaked, and your lashes had never fluttered so much. You cocked your head, trying to grasp his insult. “Did you just call me a THOT?”

“shut up, you’re not cute—” He gagged again, this time unable to hold it back. He leaned over the side of the couch and everything he’d drank came back up. He gripped the cushions, bracing himself for the long haul. He could never get used to the poisoning of human alcohol.

Whatever. He hoped he’d thrown up all over you and your stupid dress.

He collapsed onto the couch, his hazy vision now fixed on the ceiling. He didn’t hear you squealing in disgust, so he assumed he’d missed you. You appeared moments later with a dishrag, some cleaner and the small bathroom trash can. You perched yourself on the edge of the seat, and Sans reflexively huddled into the nook between the cushions and the back of the couch. You reached for his face with the dishrag, stopping when he forcibly grabbed your wrist.

You pushed forward, the rag just inches from his mouth. He turned his head, shoving you back the best he could. The initial nausea had faded, but his stomach still turned in knots. You sighed, “Come on, Sans, be still.”

“just leave me alone!”

“I’m just trying to help! Quit being so difficult!”

“stop trying to suck up to me!”

“Quit being such an asshole, and let me help!”

“quit acting like you care!”

Your hand struck like a viper as you went for his free hand, now clutching both wrists. You slammed both on either side of his skull as you growled, “I said to be STILL!!”

He froze, his cheeks flushing uncontrollably as you leaned over him to keep him in place. Your eyes locked again, your lips parted as you exhaled. He tried to deduce what caused his sudden pacification. His heart pounded so hard he thought it might manifest and burst through his ribcage, his pelvis suddenly… itching?

You uncurled your fingers from his bones, rising back up. He stayed quiet, unable to form a sentence. You wordlessly took up your dishrag and proceeded to wipe the cyan vomit from the corner of his mouth, your fingers curiously grazing his cheek as you did. He let his head fall into
your palm, unable to hold it up any longer.

“what are you…?” Sans hummed. “some kind of witch?”

You cocked your head. “Huh…?”

“SANS, OH NO!” Papyrus sighed, pulling you both from your personal sitcom. “I’M SORRY, BEST FRIEND! I DIDN’T REALIZE HE WAS FEELING SICK… YOU DON’T HAVE TO CLEAN THIS UP!”

“It’s alright! Sans and I are bonding.” You turned back to him, giving him a subtle wink. “Right, Sans?”

His voice caught in his throat, and he wished desperately that he could retract into his hood. His glowing cheeks reflected on you, the more he tried to make them stop the worse it got. He finally nodded so you’d stop looking at him.

“Besides, what kind of cat owner would I be if I wasn’t used to cleaning up vomit?”

“SUCH POSITIVITY IS ADMIRABLE! THIS IS WHY WE’RE BEST FRIENDS!”

“Aww, Papyrus, I don’t deserve you.” You sat back, moving your attention to the mess Sans had created on the floor. “I have to say, you have the most gorgeous vomit I’ve ever seen…” You fixed your gaze with his again. “It looks like the magic dusting your cheeks.”

“THAT’S BECAUSE OF THE WAY OUR BODIES DIGEST FOOD!” Papyrus explained. “WHEN WE EAT, WE CONVERT THE FOOD INTO MAGIC, HOWEVER…” The disappointed glance he shot Sans did not go unnoticed. “WE’RE UNABLE TO DIGEST COPIOUS AMOUNTS OF HUMAN ALCOHOL. IT BRINGS THAT MAGIC RIGHT OUT OF US IF WE’RE NOT CAREFUL…”

“Ah, I see… So this is pure magic?”

“indeed it is!”

“So cool! I’ve never seen anything like it…”

“it’s just magic. it’s not that impressive…” Sans rolled his eyes as he turned away from the two of you, his eyelids growing heavy.

“I don’t know… Maybe the ordinary for you is something spectacular for someone else.”

Sans tried desperately to fall asleep so he didn’t have to listen to you anymore. Like he needed a lecture about anything from you. Why the fuck were you at their house? He imagined Papyrus probably invited you there…

Sans loved his brother. He never criticized his decisions, no matter how brash or spontaneous. Not even if they resulted in his failures. Sans would give advice if prompted, or perhaps sprinkle in his opinion when he thought necessary. He didn’t really need to, however, because his brother had a good head on his shoulders.

But, oh, how naive Papyrus could be.

Sans lived through what he could only describe as a constant heart attack after they first arrived on the surface. He had to remind Papyrus countless times about how not all humans were kind like
Frisk. He’d been robbed multiple times, but luckily enough, he’d never encountered any monster extermination enthusiasts like Undyne had. Humans used Papyrus. He was an easy target.

He expected this time would be no different.

His eye sockets shot open, the nausea now replaced with an empty pit. He exhaled before rolling back to face the ceiling, his bones cracking from not moving for hours. He glanced at the clock on the wall, the time reading 2:54 am. How long had he been asleep?

The rustling in the kitchen indicated that Papyrus was home, and indeed, awake. Not that Papyrus slept much. He could run off of just a few hours.

Sans groaned as he slowly flipped himself again, not bothering to reposition his arm as it awkwardly dangled off the couch under him. His aching body wouldn’t let him be comfortable regardless, so it didn’t really matter.

He noted the contents from his stomach were gone, the heavy strokes of Fabuloso soaking the carpet the only remaining indication of its presence.

He wanted to blip into his bedroom so he couldn’t face his brother, at least, not until he slept off this hangover. His weak body wouldn’t allow him to concentrate his magic. Not surprising since he lost quite a bit earlier. He stared blankly at the black mirror across the room, his pathetic reflection having him on the verge of tears.

He swallowed it back, grinning so hard it burned.

Papyrus appeared in the doorway to the kitchen, a firm clearing of his throat and crossed arms indicating a scolding was in order. Sans pulled his hood over his skull before firing his brother up.

“hey.”

“YOU PROMISED YOU WOULDN’T DO THIS AGAIN.” Straight to the point.

“i didn’t promise anything.” Sans assured him.

“YOU TOLD ME YOU WOULDN’T. I TOOK IT AS A PROMISE.”

Sans recalled the conversation, like so many of the ones they’d previously had. Again, however, he promised nothing, but offered a declaration to try.

And again, like always, he failed.

“i’m sorry.”

“DON’T GIVE ME EMPTY APOLOGIES!” Papyrus unfolded his arms, waving them. “GIVE ME EFFORT!”

“i’m trying--”

“NO, YOU’RE NOT!” Sans sunk into himself, his eye sockets as empty as his chest. The dead silence following only pulled him further.

Papyrus knew him all too well.

“SANS, I’VE KNOWN YOU MY ENTIRE LIFE. I ALWAYS LOOKED UP TO YOU…YOU USED TO BE SO DETERMINED, AND CURIOUS, AND YOUR DANCING--”
“don’t go there, paps…”

“I WILL GO THERE, AND YOU BETTER TAKE WHAT I SAY INTO CONSIDERATION!” He moved briskly from the doorway to the couch, Sans forcing himself up against the armrest to give Papyrus room. He sat down, his back straight, his posture upright, and confident. He locked eyes with him momentarily before Sans looked away, still unable to face him.

“I KNOW YOUR BODY MUST BE ACHING... AREN’T YOU SICK OF THIS ROUTINE? DON’T YOU WANT TO FEEL BETTER?” He urged, “TO GET BETTER?”

A long beat of silence stretched on before Sans nodded.

“START IN SMALL STEPS, THEN. MAYBE TRY DANCING, AND STOP BEING SO UNBELIEVABLY LAZY?”

“i can try, i guess, but it won’t do me any good.”

“YES IT WILL, BROTHER.” Papyrus sat a hand on Sans’s shoulder. “I EXPECT YOU TO DO BETTER BECAUSE I KNOW YOU CAN DO BETTER.”

Sans chuckled. “you really are the best.”

“OF COURSE I AM.” Papyrus agreed, but his firm expression remained. “BUT FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE! I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU YET!”

Sans blinked. “you’re not?”

“OH, NO, YOU’RE NOT GETTING OFF THE HOOK THAT EASY!”

Sans’s apparent confusion wasn’t enough to hint he didn’t know what Papyrus was talking about. “so, what else did i do?”

“I DO BELIEVE YOU WERE VERY RUDE TO A CERTAIN SOMEONE WHEN AGAIN I ASKED YOU NOT TO BE!”

Sans waited for Papyrus to further explain, but again, he failed to elaborate. Sans looked down at the floor before the freshly cleaned carpet reminded him. “oh…”

“OH IS RIGHT! YOU SAID SUCH AWFUL THINGS AT REHEARSAL, AND EVEN WHILE SHE HELPED ME TAKE CARE OF YOU!”

He recalled the events of your “conversation,” if it could even be called that. More like you trying to speak like a normal person and he only retorting with insults.

The feeling of you pinning him down came flooding back, the intensity in your eyes, your soft voice changing to a roaring demand...

He acted like a total ass. He could not deny that.

“yeah, i uh… i guess i did.”

“AND WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?”

“honestly?” Sans gathered up the strength to finally look his brother in the eyes. “i’m not sorry.” The disbelief in Papyrus’s face caused his explanation. He needed to get it out there. The need to sprinkle in his two cents necessary, he felt. “i know how much you care about her. i know you love her
music, and you guys get along well, but…” He shrugged. “i just don’t trust her.”

“AND WHAT REASON DO YOU HAVE TO NOT TRUST HER!?”

“because this isn’t the first female human to use you.”

Papyrus’s aura stiffened, his body rigid and unmoving. He bit his bottom lip, his gaze moving to the floor. “She’s not like that.” He confirmed, but the boldness and confidence in him vanished.

“she doesn’t want to be your bestie, paps. she’s there to promote her band. once the shows done she’ll be gone and out of our lives.”

“She’S NOT LIKE THAT.”

“how do you know that?”

“BECAUSE I CAN TELL!”

“just like you could tell with jeanette?”

“JEANETTE IS JUST A CONFUSED PERSON… SHE DOESN’T KNOW HOW TO HANDLE HER INSECURITIES, SO SHE HURTS PEOPLE…”

Sans shook his head. “i can’t believe you’re still defending her…”

“What she did was wrong, but i know she had a reason.”

“yeah, her reason was to scam an innocent guy.”

“REGARDLESS, MOMO ISN’T LIKE THAT!”

“we’ll see about that.”

“THEN I’LL PROVE YOU WRONG!!” Papyrus jumped up. “NO, SCRATCH THAT! WE WILL PROVE YOU WRONG!”

“oh, yeah?” Sans sat back, leaning into the couch.

“JUST YOU WAIT, SANS! OUR BOND WILL SURPASS THE HEAVENS, CROSSING GALAXIES AND BEYOND THE UNIVERSE! AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS, YOU’LL REALIZE WHAT A GOOD PERSON SHE IS, AND YOU’LL BE SO JEALOUS OF MY BEST FRIEND THAT YOU’LL WANT TO STEAL HER FROM ME!”

“tch, doubt it.”

“OH, YOU CAN BET ON IT!”

That peaked Sans’s interest. “oh, you wanna make a bet, huh? what do i get if i win?”

“BESIDES THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF YOUR WRONGNESS?!”

“you’d be in the wrong if i won, but sure.”

“IF YOU WIN…” Papyrus placed a hand on his chin, his eye sockets squinted in careful calculation. Papyrus knew Sans well. He had no doubt his brother would come up with good odds on his part. “IF YOU WIN, I’LL EAT AT GRILLBY’S WITH YOU.”
Sans’s heart fluttered. “you will?”

“YES. ONCE A MONTH ONLY.” He added sternly. “AND ONLY IF YOU WIN.”

“perfect.” Sans snuggled into the couch, his victory practically set in place.

Though, his winning meant Papyrus’s heartache. As nice as a monthly outing to his favorite hang out with his favorite person sounded, he hoped he would turn out to be wrong about you.

But he knew better.

“and... if you win?”

“YOU…” Papyrus sighed, “YOU HAVE TO STOP DRINKING. AND YOU HAVE TO START DANCING AGAIN.”

Classic Papyrus. His victory ensured nothing to claim for himself, but rather for Sans to better himself. Sans should do those things despite the outcome of the bet. But for him to drop the one thing that numbs him and trade it in for the thing that never made him feel more alive… The difficulty in that lied in something deeper than Papyrus could ever understand. Something Papyrus would never know. Knowledge he shared with few people.

Despite that, the assurance of his victory conquered his hesitation. “deal.”

“THAT SETTLES THAT, THEN…” Papyrus sighed. “NOW, DON’T FORGET, WE’RE HAVING OUR SLEEPOVER TOMORROW NIGHT.” Sans audibly groaned. “DON’T GIVE ME THAT SASS!” Papyrus crossed his arms. “EVERYONE ELSE IS OKAY WITH IT EXCEPT YOU! UNDYNE AND ALPHYS ARE ANXIOUS TO MEET HER!”

“can’t we take a vote?”

“THE MAJORITY ALREADY OUT RULES YOU!” Papyrus grinned wickedly. “THIS WILL ALLOW US ALL TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER! SO, PLEASE, TRY AND BE NICE DURING THE SLEEPOVER.”

Sans surrendered with a shrug. “fine.”

“NOW, FOR HEAVEN’S SAKE, GO TAKE A SHOWER BEFORE YOU GO TO BED. YOU SMELL AWFUL.”

“eh, i’ll do it in the morning.” Sans hummed before flopping onto his stomach on the couch.

“THEN GO SLEEP IN YOUR ROOM WHERE THE STENCH CAN CONGREGATE AND COAGULATE WITH YOUR SOCK COLLECTION!”

Sans mumbled in response, Papyrus’s next comment incoherent, almost absent. Sans asked for him to repeat himself, only to be awoken by a ray of sunlight. He groaned, rolling again to face the back of the couch.

He took that light for granted, he knew. One day he could wake up in that dark cavern once again, the light beyond his reach.

He knew he’d fall back into sleep’s numbing embrace if he didn’t move again. He tempted himself to do so anyway until he glanced at the clock.

12:04 pm.
Shit. Papyrus was already at rehearsal with you. Had he even bothered to try and wake Sans up so he could go? Probably not. After the way Sans acted, why would Papyrus want him there?

Come to think of it, had you left the night before? Did Papyrus let you sleep over already?

Did he let you sleep in his bed…?

Sans shook the image from his mind, his cheeks flushing in frustration. Even if Papyrus hadn’t, you’d still be spending the night for the damned sleepover. The thought of you prowling around their house at night while everyone slept gave Sans enough reason to sit up. His sickness had subsided overnight into nothing but pure hunger. He’d thrown up the fries and ketchup he’d downed mercilessly at Grillby’s.

He knew exactly the place to go to get what he needed, briefly contemplating a shower before deciding against it. His magic swallowed him, pulling him from his living room. He’d forgotten to stand, surprised he didn’t bring the couch with him by accident again. He fell on his rear, giving into gravity and collapsed into the grass with his arms outstretched, a dull sting lingering on his tailbone. The rays from the sun warmed him, his magic tingling, the cool air hinting at the changing season. He let out a long sigh, fluttering his gaze around the lavish garden surrounding him.

Orchids, peonies, hydrangeas, dahlias, anemone and the ever infamous lisianthus showered around him. The names always stuck with him, having been given a tour of the garden dozens of times. Vines snaked in and out of the gate, crossing the ground and climbing the trees. The neatly trimmed hedges, one in the shape of Papyrus’s face, sat perfectly aligned in the four corners of the courtyard.

The laughter of children stirred him from his bliss, pulling him from the ground. He pulled his hood back in place before shoving his hands in his pockets, slowly moving from his landing point as he followed the giggles. The trails of overhead wisterias lined the tops of the trees, the path to the children winding, and as breathtaking as ever.

As much as he disliked Asgore, he kept a magnificent garden.

He spotted the three kids, Frisk adorned in overalls. Chara wore a high waisted skirt with leggings. Asriel wore one of his many striped sweaters. Frisk was the first to spot him. “Uncle Sans!”

“hey, kiddos.” He waved.

The three stopped, Chara upturning her nose as Sans got close. “Ugh!” She reached up, covering it with the back of her sleeve. “I see you’re living up to your name, trash bag.”

“glad to not disappoint.” He winked.

“Smells like Grillby’s and ketchup…” Frisk mumbled, following Chara’s lead.

“Are you looking for mom?” Asriel asked, choking on the end of his sentence. He finally gave in, covering his snout as well. “She’s in the kitchen! You should go talk to her right now!” Asriel pointed desperately, trying to force a toothy smile.

“alright, you got it.” Sans laughed one last time before zapping himself into the kitchen. The pastel colors of pinks, and turquoise with offsets of orange gave that homey comfort he’d come to grasp onto. Pots and pans dangled from the ceiling, the countertops and stove spotless. There in the center island stood Toriel adorned in a purple sundress, a lemonade pitcher resting at her side, and a cutting board with partially sliced lemons before her. Her hand flew over her chest, the one wielding the knife safely at her side. “Sans! What a pleasant surprise!”
“hey, tori.”

“Would you like a glass?”

“it spiked?” He wiggled his brow bone.

She rolled her eyes as she went back to her cutting board. “Oh, yes, you know I always spike the drinks I make for the children! How do you think I get them to fall asleep at night?”

“fair point…” He chuckled as he moved to pour himself a glass.

“So, what brings you here on this fine day?”

“ch…” He hesitated. “thought i’d lemondrop in.”

“Hmm, really?” She smirked. “I’m on the wedge of my seat.”

He shook his head, filling his glass nearly full. “Is that the zest you can do?”

“Don’t be so sour--” She did a double take, her nose scrunched up. “Sans, is that you?”

“the one and bonely.” He smiled triumphantly.

“Heavens, you smell like something the cat regurgitated, then drug in!”

His smile faltered. “yeesh, is it really that bad?”

“It’s putrid.” Toriel sat her knife down, wiping off her fur before placing her hand on her hip. “Were you out drinking last night?”

“yeah, you know… celebratin’ your re-marriage to king doofus.” He shrugged, moving around the island to a bar stool.

“I’ll have you know it’s pronounced King Fluffybuns.” She playfully corrected him.

“eh… i’ll leave it at that, then…” Sans quipped before taking a big sip of lemonade. The sourness made his mouth water, the sugar mixed in taking the edge from the tartness. He smacked his tongue on the roof of his mouth, averting Toriel’s glare.

“If you’re going to be smelly, and unpleasant, leave.”

“i’m keepin’ my mouth shut.”

What good did it do him to try and convince her otherwise now? After all, he’d been the only one against the re-marriage. Not only in their close circle, but probably in the entire nation.

Not that he fought hard for it. With the ever looming powers that precious kid outside held, after all...

Though, it had been three years, and the oddity of this particular timeline remained the only reason Frisk hadn’t hit that button. Everyone’s happiness, everyone’s revival… Chara, Asriel… His father… There’d be no getting a timeline like this back if it were broken. He begged for the mercy he’d so long been denied, and so far, Frisk complied. Sans could only hope it would remain permanent, but…

He knew better.

“Have you eaten?” Toriel’s voice snapped him back.
“not since yesterday.”

“What would you like?”

“i dunno… got any ketchup?”

“You need more than ketchup, you silly skeleton.” Toriel called over her shoulder as she went to the sink, washing her hands.

“got any lunchables?”

She scoffed, “Please, I’m never buying you Lunchables again after last time.”

“you’re the one who wasted the pizza slices by throwing them at me--”

“I’ll make you something, and if you don’t choose, I’ll make you eat snail pie.”

He’d had Toriel’s snail pie, and it really wasn’t all that bad, but he’d rather not… So, what should he get Master Chef Toriel to craft for him…? Nothing in particular really sounded good, but...

Want me to make you a cheeseburger?

There you were, crouched before him again, your hand cupped around his cheek, your frame pinning him down… He swallowed, feeling unbelievably pathetic as he asked, “can i have a cheeseburger?”

“You can have whatever you like.” Toriel smiled, pointing to the door. “Now go shower while I make you lunch. You know where the bathroom is.”

“okay.”

“And leave your clothes outside the door so I can wash them for you!” She called after him as he carried himself down the hall.

He didn’t deserve this, he knew. Such kind treatment after being such a waste of space and nothing short of a burden on his wonderful brother. For treating a stranger like his kind had been treated, unwelcomed and hated. Disgusting and untrustworthy. For taking refuge in someone’s home he knew wouldn’t turn him away, despite his pathetic state.

Pathetic.

______________________________________________________________________________

The breeze whipped across your face, the warm sun countering the chill from the ocean. You pulled your sweater tighter around you, watching Yamato scribble in your notepad.

You were so, so very thankful it was Friday, and your body could rest from the torment of endless dancing. You were not made for this much physical activity.

Rehearsals had gone a bit better than the day before, but you could tell Mettaton really, really wanted to replace you with a seasoned dancer.

“Do you mind singing the last verse again?”

At least Papyrus supported you… You couldn’t say the same for his brother, but…

“Hey, you listening?”
Papyrus did invite you over for the sleepover tomorrow night, and he mentioned Sans would be there, it being his house and all… Maybe you could try getting to know him better, or talk to him a little more. Perhaps not by complimenting the consistency and color of his vomit… Or coping a feel on one of the most innocent parts of his body… which was intriguingly soft compared to his wrists...

“Momo, darling…”

“Don’t call me ‘darling,’ please…” You snapped, the triggering word sending a shiver straight to your core. It sounded nothing short of condescending after the way Mettaton purred it through his robotic lips while he viciously critiqued.

“Geez, you’re grumpy today. What’s up?”

“I just didn’t get a lot of sleep last night.”

“That’s unlike you.”

“Shut up. What did you want?”

“I asked you to sing the last verse again. Maybe lead in with some of the previous verse as well?”

“Here, give me the notepad.” You demanded, holding out your hand. Yamato handed it over, you raising your brow at the impetuous doodles, their disproportionate limbs and crooked eyes disturbing. A sleeping Gengar in one corner and a wicked Snorlax in the other. You were not amused, choosing to ignore them rather than scold him for taking up space on your note paper.

“There are still many things that I want to know
Stories left untold
Does it feel good to love
To hand out your all
To hand out your all
Does it feel good to hate
To shelter oneself
To shelter oneself
Does it feel good to live
To treasure the now
To treasure the now
Does it feel good to die
To live your next life
To live your next life…”

You locked eyes with Yamato, returning his adoring gaze with an unimpressed brow raise. “Well? Satisfied?”
“Could you sing it again?” He asked, adding that husky edge to his voice.

“Why?”

“Because you’re my muse.”

“Are you saying I’m a-muse-ing?”

His face sank. “That was the unfunniest thing I’ve ever heard.”

“Die while eating poo.”

“Damn, go home and take a nap.”

“Ugh, no, I can’t. Kenneth will kill us if we don’t get something written today. You guys need something to work with.”

“Hey, you can’t force it if it’s not there.”

You scoffed, taking your pencil and shading in the arm of Yamato’s atrociously drawn Gengar.

“So… why didn’t you get any sleep?”

You had hoped he wouldn’t ask. Kenneth gave you hell for being too inquisitive, but you couldn’t hold a candle to Yamato. His reasoning however, resided in pure nosiness rather than curiosity.

“I was out late with Papyrus.”

His tone dropped. “Oh. Really?”

“What’s with the tone?” You sighed defeatedly, turning to face him. Looks like nothing would get past him in this scrapping mood.

He shrugged. “Just don’t like the idea of you being out at night with someone you barely know.”

“Oh, please, it’s not like we were out clubbing.”

“What were you doing?”

You raised a brow. “Why do you sound so jealous?”

“I’m not jealous!” He snapped. “You just barely know the guy is all…”

“We had dinner, then we went and picked up his brother.”

“Why?”

“Because he got sick.” You fought to keep from audibly sighing. You left out the details of his illness, for obvious reasons. You had no business spreading the brother’s family matters. Especially to someone like Yamato.

“How’d he get sick?” He pressed on.

“I don’t know, Hamo.”

“Food poisoning? Hangover?”
“I said I don’t know! Why do you care!!”

He held up his hands defensively. “I’m just asking—!”

“Why!?! Because you’re worried about Sans, or about me?”

“Is it so bad that I’m worried?”

“If you ever actually met Papyrus you’d realize how ridiculous you’re acting.”

He smirked, his long hair blowing in the ocean’s breeze. “Then let me come to one of your rehearsals.”

“Absolutely not.” You spat, turning back to your notepad.

“Why not?”

“We’re filming for a television show. You can’t just come watch us rehearse.” You paused before turning back to him. “How would you feel if I just let Papyrus come to the studio while we were recording new songs?”

He opened his mouth to retort back, but paused. “You’ve got a point.”

You went back to the notepad. You had the intention of sketching Papyrus, but knew you’d never be able to nail his cheekbones. You daydreamed surprising Papyrus by doing just that. Letting him run around excitedly as he carefully examined every piece of equipment used. Let him watch as each member recorded their part, showing all of your band’s secrets… Giving him a taste of your world as he did for you…

“He would probably love that.” You mused your thoughts aloud. “He really does love our music. He knows the lyrics to all our songs, even the Japanese and Chinese ones—”

“I don’t care how big of a fan he is. If I can’t come to your dance rehearsals, then he can’t come for recordings.”

“Petty.”

“Seriously, though…” The fingertips gliding across your skin made you tense. You turned your attention back to Yamato’s yummy brown eyes. “Do I need to worry about these monsters?”

“I already told you.”

“It’s just…” He gripped your hand, lacing your fingers. “After what happened—”

“Monsters had nothing to do with that, and you know it. You sound like a bigot.”

“I’m not, you know I don’t have anything against monsters.”

“Then what’s your problem?”

“I’d never forgive myself if you turned up missing again—”

You snatched your hand back, grabbing your bag so fast you almost fell back onto your butt. You shoved your spiral in there, not bothering to close it properly, the pages crinkling against your disheveled belongings.
“I didn’t mean to bring it up, I just--”

“Stop.” You snapped as you stood. You locked eyes, his sincere gaze grasping the softer part of your heart. “I know that you’re worried, and I know it’s just because you care. But stop treating me like a little girl, or a jealous boyfriend, alright? It’s really unbecoming, and you’re smothering me.”

Yamato stood, “You’re not a little girl, I know. You’re a woman.” He exhaled, losing his focus on you as he locked his eyes elsewhere. “I’ll back off.”

Not exactly an apology, but you knew better than to expect one from Yamato. Rather than admit defeat, he made up for his follies by compensating with a promise, or a gift. A peace offering to stop the quarrel.

“Hey…” He bit his lip as he stepped closer to you, his voice lowering. “You won’t have rehearsal again until Monday, right?”

You nodded.

“Well, how about inviting Papyrus to band practice sometime this weekend?”

“Really?” Your face scrunched up in disbelief.

“Yeah, I mean… Papyrus is a fan, and if you care about him so much… Well, maybe we can give him a chance? Get to know him better.”

You quirked a smile, knowing Yamato’s old tactics. Getting Papyrus in a controlled environment surrounded by people he didn’t know would give Yamato an unnecessary advantage. Papyrus would do nothing but giddily fanboy as they practiced, perhaps singing along with you.

At least Yamato was willing to try, even if it was for his own selfish reasons. Oh, you couldn’t wait to prove Yamato wrong and wipe that stupid, smug grin off his handsome face.

“Okay. I’ll ask him the next time I see him.” You omitted the fact that it would be the next night at a sleepover in their house… Yamato really didn’t need those details.

“Cool…” Yamato nodded, the silence between you hanging.

You nudged your bag up with a shrug of your shoulder. “You want to finish the song now?”

“You’re the one doing all the work, but I’ll hang out if you’ll have me.”

“It’s tempting to get rid of you, but I won’t.” You teased as you sat back on the edge of the dock, Yamato playfully pushing you as he joined.

Your writer’s block got the better of you still, your pencil nothing more than a medium for tic-tac-toe rather than lyrics. You kept picturing the look on Papyrus’s face when you told him the news, the rapid clapping and jumping, the probability of a spinning hug eminent.

Only when you thought about inviting Sans along did your joy hesitate, the obvious rejection giving you pause. But perhaps he might want to come? If for no other reason than to ensure his brother’s safety.

His bitterness, yet sweet frame clicked something inside you, causing you to yank the notepad back from Yamato’s sixth victory, and begin scribbling down a new song.
Hey, guys!! I am happy to announce that Mili released their new album today! (technically last night at 11:00 pm in my time zone)
Here's a link to the album movie trailor called Millennium Mother if you want a little taste of it. But you can buy it on iTunes, get it on Spotify and places like that!
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=T4SMy5fjWgw

Chapter 4 cover art done by yours truly! Here’s a link to my Instagram where you can look at it.
https://www.instagram.com/p/BkWFT3CFnSO/

I had the chapter finished last night, but I wanted to wait until the album released everyone so I could link the songs used properly. So, without further ado, here's a link to the chapter title: Lemonade
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_-9YVWH6YZI

And here's a link to the song you're writing with Yamato which is featured on the new album: Extension of You
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bxKklz4JrhI

I also want to add that when reader says, "It looks like the magic dusting your cheeks." was very much inspired by something MarshmorrowSans uses frequently. Specifically "magic dusting his cheeks." It always sounded so pure and beautiful, and I wouldn't feel right not crediting them for that gorgeous line.

By the way, can I just brag on how amazing you guys are? Your comments mean so, so much to me, and I'm so glad to hear what you guys are thinking as you read. Don't hesitate to put your thoughts down because I will reply to ALL OF YOU.

See you guys next time!! <3
Unidentified Flavorful Object

Chapter Summary

The long awaited sleepover has finally arrived, and...

It doesn't go as expected.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Are you sure you don’t want to tell him? Perhaps I could say you mentioned an orgy? He’d have the entire police department flooding the city in search of our lost songbird.”

You should have know the conversation would go in that direction when you called Yukihito. A top secret mission to be kept confidential from Yamato? You didn’t blame him for taking the opportunity.

“As fun as that sounds, I beg of you, please don’t.”

He dramatically gasped. “I would never!”

“You are so full of it.” You scoffed. “If you didn’t do it to irritate me, then it would be to irritate Hamo.” You added, “Especially Hamo.”

“Worry not, my lady. I shall feed your beloved cat in secrecy.”

“Thank you.” You hung up, grateful that Ticket’s hunger would be quelled in the morning. Now, you could enjoy the sleepover without worry.

Well. Maybe.

Sans’s presence gave you cause for concern, though you hoped he would attend the slumber party. Though his drunken escort home didn’t go as you hoped, maybe tonight would.

Maybe...

The sun rested behind Sans and Papyrus’s house, the structure glowing like the ending of a fairy tale. A place worthy for the hero to rest after a long, perilous journey. You took in all the details of the house, getting a better look at it now that darkness hadn’t masked it.

You approached the mahogany door, the smell of Italian wafting through. Your stomach growled furiously in response. You’d been waiting all day for that delicious spaghetti that Papyrus had promised, and a night of fun with his closest friends.

You didn’t know, at the time, how disappointed you’d be.

You knocked on the door, the immediate tromping of feet startling you. Were there two sets rushing to the door?

A yelp came from Papyrus, followed by rattling. You raised a brow as he shouted, “CURSES!!”
The door flew open, but instead of Papyrus stood a woman. Her blue, scaly complexion, fins, and sharp teeth indicated she was, in fact, a monster. She peered at you, looking you up and down with her yellow eye, the other obscured by an eyepatch. Her red hair pulled back in a ponytail, the sides of her head shaved. She wore a dark gray tank, her sports bra poking out underneath, and capri exercise leggings with a stitched criss-cross pattern.

“UNDYNE, I WANTED TO ANSWER THE DOOR!!!”

Oh, so this was Undyne? That explained the muscles and the intense glare.

“You sure this is her?” Undyne called over her shoulder. “I mean… Do you actually remember what she looked like?”

“OF COURSE I’M SURE! I WOULD NEVER FORGET WHAT SHE LOOKED LIKE!!”

“We were so far back! How could you see anything!?”

“I HAVE FORTY-FORTY VISION!!”

“That’s not a thing!!” She growled as Papyrus appeared in the doorway, scrambling from his hands and knees to his feet. Your grin widened when he came at you, calling, “IT IS HER!!”

“Hey, best friend!” You sang as he wrapped his arms around you, picking you up and carrying you inside. Your bag slid from your shoulder and onto the floor as he gave you a proper spin hug, the sights of the living room flashing around you. He set you down, turning you to face the other three in the room. One being Undyne, who had closed the front door and now propped against it. The other was a yellow monster resembling a lizard. She wore round glasses, a polka-dotted top and capri jeans. The other was Sans, his form huddled inside his oversized blue jacket, his normal sneakers replaced with fuzzy, pink house slippers.

“HERE SHE IS, AS PROMISED!!” Papyrus extended his arm towards Undyne. “THIS IS UNDYNE!”

“Pleasure.” She said, crossing her arms.

“And THIS IS ALPHYS!” Papyrus moved his arm to the yellow girl.

“I-it’s n-nice to meet you.” She stuttered.

“And THIS IS MY BROTHER, SANS!” He moved his arm towards Sans, who returned the introduction with a grin.

“we’ve already met, paps.”

“I’M WELL AWARE.” He gritted through his teeth. “BUT THIS WILL BE YOUR NEW INTRODUCTION! GETTING OFF ON A NEW, AND BETTER FOOT!” Papyrus put an arm around your shoulder, your heart melting from such adoring affection. “WOULDN’T WE AGREE THAT THE OTHER SHOULD BE TOSSED FROM OUR MEMORIES???”

You locked eyes with Sans, agreeing silently with a smile. His cheeks flushed as he looked harshly at the floor, knowing you were waiting for some recipritation.

Alphys twiddled the end of her shirt in her hands, the nervous twisting consuming her focus. She found a polka-dot that looked appealing, tracing her claw around the edge of it relentlessly.
Undyne, however, gave you her full attention. Her fiery eyes continued to search you, the slitted pupil like a cat’s fixed on its prey.

“Umm. It’s really nice to meet you guys!” You forced out too friendly. It felt fake, but the pressure of everyone’s careful expressions ignited your nerves. Your steadily increasing heartbeat tightened Papyrus’s grip on your shoulder. He must’ve felt your soul pulsing. You could swear you felt it, too.

“DINNER IS ALMOST READY! EVERYONE, PLEASE WAIT HERE UNTIL I CALL YOU TO THE DINING TABLE!!” Papyrus gave you one more firm squeeze on the shoulder before departing through the kitchen door. Standing there in the middle of the room alone, a chill passed over you, and you hugged yourself for warmth.

“Are you really the lead singer of Mili?” You met Undyne’s suspicious gaze, your eyes fluttering as Alphys looked up at her, mortifyingly stuttering, “U-Undyne!”

You held a hand up. “No, it’s okay. It’s not like I get recognized by a lot of people. Actually, Papyrus is the only person who recognized me outside of a concert…” You shrugged. “But, it really is me.”

“We hoped you were!” Alphys said, finally looking you in the eyes. She quickly averted her gaze, however, when you focused on her round eyes for too long. “We--We’ve been to one of your shows…”

You perked up. “Oh, really!?”

“Yeah. Papyrus begged us to go with him.” Undyne added.

“Speaking of Papyrus…” You shamelessly brought up your new bestie in hopes of removing yourself from the center of attention. “He told me that you used to train him back when you were underground. Is that how you guys met?”

Undyne shrugged. “Eh, sort of. I’d seen Papyrus around the castle when we were younger since his dad worked there.”

You recalled Papyrus mentioning his father working for the king and queen of monsters. He must’ve been employed under them for a long time if that were still the case. Though, he never mentioned what his father did for the royal family. Could he have been a bodyguard or something like that? What kind of person was he?

He must’ve been wonderful to raise someone like Papyrus…

You glanced at Sans, who remained diligent in ignoring your presence. His distant, blank face and permanent grin only adding to the mystery surrounding him.

You desperately wanted to speak with Sans more. To feel like you did the night you cupped his cheek in your hand, pinning him down to calm him… The magic in his bones still clung to your fingertips like molasses.

“I was always there training under Asgore when we were kids. Following him and Gerson around like I had nothing better to do. When I became Captain of the Royal Guard is when we really met, though.”

“What about you, Alphys?” You asked gently, hoping to make her feel more comfortable. “How did you and Papyrus meet?”
“Come on! Enough about Papyrus!” Undyne interjected, moving from the door to the couch. She plopped down on the crack in between Alphys and Sans, stretching her arms across the back. “We want to know about you!”

“Oh, sorry. I’m kind of obsessed with Papyrus right now. He’s my favorite thing ever.” You confessed with a grin.

Undyne raised an unimpressed brow. “Uh-huh.”

“Uh-It’s– It’s just that we came here to get to know you! We’ve know Papyrus for-for a really long time.” Alphys explained.

“So, how come you never show your face?”

The off the wall question came out accusatory. Whether Undyne intended that, you weren’t entirely sure.

“Umm…” You hesitated, the touchy subject not what you expected to start off with. “I guess it’s because I’d rather people listen to my lyrics than focus on me–”

“Oh, yeah? So, now all of a sudden you’re appearing on a T.V. show?”

“Yes…” You slowly answered.

“Doesn’t that kind of defeat the purpose of hiding your face?”

You inhaled, your heart pumping harder. “I suppose it does… But I never originally intended to appear on a television show--”

“So, then why are you in the dance show?”

“Well, I want to support what Mettaton’s trying to portray, even if it’s not the original reason I decided to join. I want to support the unison of humans and monsters.”

“Oh, really?” Undyne sat up straight. “Well, according to the Wiki-page Alphys found on you--”

“But…” You hesitated. “Even if it’s not the original reason, I want to support it.”

“U-Undyne!” Alphys shrieked.

“Not only have you never danced before--”

“P-please, you c-can’t just tell people wh-what we found on their Wiki-page!”

“It also mentions--”

“Oh my gosh…” Alphys buried her head in her hands.

“You’ve never had any particular interest in monster rights, or equality.”

You could do nothing but look between the three of them in disbelief. Never had you felt so distrusted, and unwelcomed. Were monsters always this wary of new humans?

Was Papyrus the one out of the norm?

Had something happened to him before you came into the picture to warrant such behavior from the people closest to him?
“I see you did your homework.” You astringently replied, unable to drip your words with sugary sweetness. “True, I never showed interest before, but having met Papyrus and seeing more of a monster’s perspective of life… It’s given me insight. It’s made me notice things more and more. It’s made me care…” You corrected yourself. “Papyrus made me care.”

“Hmm.” Undyne hummed. “Isn’t that convenient?”

“That--That’s great to hear.” Alphys sprung up from her hands, her lip curled in an awkward smile.

“So, what are your plans with Papyrus?”

You raised a brow. “Plans? I’m not sure what you mean.”

“You know. After the show.”

“Well, I hope that we’ll continue to be friends.”

“You hope?”

“Yeah--”

“Is there some reason why you wouldn’t?”

“No.” You snapped, getting fed up with being cut off before you could explain yourself. “I simply mean I hope we continue to be friends. He’s a wonderful person. I absolutely adore him.”

“Yeah, I’ll bet.” Undyne hesitated. “From what Sans tells me he declared you his best friend the day after he met you.”

You snorted a laugh through your nose, the memory still very fresh. “Yeah. He did. I was a bit surprised.”

“He-He’s like that.” Alphys smiled.

“People take advantage of him often, don’t they?”

“Ya’ think?” Undyne spat, the bitterness all too obvious.

“GOODBYE, GOODBYE

OH, BABY GOODBYE, GOODBYE

NO MATTER HOW MANY WORDS WE HAVE TO DEFINE

GOODBYE, GOODBYE

OH, DARLING GOODNIGHT, GOODNIGHT

NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES, IT’S JUST NOT RIGHT…”

Everyone paused as Papyrus’s tenor bravado took hold of the conversation. You looked over your shoulder at the kitchen doorway, unable to see him, but you could picture him all too clearly.

“EMPTY SKY

I’M ALONE WITH NO ONE NEARBY
How could anyone hurt someone so precious as Papyrus? You firmly clarified, “I won’t do that him. I won’t hurt him.”

“Tch. Yeah, I bet you won’t.”

The need to convince her otherwise didn’t appeal to you. Another attempt would be wasted breath, your words growing more sharp and only proving her right.

You wouldn’t give her the satisfaction.

“You don’t have to believe me, but I won’t tolerate being treated like a criminal when I’ve done nothing wrong."

You spun around with the intent to join Papyrus in the kitchen. The tromping of feet behind you stopped you in your tracks, Undyne moving in front of you.

“You can prance out of here and run to Papyrus. I don’t care if he gets pissed at me! If you do anything to hurt him, I will crush your pathetic meaty body into—!!”

“AHEM!!”

Papyrus rested in the doorway, tongs in hand, and adorned in a ‘Kiss the Cook’ apron. His skeletal brow bone raised as he disapprovingly looked around the room at the scene. Undyne placed a sassy hand on her hip, returning it with an agitated lip quiver.

“What's going on?”

“Everything’s fine, Paps.” You lied. Nothing about this was fine, and everyone there knew it.

You decided leaving was probably the best option.

“Dinner is ready. Everyone, please seat yourselves at the dinner table.”

You hesitated, letting Undyne remove her forbearing form before you dared move. You could go to Papyrus and say your farewell once everyone seated themselves.

Your heart heaved into your throat, the corner of your eyes burning.

You rushed into the kitchen, finding Papyrus in front of a massive, steaming pot. The aroma watered your mouth, your legs turning to jello as he looked at you, his smile returning.

“Oh, don’t worry! I can handle bringing the food! Have a seat!!”

“Oh, that’s, umm…” Your words failed you. You took a moment to collect your thoughts before you explained. “Papyrus, I don’t think your friends want me here…”

His face sank. “Are they being unkind?” He spoke uncharacteristically quiet.

“I… I wouldn’t say that necessarily, just… I don’t think they’re comfortable with me here.”
He rested his palm on the countertop, placing his other hand on his hip. “I SEE…”

“I don’t want to upset them, so… Should I go?”

“NO!!” A look of panic flashed across his face, his jaw clenching. He began to speak quietly again. “Please, don’t leave. I hoped they wouldn’t behave this way, but I supposed I should have expected it.” He paused. “They mean well. Just… give it more time. Let them get to know you better.”

You stared into his eye sockets, the orange glow forming on his cheeks tugging your heart strings.

This sleepover meant everything to Papyrus. If the others wouldn’t play nice for him, then you would be the bigger person.

“…Alright. I’ll stay.”

His grin alone gave you all the praise and determination needed to join the others in the dining room.

The small, round table had already been set, and held five tightly knit, wooden chairs. Undyne took the seat next to Alphys. Sans took the chair next to Undyne, leaving you the gracious option of having Papyrus on either side of you. You took your chances, sitting next to Alphys. She’d been the most cordial of the bunch.

A hot moment later, and Papyrus spun into the room, humming and grinning proudly. He placed the pot merrily in the center of the table. Steam danced from within as he removed the lid, sprinkling your cheeks with delicious humidity. Papyrus, the good host he was, placed a pinch of spaghetti noodles on everyone’s plates in perfect portions. Two meatballs fell perfectly at the top of your pile like round eyes. Your dinner now looked more like the flying spaghetti monster in its flying saucer.

Papyrus plopped down in the chair next to you, his arms curled against his chest, his hands balled into fists, trembling with anticipation. “OKAY! I CAN’T TAKE IT ANYMORE!! TAKE A BITE!”

You wasted no time picking up your fork and stabbing the spaghetti mound right between the eyes. One rolled down to the bottom of the plate, jolting to a stop along the hill almost as if it… Got stuck? No matter. You were too busy twirling those noodles faster than Papyrus spinning you in your dance lessons. You pulled up a wad of pure bliss, the noodles dangling, sticking together and coated in red sauce. You plunged the whole thing into your mouth.

“WELL, HOW IS IT!?!?

Your face reflexively scrunched up. The taste was indescribable.

Your gag reflex kicked in first, your hand the only thing stopping the spaghetti from flying out of your mouth. The spices tickled the back of your throat, causing you to start coughing uncontrollably. Hot, sticky sauce sprinkled across the palm of your hand as your eyes began to water. You began fanning yourself to hold it together, actual tears slipping out. Papyrus watched you with twinkling eyes, awaiting your review of his renowned specialty. The pasta went from sticky to crunchy, though you couldn’t fathom how he managed to accomplish both in the same dish. Your understanding of the culinary arts shattered.

“DRIVEN TO TEARS, I SEE…” Papyrus nodded. “THAT HAPPENS TOO OFTEN WHEN I COOK.”

You tried desperately to swallow it so you wouldn’t have to taste it anymore. The pasta clung to your teeth and roof of your mouth like stringy peanut butter.
“OH!” Papyrus perked up, hopping up from his seat. “I FORGOT THE BREADSTICKS! BE RIGHT BACK!”

The second Papyrus disappeared into the kitchen you spit the repulsive lump back onto your plate. You grabbed your glass of water, chugging over half of it before you sat it down. You wiped the corners of your mouth and eyes as Undyne stood up from her chair. She took her plate and fork, hastily dumping it back into the pot. Your jaw dropped.

Alphys stood up, following Undyne’s lead. Sans, however, sat motionless, his focus fixed elsewhere. Undyne growled at him in annoyance as she picked up his plate, dumping it for him.

“You all knew…” You whispered. “Why didn’t any of you warn me?!”

“UNDYNE, IS IT ALRIGHT IF THE BREADSTICKS ARE BLACK!?” Papyrus called as Undyne curled a snarl in your direction. She replied without breaking eye contact. “Umm, duh! You should leave them in there a little longer, just to be sure!”

“OKIE-DOKIE!”

“Here, give me your plate.” Undyne demanded, holding her hand out. You raised a brow, grabbing your wad of disappointment and handing it to her slowly. She dumped it so hard that it bounced back up, and you feared it may attack your face for rejecting it.

“DO I TAKE THEM OUT NOW!?”

“Just a little longer!” She tossed your plate back to you, the saucer circling rapidly before it stopped. She looked at Alphys. “I ordered us a pizza for later.”

“UH, UNDYNE…? ARE THERE SUPPOSED TO BE… FLAMES… ON THE BREAD?”

Undyne scrambled up straight in her chair as all of you perked up in worry. Sans even pulled himself from his thoughts to look over his shoulder and into the kitchen.

“They’re done! Take ‘em out!”

Papyrus emerged shortly after with a pan of pure charcoal. Any indication that bread once resided in it perished long before he pulled them from the oven. He sat it down next to the pot, his eye sockets popping as he looked around at everyone’s empty plates.

“MY GOODNESS! YOU’VE ALREADY FINISHED EATING!?”

Undyne leaned back in her chair, patting her stomach as she gave a toothy grin. “Yup! Ordered a pizza for later, too!”

His brow bones arched in disapproval. “UNDYNE, WHY WOULD YOU ORDER SUCH A GREASY MEAL AFTER YOU’VE EATEN MY SPAGHETTI!?”

“Because, Papyrus, how else can I build muscle mass if I don’t eat carbs!?”

“AH, I SEE! YOU’RE SO CLEVER, UNDYNE!”

You couldn’t believe it. They went to that great of lengths to hide one simple fact about your new best friend:

Papyrus could not cook.
In fact, his cooking could be described as not cooking at all. You weren’t entirely sure what Papyrus did in the kitchen, but it was most definitely not cooking.

Your feelings were hurt by how awful that pasta tasted.

“NOW, THEN! BETTER GET STARTED ON THESE DISHES!!”

You jolted up so fast you smacked against the table, the dishes clattering. You forced through the pain, “Papyrus, we should get together for cooking lessons!”

A beat of silence followed, the four of them staring at you. Papyrus’s mouth hung agape as he cocked his head. “COOKING LESSONS!? ON TOP OF OUR DANCING LESSONS!?”

“Yes! Absolutely!” You nodded earnestly. “In fact, I insist!!”

“OH, HOW EXCITING!! I WOULD LOVE THAT!”

“Perfect!” You exhaled in relief. You weren’t sure you’d be able to be friends with someone and be so dishonest about their passion. At least this way you could help him better himself.

Just as he did for you.

Undyne kept her eye on you throughout the rest of the evening. Through the pizza’s arrival, a game of poker that turned into nothing more than Papyrus and Undyne’s competitive spirits clashing hilariously with Sans eventually emerging victorious, and even once the five of you sat down to watch an anime that Alphys had picked out.

“I-it’s called Angel Beats! It’s a story about a group of young students trapped in-in purgatory after experiencing tragic deaths, and they refuse to m-move on, so they fight this girl they call Angel because they believe she’s connected to God, but it turns out that—”

“Al, stop!” Undyne grabbed her girlfriend around the shoulders, pulling her close. “You’ll ruin the whole show if you keep talking!”

“Ri-Right, sorry!! I just get so excited! It’s SUCH A GOOD ANIME!”

After a few episodes the clock on the wall read 10:23, and everyone decided to stop for the night, though you wished you could watch more. Besides the interesting plot, and all the fun characters with much room for growth, you enjoyed delving into another world. Though Undyne had ceased her piercing questions, you still felt on edge.

Papyrus could no longer take the dishes in the sink, so he fled to the kitchen to clean them. You started to follow to give him a hand, but Undyne trailed after him, followed by Alphys.

You made up your mind, deciding to speak with Sans instead. Only then did you realize that he had at some point left the room, but you didn’t catch him leaving. He must’ve zapped out of there. Maybe he’d gone to the bathroom?

You decided you’d wait for him before hunting him down in his own home. Besides, you hadn’t had much of a chance to explore the brother’s living room. You only hoped you could do it without Undyne catching you. She would no doubt assume you had malintention in your exploration.

A painting of a bone hung above the television, a dark, brown background with an orange glow. You wondered why on Earth they chose that as a centerpiece for their living room. But perhaps it had to do with their roots? You really wanted to learn more about skeleton monsters.
You moved your gaze from there to a bookshelf in the corner. It was short, no taller than your hips, but what really caught your attention was a rock sitting in a pool of sprinkles. Someone had hot glued googly eyes to the front of it, completely off center.

Next you found a series of sticky notes posted over a lone sock, each one holding only one sentence. The sock itself had a shamrock pattern with yellow on the toes and heel. You crouched down to get a better look, the obvious distinction between their handwriting all too clear.

SANS, PICK UP YOUR SOCK!!

ok

SANS, IT’S STILL HERE!

ok

YOU MOVED IT TWO INCHES!! TAKE IT TO YOUR ROOM!!

ok

YOU DIDN’T EVEN TRY TO MOVE IT THIS TIME!!

...SANS, IT’S YOUR TURN TO WRITE A NOTE.

YOU’RE RUINING OUR GAME!!!

AREN’T YOU GOING TO TELL ME ‘ok’?

LIKE YOU ALWAYS DO?

...SANS?

The notes stopped there, their age unclear. The ink from the pens smudged on the yellow paper. The perfectly straight corners indicated how carefully placed they were.

What could have haunted Sans so for him to end up in the state you’d seen him in the other night?

“IF SHE WHAT, UNDYNE!?” You heard Papyrus all to clearly from the kitchen. His voice lowered, as if he realized he’d been loud enough for you to hear.

They were talking about you.

Between the sticky notes, and the lack of trust from Papyrus’s friend’s, you couldn’t take it anymore. You needed to step outside and take a deep breath. Maybe cry some of that pent up frustration.

You could talk to Sans later...

...Only until you found him leaning against the railing of the front porch as you slammed the front door behind you. He jumped ever so slightly from the noise, jolting around. He didn’t bother to hide an annoyed sigh upon seeing who came out.

You hesitated, your hand still on the doorknob, but something inside wouldn’t allow you to open that door.

You didn’t know, at the time, how much this conversation would influence your relationship with Sans.
“You feeling better today?” You started off, joining him at the railing, his hunched body completely supported by the wooden beam, his crossed arms resting on the top.

“...yeah.”

“Good.”

Only when the stretching silence flowed between you did you realize you had no idea how to go about starting this conversation. Especially since you’d beaten it over the head while defending yourself against Undyne. You didn’t exactly give yourself time to think about what you were going to say.

“why are you doing this?”

His voice almost startled you. “...Doing what?”

He rested his cheek against his arm, the soft bone squishing in the way you loved so much.

“forgeddaboutit.”

“No.” You turned to him. “What do you mean?”

He let out another long sigh. “why are you doing the show?”

“Well… If I’m being honest, I got in the show because of my manager, Kenneth.”

“he sign you up?”

“It’s kind of a long story…”

He shrugged. “i got time.”

Sans’s willingness to listen had your heart fluttering, and butterflies formed in your stomach. You managed to hide your excitement, praying he couldn’t tell from your soul. You weren’t sure if he could feel anything just from being next to you, but you didn’t like the idea of being so vulnerable.

“Kenneth has been working with us for years now, but he hasn’t managed to get us on with a record label yet. The day we met with Mettaton about the show we had just gotten another rejection.” You paused as Sans shifted, lifting his head up to see you more clearly. You found yourself admiring how well the moonlight fell on his bones. The glow accentuated perfectly with his starlike pupils, and blue hues.

“Kenneth contacted Mettaton because of his influence on the monsters. He knew he’d be the ticket to getting our band out there, if all goes well with the show.”

“and mettaton actually went through with it?”

“From what I understand, Mettaton owes Kenneth for some kind of favor.”

“so, he put you in the show?”

“You heard him the other day. It’s the only reason I’m there.”

“with no dance experience?”

“I was surprised, too.”
“with my brother?”

“You know, I didn’t know your brother would be my dance partner. In fact, I didn’t know I would have a dance partner at all. But I believe they stuck us together because I couldn’t stop obsessing over that viral video of him…”

You dreamily recalled the video, the way you felt the first time you watched it. How now the once mystifying dancer had become your new best friend. “I guess they decided to pair us up since we were fans of one another.”

“wow.” Sans mumbled. “that sounds too convenient to be true.”

Your expression dropped. “You’re an absolute butt, you know that?”

He blinked. “i get that a lot.”

“So… what about you, then?”

“huh?”

“Why do you come to watch the rehearsals? I can tell that you’re absolutely miserable while you’re there.”

Sans stood up straight, his smile faltering for a brief moment. He slid his hands in his pockets, burying himself further inside his jacket. You realized now that Sans was shorter than you, having never seen him stand up straight.

In fact… This marked the first time the two of you stood directly next to each other.

“is it so hard to believe that i’m there to support my bro? or maybe just because i wanna be?” His defensive tone gave you pause, causing you to choose your next words very carefully.

“No… I can just tell you really don’t want to be there. Or maybe it’s more like… You don’t like Papyrus being there… Maybe it’s because Mettaton is so forward about how he feels to Papyrus, but I don’t think Papyrus feels the same way, so that couldn’t be it. I think it’s something else.”

“oh, yeah?” He snorted. “go on and tell me, expert.”

“It’s me, right?”

“that’s presumptuous of you to assume that it’s all about you, isn’t it?”

His grin widened and you wanted nothing more than to smack him across his chubby cheeks. If not only to touch them again, then to see just how savory and tender they would end up after you were done with them. You took a deep breath, trying to not look as irritated as you felt. You would not let this asshole get under your skin.

“You’re right. I’m sorry.”

He shrugged. “eh. s’fine.”

You tore your attention from him, trying to keep your pursed lips from turning into a full on frown. You hugged yourself as a chill passed over you, the cloudy sky hiding any chance of stargazing.

“i, uh… i’m the reason my brother ended up viral.”
He had your full attention now, your focus back inside his eye sockets.

“s’why i go, really… if i hadn’t of recorded it and posted it anonymously, he probably wouldn’t have ended up as desperado.”

So, that deep, deep chuckle at the end of the video... belonged to Sans? Your toes curled in your shoes as you recalled that deep, baritone rumble.

“You can’t blame yourself for that. There were plenty of other people recording him.”

“...yeah…” His downtrodden spirit reflected in his eyes, his smile growing weak. “but i’m the one who posted it in just the right place. i’m the one who caught the whole thing. my video is the one that spread through the internet like a wildfire… now he’s…”

“He’s internet famous.”

“not just that… he’s constantly being harassed online, but it doesn’t stop there. on the goddamn street. at the mall. while we’re in the fucking grocery store…” he paused. “all because of what we are…”

“Gosh… I had no idea.”

“humans usually don’t.”

That hung onto you like an albatross. Indifferent couldn’t begin to describe how you felt about monster rights prior to meeting the skeletons. You had no anger to muster for such a passive aggressive comment because you knew, deep in your soul, how right he was.

“I think Papyrus likes the attention.” You changed the subject, trailing your finger along the indentions in the wooden railing. “I’ve personally seen fans stop him in the street for pictures. And, from what I’ve seen online, he handles the hate well.”

“That’s just how my brother is. it’s like… he takes insults as compliments? like the reason they’re behaving that way is because they’re intimidated by how great he is.” He chuckled, traces of that laugh you’d listened to countless times before meeting its owner. His pupils glowed just a tad bit brighter. “he’s the best person i know.”

His contagious smile infected you. “I can agree with you there.”

Another spot of silence filled the space between you, the air much lighter now. The density nothing more than remnants of summer nights slowly transitioning to those fresh, autumn breezes.

“look, can you just tell me you won’t hurt him? just so when you do, i can call you a liar.”

Now that... That pissed you off. “That’s presumptuous of you to assume I will.” You retorted back, proud to throw his irritating persona back at him.

His cheeks flushed, his smile unchanging, his eyes glued to yours. “...is it?”

No... it probably wasn’t. You had no idea the world you had gotten yourself into. You knew nothing of hate and discrimination.

But you knew humiliation. You knew isolation. And you knew submission.

You knew you never wanted to feel that way again.
You took your leave, pausing again at the door. “Sans?”

He’d turned back to the railing, nothing more than a “hmm?” came from him.

“I just… I’m gonna invite Papyrus to our band practice tomorrow. I wanted to extend the invitation to you. If you’re interested.”

You stepped through the threshold before he could give you an answer. Your aching heart reached your eyes, and you damn sure wouldn’t let him see you cry.

That pasta sauce didn’t stand a chance against Papyrus’s fury. His yellow, rubber gloves gave him the sanctity needed to purge the dishes of the grime and residue left behind. His only hang up on preparing and serving spaghetti resulted in the mess afterwards.

“You should have seen the look she gave me! She probably wishes she could kick my ass! Hey, are you paying attention!? C’mon, don’t tell me you’re mad!”

He, however, wished he could instead use the bristle side of his sponge to wash out Undyne’s mouth.

“DON’T THINK I DIDN’T HEAR YOU THREATENING HER! UNDYNE, HUMANS NEED THEIR MEAT TO SURVIVE!”

“Well, technically, we need ours to survive as well, but humans h-have a more, uh, physical form.” Alphys added.

“THAT IS BESIDES THE POINT!!”

“It’s not like I was actually gonna do it!”

“THAT IS ALSO IRRELEVANT!!”

“I just wanted to let her know what would happen if she--”

“IF SHE WHAT, UNDYNE!?” His decibel count rising, realizing just how loud he’d started screaming. He paused, knowing you must have heard him. The slamming of the front door indicated that you did, indeed, overhear him. Had you heard everything else? Papyrus sprinted from the kitchen to chase after you when he noticed your bag still lying by the couch. He let out a sigh of relief. Surely you wouldn’t leave without your belongings.

He went to the front door, just to be sure. Peeking through the eyehole he could see you, and surprisingly, Sans there together. You moved from the door, joining him at the edge of the porch. He pressed the side of his skull against the door, trying harder to hear what you two were saying, when he recalled his lack of ears.

He pushed himself from the door, deciding to leave the two of you be. He hoped, of everyone he loved, Sans would learn how wonderful you were.

Besides, he had a bet to win!

Undyne and Alphys moved to the kitchen doorway, watching and waiting. Papyrus furrowed his brow, passing in between them and into the kitchen once more. He didn’t want their conversation to interrupt whatever you and Sans were talking about. Really, it didn’t matter. He just thanked the stars that you and Sans were talking.
Besides, you were besties now! He was sure you’d tell him everything!

“So, what is it then?” Papyrus began, returning to the sink to finish his cleanup. “Are you afraid she’ll hurt my feelings? Afraid that she’ll double cross me? Maybe she’ll somehow do the exact same thing that Jeanette did??”

“Well... you know!!” Undyne shrugged, her gaze falling to the floor.

“We—we don’t think she’ll do the same thing exactly, but…”

“But nothing! You sound just as bad as the humans who treat us unfairly!”

“Don’t you compare us to them!!” Undyne slammed her fist against something, though he couldn’t see her, it became an all too familiar sound.

“But how can we show the humans we’re fully able to coexist with them if we treat them like they treat us!? That’s no way to accomplish anything!”

“This isn’t about coexisting with the human race!” Undyne began screaming. “This is about another girl going after one of my best friends!!”

“It’s not like that this time!”

“How do you know that!?” She moved from the wall directly behind Papyrus. He refused to look at her as he continued to scrub, the grime long gone. “Because she’s the lead singer of your favorite band!?”

“Because I can feel it in her soul!!” Papyrus slammed down a plate, causing it to shatter in the sink. He looked across the broken shards, the suddzy water sheltering the mess he made.

Though, really, he could be blamed for more than just a mess of dishes... The only reason his friends and brother mistrusted you had been caused by his foolishness and naivety.

They didn’t treat other people like that before Jeanette had come into the picture. Before he let things get out of hand, even when he knew better.

She didn’t just wrong Papyrus. She wronged them all because they trusted her.

He supposed he deserved to be treated like a child, even if it drove him up the wall. Especially since he considered himself the most mature in the group. Being great did come with responsibilities.

But you certainly didn’t deserve to be treated that way. Especially because he knew you didn’t like being touched. Your soul cried out anytime you were shown physical affection.

Though, he did notice how your soul sung when he hugged you earlier that evening. That meant your bond had grown in just a few short days. That you received the hug in the most positive way, reciprocating his feelings.

And that meant everything to him.

“Just promise me that you won’t be hateful to her any longer.” Papyrus lowered his voice, knowing you had no chance of hearing him. “You can be cautious if you want. You can be suspicious... but
please, don’t send her away with threats because of something that someone else did.”

He turned to face them, his expression pleading. Alphys and Undyne looked at one another before Undyne heaved a loud, exaggerated breath. “Fine, jeez. Just quit looking at me like that! You look like Lesser Dog when I refuse to pet her, and I hate it!”

“THANK YOU!” Papyrus threw his arms around her, trying to pick her up, but unable to. He instead settled on squeezing her until her back cracked.

Sans shuffled down the hallway, doing his best to raise his slippers from the floor while stealing small sips from his glass ketchup bottle. He didn’t want Papyrus to hear him escaping from socialization. With his magic so low, teleportation was out of the question.

Lucky for him, the roaring sound of the shower aided in masking his escape. So long as whoever was in there didn’t get out as he passed by.

He wanted nothing more than to retire for the evening and sleep until his body wouldn’t allow him. Even if it didn’t help.

“I love you so

Oh, baby, my emotions flow

No matter how many failures, how much sorrow

I love you so

Oh, darling, I just love you so

No matter how many times, I have to follow…”

He stopped in front of the bathroom door, your voice carrying over the water. He stared at the wood, unable to tear himself away, completely spellbound.

“Pretty sky

I’m stargazing with you nearby

And our memories ignite the passion that keeps us both alive

Invite us to the beautiful starsight

Our souls unite…”

His soul pulsed inside him, his cheeks lighting up the dark hallway... God, if Papyrus got one thing right about you, it would be that incredible voice. Goosebumps would be his armor if only he had skin. He closed his eyes, leaning his forehead against the door.

“We’ve walked through every season

The winter snow, summer wind

Memories of what happened leave me little butterflies

My eyes went close and open
And captured every moment
Your smiles are always bright
I’m glad to have such fortune
Don’t make this an illusion
There are still so many versions of the night sky we both liked
I want to stay by your side…”

You… He couldn’t quite figure you out.

His first impression, of course, had been that you wanted nothing more than to use his brother, and while that still lingered on in his mind… Something about you mesmerized him.

That made him like you even less.

More than likely, it manifested from the way you touched him the other night. The way your soul lit up with wonder and curiosity the second you made contact. How powerful you felt when you pinned him down. Your forcefulness and gentleness combined gave him something he hadn’t felt in so, so long…

He almost wished he could thank you, but… How would he even word something like that when he didn’t understand it himself?

Best to keep his secret from a witch like you.

“On a cloudy night
Just you and I
You’re so close by
Yet so far from my life
The way you smiled
The way you cried
Oh, baby, there’s no such things
Forever’s just a saying
There’s nothing I can decide…”

Why had he opened up to you on the porch? Because of the way your soul reacted to his? How long would that last, anyway? Could Papyrus always feel you like that?

Had… your souls really connected?

“What’re you doing?”

Sans jumped, slamming himself against the bathroom door. The ketchup bottle clanged, some of it smearing on the door. Your singing halted, only the sound of the running water resonating now. Undyne raised a brow, looking between him and the door.
Sans, the master of hiding his feelings, smiled big and shrugged. “eh. must’ve fallen asleep on the way to bed.”

“Well, get out of the way, nerd. I’m gonna have a chat with our new friend.”

Sans raised a brow bone. “while she’s in the shower?”

Undyne gritted through her teeth, “Afterwards, obviously!”

He grinned, “you gonna shower her with questions--?”

“GO AWAY!!!”

Sans chuckled, removing himself from the scene. Lucky for him, Undyne gave him the perfect cover, and you’d never know he’d been there.

Unless Undyne told you, but why would she bother?

All jokes aside, he had to be more careful. Good intentions and bathroom acoustics didn’t make a good person.

But, conveniently for him, you’d invited him along into your world. Maybe seeing you in your natural habitat would shed some light on your true motive for coming into their lives.

Or maybe you’d only bewitch him further?

______________________________________________________________________________

You yelped in surprise when you found Undyne outside the bathroom door. You clutched your dirty clothes and toothbrush against you as you tried to hurry past her, “Sorry for hogging the bathroom! It’s all yours!”

She grabbed your shoulders, spinning you to face her. You looked up at her, her fierce expression from before gone, instead replaced with a stoic stare like a monk.

“Thanks.” She rushed with a hushed breath.

You raised a brow. “For…?”

“For offering cooking lessons to Papyrus.” She looked away from you almost bashfully. “It’s my fault he sucks at cooking.”

You had a feeling that might be the case, given she instructed him to leave the burning bread in the oven, but you thought better on calling her out on it. “Yeah, of course. I’m looking forward to it.”

“And for not telling him his spaghetti sucks.” She added, rubbing the back of her neck.

“I could tell you went to great lengths to make him think otherwise. It would just be hateful of me to tell him now.”

“Look, I know I came off strong. And I know it’s not normal to treat someone you just met the way I treated you. It’s just… Well, that dork Papyrus. He’s too dense to realize when someone is using him, and too nice to do anything about it when he does realize it. I just… I’m doing it because I care about him.”

You nodded. “I get it.”
“No, you really don’t.” She gruffed, crossing her arms. “You can say you get it. You can say you’re no different and all that, but you’ll never really understand.”

You had nothing to say to that. Again, your ignorance of monster racism got you for the better.

“You’re probably a good person…” Undyne sighed, “We just gotta make sure.”

She marched past you, joining the others in the living room. It wasn’t exactly an apology, but you were willing to accept it. You took a moment to collect yourself, leaning against the bathroom door.

Funny… did you smell *ketchup*? The tang clung in the back of your nose, the taste watering your mouth.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, everybody! Sorry for the two months without an update. I know, I was upset, too. I went to A-Kon last month, and getting our cosplays ready turned into a nightmare. (My best friend and I were literally finishing our costumes in the hotel room.)

Without further ado, here’s a link to the chapter title: Unidentified Flavorful Object https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S77Dfzyf-c

And, of course, the song that Papyrus and Reader both sing: Past the Stargazing Season https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oOlWu15vzyE

Finally, I made a cover art for Chapter 4 (that I forgot to link last night!!) https://www.instagram.com/p/BkWFT3CFnSO/

So, I feel like I should note that Mili’s version of Past the Stargazing Season is a cover. The original is by a band called *H^G*. Here’s a link to that! https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Hlq2KVSROCk

I can’t believe this story is almost at one hundred kudos... You guys are so sweet, and you have no idea how much it means to me that you're enjoying the story! Don't hesitate to leave a comment down below! I'll reply to everyone because I love hearing what you guys have to say! XD
Rubber Human

Chapter Summary

Your weekend comes to a close with a regular band practice with very special guests, but things getting a little too heated for your taste. Little did you know you'd find yourself on your hands and knees at the end of the night to keep yourself from loosing your right to your favorite treat.

Chapter Notes

Hey! Just wanted to add a quick reminder.

The members of Mili are in this chapter quite a bit. Their characters, while they share the same names and roles as the real members, are only my interpretation of the real them. Same goes for their relationships with one another in the story.

Having said that, enjoy the chapter!

You sneezed for the umpteenth time, your stinging sinuses begging you to stop dusting. Flying particles of skin and dirt had caked themselves against the deepest crevices, the only hope of cleansing them requiring the fine precision of a q-tip.

You kept your house tidy enough, though the tediousness of dusting always managed to convince you to skip that step more often than not. Now, the poor, neglected warehouse?… None of you cared for it the way you should have. Just how many dust particles had you inhaled while singing?

“Gazoontight!” Shoto yelled as he sprinted past you on his hands and knees. He’d opted into mopping the floors with a dishrag and bucket. You were thankful for his help, since Yamato and Yukihiito instead chose to set up equipment rather than clean up. Though, really, Shoto’s help proved ineffective. Didn’t he know you were supposed to do the floors last?

“Thank you--” You squeaked before sneezing again.

“Maybe you should give it a rest.” Yamato said, sliding his hands along the neck of his guitar. He continued to tune it as he scolded you, “Your voice will give out on you if you breathe in too much of that crap.”

“Pish-posh!” You snapped, stepping back from your handiwork. Sludgy globs of dampened dust bunnies clung to your rag, and the surface you’d just scrubbed. You took your last dry rag, wiping them away until you were satisfied with the mediocre level of sanitation.

“I know you want to, like, give your skeleton a good impression, but I’ve never seen you move this much.”
You shot Yamato a disapproving look. “What do you think I am? A sloth?”

“Absolutely.” He nodded.

“But you’re a cute sloth!” Shoto yelled, sprinting past you again.

“Though your diet doesn’t quite fit the criteria.” Yukihito added.

“Wow. All of you but Shoto can fuck off.” You stuck your tongue out playfully.

“My! Such language.” Yukihito droned.

“Seriously,” Yamato scoffed. “You’re starting to sound like Kenneth.”

You were used to Yamato and Yukihito picking on you. Shoto usually joined in as well, though he had the tendency to go easier on you than the other two. You told them how important this day was to you. You set yourself up for their teasing, and you were ready. After all, you were like the little sister of the group.

“Don’t compare me to that brute!” You chirped, only for the fear of Kenneth showing up causing you to address your concern aloud. “Wait, he’s not coming today, is he?”

“I asked him to, but he said he had something he had to take care of today.” Yamato said.

You thanked the stars for that. You had a small amount of respect for Kenneth for everything he’d done for you. You really wished you liked him as a person, but…

He made it impossible.

On the off chance that Sans did show up, you knew Kenneth would give him even more reason to dislike humans. Not to mention you didn’t want Papyrus’s purity soiled.

“So, they’re on their way?” Yamato asked.

You hesitated. “Papyrus is. I’m not sure if Sans is coming.”

“What, he didn’t tell you?”

“No, not exactly. I’m much closer to Papyrus than his brother…” You trailed off, avoiding any discussion about your relationship with Sans.

Yamato’s indifference to your answer showed in the way he continued to tune his guitar without responding. You rolled your eyes, going back to dusting, but you noticed the way Yukihito eyed you. You returned it with a forced smile.

You cleaned in silence for a while longer, the only sounds that of Yamato’s guitar strings before a hearty, familiar voice muffled through the closed warehouse doors.

“I BELIEVE THIS IS IT, BROTHER!!”

“i dunno…” Your heart skipped a beat when Sans’s voice followed in behind Papyrus’s. “looks kinda shady to me.”

“BUT THIS IS THE ADDRESS SHE GAVE ME! ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT GOOGLE MAPS IS LYING!?”
"I'm suggesting she's gonna murder us."

You quietly moved to the sliding door, throwing it up with all your might. The setting sun silhouetted their polar opposite forms.

"Hey, guys!" You giddily greeted them. "I'm glad you found the place without too much trouble."

"But of course! I have a fantastic sense of direction!"

"And Google Maps had nothing to do with it." Sans chuckled.

Papyrus puffed out his chest, extending his arms. "Now, come here and give me a hug!!"

You giggled as Papyrus picked you up, spinning you into the warehouse. He sat you on the ground, your chest against his, as he gracefully took your hand, spinning you out, then back in. You caught yourself better this time, now getting more used to Papyrus's dance style, and mobile hugs.

When you released one another, you could see the perplexed expression Yamato wore. Yukihito remained blank as ever, while Shoto's eyes glimmered. You presented Papyrus proudly, extending your arms as you cried out enthusiastically, "Everyone, this is Papyrus, the great spaghettore!"

"Wowie!!" Papyrus grinned harder, "You used my full introduction!!"

You moved your arms towards Sans, imitating Papyrus's voice, "And this is his brother, Sans!"

Sans returned your introduction with an unimpressed glance. "Sup." He replied simply, quite similar to the first time you were introduced back at the dance studio.

You cut eyes at Sans, purring under your breath. "By the way, if I was planning on killing you guys, I'd do it in a much more discreet way. Like poison."

The flush on Sans's cheeks pleased you to no end as Papyrus clapped his hands excitedly. "Oh my god, look at all of you! I never thought I would get this chance!!" He began pointing at your bandmates. "You're Yamato, aren't you!?"

"You got it." Yamato smirked, his head swelling.

"And you must be Yukihito!"

"A pleasure to finally meet you, dancing dust devil."

"And last, but not least, you're Shoto!"

Shoto clapped, his energy on par with Papyrus's as he jumped down from the stage, joining the three of you on the floor. "I can't believe Desperado knows who I am!"

"Of course I do!! You're the members of my favorite band!! How could I call myself your number one fan if I didn't have all my facts right!?"

"You wanna check out my drum set?" Shoto scooted closer to Papyrus.

"Would I!?" Papyrus shuddered with anticipation, Shoto leading him up to the stage. Shoto gave him passage, allowing him to sit on his small barstool, Papyrus's knees pulled almost too close to his chest. Shoto leaned down, attempting to adjust the stool for him.
You took the opportunity to approach Sans. “So, you came…”

“yeah…” He looked away from you, shoving his hands in his pockets.

“I’ll be honest… I didn’t expect to see you here.”

“pssh, like i’d let papyrus come out here alone.”

“Oh…” You hummed sadly. “I guess I should’ve expected that…”

What other reason would Sans have to come there? He wasn’t a fan of Mili, nor of you for that matter.

Yamato’s tall form slithered between the two of you, the look on his face ignorant to the vibes coming from you and Sans. “So, this is Sans?” He cocked his head, propping his arm on your shoulder.

“in the flesh.”

You snorted, Yamato looking seemingly unimpressed at the obvious joke.

“What was your name again?”

“Yamato.” He looked at you. “What, you don’t talk about us to them?”

“I told you I was closer with Papyrus. Maybe you should try listening.” You shrugged your shoulder, his arm sliding off of you.

“So,” Yamato turned back to Sans, ignoring your stab, “I heard you got sick the other night, and you had to be picked up. I thought monsters couldn’t get sick?”

The put off look Sans gave you paused your heart. His smile dropped, his brow bones cutting into his round eye sockets. He must’ve thought you’d told them about his binge drinking at Grillby’s.

“maybe you shouldn’t go making assumptions about people you don’t know. not like it’s your business anyway.”

Now Yamato looked pissed. “Hey, I was just curious if it was true or not.”

“funny, it didn’t sound that way to me.”

“What’s your deal, man?”

Sans looked away, pulling his hood tighter around his skull. “forgeddaboutit.”

“If you’ve got a problem, I’m all ears.” He paused. “Wait, you know what that expression means, right? Since you don’t have ears--”

“Hamo, knock it off.” You snapped.

"Seriously, it was a legitimate question.”

"Why don’t you go finish getting set up?”

Yamato glanced between you and Sans before reluctantly taking a step back. “Yeah, sure.”

“SANS!! SANS, LOOK AT ME!! I’M UP HERE!!” Papyrus called, now properly seated at
Shoto’s drum set. The second Sans heard Papyrus’s voice a smile spread across his face, his eyes brightening ever so slightly. “I THINK I’VE FOUND AN INSTRUMENT THAT TRUELY CHANNELS MY INNER VOICE!!”

He banged on a few of them, chattering the symbols with vigor. “yeah… nice, paps…” Sans nodded, his somber tone lost in the noise.

Once Yamato had moved from earshot, you slid next to Sans again. “What was that about?” You pressed.

“Whatever do you mean?” He replied, his smile coy.

“Whatever the hell just happened between you two.”

“i could share with the class, but i’m sure you’ll give them all a run down later, won’t ya’?”

You knew it. He thought you’d told Yamato about his drunken pick up from Grillby’s. “That’s not what happened--”

“just go sing your songs so we can get the fuck out of here.”

Sans moved from your presence, plopping himself on the old couch facing the makeshift stage, his form huddled deep inside his jacket. You hovered there, your thoughts spiraling. You wished you’d never mentioned Sans to Yamato to begin with. But you couldn’t blame Yamato. Knowing Yamato’s inquisitive nature (or rather his nosy nature), he probably only wanted to know how a monster could get sick.

And now you were stuck with two angry men over a stupid misunderstanding.

A hand on your shoulder startled you. Papyrus had moved from the drumset to your side, his small eye sockets wide, and curious. “WHAT’S WRONG?”

“Uhh…” Your voice wavered, honesty triumphing in your answer. “I’m pretty sure your brother hates me, and it bothers me for some reason.”

Why did it bother you so much? You had no reason to like Sans. He’d been nothing but hateful since you’d met him, but the thought of him despising you frustrated you to no end.

“GIVE HIM TIME.” Papyrus reassured you again, just as he’d said before. “ONCE HE WARMS UP TO YOU, I THINK HE’LL COME AROUND.”

Papyrus knew Sans better than you, so you couldn’t deny his answer. You changed the subject, choosing to not dwell on it. “Why don’t you join him? We’re probably about to start soon.”

Papyrus shuddered before belting an ecstatic squeal, clapping his hands. He scurried over to the couch, joining his grumpy butt of a brother. You focused only on Papyrus, pushing Sans and everything he made you feel to the back of your mind. Once you got up there and started to sing, the rest of the world would melt away, like always.

_________________________________________

Sans immediately thought of four other places he’d rather be:

Grillby’s, for starters.

The couch.
His bed.

… He already named Grillby’s, right?

His days at Grillby’s went back to the ancient times in the underground. When any hope of the surface remained distant, and futile. When the time between fallen children stretched on for decades at a time. Way before Frisk ever fell. Back when he first came to Snowdin.

At Grillby’s Sans knew what to expect. He knew the people, the menu, the performers… He’d even grown to know the human regulars that frequented the establishment. Everything was familiar, even after moving from the underground to the surface save for the shape of the interior. Perfect, and unchanging. His sacred place.

So what if he got shit faced there occasionally? Grillby had his back. He’d never let anything happen to him in that state. His only regret rested in how much it burdened his baby brother.

“Momo, why don’t you start off acapella while we finish getting set up? Do a slow song or something?” Yamato said, his voice bringing Sans back to the couch in the warehouse.

Sans couldn’t understand why he got so worked up about Yamato knowing about his drinking. He didn’t care what other people thought of him. His reputation was already smeared with laziness and indifference. Anyone who knew Sans knew he didn’t care about impressions. Everyone close to him knew about his drinking. So why had it bothered him so?

Though, really he knew it only mattered because you shared the information.

You joined the guys on the stage, your red shorts bringing out the vibrant tones in your skin. He hated how elegant you looked all the time, even casually dressed. Your black, quarter sleeved shirt hugged your curves, draping around you regally.

“How about Opium!? I’ve never heard you sing that one live!”

“Opium it is, then!”

You looked to Papyrus. “Do you have a request?”

“HMMMMMM…” Papyrus put a hand to his chin, contemplating. His face brightened. “HOW ABOUT OPIUM!? I’VE NEVER HEARD YOU SING THAT ONE LIVE!”

Your hair behind your ears

Hold you in my arms

I’m always here

I couldn’t have gone so far, so far

Without your absence
But somehow I still wish
That you’ll be here…”

Sans found the way your voice affected him unfair. The airy, featherlite sound easing him further into the couch. The spite he felt towards you before slowly drained away, like he’d drift off to sleep any moment.

“You’re my poison
You’re my poison
You’re my poison
Magical scent
I’m addicted to
I’m addicted to
I’m addicted to you…”

Even with the guys all around you moving, talking, and obnoxiously distracting, Papyrus and he stayed hooked to you. The way your fingertips gently ghosted the mic reflected in your half lidded eyes, your entire demeanor matching your song.

“I just wanted to let you know I’m sorry too
Neither of us wanted it to end up this way
The poppies cry
The poppies sing
The poppies bleed
As we drifted apart
Have me poisoned
You have me poisoned
Oh, talk to me
Tell me the world you see…”

You effortlessly let out a long, “Ahhh…” The note grabbed onto his soul, wrapping it in warmth. He undoubtedly knew you had to be some kind of supernatural songstress.

“I just wanted to make you smile again…”

The piano faded out, your short melody ending. Sans found himself wishing the song lasted longer, his soul resting peacefully inside his ribcage.

“You been eating donuts again?” Yamato pressed.

“No!” You quickly squeaked.
He scoffed. “Yeah, right, I can hear it in your voice.”

“Oh, okay. But it was just one little donut I had for breakfast!”

“Kenneth’s gonna find out.”

“I thought you said he wasn’t coming!” You looked a bit panicked.

Oh, right, you had told him that was your manager’s name the night before. The guy that Mettaton owed a favor to. A fact that struck Sans as odd.

Mettaton had bukoos and bukoos of cash. He might’ve even been wealthier than Toriel and Asgore. Even if this Kenneth guy did something big for Mettaton, why wouldn’t he just pay him off?

You slyly cut your eyes over to Yamato. “Heeeey… Could we play one of the new songs?”

“NEW SONGS!??!!” Papyrus started screaming, the euphoria Sans had before shattered. “AS IN ONE NEVER HEARD BEFORE OUTSIDE OF THE BAND!???”

“If Hamo says yes!” You grinned.

“No happening.” He answered firmly. “Kenneth doesn’t want us playing new material in front of people before it debuts. You guys know that.”

“Come on!!” Shoto joined in. “Let’s do it!! Let’s do an upbeat one!”

You gasped, “Like Tokyo Neon!”

“ Heck yes, let’s do Tokyo Neon!”

“We’re not doing Tokyo Neon!” Yamato yelled over the two of you.

“What is Tokyo Neon?” Papyrus joined in.

Sans grinned, “sounds like it’s neon ya’ business.”

Papyrus’s smile faded, his face straight and blank, facing forward. Sans waited to be scolded, or for a silent eye roll. Maybe even his usual groan. He chuckled when Papyrus didn’t budge.

“You just gonna pretend like it didn’t happen?”

“YES!” He hissed.

“We’re not playing Tokyo Neon, or any of the new songs for that matter! Not until--”

“Hamooooooooo!” You whined, Shoto echoing after you.

Yamato rolled his head around his broad shoulders to look at Yukihito. “Back me up here.”

Yukihito shrugged, sliding onto a stool as he propped his bass guitar on his knee. “I don’t think even I could resist their faces. Look at them all. Papyrus included.”

“Oh, PLEASE, HAMO!!” Papyrus pressed his hands together, pleading. You and Shoto copied him.

“Come on, hambone. show us what you got.”
Sans grinned, placing his hands behind his head, the glare Mr. Muscles gave him burning into his soul. You snickered, placing your fingertips against your lips to hide your smile, Yukihito and Shoto chortling silently with you. Yamato didn’t look away as he readied his guitar starting up with an opening rift.

You and Shoto whooped in excitement as Yukihito settled into his bass, the deep strings bellowing in the background. Shoto, his energy skyrocketing as he joined, completed the opening.

You locked eyes with Sans as you moved to the mic stand. You cocked a half smirk before pulling the mic free, moving as your mouth opened, the melody flowing from you effortlessly.

“Tokyo no hitogomi to
Noizu ga majiru
Ano yoru kieta kimi no
Konseki sagashite…”

So you could speak Japanese? Guess that hadn’t been a lie. Though he had no clue what you were singing about, you were really, really into it. You smiled as you sang, your adrenaline pumping as your soul lit up.

“Machi no kurayami
Tsukisasu neo
Ibitsu na boku o
Ayashiku terashi…”

The guys matched your energy, the four of you fitting so perfectly together. How long had you all been in a group?

“Kirisuterarenai
Omoi o nigirishimete
Tomadou ma mo naku
Kimi no kage-ge oikakete ita…”

Your ability to switch gears like that impressed Sans. You could sing bone chilling ballads, then switch into a total J-rock groove. You were talented. Malleable like rubber. How in the hell had your band not been signed on with anyone yet?

“Kiri-gakari hikaru
Yoru no maten ro no raito
Suikomareru yo ni
Kimi wa sugata o keshita…”

Yamato took hold of the stage, the guitar riffs ebbing in and out. His long hair trailed around his face, his focus on the strings trailing down the neck. When he did glance up, his gaze always fell on you.
The tenderness in his eyes when he looked at you made Sans wonder… Were you two a couple?

Yamato moved next to you, bumping his arm against yours, leaning into you. You cut him a playful look, your quirked lips trying not to smile.

“Nan do mo yoru o koete
Kioku mo usure
Omokage wasurerarezu
Machi o samayou…”

He shifted his weight, your bodies facing each other. He leaned down, singing into the mic with you now, the duet unexpected, but your voices melded together. His deeper tone mirrored your higher pitch.

“Iku sen ni
Chiribameta hoshi ga terashi
Yume no naka odoru
Maboroshi wa hakanaku matta--”

The flash of setting sunlight jerked Sans from the stage to the door, the light let in by a tall man. His sharp suit and sunglasses screamed corporate scumbag, the way you all stopped in your tracks upon his entering already hinting as to who this guy was. “Kenneth!” You grinned big, your voice amplified from the microphone.

Yamato pointed at you, “She made me do it!”

“What the fuck!?” You extended your arms in disbelief.

“Why’d you guys stop? Did I scare--?” Kenneth’s words halted the second he saw Papyrus sitting on the couch. He grinned, pushing his sunglasses on top of his head, his messy blonde hair now pulled back from his face.

“Desperado!” He drawled, extending his hand.

Papyrus took it, their handshake strong. “VERY NICE TO MEET YOU, SIR!!”

“Welcome to our humble practice space! I had no idea you’d be joining us today.” He cut a look back at you and the boys. “I would have made sure to be here for that!”

“NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE, MR. KENNETH!! YOU’RE THE REASON I’M HERE ACCORDING TO MY NEW BEST FRIEND!”

“New best friend, huh?” He smirked. His gaze made its way to Sans, his expression sinking. “And who might you be?”

“the less popular brother. sans the skeleton.”

Kenneth reached out, grabbing Sans’s hand, and the dread that flooded his bones dropped his smile for a brief moment. He thanked the stars when Kenneth released him, his interest moving on to the group on the stage.
“I got a few notes for you guys, so listen up. Shoto, slow it down. You’re getting just a beat in front of everyone else.”

“Sorry, boss! We got an audience, and it’s making me super pumped!”

“Love the energy. Keep that up.” Kenneth shot him finger guns. “Now, Yamato, why come in and sing?”

Yamato glanced at you before moving his gaze to the floor. “I just got too into it. Singing with Momo is fun, ya’ know?”

Kenneth rolled his eyes. “Look, this voice is all Momo’s got going for her, alright? You’ll overshadow her if you do that. Stick to looking studly on the lead guitar.”

Your entire demeanor sank in that instant. Sans couldn’t believe how casually he said that right in front of you. Was this something that happened on a normal basis with this guy?

Papyrus saw it to, the two of them exchanging a look silently. Sans didn’t really trust you, but…

“Momo,” Kenneth sighed. “your voice is cracky. What’s the deal?”

“Umm.” You smiled, trying to look innocent and unmoved from before. “It certainly isn’t related to the donut I had for breakfast.”

“Dammit, I told you to knock that shit out. If you ruin your voice with sugar I’m going to throw you in the fucking ocean.”

“I know, okay!? It’s not like we have a show today. You know I behave on show dates.”

“I don’t fucking care. I don’t want you eating that shit at all!” He paused. “And another thing, don’t play new material for people unless I give you permission! Not unless we’re debuting at a show, or we release it on the YouTube channel.”

“Don’t look at me.” Yamato scoffed. “She’s the one wanting to show off for her skeletons.”

You snapped off something in Japanese, Sans unfamiliar with the words you were using. Whatever the hell you said made Yamato double take you, and he popped something back. You retorted, snapping your finger sassily as Yukihito and Shoto started laughing, Yamato yelling over them. Yukihito started chanting something, Shoto joining him as Kenneth started clapping and yelling, “Hey! Hey! Hey! English, people!! You know I hate it when you all do this shit in front of me!”

“Sumimasen!” You grinned, saluting him playfully. Sans gave a small snicker at your sarcasm.

“SO, WHEN ARE YOU PLANNING ON DOING ANOTHER LIVE SHOW!?” Papyrus’s voice brought everyone’s attention to the back wall.

“Kenneth doesn’t have any scheduled yet. He’s waiting until we get closer to dropping our new album.”

“NEW ALBUM!?!?” Papyrus cried out.

“Stop giving away our secrets, woman!” Yamato snapped.

“It’s not a secret.” You scoffed. “We’ve released three new songs on our YouTube channel over the past few months. I’m sure our fans are smart enough to predict it’s coming!”
“Ah, tut, tut, tut, tut!!” Kenneth waved his arms. “I’m with Yamato on this. Don’t go giving out info like that until we do the big reveal!”

You shrugged. “But Papyrus is my bestie.”

“THAT’S RIGHT! OUR FRIENDSHIP TRANSCENDS RULES!”

“I’m gonna ignore that.” Kenneth sighed. “Momo, you’ve got your dance lessons to worry about right now. I need you focused on that, and just writing songs. I don’t want you piling too much on top of that.”

“Speaking of doing shows…” You cautiously began. “I was wondering if we could start playing at more monster friendly venues?”

Kenneth’s face brightened. “That’s a fantastic idea! With our partnership with Mettaton that would help boost our popularity!”

Annnnnnnd there it was. Sans knew you were using them.

“While that’s true, I was thinking more along the lines of showing our support for monster equality.” You added, sugar coating it.

Kenneth turned to Papyrus and Sans. “You two know of some places that’ll let a human band play?”

“SANS IS MORE OF THE EXPERT ON PLACES LIKE THAT!” Papyrus grinned, looking towards his brother. Sans darted his gaze around, everyone suddenly looking at him. His voice locked up inside his throat, his body petrified. He tried to spit something out just to pull himself away from the center of attention.

“uh, i, uhh…” He swallowed. “i don’t really have any place in mind.”

That much was true. Sans didn’t spend a lot of time in many places but Grillby’s, and he certainly wouldn’t throw that name out there. Besides, not a lot of monster establishments wanted to attract humans crowds, given the public opinion on monsterkind.

Papyrus sighed, “SANS, COME ON NOW! YOU KNOW ALL THE GOOD PLACES IN THE CITY! EVEN IF YOU ONLY EVER GO TO GRILLBY’S--” Papyrus froze before a wide grin crept across his skull. “WAIT!! WHAT ABOUT GRILLBY’S!?!?”

You gasped in delight. “Oh, I would love to play at Grillby’s!”

“Where’s that?” Yamato asked, leaning against an amp.

“sleazy place. sleazy part of town.” Sans explained, hoping to steer you all away from there.

You cocked your head before shaking it. “I don’t think it’s sleazy at all. It’s so warm and homey. I’ve only been there once, but I absolutely loved it!”

“You think the owner will have us?” Yukihiro asked.

“i dunno. grillby has never hired a human band before.” Sans shrugged. “hell, i doubt one’s ever asked to. they don’t really come to our side of town.”

“OH, THEN YOU COULD BE THE FIRST HUMAN BAND TO PLAY THERE!! WOULDN’T THAT BE WONDERFUL!?”
“Yes!”

“I’m totally in!” Shoto agreed.

“I don’t have a problem with it.” Yamato said, Yukihiro nodding silently.

“Alright.” Kenneth looked at Sans. “Give me the address, and I’ll go talk to the man myself.”

Sans hesitated, knowing beyond the shadow of a doubt that Grillby wouldn’t want to talk to Kenneth. He had trouble written all over him. He contemplated speaking to Grillby about it himself. If Sans told Grillby that you guys were okay, he’d probably hire you on the spot, but…

That was the thing about it. He didn’t know if you guys were okay. Besides, why should he do you any favors?

“If some human comes in there he doesn’t know he’s bound to say no. Grillby is all about keeping a nice, safe place for wayward monsters. He doesn’t care about making profit.”

Kenneth snorted. “Stupid way to run a business.”

Sans cut Kenneth a look, hoping that the idea would drop after that. Until Papyrus, bless his soul, opened his mouth again.

“SANS, WHY DON’T YOU TRY TALKING TO HIM??”

Sans fought ever urge to groan. He looked at Papyrus, silently pleading for him to retract his suggestion. Sans wanted as little to do with you and your band as possible. His brother had to know that.

But looking at him with that hopeful grin, his teeth clenched in anticipation, Sans couldn’t find the words. After everything Sans put his brother through. After everything Papyrus did for him, how could he refuse?

“yeah... can’t hurt.”

Papyrus’s cry of joy gave Sans enough appreciation to last him the rest of his life. Papyrus threw his arms around Sans, hugging and shaking him like a great aunt you only saw at Christmas. He caught your adoring smile, the lights from the stage adding to your glow.

He did like the way you lit up when you smiled.

“So, why don’t I go with you? No one can answer questions about Mili better than me!” Kenneth mused, his focus regrettably back on Sans.

“no way. i’m telling you, even if you’re with me, he’s not going to listen to some human he’s never met before.”

“I could go…” You suggested sheepishly.

“OH, IF YOU AND SANS ARE GOING, THEN I WANT TO COME, TOO!”

“What the fuckity fuck? Why am I the only one not invited?” Kenneth asked.

“Because, Kenneth, you’re going to come off too strong. Like a pushy salesman, and honestly, you’re really off putting.” You answered coldly.
“Oh, so you think you can sell Grillby on giving you a chance?”

“Well, I think I have a good shot. I know the brothers, and I’ve met Grillby before. He may listen to me! Especially since Sans will be there to back me up!”

Back you up? Oh, Sans couldn’t wait to see the look on your face when he rejected you.

“Oh, that confident, huh? Why don’t we bet on it?”

“C’mon, Kenneth, don’t—” Yamato started in.

“Nah, she wants to take the lead? I’ll let her… for a price.” Kenneth approached you slowly, his eyes searching up and down you. You reflexively took a step back when he got close enough to touch you. “If you manage to get Grillby to let Mili play, then you can have all the donuts you want.”

Sans would’ve thought he’d tempted you with the key to happiness the way your face melted into a blissful dream. He couldn’t help but let out a small chuckle.

“But…” Kenneth began, and you swallowed, your starry eyes sinking in fear. “If he doesn’t, then you’ll never have them again.”

Now it looked as though he said he’d murder your cat. Sans got too much joy in watching your expressions. You curled your lip, everything still in your body but your mind. Really, though… How could this guy say all you had to you was your voice?

“…Is she okay?” Shoto asked concernedly.

“I think you broke her.” Yamato said, poking you in the arm. You came back to life that instant, swatting his hand away as you cried, “Don’t touch me!”

“Oh, the skeleton gets to spin hug you like a Disney princess, yet I can’t even poke you?”

“Fine, Kenneth, it’s a deal.” You affirmed, crossing your arms.

“Oh, I’ve never wanted you to fail so bad in my life.” Kenneth practically giggled.

“You’re going to regret this!” You declared. “I’ll eat so many donuts that I may die!”

“Oh, baby girl, please… You couldn’t take control of a golf cart.”

“At least I know how make good analogies!” You stuck your tongue out.

“Should we shake on it?” Kenneth held out his hand, which you promptly refused.

“I don’t know where your hands have been.”

Sans couldn’t help but notice how guarded you were surrounded by all these men. Yamato showed him that more than anyone. He could see how you winced every time he put a part of his body on you. The only time you didn’t push him away had been during your duet. Maybe in the moment of song you let your walls fall down. Looked like the two of you weren’t dating after all.

But with Papyrus, you weren’t like that. Besides his over the top hugs, he constantly had a hand on your shoulder, your arm, the small of your back.

He knew better than anyone Papyrus had no romantic intentions with you. Maybe you sensed it as well, and that’s why you allowed it?
The only time you touched Sans had been the night you pinned him to the couch. A night he wished he would forget already instead of it playing over and over in his mind like it did. Plaguing him at night while he tried to sleep.

He didn’t know, at the time, how much he’d learned about you in those short hours.

The walk to Grillby’s shifted you from the setting sun directly into nightfall. If you weren’t with Papyrus you might’ve been nervous about walking around the city so late. Though he had a cinnamon roll heart, his height made him intimidating enough.

Sans, on the other hand, with his upturned hood and slouched frame looked more like a mugger than a pedestrian. His smile seemed friendly enough at first glance, but you found it didn’t really fit him. Not all the time, anyway.

You regretted wearing shorts tremendously now that the sun vanished from the sky along with it’s warming rays. The autumn chill had arrived, and you had nothing to change into. You sucked it up, not wanting to whine. Once you got inside Grillby’s, you’d warm up just fine.

“i know you’re trying to prove to kenneth that you wear big girl britches, but you should really let me do the talking.”

You rolled your eyes. “First of all, leave my type of britches out of this. Secondly, the deal is that I have to convince Grillby to let us play.”

“I GUARANTEE THE SECOND HE HEARS YOU SING HE’LL AGREE TO IT!”

“i wouldn’t be so sure of that, paps. grillby really only lets people play that he’s comfortable with. people he knows.”

“So, does he not allow people to eat there if he doesn’t know them?”

Sans shook his head. “nah, it’s nothing like that. if you’re playing there it means you’ll attract certain people.”

You didn’t think Sans meant to be offensive, but coming from him you weren’t entirely sure. You’d seen monsters at your shows before. Surely Mili wouldn’t bring in a crowd of people that Grillby wouldn’t like. At least, that’s what you wanted to believe.

“WELL, WE WON’T KNOW UNTIL WE ASK! OPTIMISM IS KEY!”

You were thankful you had Papyrus there to balance out Sans as you finally reached your destination. The docks weren’t too terribly far away from the downtown area, so getting to Grillby’s took less time than you thought it would. You were pleased to know how easily it was to get to for future reference.

A blanket of warmth fell over you as you entered the bar. The lack of noise and less than half the patrons from before did catch you by surprise. The stage was empty, though the jukebox in the corner played a slow, jazzy tune. You recalled Papyrus telling you that their rowdiness resided in their celebration of the king and queen of monsters getting re-married. Then again, maybe it was because it was a Sunday night?

The television behind the bar had been switched on, the local news station covering the death of a famous monster. You’d never heard of him before, but his photo showed just how old he was. A turtle monster, it seemed, but the name wasn’t displayed.
Grillby himself stood behind the bar, his gaze already resting on the three of you. Sans moved from the door first, plopping himself down on the same barstool from before. He tapped his fingers on the countertop. “hey, grillbz.”

You found it cute how chipper Sans became upon being in his favorite place. You stepped up to the bar, seating yourself next to Sans. Papyrus sat on the other side of you as Grillby eyed the three of you.

“Hello, Sans…” He began, the crackle of his voice putting a smile on your face. “I see you have an entourage this evening.”

“you could say that.” Sans scoffed. “before we get to business, how about some hibiki. make it a double.”

Papyrus swatted his hand in front of Sans’s face. “NO, SANS!! NO DRINKING TODAY! WE’RE HERE ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS!!” He grinned up at Grillby. “GRILLBY, MY BOY! HOW DO YOU DO!!?”

Grillby placed a hand on his hip, raising his brow as he continued to scan over the three of you. “I am well, Papyrus. What special occasion brings you and your lady friend here this evening?” He paused. “Other than getting a head start on carrying your brother home later.”

You suppressed a giggle as Sans cut Grillby a look. Sans, however, saw your reaction before smirking at you. “you’re the one who needs this. why don’t you tell him?”

Nerves never hit you as hard as they did the moment Grillby locked eyes with you. Your heart fluttered. “Well…” You began weakly. Sans propped his chubby cheek on his arm, his elbow resting on the bartop as he continued to stare at you with that wide grin. You took a deep breath. “My band is looking for more monster based venues to play in, and we hoped you’d be interesting in letting us perform here.”

“Oh, would you now?” Grillby purred mockingly.

“If you’ll have us, absolutely.”

“...No, I don’t think so.”

“WHAT!!?” Papyrus gasped in disbelief.

“I don’t allow human performers in my bar with good reason. Nothing personal, dear. It’s just my policy.”

“Can I ask why?” You inquired.

“My regular patrons get nervous around humans they don’t know. I don’t want them feeling uncomfortable, so I don’t bother bringing them in here. Why do that when I have plenty of monster performers I use on a regular basis?”

“told you he wouldn’t like the idea.” Sans jabbed, the smirk on his face tempting you to smack him.

“GRILLBY, I CAN ASSURE YOU, MILI IS THE ABSOLUTE, BESTEST BAND IN THE WORLD! THEY’D NEVER DO ANYTHING TO ENDANGER YOUR GUESTS!!”

“And I’m sure you’re right, Papyrus, but I can’t be too careful…” Grillby turned behind him, pointing towards the television. The news report of the deceased monster still broadcasted. The four
of you remained quiet as the blonde newscaster spoke, “--though it’s unclear at the time if this was a murder, or if perhaps Gerson died of old age. Channel seventeen has requested King Asgore to speak on the matter, but says he refused to make a comment until he has had time to mourn the loss of a close friend.”

Gerson… That name sounded familiar.

“Undyne must be so upset…” Papyrus whispered, and it clicked. She had mentioned him the night before at the sleepover. Someone she used to follow around when she was little?

“I NEED TO GO CALL HER RIGHT NOW!” Papyrus jumped up from his barstool, his fingers already dialing her on his phone.

You double checked to be sure. “Undyne mentioned him last night, didn’t she?”

“yeah.” Sans dryly replied.

“I don’t understand… How can they not tell the difference between murder and old age?”

“i don’t feel like giving a monster anatomy lesson, alright? why don’t you try google for a change?” Grillby answered for you, “When a monster dies, our bodies turn to dust, no matter the context of our demise. Determining a monster’s cause of death can be difficult.”

“I’m sorry…” You said, addressing them both. “I can’t believe someone would do something like this…”

“This is… normal…” Grillby slowly explained. “This happens at least once a week.”

“Still… To think this is so common…”

“You see now, my dear, how we must remain cautious?”

You nodded, your gaze falling into the grout of the tiled floor. How in the hell had you not known that before now? Were you really this out of the loop?

Why weren’t people doing more to change that?

“ALPHYS TOLD ME UNDYNE WAS ALRIGHT, BUT SHE WANTED TO BE LEFT ALONE…” Papyrus's loud voice surprised you, unaware that he had come back from outside. He sat himself back at the bar. “GRILLBY, I UNDERSTAND WHERE YOU’RE COMING FROM, OF COURSE, BUT WE CAN’T LET THINGS LIKE THIS STOP US FROM JUST HAVING A NIGHT OF FUN IN A BAR? RIGHT??”

Papyrus had a point. You jumped on the opportunity to get what you came there for, hoping to raise the mood in the process. “There must be something I can do to convince you otherwise. Maybe even to reassure your guests?”

“That’s not up to me. That’s something you’ll have to prove to them.”

“How can she do that when you won’t let her perform!?”

“I’m a bartender. Not a guidance counselor.”

“guess you can kiss your donuts goodbye.” Sans sang mockingly. You glared at him, wanting nothing more than to knock him from his high horse. You locked eyes with Grillby as you climbed
on top of the counter, your hands and knees resting firmly on the flat surface. “What about a job?! Could you hire me as a waitress!?”

“Really?…” Grillby cocked his head. “Someone like you? Waiting tables in my little bar?”

“I happen to find this bar charming, and would love nothing more than to work here!” You screamed in desperation, the whooping and whistling of the patrons giving you more drive.

“THERE’S NO WAY!” Papyrus gasped. “WITH THE DANCE LESSONS, BAND PRACTICE AND OUR COOKING LESSONS, YOU’LL BARELY HAVE TIME FOR SLEEP!”

“That doesn’t matter anymore!” You smiled, silently thanking your best friend for his concern. “I saw how busy you were this weekend, Grillby. You could use an extra set of hands out here on the floor!”

“Now, how silly of you to try and make this sound selfless…” Grillby said.

“No, it’s not just about that. This isn’t just to help you out, but for my bandmates! This is a chance to show more monsters that all humans aren’t garbage! We’re better than that!” You paused, crawling so close to the other edge of the countertop that your upper half leaned over the ledge. “And I’m going to prove to that no good manager of mine that I’m not some plain jane girl! I’m fucking fierce, and I’ll do whatever it takes to make this happen!”

Grillby stared back at you, his unmoving expression firing every neuron in your brain. What else could you do to convince him otherwise?

“…you’re not actually considering this, are you?” Sans’s voice came from behind you.

“… I could use an extra pair of hands around here on the weekends…”

“grillby…” Sans gritted through his teeth. “you’re not serious?”

“And the regulars seem to be a fan of your rear…” He said it so casually that his meaning didn’t click right away. You yelped in surprise, crawling your way back into your barstool.

“How about we meet a night that’s good for you for training?”

“Sounds great!” You slammed your fist on the counter, the pain shooting through your bones giving you instant regret. “I’ll be here Tuesday night!” You sang through the pain, sliding out of your barstool as you stretched your fingers. “Just you wait! Your guests are going to love me!”

“I hope you’re right.”

The void of pupils in Sans’s eye sockets coupled with his big grin pleased you to no end. You realized, in that moment, how much you liked making him sweat. You couldn’t help but wink at him. “Looks like I’ll be seeing you a lot more often, Sansy.”

“looks like it…” He gritted through his smile.

“You ready?” You asked Papyrus.

“OF COURSE! I’LL WALK YOU HOME!” Papyrus offered you his arm, which you took graciously. “SANS, ARE YOU COMING ALONG?”

“i’ll catch up with you later.”
“I’M NOT COMING BACK TO PICK YOU UP LATER!”

“i just want to have a chat with grillby. i won’t be long.” Sans droned, his small frame hunched horribly on the countertop, his cheek squished into his hand. Papyrus hesitated before he led you to the exit.

“I HAVE TO SAY… THAT WAS INCREDIBLE!!” Papyrus shook your arm once the two of you were outdoors, your giggles echoing through the loose night air.

“Really?” You twisted around the idea. “You don’t think it was a little extra?”

“JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF EXTRA!!” Papyrus assured you. “NOW THAT YOU’LL BE WORKING THERE, YOU’LL GET THE CHANCE TO BECOME FAMILIAR WITH HIS GUESTS!! IT’LL ONLY BE A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY’LL FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU AND BEG YOU TO PERFORM THERE!”

“You think so?”

You grinned hard, wondering how you lived this long without a Papyrus in your life. The power you felt filled your bones with confidence as you continued to strut down the street, arm linked with your best friend’s.

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“She gave a good enough view just a few minutes ago. Do the girl a favor and try to act like a gentleman.” Grillby’s voice pulled Sans’s eyes away from your rear. His cheeks flushed when he realized that he had been staring. “i wasn’t--!”

“Now, what kind of chat did you want to have?” Grillby impatiently cut him off. “As entertaining as you all are, I need to get back to work.”

Sans slumped back down. “why are you hiring her?”

“Truly it does nothing but benefit me.” He said, throwing a dry towel over his shoulder, straightening the shot glasses and bottles of liquor along the back wall. “If she works out well, I’ll have a cute waitress to give me a hand on the weekends, and if the regulars really love her, then I’ll have a new attraction. I’d be an idiot to not take a chance at this.”

“She’s no good, grillbz. you should’ve turned her down.”

“Why don’t you like her exactly?”

“uh…” Sans stuttered, suddenly unable to articulate.

Grillby looked over his shoulder. “My, the list is so long. Must I stand here all day?”

“I don’t have a direct reason, alright?” Sans confessed. “i just think that she’s using my brother for her own personal gain.”

“What gain would that be?”

“to promote her band.” Sans waved his arms, like it should’ve been obvious.

“Oh, she’s trying to further her career? How dare she?” Grillby playfully put a hand on his heart.
“c’mon, don’t you think their situation is just a little too convenient? i met her manager today, and that guy is trouble. he’s probably got her acting all nice to weave her way into our lives, and now you’ve given her passage into my favorite place on earth.” Sans crossed his arms. “so thanks.”

Grillby sighed, the heat of his breath hitting Sans like opening a warm oven. “Someone willing to take up a second job just so her band can play in a hole in the wall doesn’t sound like the type of person to manipulate someone for personal gain.” He peered at Sans over his glasses. “Have you even looked at her soul?”

“no. why would i? s’not like we’re gonna dance or anything.”

“You mean to tell me you’ve never looked at a human’s soul just to see their dominant trait?”

“nope.” He shrugged. “guess i just could care less about it.”

“Sans the skeleton, you used to be more open minded about these kinds of things. Maybe you should give it a try. It might shed some light on their true intentions.”

“yeah, maybe, but there’s other factors that make up a human’s behavior. their soul is just their core. their memories, upbringing, not to mention the star alignment they were born under.” Sans leaned further over the counter, as if sharing something top secret. Grillby leaned in, propping on the countertop with his elbow. “did you know a human’s personality can also be affected by the phase of the moon their born under?” He leaned back now, crossing his arms. “humans are complicated creatures. so damn flexible.”

Grillby raised a brow. “For someone who hates humans so much, you sure know a lot about them.”

Sans rolled his eyes. “yeah, well, you can thank my dad for that.”

“Just take my advice. Try it out on her. Try to understand her rather than despise her.” He paused. “I think it’ll be good for you.”

Sans had enough, hopping down from his barstool. “ya’ know, you should really stick to bartending. you’re not a counselor, remember?”

Chapter End Notes

That's right, reader!! Yes, YOU reading this right now!! You ARE a gem, and Sans likes your butt! ;)

Chapter Title: Rubber Human
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6DZjCgbxbx5U

And, of course, here's Opium!
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RWX8NRQOf64

Finally, this new and wonderful song titled Tokyo Neon!
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JZTiHfvwHE0

Here's a link for a live version of Tokyo Neon!
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=78TJ7d0adb8
I found a post on reddit that converted Tokyo Neon from kanji to romanji, and it also has a rough English translation at the bottom. I read along with the romanji while I listened to the song, and I think it sounds right. So here's a link to that!
https://www.reddit.com/r/mili/comments/8fcifj/romaji_of_tokyo_neon/

Now that that's all said and done, I really want to thank you guys for reading. AGAIN! You're all amazing, and feel free to leave your thoughts down below! I'll reply to you as quickly as I can!
Witch's Invitation

Chapter Summary

While your confidence is at an all time high, your relationship with Sans is plummeting in the opposite direction. Maybe some hot food and warm welcomes will sway his attitude?

Probably not.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The long, flapping proboscis of the alligator monster behind the counter had you wondering if you’d entered the wrong building by mistake. The end of her snout had painted pink lips, her eyelashes long and dramatic with purple eyeshadow vibrantly shining against her pale green scales. Her curled blonde hair bounced as she continued in that valley girl drone. You hesitated as she continued to babble, but… Who was she talking to?

“So, like, I went ahead and switched shifts with him since tonight was the only night he could do it. He’s working at his other job tomorrow night, and like, I guess I kinda feel sorry for him? Like, in a ‘aww, he’s so desperate’ kind of way. I mean, I guess this will give them some time alone, but it’s not going to change anything.”

“Uh-huh.” Juliet’s uninterested response came before she popped up from behind the counter, slamming a large, white binder down as she did so. The sound caused you and the alligator monster to both jump.

“Sorry!” Juliet sighed, only noticing you after the small yelp you’d let escape. The bags under her eyes were darker than normal. “Bratty, why didn’t you greet her when she came in?!”

“I, like, didn’t even notice you walked in!” She stuck her tongue out. “My bad.”

“It’s fine.” You shrugged it off. You’d gotten used to being overlooked.

“Here’s the sign in sheet.” Juliet slid it over to you without looking up from her binder. She flipped it open, scribbling down some notes with a red pen. Bratty, however, continued to lean on the counter. Juliet looked at her as if she’d said something offensive. “Bratty, don’t lean on the counter in front of guests.”

Bratty cut her decorated eyes at her. “Whatever. You need to, like, chill girl.”

You finished signing in, sliding the sheet back to her. “So, I take it Felix switched to the night shift?”

“It’s fine.” Juliet shrugged, pursing her lips. “I don’t care.”

You quirked your brow, everything about her demeanor telling you otherwise. You decided to change the subject. “So, is C.G. off today?”

“From here. He’s working his ice cream–” She stopped herself, rolling her eyes. “Nice cream stand
in the park today.”

“Nice cream?” You repeated.

“It’s his ice cream brand. He makes them himself.”


“Yeah, I admire it and all. I hate not working with him, though. He’s the only other one that actually does anything around here.” She cut her eyes at Bratty who had moved her attention to filing her painted claws.

“Well, I had better get going. I don’t want to be late.” You said.

“Take care, miss. Enjoy your rehearsal.”

“Try not to stress out too much, okay?” You tenderly advised. “Your hard work will pay off one day.”

She responded with the first smile you’d seen on her that day. Her focus dropped back down to her binder. You turned from her, going to the elevator with a bounce in your step.

You sighed, your very soul exhaling all its frustrations. You couldn’t believe the difference you felt going to the studio compared to your first day. Your victory at landing a job with Grillby, plus Papyrus’s words echoing in your head as you fell asleep, equaled a much more confident you.

For the first time in a while you felt… satisfied.

The peculiar sight of Mettaton and Papyrus doing stretches made you giggle upon your arrival to studio 13B. They did realize that neither of them had muscles, didn’t they?

“GOOD MORNING, BEST FRIEND!!” Papyrus greeted you with as much enthusiasm as always. “CARE TO JOIN US IN LIBERATING OUR TENSIONS!!?”

“Sure!” You tossed your bag down, moving to join the two on the floor. You made eye contact with Sans as you passed by the bench. He quickly averted his entire skull to the far corner, his intentions of never looking you in the eye diligent as ever.

Why did he have such a hard time looking at you? Did he hate you that much?

Mettaton slid up, the gears in his legs whirring as he inhumanly made it from the splits to a standing position, shaking a disapproving finger at you. “No, no, no! Stretching is only for people who are on time!”

“But I am on time.” You argued.

“If you’re early, then you’re on time. If you’re on time, then you’re late!”

“That’s horse malarkey, and you know it.”

“Your word against mine, darling, but I’m the one in charge!” He winked as he moved to the boombox. “Now, you two get ready! We’re going straight to the opening, and I want to see you nail this!”

“RIGHTO!” Papyrus called, already taking his opening stance. His bizarre fashion sense betrayed
his portrayal of a stoic chick magnet.

But that’s what you liked about Papyrus.

You wasted no time, finding your mark and readying yourself as well. Mettaton stepped to his usual spot near the door, keeping enough distance as to not distract the two of you from your routine. His heels echoed along the hardwood floor, the song starting just as he stopped moving.

“Comin’ over in my direction

So thankful for that, it’s such a blessin’, yeah

Turn every situation into heaven, yeah

Oh-oh, you are…”

You turned sharply towards Papyrus, your normally rigid feet following the direction you wanted to go. You started moving towards him, your excitement to get closer making you all the more eager.

“My sunrise on the darkest day

Got me feelin’ some kind of way

Make me wanna savor every moment slowly, slowly

You fit me tailor-made, love how you put it on

Got the only key, know how to turn it on…”

You grabbed onto Papyrus’s shoulder, spinning around him, your hands exploring his body more vigorously. More hungry.

“The way you nibble on my ear, the only words I wanna hear

Baby, take it slow so we can last long…”

You snapped around, freezing in place as Papyrus came in for his part of the opening, your sparkling energy giving you trouble.

“¡Oh! Tú, tú eres el imán y yo soy el metal

Me voy acercando y voy armando el plan

Sólo con pensar lo se acelera el pulso (oh yeah)

Ya, ya me está gustando más de lo normal

Todos mis sentidos van pidiendo más

Esto hay que tomarlo sin ningún apuro…”

Papyrus, as crisp as ever in his movements, spun circles around you as he caressed your arm and thigh, his sliding hands less intrusive than in previous rehearsals. You held your breath as his fingers slid across your breasts, his large hands gripping your shoulder and forcibly spinning you to face him. He caught your left hand in his, his right gripping you just above the hip.

The music stopped, your character dropping immediately as your shoulders drooped in
disappointment. You looked back at Mettaton, ready for your harsh critique. His finger and thumb rested against his chin, the slow nod of his head a surprise.

“Not bad.”

“Really!?” You gasped.

“It’s obvious you’re still a newbie, but... I can see a difference in the way you two move together. You’re getting more comfortable with one another.”

Papyrus draped his arm around you as he bellowed heroically, “OUR BOND WILL TRANSCEND THE HEAVENS!!”

“What he said.” You firmly agreed.

“Whatever works is fine by me, so long as you portray what I’m envisioning, however...” Mettaton purred as he moved across the room. He reached a pink bag, matching tissue paper jaggedly popping out next to the bench Sans always perched himself on. He dove both hands inside, pulling out a shoe box. He sprung back up, smirking as he held it out for you to get a better look. “It’s about time we switch you into the proper footwear for this number!”

You blinked. “Say what now?”

He moved back to you, continuing to hold the box out at arm's length until the shoebox bumped against your chest. “I took the liberty of asking Kenneth for your shoe size!”

You reluctantly took the box, wondering how Kenneth knew that information, and why your footwear really mattered.

That was... until you flipped open the lid.

Inside rested a pair of heels. Not just any heels, no, these were suede, red heels. Red like the Moulin Rouge, the color screaming passion and lust. The thin heel looked as though it would snap at any weight put on it, the height of it at least four inches.

You looked up at Mettaton, back at the heels, then back up to Mettaton before you asked in disbelief. “You want me to dance in these!?”

“You’ve got it, darling!”

You shook your head. “I don’t think I could even stand up in these, much less dance the salsa with Papyrus!”

“Best you start wearing them early on then!” He placed his hands on his hips. “Starting today I want you to rehearse in them! The more you wear them, the more you’ll get used to them!”

“Okay, sure, but I really don’t wear heels very often.” You explained. “And when I do I’m usually just singing for a performance, or going to something important that I feel like I should dress nice for.”

“How ghastly!” Mettaton looked mortified by your words. “Everyone deserves a nice pair of heels to lift their spirits, and their bods!” He high kicked awfully close to your face, causing you to step backwards into Papyrus, barely bumping into his chest. “Why do you think I wear heels all the time, everyday, even while I sleep!?”
“You… wear heels when you sleep?”

“You’re doing it again.” He commanded with a smile as he dropped his leg back to the floor. “Now.”

You rolled your eyes, not bothering to hide your irritation, as you joined Sans on the bench, making sure to not sit too close to him. You removed your tennis shoes and socks, hoping your feet didn’t stink. You slipped your feet inside the heels, the arch of your foot in immediate discomfort. A straight line of fabric shot up the middle of your foot, horizontal lines connecting it to the base of the heel. A zipper in the back closed them firmly around your ankle. You gave the heel a good shake, testing to make sure they wouldn’t fall off before putting on the other one. They fit perfectly, save for the feeling of having misshapen hooved legs like a horse.

You stood up, your disrupted equilibrium causing you to fall back on the bench. Sans audibly laughed, his chuckle lighthearted and playful. You glared at him regardless, your pride shrinking with each sound of joy he made from your suffering.

“YOU’VE GOT THIS!” Papyrus moved to the bench, offering you a hand. “JUST IGNORE HIM!” He strained through his large teeth.

You took Papyrus’s hand. “It’s fine. Just let me fall on him, and I’ll crush him.”

“Looks like you won’t make it over to me anytime soon.”

“I’ll find a way to make contact!”

“Please don’t ever put your body on mine again.” Sans smiled harder, his cheeks flushed.

“Sure. Next time you’re throwing up on yourself I’ll just leave you there.”

“Hey, just tell your hunky friend about it. I’m sure you’ll have a good laugh.”

You snapped around to face him. “I didn’t tell Yamato that you were drunk off your ass, alright? I just told him you were sick, and we had to pick you up. You’re the one adding onto it, and maybe if you’re so concerned with what people think of you, you should try and do something about it.”

His smile sunk just a little as he shifted his head just enough to face you. “That’s funny, coming from you. All you do is try to prove you’re something you’re not, even if Papyrus is the only one falling for your crap—”

“SANS!!” Papyrus shrieked mortifyingly.

“Yeah?”

“DON’T ‘YEAH’ AT ME LIKE YOU DON’T KNOW WHAT YOU JUST SAID!! NOW IS NOT THE TIME OR PLACE FOR THIS DISCUSSION, AND I FRANKLY WOULD LIKE TO GET BACK TO OUR DANCE LESSON!!” Papyrus’s grip on your hand tightened. “NOW, PLEASE, BEST FRIEND, STAND UP.”

“Oh, my…” Mettaton’s eyes flickered between the three of you, the slight curl of his lip almost menacing. Like spotting a sinful dessert in a shop window. “Do I detect… drama~?”

“THERE IS NO SUCH THING. NOTHING BAD HAS EVER HAPPENED, AND WE WILL KEEP IT THAT WAY WHILE IN THIS ROOM.” He looked between you and Sans. “AGREED?”
The two of you nodded silently, Papyrus holding your hand firmly as you stood up. With Papyrus’s help you managed to stay stable enough to take a step. Clunky, and ungraceful, you stepped again.

“This pains me to see.” Mettaton sighed, pushing his hair back from his face. “Kenneth, what did you give me to work with?”

“I can do this!” You practically screamed, your resentment not entirely directed at Mettaton. “Just let me get used to them.”

You knew why Papyrus had stopped your argument with Sans. But, oh, how you wished he hadn’t.

“I was under the impression that you could at least walk in them. You were wearing heels when I met you!”

Mettaton remembered something like that? “Yes, heels! Not stilettos!”

He scoffed. “Complain all you like. My show, my rules.”

“WHY DON’T WE START OUT SMALL! YOU’RE ALREADY WALKING IN THEM WITHOUT TOO MUCH DIFFICULTY!”

“you look like you need heeling to me.”

The fact Sans even dared to breath a pun at that moment fueled your fire. The energy bubbled inside you like pop rocks and soda, and you wanted nothing more than to physically get out this wrath. Since sex obviously wasn’t an option in that moment, you’d have to dance it out with Papyrus.

“What do you have in mind?” You asked.

“I THOUGHT WE COULD DO SOME ROCK STEPS!”

“What is that exactly?”

“ONE FOOT STAYS IN PLACE WHILE THE OTHER MOVES FRONT, THEN BACK!”

You silently nodded, unable to keep yourself from cutting eyes at Sans. You had the uncontrollable urge to pin him down again.

Spiteful little shit.

The rock steps started out well enough, your balance slowly coming together as you moved in sync. You recalled to use your left foot, being the woman, though you found it boring compared to the other basic latin dances you had learned.

Papyrus caught your eyes, his skeletal lips curling in disappointment. Guilt gripped you for making him worry, so you tried to smile it off. Really, Sans being an ass wasn’t anything new. You just didn’t think your playful banter would get so personal.

You laughed when Papyrus suddenly switched up his steps, now leading you in the merengue. The faster pace soothed you, though your feet stung with a dull ache. His grin returned upon seeing your satisfaction.

“My, you’re so loose!” Mettaton said, circling you like a vulture. “Not nearly as tense as last week!”

He cut you eyes, “Did you get some this weekend?”

“DID SHE GET SOME WHAT??” Papyrus cocked his head.
You smirked. “If you mean satisfaction, then yes, I did.”

“Scandalous!”

He had you do the opening sequence again, now that you had on your proper dance shoes. The height advantage they gave you matched you better with Papyrus, his towering frame less intimidating against your inexperienced stumbling. You could feel a more natural sway to your hips, the movements of your legs more sensual.

You caught sight of yourself in the mirror, your sloppy exercise clothes undeserving to be paired with your nice, new heels.

Then you caught sight of Sans in the reflection behind you as you twirled around his brother. His sunken eye sockets looked so tired, his eye lights absentmindedly adrift farther than the ceiling. His smile had all but vanished, his teeth hidden behind the soft bone of his skeletal lips. Where did he go when his mind vanished, leaving his body so open and vulnerable?

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Sans persuaded his thoughts to rest… elsewhere. That deep, back alley of his mind, hiding behind his quick wit.

“I think the form could use some work, but that’s to be expected, dancing in that type of heel.”

“That type of heel??”

“While the stiletto is the most sensual of the heel family, it’s not intended for the salsa--”

“Then why are you making me wear these things!?”

“Because go big or go home doesn’t even begin to describe my philosophy! Now get ready! We’re moving on to the chorus, and it’s very important that this particular despacito is perfect! Come together just like the ending of the first verse!”

He tried to distract himself from the room, to think about what he’d enjoy at Grillby’s that night. How all the patrons would take you working there.

No, he didn’t want to think about you. Something else. Something like…

“And when he says ‘despacito,’ that’s exactly how I want you to move! Slow-ly!”

What had he and Grillby talked about the night before?

Mettaton’s claps echoed as he enunciated, “Des-pa-ci-to!”

Oh, that’s right. You. All his thoughts spiraled back around to you… God, why couldn’t he just stop?

“Papyrus, you’ll give her a good dip like you’re gliding her straight from the verse to the chorus. You won’t have time to pause in between because you’ll pop her back up on the ‘cito.’ Mettaton turned to you. “I want your body bent back, breasts to the skies until your head practically hits the floor!”

“Sounds a bit excessive, but okay.”

“You think that’s excessive?” Mettaton huffed. “Darling, this cabaret routine is just getting started!”

“WOULD YOU LIKE TO PRACTICE THE BEND?” Papyrus offered. “JUST TO SEE HOW
“I would. I don’t think I can bend as far as Mettaton wants me to.” You said, turning to face him. Papyrus moved one hand to the small of your back, gripping your hand with the other. He counted down, dipping you on three.

You managed to bend fairly far, the closeness of your bodies making Sans a bit reluctant to return to these rehearsals. Watching his baby brother portraying sexual interest hadn’t landed on his bucket list, and undoubtedly never would.

That image shattered, however, when your legs started wobbling and your face scrunched up like you’d eaten an entire lemon. Sans snorted a small chuckle as Mettaton’s face twisted in what he could only assume was pure disgust. You gasped out a pained cry just before Papyrus pulled you from your torment.

“That looked awkward, didn’t it?” You grunted, gripping your lower back.

“Atrociously.” Mettaton nodded, his lips pursed. “Lucky enough for you, I know how to fix it.”

He moved to the two of you, whispering instructions, wisps of words making their way to Sans’s earless earshot. You tensed up when Mettaton put his fingertips on the back of your leg, though you didn’t object.

Sans guessed your aversion to being touched had to stem from some kind of abuse. He ruled out haphephobia due to your constant physical contact you kept with Papyrus. Did only touching men bother you, or any gender at all? Too many variable lingered for a definitive answer.

Not that he’d pry. He respected keeping secrets.

Your soul bounced inside you, a combination of frustration and energy as Papyrus dipped you again. This time, your leg slid up his, anchoring itself in place a top his hip bone. It worked, steadying you as your head paralleled your rear. You popped up like a daisy, Papyrus cackling as you pulled your leg from his body.

“Yes!” Mettaton clapped. “I think that’ll do! Let’s add more to the sequence!”

You and Papyrus grabbed hands, cheering as you hopped around in a circle. Your heel got out from under you, and you busted your ass before anyone could counter it. You started giggling as Papyrus helped you up, Mettaton scolding you for damaging the over priced clogs.

Your soul lightened with each laugh that escaped your pink lips, your recovery from your fall merely comical to you. Sans hated to give him credit, but Mettaton was spot on about your attitude. Confidence beamed from you. Having fun instead of shivering from fear.

Grillby’s words echoed in his head, his curiosity getting the better of him. But should he do it here in public? Take a peek while you’re distracted?

Hell, you’d never know.

So, he did.

There in your chest rested your light green soul, the color he knew it would be. You dripped with kindness like honey, your careful touches and words stuck to him since the night you pinned him down.
He rested his head against the wall, his heavy eye sockets lacking the magic to keep up. Your soul’s glow faded as he wondered what else came with you. More than just that green soul.

“Hey…”

Your voice shot his eyes open. He took in a deep breath through his nasal cavity before he stretched his legs. You smirked, shaking your head.

“Get enough rest, Rip Van Winkle?”

“was i asleep?” He coyly replied.

“YOU SLEPT DURING THE ENTIRE REHEARSAL!” Papyrus called from the other side of the room.

“I didn’t mind. Really, you’re more pleasant when you’re asleep.” You smirked.

“funny, you’re more pleasant when i’m asleep, too.”

You wrinkled your nose at him, your gaze softening as you held eye contact. He cocked a brow bone, knowing the look. You had something on your mind.

“Sorry. About earlier.” You began. “I didn’t mean to get so personal. Especially in front of everyone. That wasn’t right.”

He shrugged. “eh, s’fine.”

You flicked your eyes across his entire being skeptically. “Really?”

“i’m not one for drama.” He explained. “sorry i snapped back.”

You nodded, satisfied with that response, and he exhaled a breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding in. You lingered there still, the twist of your lips and fidgeting fingers a surefire sign you had more to say. He thought he’d break the ice this time. “so… that all?”

“Actually, Papyrus and I are starting our first cooking lesson tonight.”

“yeah, he told me.”

“Right, of course.” You nodded. “I just… I wanted to extend that invitation to you.”

He blinked. You had to be joking. “you... want to invite me to your house?”

“Yeah.” You spat matter of factly. “Where else?”

He hung there, locked with you, unable to answer. He appreciated you helping his brother. The fact you apologized, even when he knew he’d been in the wrong. The fact that you stood there, still trying to reach out for his approval when again and again he’d rejected any kindness you had to offer him. The very thing that culminated your being couldn’t appease him.

“uh…” He cleared his throat. “no, thanks…” He choked, his words betraying him. “i think i’m gonna enjoy my last night at grillby’s without you being there.”

Your face sank, your disappointment unmistakeable. You nodded wordlessly, turning back to join Papyrus. He placed a hand on your shoulder before giving Sans a disapproving glance. With the two of you gone, Sans sat alone in the room. Nothing but his reflection could judge him now. Even that
was too much.

He couldn’t stop Papyrus from being close with you, but he could stop himself...

...Dammit, why couldn’t he just *stop*?

Listening to your own music, blaring it over the top, had been the most egotistical thing you’d done in a long time. With Papyrus begging to, however, how could you refuse?

In preparation for the cooking lesson, you asked Papyrus some things about Undyne and Alphys’s food likes and dislikes. So long as it wasn’t anything cold or full of sugar, you were good to go. Finally, the idea of steak struck you. Everyone loved steak, save for vegetarians and probably cows. Were there cow monsters…? You noted to ask Papyrus that later.

You hoped Undyne wouldn’t take it as a bribe, or a way to win her over. You wanted to do something nice for her after the loss of her friend. Something small, but something meaningful. What fit that bill better than food?

You spent the extra money on filet mignon, though your wallet suffered greatly for it. Grateful didn’t touch how you felt towards Grillby for giving you a chance to work. You should have gotten a job to help with the bills a long time ago.

Kenneth argued that you’d lost your bet since Grillby didn’t automatically agree to a show, but you fought it enough that he placed a time limit on you. He had to give you a show by Halloween.

That… made you nervous. But not as nervous as a loose Papyrus romping around your kitchen wielding a knife.

“DO WE CHOP THE VEGETABLE VIGOROUSLY IN AN UP AND DOWN MOTION, OR DO WE POUND THEM WITH OUR FISTS!?”

“Umm! Neither!” You begged.

“NEITHER!? WHAT OTHER TECHNIQUES ARE THERE!?”

“Just, please, Papyrus, give me the knife!”

You gripped your best friend’s hand, the beginnings of *Cerebrite* amping up Papyrus’s energy. He carelessly tossed the knife onto the counter, the clattering startling Ticket into a sprint. Papyrus now had you dancing, your thin kitchen not near the size it needed to be for such an endeavor, his bellowing voice singing along with the first verse.

“SPARKLING WATER CONNECTED TO THE SKY

AND YOUR HAIR GOES FREE

DANCING IN THE BREEZE

YOUR EYES ARE SAPPHIRES...”

“Papyrus, wait--” You pleaded, your voice lost in the amplified noise. He pulled you from the kitchen into the living room, the sizzling frying pan abandoned, the meat left untouched.

“MESSAGES INSIDE MY HEART-SHAPED BOTTLE
He went in for a spin, the living room giving enough space to execute it without you bumping into something as a result.

“SPIN AND SPIN, FORGET ALL YOUR WORRIES
SPIN AND SPIN, FORGET YOUR IDENTITY
STEP ON MY SHOULDERS
DO SEE THE NEW LOVELY, LONELY, EMPTY
HEAVENLY WORLD?”

You couldn’t let this continue. You stepped back, marching to the counter where your phone rested and paused the song, Papyrus left stunned. You turned back to face him, crossing your arms, unbelievably surprised at yourself how annoyed you were with him.

“Papyrus, you can’t leave your meat unattended! It will burn!”

He blinked. “BUT… BURNING IS GOOD!” He paused. “RIGHT?”

“No! We want the steaks to be pink in the middle! Otherwise they’ll be overcooked and really chewy!” You left him in the living room, hoping you made it in time to save them. You grabbed your tongs, gripping the meat and turning it onto its side, holding it in place to give it a nice, crisp layer.

Papyrus followed you, hovering in the doorway. You tried not to look at him, though his small eye sockets pulled your gaze to meet his. His crestfallen expression showed as he asked, “AM I FAILING OUR FIRST LESSON?”

You sighed through your nose. “No, you haven’t failed…” You trailed off, moving your attention back to the meat. “I don’t mean to take my frustration out on you, but I do want you to learn this.”

“What has you frustrated, best friend?”

You flipped the steak to the other side, the smell rumbling your tummy. You didn’t want to lie to him. In fact, you were ready to get to the bottom of this. “Why are your friends and brother so suspicious of me?”

His shoulders dropped, now matching his concerned face. You added to the question. “Is it something I’m doing wrong? Am I trying too hard? Or does it have something to do with a human you guys met before me…” You trailed off as you removed the meat from the pan, resting it gently on the plate of already finished steaks. You turned off the burner, still waiting for his response. Once you removed the pan from the hot burner you faced him again, his unchanging expression cause for
“If you don’t want to tell me, I understand, I know they probably don’t want me to know—”

“NO…” He began, his dropping posture now leaning against the doorway. “IT’S NOT FAIR TO YOU. YOU’RE THE ONLY ONE WHO DOESN’T KNOW ABOUT HER.”

“...Her?”

“JEANETTE.”

Hearing this name had been a first. “Was Jeanette your previous best friend?”

“NO…” He paused. “SHE WAS MY FIANCÉ.”

The corridor’s temperature rested at frigid, as it always did, and if Sans had breath, he wouldn’t be able to differentiate it from the steaming to-go coffee in his hand. The dim lighting and dark, green undertones of the tile had him wondering if the intention was to look like a cheesy horror flick.

Upon arriving at the lab, he gently tapped on the door with his knuckles. He waited patiently before giving a harder knock.

“knock knock.”

With no reply, Sans continued his joke.

“stopwatch.”

Silence hung as he waited before delivering his punchline.

“stopwatch you’re doing and let me in, pops.”

Still, no reply. Sans chuckled to himself, completely unsurprised, before letting himself in. Darkness clung to all the corners, the only light source coming from the desk opposite the door. There rested Gaster, his head propped on his hand, his snores subtle.

“uh-oh. ran out of midnight oil.” Sans moved to the desk, tapping Gaster on the shoulder. He inhaled deeply, stirring awake before blinking a few times. Sans waited patiently for Gaster to get his bearings, though it didn’t take long before Sans’s still presence startled Gaster to the point of jumping in his chair. “Sans!”

“hey, pops.” Sans grinned as he held out the to-go cup. “brought you a peace offering for disturbing your beauty sleep. sorry to tell ya’, it ain’t workin’.”

Gaster snatched the cup so fast Sans almost dropped it. “You’re damn lucky you brought it, otherwise I would throw your ass right out of here.”

“geez.” Sans frowned. “you’re in a sorry mood.”

Gaster took a swig of the coffee, his face scrunching up from the taste. “What in the hell is this?”

“got it at the gas station down the street.”

“Is this even coffee?” He spat. “It tastes like burnt dirt with a hint of french vanilla.”
“i can’t always afford starbucks, alright?” sans laughed.

Gaster set it down before shuffling the pages on his desk, scribbled notes carelessly crossed out, highlighted and circled. Some in english, some in wingdings.

“I was on the verge of a breakthrough, and here you are interrupting! Don’t I tell you boys to knock when I’m working?”

Sans didn’t bother explaining his attempt at knocking. “what was your breakthrough? sawing logs?” He grinned at Gaster’s unamused expression.

“Why are you here? You never come to the lab anymore.”

“what? i can’t give my old man a visit?”

“You only do that if you have Papyrus with you. Judging by the low decibel count in the room, I’ll venture he won’t be joining us today.”

Sans paused, before giving a small shrug. “yeah, you got me.”

“How is your brother?” Gaster began before taking another sip from his coffee looking even more disappointed than the previous time. “Is the dance show going well?”

“uh, yeah…” Sans confessed, though he almost wished the opposite. “he’s having a lot of fun with it.”

“Good to hear.” He nodded before peering over his glasses. “And you?”

“if warming a bench is fun, then sure.” He shrugged.

“How long do you intend to follow your brother around? Are you even planning on coming back to work?”

“hey, i’m not always following him around.” He held his arms out to his sides, indicating Papyrus’s absence. “besides, i’m still working. doing odd jobs here and there. you know i like to change it up.”

“Oh, is that so? Because your brother tells me the opposite. He said you haven’t been working at all this past month.”

Sans didn’t know Papyrus had told their father. “yeah. guess you caught me there.”

“He’s worried about you, along with everyone else.” He paused. “Frankly, I want to smack you over the head for being such an idiot.”

“i deserve that.”

“You’ve got so much potential, and here you are throwing it away… What’s going on with you?”

“ya’ know, i didn’t come here to get indirectly lectured.” Sans changed the subject. “i just wanted to ask you about mages.”

Gaster quirked a brow bone. “Mages? As in human mages?”

“yeah…” He slowly nodded. “i think papyrus’s new bestie might be one.”

“Really?” Gaster snorted a laugh, crossing his leg as he leaned back in his desk chair. “That would
be next to impossible seeing as how mages have been extinct since we were underground.”

“seriously?” Sans huffed. “there’s no chance at all?”

“What makes you think she’s a mage, son?” Gaster placed a hand on his chin.

“i, uh, well… she… how do i explain it?” Sans struggled to articulate his words. “she’s just super nice, and really kinda likeable, but i feel like it’s all an act. like she’s just doing it to get what she wants from us.”

“So, you feel she’s another Jeanette?”

“exactly that.” Sans nodded.

“Alright. So what makes you think she’s a mage?”

This is where Sans really struggled. “it’s like… i don’t trust her, but when she sings it… does something to my soul? like it resonates with her voice, and it gives me this euphoric feeling, like i’ll drift off to sleep while standing up when i hear her. it’s like she’s putting a spell on me, or putting me in a trance.”

He paused, waiting for Gaster’s reaction. Nothing but a small smile to go off of. “Go on.” He urged.

“okay, it’s not just the singing…” He continued. “she pinned me down last week, and--”

“Pinned you down?” Gaster asked. “I’m not sure I want to be hearing this.”

“No!” Sans blushed. “not like that! i wouldn’t let her clean the vomit off my face, so she pinned me down, and it… i dunno, it did something to me?” He rubbed his hand against his forehead. What the hell was he saying? “after that i just let her take control, and we had this weird moment where she cupped my cheek, and it’s like my soul picks up on hers easily now, and it does weird shit when she’s around.” He shrugged. “i mean… that’s not normal, right?”

“You want my honest opinion?” Gaster answered before Sans could even verify. “It sounds to me as though you have an infatuation.”

Sans stared in disbelief before he chuckled, which turned into lighthearted laughter, then on into a full blown guffaw. Gaster tapped his phalanges against the desktop impatiently as he waited for Sans to get a hold of himself. If Sans had muscles they would have ached from such deep laughter. “that’s ridiculous.”

Gaster shrugged. “You asked my opinion, and that’s how you’re getting it.”

“How can i have an infatuation for someone i can’t stand?”

“Is it that you can’t stand her?” Gaster asked. “Or is it that you want to hate her?”

“look, i didn’t come for a therapy session.” Sans slid his hands inside his jacket. “you answered my question. i’m going to grillby’s.”

“Sans--”

“later.” Sans snapped before blipping from the lab back into the corridor. He sighed, his attempt at arriving at Grillby’s in vain. Would his magic ever return to normal?

He sluggishly began following the long path to the exit.
Is it that you can’t stand her? Or is it that you want to hate her?

Like his father knew anything about emotions. Why had he bothered asking him anyway? He should have gone to Toriel for a question like that. She’d probably ridicule him too, but at least it’d be cute and funny when she did it…

He thought about going to the castle to see her, but at such a late hour she’d surely be asleep. Or up baking because she couldn’t sleep.

Undoubtedly, he wouldn’t be welcome. Especially in his sorry state.

And, for some reason, Grillby’s suddenly didn’t appeal to him. He couldn’t believe it himself, but falling down into his normal routine sounded like the worst possible thing for his soul in that moment.

But where would he go? Home? So he could stare at the wall in a comatic state?

He couldn’t believe the thought even crossed his mind, but… He could call Papyrus and find out where you lived. He could dig deeper into your reasoning for wanting so desperately to be a part of their lives. For wanting his acceptance.

Yeah, just that. Nothing more.

He whipped out his cell phone, calling the first person on his favorites list.

The two of you had moved to the couch, your empty dinner plates set aside on the coffee table. “DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN MONSTERS WERE FIRST GIVEN THE RIGHT TO WORK?” Papyrus asked. You nodded, not remembering exactly the date, but you had heard about it. You were pretty sure Yamato told you.

“THAT’S WHERE I MET HER…” He let out a small laugh, nothing like his usual cackle. “I COULD HAVE EASILY CONTINUED WORKING UNDER UNDYNE, BUT I WANTED SOMETHING DIFFERENT! THE HUMAN EXPERIENCE! SOMETHING WHERE I COULD MEET NEW HUMANS, AND TRY TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH THEM!” He paused, his voice softening. “AND THAT I DID…”

You pulled your knees against your chest, hugging them as you listened. “Where did you end up working?”

“AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT, OF COURSE!”

You nodded. Of course.

“It’S CLOSED DOWN NOW, BUT IT WAS CALLED NAPOLI’S AT THE TIME. I HAD INTENDED TO START OUT AS A CHEF THERE, BUT THEY WEREN’T IN NEED OF ONE, SO THEY HIRED ME AS A WAITER INSTEAD!”

You held in a sigh of relief. Knowing that Papyrus’s pasta had never passed through the lips of any unsuspecting humans brought you great comfort.

“JEANETTE WAS A SERVER AS WELL, SO THEY HAD HER TRAIN ME!” He sheepishly looked away. “SHE WAS SO KIND, AND VERY LIKEABLE! I IMMEDIATELY FANCIED HER THE DAY WE MET! SHE… SHE GLOWED LIKE A GODDESS WHEREVER SHE WENT.” He started trailing his fingers along the floral patterns of your couch, his bashful behavior
unexpected. “WE BECAME VERY CLOSE, AS YOU AND I ARE NOW.”

If Papyrus was being literal, then that meant it took no time at all for him to totally bring her into his life. The sleepovers, the hangouts...

But… their relationship escalated further than just besties.

“So, when did the two of you start dating?”

“ABOUT TWO WEEKS AFTER WE MET, WHICH I COULDN’T FATHOM HOW SHE RESISTED ME FOR THAT LONG!” He lamented. “IT ONLY TOOK FRISK, LIKE, TWO HOURS BEFORE OUR FIRST DATE!”

You hoped he’d elaborate more on that, but… he didn’t.

“AT FIRST, THINGS WERE SWELL WITH JEANETTE. WE DID EVERYTHING TOGETHER…” His tone dropped. “MY FRIENDS LOVED HER. EVEN MY BROTHER DID.”

You found it hard to believe Sans loved anyone besides his brother. You supposed you had Jeanette to thank for that.

“So, after a few months… Jeanette wanted to get married.”

You blinked. “That fast?”

“I CAN’T HELP IT!” Papyrus shrugged. “I’M JUST IRRESISTIBLE!”

“While I agree with that,” you explained, “that’s still awfully fast. Most people wait at least a year. Usually more.”

“THAT’S WHAT A LOT OF PEOPLE TOLD US…” Papyrus nodded. “AND WHEN SOMEONE SAID SOMETHING AGAINST US, JEANETTE WOULD FIGHT BACK. IF THEY SAID ANYTHING LEWD, OR RACIST. ANYTHING NEGATIVE AT ALL, SHE PUSHED IT BACK WITH POSITIVITY AND RADIANCE LIKE THE SUN!…”

Hesitation trailed along the ends of his sentences everytime he concluded a thought. He still cared for this Jeanette person, regardless of what she did.

You pushed for more. “So… What happened that changed all that?”

Papyrus looked around at anything but you. “Well…” His voice shrank. “She wanted to move in together, and I wholeheartedly agreed. I thought we’d just move her into our house, but she wanted to move somewhere with just the two of us. She wanted to leave Sans behind.”

You had an idea of where this story would lead.

“When Sans found out, he told me I shouldn’t go with her. That she wasn’t who she said she was, and we…” He swallowed, an audible lump forming in his throat. “We stopped speaking for a few days…”

You weren’t entirely sure you wanted to hear the rest of this.

“When I told her what Sans had said, and that I wanted to wait… It’s like she completely changed. She screamed, and told me Sans was jealous, and didn’t want me to leave him. That Sans was trying to keep us apart, and I had to choose between the two of them…” His pained expression lingered.
You dared to not make a sound. “She even went so far as to try and seduce me to change my mind… So, of course, I chose my brother.”

Warmth swallowed your heart. You had a feeling that’s who he would choose.

“So, naturally, our relationship ended there, but… That’s not where the story ends.”

“Oh, Papyrus…” You weren’t sure if you were giving him condolences, or pleading for him to stop. Probably a bit of both.

“She knew where I stashed my money from work, given the plans to move in together, and she stole my savings… Which, of course, wasn’t much, but--”

“She stole your money?”

“She struggled quite a bit.” Papyrus nodded. “I imagine she had gotten desperate after our breakup--”

His optimism baffled you. “Papyrus, that’s no excuse! How could she do that to you?”

“Because I… I was naive. I know.” He let out a puff of air through his nasal cavity. “I hate admitting it because I’m proving everyone else right, but I was naive, and I let her in, and she took everything from me, and my brother, and my friends--”

“What did she take from Sans?”

He sighed again. “I don’t know how she did it, but she managed to get into Sans’s savings as well. Which astounded me because I didn’t even know where Sans kept his money.” Your mouth hung agape. “If it wasn’t for our father, we undoubtedly would’ve been evicted from our house.”

“Oh, my God…” Your stomach reflected your distaste. You felt as though you may get sick.

“Then, there was the incident with Undyne--”

“No, not her, too…”

“Well, this is a bit of a stretch.” Papyrus explained. “We’re not sure if Jeanette’s really connected with this, but it happened around the time our money got stolen. Undyne… got attacked by monster extermination enthusiasts.”

“Is that… Some kind of organization?” You hoped not.

“Very much so.” Papyrus nodded. “They’re like mercenaries. They take jobs to kill monsters for money. Luckily Undyne can hold her own in a fight.”

Lucky didn’t begin to describe that scenario. If Alphys had gotten attacked rather that Undyne, she probably would’ve been killed. Her timid, stuttering nature gave you the impression, at least.

“So, that’s it.” Papyrus’s voice trembled, his eye sockets filling with amber tears. “That’s why everyone is so cold to you. That’s why your kindness puts them off, and your open, accepting heart gives them suspicion. All because I made this mistake before, and they think I’m doing it again…”

His head fell into his hands, broken sobs escaping his gloves. You unfolded yourself, moving quickly to his side and wrapped your arms around his shoulders, burying your face in the crook of his neck. The empath in you felt his pain, your soul shuddering with his, and you began crying with him.
“I’m so sorry…” He choked as he removed his hands from his face. He turned to face you, wrapping his arms around you in return. “This is all my fault, I’m so, so sorry—”

“No, Papyrus, don’t you dare apologize to me.” You grabbed his profound cheekbones, the firmness a complete opposite of his brother’s. The streaks of magic trickling down them soaked into your skin like bursts of energy. “This is not anyone’s fault. And we will get past this.”

The buzzing of a phone halted your tender moment. You had no idea where your phone had ended up, and right now you didn’t care. Papyrus, however, glanced at the glow on the coffee table before pulling away from you and picking up the phone.

“Who is it?” You asked.

“It’s Sans…” His surprised tone made your heart flutter. He answered, putting it on speaker as his normal tone returned. “BROTHER! I SEE YOU HAVE RUNG!”

“uh, yeah…” He slowly began.

“ARE YOU INJURED? ARE YOU YOURSELF CALLING ME TO COME PICK YOU UP THIS TIME?”

“no, i, uh… i actually never made it to grillby’s.”

Papyrus blinked. “REALLY??”

“yeah, believe it or not.”

Papyrus squinted his eyes. “SO… WHAT DID YOU NEED?”

“uh…” He hesitated, his voice growing progressively smaller. “can, uh… can i still come over?”

Chapter End Notes

I'm back, baby!!! Sorry for the long length between updates. It's been a crazy couple of months, but here's to hoping chapter 8 won't take as long to surface!

Chapter title: Witch’s Invitation
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zlKAAAW2NxE

The song Papyrus gallantly sings to you titled: Cerebrite
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fpZnw6-3Wn0

For those of you who have a hard time picturing the dance, I thought I’d share this salsa cabaret routine from the 2016 World Salsa Summit. The Despacito dance itself isn't going to be as intense as this routine, but it's the style of dance I'm going for. Obviously, reader isn't at Karen Forcano's level yet, but... she'll get there!
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iXOuzMZ8TtU

Again, thank you guys so much for being here and being patient with me! Feel free to leave a comment down below because I love talking to you guys! <3
World.Search (You) ;

Chapter Summary

You never expected Sans's visit to go... in that direction.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The expression on Sans’s face matched yours when you opened the door: Bewildered, and apprehensive. Shocked to find yourself staring at one another through your open doorway.

He looked up at you, his glowing pupils hitting the tops of his eye sockets, his mouth hanging slightly agape. Your lips curled into a smile. You could stare at those glistening pearls for hours.

“Hey…” You greeted him first to warm his welcome.

“...hey…” He breathed.

You lingered there still before you stepped aside, “Come on in.”

Sans took a careful look around the inside of your apartment before stepping through the threshold. Each step lasted long enough for him to take in every inch of new surroundings before he allowed himself to enter further. He reached the center of the living room before he finally stopped, his head still curiously bobbing around at your decor and furniture.

“You’re more than welcome to sit down.” You offered as you closed the door. Sans’s entire body one-eighthed to look at you, those pupils searching you up and down before he nodded. He backed up until his legs hit the couch, and he plopped down on his backside.

“Are you hungry?”

“uh…” He looked unsure. “i could eat.”

“We made steak topped with sauteed mushrooms and grilled vegetables. Um, you know, eggplants and tomatoes and whatnot.” You explained, hoping Sans wasn’t a picky eater. He simply blinked back at you. “I’ll make you a plate.”

You made a beeline for the kitchen, still dumbfounded as to how Sans willingly came over. He even called and asked after he rejected your invitation. Your wondering heart passively thought he could’ve... Maybe he just wanted to give you a chance? Your cheesing grin showed as you came upon Papyrus in your kitchen. He’d insisted on cleaning the dishes, and who were you to stop him?

“IS MY BROTHER REALLY HERE!?” He scream whispered.

“He sure is!” You properly whispered.

“OH MY GOD!!” He actually screamed, but quickly recovered, trying his best to hush his excitement. “I KNEW HE WOULDN’T BE ABLE TO RESIST YOU FOR LONG!”
You waved a hand at him as you took a plate from the cabinet. “Oh, stop it.”

“WITH YOUR BILLOWING BEAUTY AND YOUR ETHEREAL VOCALS, NO ONE CAN STOP THEIR BEATING HEARTS!!”

“Maybe you think that, but not anyone else.” You jested, but Papyrus’s disapproving look caused you to add on, “I’m not self deprecating. It’s just the truth.”

“MAYBE YOU THINK THAT!” Papyrus mocked back.

You stuck your tongue out playfully as you finished dressing Sans’s plate. You couldn’t wait for him to taste it. Nothing pleased you more than having someone try your cooking. You even gussied it up, elevating your plating to Michelin Star restaurant quality.

You fluttered into the living room, your feathered footsteps halting at the side of the couch. Ticket had crawled out of whatever hidey-hole he’d been in, his green eyes focused on Sans. His ears perked up straight, and his tail flicked curiously. Sans had a grin on his face like you’d never seen, his glowing pupils larger than normal.

“I see you and Ticket are having a bromance.” You teased.

“heh... he’s purr-fect.”

“Oh, my God.” You snorted. “Here’s your food.”

You sat the plate on the coffee table before joining him on the opposite side of the couch. You perched yourself at the edge of your seat, eagerly awaiting for him to take that first bite. He leaned forward, grabbing the plate, but hesitated before sitting back into the couch. His brow bones cut into his eye sockets as he looked at you. “uh... you’re forkin’ with me, right?”

You blinked. “Huh?”

“it’s knife of you to feed me, but i’m gonna need utensils spooner or later.”

You were ashamed to admit how long you stared back at him before you realized you’d forgotten to bring him a fork and a knife. His string of puns clicked. “How do you come up with that many puns so quickly?”

He shrugged. “eh, guess i just like pepperin’ them in. gives the conversation some flavor.”

You raised a brow. “Wow. You’re still going.”

“i know you’re feelin’ salty about my raw talent, but…” He nodded towards his plate. “would you mind...?”

“Oh!” You gasped, springing up from the couch.

“thanks for being such a good spork.” Sans called after you as you ran into the kitchen. Papyrus, now drying the dishes before carefully placing them in the dishwasher, watched as you went to your utensil drawer. You thrust it open so hard the clanging of the silverware startled him. You met his concerned gaze, explaining your behavior before he asked. “Your brother is willingly in my house.”

“I KNOW!”

“And he’s punning at me!” You grinned.
“I’M AWARE!” He began scream whispering again. “KEEP ACTING LIKE YOU HATE IT! HE
LOVES THAT!”

You made your way back to Sans, handing him the fork and knife he’d requested. You found your
place back on the couch just as he pierced the juicy meat, slicing his knife through the end of the
steak. The glistening pink center and red blood indicated the perfect temperature. He surveyed his
bite, inspecting every speck of char clinging onto it, the mushrooms hugging the sides. Your toes
curled when he finally put it into his mouth.

You bit your lip at his widened eye sockets, the slow nod of his head as he chewed. “holy crap…”
He grinned. “this is… good.” He eyed you with suspicion. “papyrus made this?”

“He…” You paused. “Well… I did most of the cooking.”

“ah…” Sans disappointedly replied.

“But! Papyrus did learn some new techniques. Like burning things is bad.”

Sans gave you a small chuckle before returning to his plate. He took another bite of steak, this one
coupled with the vegetable medley. “damn… this is really good.” He chuckled, gathering another
bite. “what are you not good at?”

You covered your dopey smile with your fingertips, knowing he could see if only he’d look at you.
Your flushed cheeks and fluttering heart had you stammering. “Uhh— d-dancing.” You nodded,
pulling yourself together. “Not great at that.”

“heh, well, you’re getting better.”

“You’re just trying to make me feel better.”

He shrugged unapologetically. “maybe.”

Papyrus spun from the kitchen, his long legs moving him to the couch. He leaned over the back of it,
hugging Sans around the shoulders.

“HELLO, BROTHER!!” Sans’s eye sockets sealed shut at his brother’s booming voice. I’M SO
HAPPY THAT YOU COULD JOIN US THIS EVENING!!”

“hey, paps.” Sans patted his brother’s wrist in return. Papyrus released him, coming around and
joining the two of you on the couch.

Everything eased once Papyrus rested between the two of you, the normal tension evaporated like
the two of you always got along. Papyrus proceeded to tell his brother all about his cooking lesson,
but…

He omitted everything about Jeanette.

After Sans finished his meal, Ticket graced Sans’s lap with his presence. The two of them locked
eyes again, the room silencing like a movie theater, as Ticket began kneading his joggers.

“Oh, my gosh…” You breathed as to not disturb them. “I’ve never seen Ticket hop in someone’s lap
that he just met…”

Sans, lost in your cat’s eyes, did not respond.

“WOWIE!! I DIDN’T EVEN KNOW THAT TICKET HAD THE ABILITY TO BE STILL!”
Papyrus proclaimed, Ticket’s eyes sharpening and ears rearing back from the volume. “HE’S ALWAYS RUNNING WHEN I SEE HIM!”

“I think that’s just because you’re loud.” You answered honestly. “He’s normally a really cuddly little guy! I don’t bring people over often, so that could be another reason, I suppose.”

After tenderizing the cotton of Sans’s clothes, Ticket finally nestled down into a little, gray loaf on his lap. His small, kitten beans tucked themselves under his torso, his body now round like a perfect dollop of sour cream. Sans’s grin widened, reaching his eye sockets and brightening his glowing pupils. They shuddered, and points grew from the center, their shapes now stars. You tilted your head, your focus now on Sans. The wonders of magic already rocked your world, and you had only scratched the surface.

You didn’t know, at the time, how badly Sans wanted someone to look at him like that. If only he’d look up at you.

Sans scratched Ticket under his chin causing a ripple of purrs from the feline. He chuckled, confessing under his breath, “I like your cat.”

“He likes you, too.” You assured him.

A peaceful silence rested between the three of you, all too frightful to move and disturb Ticket. Sans rested his right hand beside him, his left still steadily scratching Ticket’s chin. His brow bones cut into his eye sockets, his grin weakening. He pulled his hand back, a speck of orange magic clinging between the joints in his pinky phalange.

He yelped, jumping back, and Ticket pounced onto the floor so fast you almost missed it. Sans, unable to take his eyes off the orange glow quivered out, “what is this?!”

You blinked, “Wha--?”

Sans furiously wiped his hand on the back of the couch, his pupils now pin pricks, searching wildly along the cushions before sliding to the floor, backing away until his back hit the coffee table, the legs unsteadily wobbling off the floor. He’d hit so hard you feared he’d hurt himself. “what have you two been doing on this couch!?”

Papyrus scoffed hard enough it sounded as if phlegm clogged his throat. Could phlegm clog his throat? “OH MY GOD, SANS! WHAT KIND OF SKELETON DO YOU THINK I AM!?”

“You interjected, still thoroughly confused.

“then how do you explain your magic splattered all over her couch!?”

“BECAUSE I WAS CRYING BEFORE YOU CALLED EARLIER, OKAY!?”

Sans stopped, his pupils dimming out. The difference in his face shocked you, your heart racing as he turned those vantablack voids at you.

“She made you cry…?”

“No! Quit jumping to conclusions, you--”

You slammed your hands down on either side of you, your wrists tingling in pain. “Are you seriously coming into my house and accusing me of making him cry!?” You slid down to the floor, crawling towards him on your hands and knees. “You don’t know practically anything about mine
and Papyrus’s relationship, obviously!” You were on him now, his small body stuck between you and the coffee table. His mouth wavered to keep his grin, his cheeks glowing, and his pupils now back and searching you as you continued to lay into him. “If you did, then you’d know that we talk about deep things quite a bit, and we hit a pretty heavy topic tonight!”

Your consciousness popped you back when you realized how close you’d gotten to Sans. You sat back, your anger seeping out like you’d sprung a leak. You looked over your shoulder at your sweet best friend, not wanting to bring his heartache back into the limelight. He gave a slight nod, silently allowing you to speak. You looked back at his brother.

“He told me about Jeanette.”

Sans’s flushed face weakened, and his legs relaxed. He slouched forward, resting comfortably cross legged on your floor. You sat back, leaning against the couch. “I kept pressing on as to why you were all so suspicious of me. He finally told me the story, and…” You reached back, searching for Papyrus’s hand. He found yours, squeezing firmly. “Things got a little emotional.” Sans worriedly moved from you to his brother. “And I get it now. Why you all act the way you do around me.”

“…so…” Sans breathed. “you’re ok?”

Papyrus smiled. “I’M OKAY NOW, BROTHER! I FEEL A LOT BETTER NOW THAT I GOT IT OFF MY CHEST! BESIDES…” He paused, his voice softening as he stroked your hand with his thumb. “SHE DESERVED TO KNOW.”

Sans slowly nodded, “…ok…”

“AND ANOTHER THING!” Papyrus added. “OUR RELATIONSHIP IS COMPLETELY PLATONIC! WE’D NEVER DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT, YOU GUTTER BRAINED GOOF!”

It finally clicked what Sans meant about Papyrus’s magic being all over the couch. My God, he thought you and Papyrus had been fooling around?

Now your mind began to wander. Not only did they vomit and cry out their magic, but… they had magic *cum* as well? And, as skeletons, where did the cum *come* from? Did they… Did they *have* penises, or…?

What did *that* feel like? What were the chances you’d get to experience *that* kind of intimacy? You were gonna have to hook up with a monster to find out, and the chances of that happening were the same as you hooking up with a *human*. Slim to none.

“alright, you got me.” Sans’s cheeks flushed still. “i jumped the gun.”

You crossed your arms, your cheeks flushed at the thought of monster sex. “Even if we were fooling around, I would at least have the decency to clean up our mess before you came over. We’re not animals.” You looked over your shoulder. “Besides, I love you, Papyrus, but you’re not my type.”

Papyrus inhaled a gasp, “EXCUUUSE ME! I AM EVERYONE’S TYPE!”

“Of course!” You reassured him as you pulled yourself from the floor and joined him back on the couch. You patted his hand. “You’re my type of person for sure! Just not… romantically.”

“OH! SPILL THE TEA THEN!” Papyrus giddily shook in place, his feet drumming on the floor. “WHAT IS YOUR TYPE?!” He eagerly propped his head on his fist, leaning it against the back of the couch.
You twisted the idea around in your head before you answered semi honestly. “Monks.”

He blinked. “MONKS?”

“I dunno!” You giggled, your face flushing again. “Something about them is just so sexy! Probably because it’s forbidden to be with a monk, which is kind of a turn on. I’m actually writing a song about it!”

You hadn’t told a complete lie. Really, the scandalous idea of a monk affair did turn you on, but that alone wasn’t your only idea of an ideal partner. Really, you just...

Well, what did you really want in a partner?

“heh…” Sans snorted. “would’ve figured it’d be pretty boys with guitars.”

“You mean Yamato?” You scrunched up your nose.

“OH, YAMATO IS QUITE HANDSOME!” Papyrus winked as he hinted, “AUDIBLE WINK!”

“Don’t get me wrong, I know he’s handsome. He’s a close friend, and I really do care about him, even if he annoys me to pieces. I just…” You shrugged. “I don’t see him that way.”

“He’s definitely got a thing for you.” Sans said, crossing his arms as he leaned against the coffee table.

“Has he professed his undying love for you yet!?”

“Oh, no, and let’s hope that never happens.”

Papyrus’s face dropped in disbelief. “YOU’D TURN HIM DOWN!?”

“Undoubtedly.” You nodded. “And it would make working together awkward. I could totally see Yuki teasing him for it, too.”

Papyrus outstretched a galant hand. “SEND HIS BROKEN HEART MY WAY! I SHALL MEND AND REMOLD HIM BACK INTO A MAN!”

“Oh, you swing both ways, Papyrus?” You asked curiously.

“I’LL SWING TO ANYONE WHO MEETS MY STANDARDS!”

“If that’s the case, then aren’t I meeting all your standards?” You grinned. “Ya’ know, since I can cook pasta and all?”

“Oh, NO! NOT AGAIN! I CAN’T BREAK ANOTHER HEART!” Papyrus dramatically placed one hand against his forehead, and the other over his heart. “I SIMPLY COULDN’T BARE TO AGAIN TURN AWAY ANOTHER ADMIRER DUE TO MY LACK OF FEELINGS!! BEST FRIEND, AS WE HAVE TOLD MY BROTHER, WE ARE PLATONIC!!” He dropped his arms, his grin bright. “THOUGH I AM ONE HUNDRED PERCENT WILLING TO HELP YOU IN GETTING A DATE WITH SOMEONE WHO’S ALMOST AS COOL AS I AM!”

You giggled, unsure if Papyrus knew you’d only been joking. Sans shook his head with a smile on his face. This caught your attention, the topic the only thing on your mind now. Sans always kept to himself. You had know. “What about you, Sans?”

He raised a brow bone. “huh?”
“What’s your type?”

“oh, uh…” He looked away, sheepishly rubbing the vertebrae of his neck. “i don’t really… i guess i don’t have one?”

His answer sounded more like a question. “Maybe you just don’t know yet?”

“eh... i just don’t really care. s’not really my thing…”

“I can respect that.” You smiled, though he never saw. Dating had never been high on your list of priorities either. You supposed Sans felt the same way you did. After all… how could you really know your type until you met someone who fit the bill?

If only you both looked just a little harder.

______________________________________________________________________________

“And step, two, three, four! Bend, two, three, four!”

Mettaton clapped impatiently, the tension on the dance floor so thick that a butter knife wouldn’t cut it. You two had fired back and forth all day. Sans felt like he’d been watching a reality show.

Well. Technically, he had. It was easy to forget about the cameras watching everyone’s moves. The lack of a crew or the fuss of bustling television ratings that normally clouded Mettaton’s presence made everything deceitfully normal. Like any other dance studio.

Sans could not watch this part of the routine. The sexual contact between the two of you distressed his soul, his thoughts becoming bitter. His non existent heart raced inside his ribcage as he tried to erase the image out of his head.

Everything stopped, and Sans allowed himself to gaze upon you once more. You looked flustered, more so than normal, as you exhaled the air from your reddened, puffed up cheeks. Your exposed shoulder peeking from your shirt glistened with sweat, your chest rising and falling as you caught your breath. Your feet paired with your face, though the redness of the heels themselves could have caused that.

The contempt in your eyes matched Mettaton’s, and Sans wondered if you’d snap off at him again. He kinda liked it when you did that. He didn’t know for sure why. Maybe because he hated Mettaton as much as you.

Or maybe he just liked seeing you fired up.

“I can’t do this with you clapping at me like that. Can we just practice with the song?”

“Once you get this step sequence down, sure!” Mettaton purred sadistically.

“Look, I don’t… I really don’t like this part. Can’t we alterate it somehow?” You begged.

“You don’t like it?” Mettaton mocked. “Umm, I’m sorry, who’s show is this again?”

“I get that.” You argued. “But this part is just… It’s a bit much. You practically have Papyrus grinding on me like we’re in a nightclub, and it’s kind of tacky.”

“We’re going for sex appeal here!” Mettaton stomped his heel. “What part of Despacito convinced you otherwise, darling?”
“I understand that we’re going for a sexy dance.” You explained again, “but what I don’t understand is why Papyrus has to come at me like a caveman! I mean, you have him leading the dance the entire time.”

“Well, why wouldn’t he?!”

“I know it’s traditional for men to lead, but come on! This is a modern dance, right? Can’t I take the lead for at least part of the song?”

“OH, THAT COULD BE FUN!” Papyrus clapped enthusiastically. “SUBJECT ME TO YOUR FEMININE WILES!”

Mettaton crossed his arms, cocking his brow, “You shook like a chihuahua your first week, and now you want to take the lead?”

You rolled your eyes, taking in a deep breath. You exhaled again. “I do better when I take control.” You confessed. “Frankly I don’t like being manhandled. It’s off putting and gross. The only reason I let Papyrus is because I trust him, and I know our relationship is platonic.”

“huh…” Sans mumbled quietly to himself, his presence as invisible as ever.

Mettaton gave a baffled, condescending laugh. “Really? So say some stud pins you against the wall and delivers you a passionate kiss?”

You smirked. “I’d honestly rather be the one doing the pinning. But in the vice versa, I’d probably knee him in the crotch.”

“Hmm. Can’t relate.” Mettaton scoffed. “However… It could add an exotic spin on this number…”

He placed his hand on his chin. “Like humans are just as curious and tempting to us monsters…”

You grinned. “See? You’re liking it.”

“Don’t get cocky, sugar.” He sternly replied. “If we do a part like that, you’re going to have to get a grip on moving in those heels. Not to mention your movements in general.”

“OH, SHE’S DOING SO MUCH BETTER THAN BEFORE!! YOU’LL HAVE TO LET HER!”

Mettaton huffed, “I suppose I could choreograph something if you manage to impress me. If I think you’re up to snuff, then I’ll work it in.”

Your soul sang when you smiled, the wave of joy brushing against Sans. He found himself genuinely smiling with you and his brother as the two of you giddily grabbed hands.

God, he hoped Papyrus was right about you.

_____________________________________________________________

You spent entirely too much time in front of the closet deciding what to wear for your first night at Grillby’s. You hadn’t thought to ask about dress code in the excitement of getting hired. You tried to remember what everyone else had worn, but the only employee you recall seeing had been Grillby himself. His dapper attire itself sang elegance, though the establishment itself screamed speakeasy.

You finally settled on a navy and white striped top, and distressed jeans. Casual and comfy, but not too shabby. After showering your sweaty hair and applying a little makeup, you came out looking decent enough for your liking.
As you headed out the door your phone pinged. You prayed Kenneth had finally gotten some good news of finding a recording studio the band could afford to rent for a day or two. You and the boys had worked tirelessly to perfect the music and lyrics for your new album, Millenium Mother. With the album nearing its first stage of completion, you’d be able to record it and move on to get it ready to sell to the world.

Disappointment briefly filled your heart when you realized the text instead came from Papyrus, but gratefulness soon replaced it for having such a sweetheart for a best friend.

The Great Papyrus - 8:32 p.m.

GOOD LUCK TONIGHT, BEST FRIEND!! GRILLBY IS A NICE MAN, AND A HARD WORKER! I’VE NO DOUBT YOU’LL ENJOY WORKING THERE!

You started to reply back when another text came through.

The Great Papyrus - 8:32 p.m.

AND PERHAPS YOU AND SANS COULD GET A LITTLE CLOSER! HE’S ALREADY HEADED OVER THERE FOR THE NIGHT!

You continued typing your reply when another text flew in.

The Great Papyrus - 8:33 p.m.

THOUGH, I MUST WARN YOU…

You stopped dead in your tracks, your thumb hovering over the send button.

The Great Papyrus - 8:33 p.m.

THE GREASE IN THE AIR WILL STICK TO YOU, CLINGING TO YOUR CLOTHES. THE STENCH WILL RESONATE IN YOUR BEING UNTIL YOU’VE THOROUGHLY SHOWERED. AT LEAST TWICE.

You slightly edited your text before replying back.

You - 8:34 p.m.

Thanks for the heads up, bestie. I’ll let you know how it goes!

Upon arriving, you immediately scanned around for Sans. True to form, there he slouched on his usual barstool. You saw quite a few monsters you recognized from your last two visits. You smiled at everyone you passed, trying to make eye contact to show you meant no harm. You tried to remain blind to the stares they gave you in return.

You moved to the bar, Sans spotting you in the reflection of the overhead mirrors. He spun around on his barstool, his arm still propping him up against the counter. His head lulled as he squinted at you.

“Hey, you.” You greeted him.

“hey yourself. what’re you doin’ here?”

“I work here now, remember?”
“ah, shit. forgot.” He chortled.

The haziness of his pupils and inability to sit up straight made you suspicious. “Are you drunk?”

He frowned. “what’s it to ya’? yahgunna tattle to paps?”

“Oh, no, are we back to not liking each other?” You pouted as you leaned against the bar next to him.

Now you had him grinning again. “wha? you dunlike me?”

“I never said that!” You corrected him. “I just thought we were getting along now.”

“What, you think one meal and your purrfect cat would sway me to your side?”

“You already used that one.”

“You not feline my humor tonight?”

You snorted a little, and you hated yourself for it.

“Oh, the cat got your tongue?”

You smirked, “You couldn’t pawsibly think you’re that funny?”

“Sans, stop flirting with my staff.” Grillby’s voice crackled so suddenly, you jumped. How had you not noticed his glowing form approaching?

“I wasn’t--!”

Grillby slid a plate full of food in front of Sans. A huge, juicy burger with a toasted, buttery and glistening bun, and a pile of perfectly cut, golden fries. An elated moan escaped Sans’s mouth as he grasped the top bun, whipping a bottle of ketchup from inside his jacket. You watched him smack the glass, a giant glob falling out, enveloping the cheesy patty, dribbling down the sides. Satisfied with his work, he slapped the bun back on, splattering bits of ketchup all over his fries and around the plate on the bartop. He picked it up with both hands, the ketchup oozing out like blood from an open wound as he took a giant bite.

“Here. Put this on.” A flying apron caught you off guard as you watched Sans, the straps smacking you in the face. You scrambled to get it on quickly, your fingers stumbling at the straps as you tried to tie it around your back. Sans giggled at your misfortune, his cheeks stuffed with food like a hamster.

“Now, there are eleven tables in total, and the bar has ten bar stools.” He gestured towards the floor behind you. “The tables and booths are where I really need your help. The customers at the bar are the easiest for me to get to, and typically they’re my regulars. Like this one here.” He indicated Sans.

“happy tabe an ezzample.” Sans muffled through another bite.

“Having said that, if you see me helping a customer when a new customer sits at the bar, I don’t mind you taking their drink order for me.”

“Okay.” You interjected, just to indicate your attentiveness.

“For tonight I simply want you to shadow me and learn the basics. Get to know the menu and our patrons. Forming relationships with them is important.”
You nodded silently, a smile growing on your face.

“Alright, let’s head to the kitchen. I’d like to get your paperwork done and introduce you to the staff.”

You blinked. “Oh, there’s other workers here?”

“Of course. You don’t think I run this place by myself, do you?”

Actually, yes. You had.

You went around the bar, following Grillby towards the kitchen door labeled in. He stopped you just before opening the door. “The doors are labeled in and out for a reason. Don’t let me catch you going in our out the wrong door. Got it?”

“Got it.”

He held the door open for you, and you rushed in, your cheeks heated. Standing next to Grillby just that briefly toasted your skin like a campfire.

The smell of the kitchen hit you first, your stomach practically dancing inside you. The dark red tiles on the floor held bits of water in their grooves, and the wooden walls had stained from smoke from the grill. You first noted a plump, tan human woman washing dishes at a large sink. Her humming matched the song playing on the jukebox in the restaurant. Then at the grill you saw--

“Felix!?”

Sure enough, the groggy, orange cat monster from the dance studio stood with a spatula in hand, an apron tied around his neck and waist like yours. He did a double take upon hearing his name, his ears bending back. “Huh?”

“Ah, I see you two already know each other.” Grillby said nonchalantly.

“Yeah! He works at the dance studio Papyrus and I rehearse at!”

“Wait, you work here now?” He asked in disbelief.

“Yeah! And apparently you do, too.”

You recalled Bratty telling Juliet that Felix had another job. You never would’ve guessed that the other job would be Grillby’s. Small world.

“Yeah. Been here awhile now.” Felix paused as he flipped the burger on the grill, eyeing Grillby. “Can’t believe you hired another human besides Lita.”

Upon hearing her name, the woman looked over her shoulder. Grillby motioned for her to come over. “Who I hire is none of your concern, Burgerpants--”

“Oh, my God. Please stop with the Burgerpants already!!”

The woman approached the two of you, drying her hands with a striped kitchen towel. She looked curiously between the two of you, the crows feet around her eyes prominent. A streak of gray went through her black, pulled back bangs. The rest hung in a curly ponytail down her back.

“This busy ray of sunshine is Lita.”
“Hello! It’s nice to meet you!” You smiled, giving a small wave.

She smiled sweetly, waving back, but didn’t respond. “She doesn’t speak much english.” Grillby explained, “But she’s my best employee. She knows what needs to be done, and she does it without complaint.”

“I am right here.” Felix reminded him.

Grillby began speaking to Lita in spanish, the tongue of the language all too familiar after dancing non stop to it a week straight. Her face lit up as she nodded, her voice sweet like caramel. “You work here?” Lita asked.

“Si.” You nodded, wishing you knew more spanish. Here you knew three languages, and none of them were of use to you in that moment.

“Ohhh.” She slowly nodded. “Grillby es good. You be happy.” She nodded more firmly, smiling. You could see why Grillby dubbed her a ray of sunshine.

What a small crew. You wondered if it would just be the four of you there? Grillby ushered you to follow him again.

“My office is back here. Let’s get the formality out of the way so we can get you back out there.”

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Sans impatiently drummed his phalanges on the bar, waiting for you and Grillby to come back out. He needed another drink, and if he weren’t so damn lazy, he’d just get up and get it himself.

His empty plate sat before him, his dinner causing him to sober up a tad. His ketchup bottle nestled in his palm for the time being until one of you came back to refill his glass. Preferably Grillby. He didn’t like the thought of asking you to serve him.

Kingfisher and Chickadee, the two bird monsters sitting two seats down from Sans, continued their favorite pastime by checking people out on Twitter. (He’s suggested that instead of Tinder as a joke, but they took him seriously.) Sans usually sat by them silently, their thoughts and jokes passing by unnoticed. They usually only asked his opinion if they disagreed on the rating of someone online. He usually just agreed with the one he disagreed with the time before to keep the balance. Otherwise, he’d just block them out.

“Hey, Saaaaaans~!” Kingfisher growled as he sloshed drunkenly against the bar. “You know that girl?”

Sans immediately went on the defensive. “whassit to ya’?”

“We saw her come over and talk to you when she got here!” Chickadee leaned back to see around Kingfisher, the heightening pitch of her voice making Sans uneasy. “She’s come in a few times now with your brother, right?”

Sans propped his head on his hand. “yeah, and?”

“She’s pretty cute!” Kingfisher tried to nudge Sans’s elbow, but missed, instead flopping onto the barstool between them.

“You two a thiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing?” Chickadee finished for him, mirroring Sans’s pose.
“like hell.” Sans scoffed, the very idea spinning his skull. He could feel his cheeks glowing just the slightest.

“Saaaaaaaaaay,” Kingfisher giggled as he pulled himself up straight. “If you two aren’t dating, you should hook us up! I’d like to get a load a--”

“i’d quit fishin’ for girls if i were you. ‘specially when it comes to that one.” Sans warned. “she’s feistier than she looks, pal.”

“Nah, I bet she’s like a pussy cat!”

“Or a delicate flower!”

“Hoo-boy, I’d deflower her in a--”

“c’mon, man.” Sans snapped. “she’s my brother’s friend, alright? i don’t wanna hear that crap.”

“Show some respect, Kingfisher!” Chickadee slapped him on the arm. “She’s pals with Sansy, alright?”

“Hey, I’m gonna reel her in!” He cackled. “You’ll see!”

Sans groaned knowing how quickly hearing this kind of stuff about you would get old. He didn’t want to admit it himself, but you… You had this feel about you. A tenderness that flushed him if he focused on your face for too long. Truth was, he found you… attractive, maybe? Really, he didn’t know for sure, but...

He sure as hell hadn’t had the guts to admit that to you the night before.

The kitchen door swung open, and out you came with a menu in hand. He watched you as you came around the bar, Kingfisher stopping you as you passed by him.

“Say, honey--” He paused to burp, your face scrunching. “What say after work we--”

“No.” You spat frankly, carrying on like it never happened. You joined Sans on the opposite side as Chickadee lost her composure, her laughter filling the bar. Sans couldn’t help but chuckle to himself. He’d tried to warn him about your deceptively sweet face.

“Study guide.” You said, waving the menu before opening it.

“grillbz got ya’ learning the menu?”

“And getting me hungry.” You confessed shamelessly. “This stuff looks heavenly.”

He found himself watching you, your focus totally on the menu. You brushed a stray hair behind your ear before you suddenly turned to look at him. He strained to look like he hadn’t been staring at you.

“What’s your favorite thing on the menu?”

“uh…” His brain froze. Really, he liked a lot of the food on the menu, but… “the burg.”

“Burg?” Your face twisted. “Is that slang for burger?”

He snorted, “duh.”
You crossed your arms, “You know what? I liked you better yesterday even though you accused me of doing unspeakables with Papyrus. You weren’t as much of an ass, even when you got all buck with me.”

“same to you, toots, since you pinned me down again like the savage you are.” He held his glass up, trying to take a sip, forgetting about its empty contents. The ice cubes clinked against his teeth, the watered down remnants spilling onto his jacket. “oh, shit.”

You giggled, covering your mouth as you slid out of your barstool. “I’ll get you a napkin.”

You went back around the bar, grabbing a napkin and handing it to him. Sans sheepishly took it, the image of you behind Grillby’s bar all to abnormal. “What’re you drinking? I can get you a new glass.”

“uh, hibiki.”

“You drink Japanese whiskey?” You raised a brow as you turned to the wall of liquor bottles behind you. “I commend you on being able to drink that stuff straight. I’d have to mix it with something--ah! Here it is.”

“heh, yeah, well… i don’t really drink it for the taste.”

“Hmm?” You looked over your shoulder as you reached for the bottle. “What’d you say?”

“uh-- i said that’s probably ‘cause you don’t have good taste.”

“Ha! Says you.” You scoffed as you started searching for the glasses. “At least I don’t drown my food in ketchup! I’d have died if you did that to the steak I made last night.”

“you find monks attractive. i rest my case.” Sans teased as he watched you struggle. He could’ve told you where the glasses were, buuuuut… Where was the fun in that?

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“Are you judging me right now?” You laughed, finding the fridge containing the chilled tumblers. “Please, Sans, don’t harass me. I am working.”

“yeah, workin’ your mouth maybe.”

“Do you want a drink or not?”

“today would be nice.”

You filled the cup to the brim with ice, pouring the amber liquid over the chilled cubes. You slid the glass to him. “Here’s your drink, sir. Can I get you anything else?” You imitated a customer service voice sassily.

“nah, you’re done for now, but i’m so takin’ advantage of this when i need it.”

If you could handle him then you’d do just fine behind that bar.

You started to come back around, but hesitated. You turned to him and crossed your arms, leaning them on the counter top. “Can I ask you something?”

Sans didn’t like the curious look on your face. He locked eyes with you, trying to act natural by taking a swig of his drink before answering. “shoot.”

“Last night, I noticed when you were petting Ticket that your pupils can change shape. I’m guessing
it’s magic related, but is it a skeleton thing, or a monster thing in general?”

“oh.” He let out a sigh of relief through his nasal cavity. “s’not really either or. it’s kind of a… _me_ thing.”

“Oh! A Sans special?”

That warmed his cheeks up. “heh. i guess, yeah.”

“Okay, so _why_ is it only you who can do it?”

He shrugged. Why the hell did you care so much? In his opinion it was nothing but a nuisance.

“And I noticed that not only do they grow and shrink and change shape, but if you’re really mad, they completely disappear!” You shook your head. “That was _nuts_! You look completely different without your pupils!”

“huh, really?” He didn’t think so.

“What I _really_ want to know is....” You smirked. "If you do it willingly, or is it involuntary?”

He opened his mouth to answer, but…

Sans didn’t want you to know that.

Eyes, the windows to the soul, could expose everything he kept locked inside. Unshrouding that fact gave you too much power. He’d take that to his grave.

He took another swig of his drink to stall for time. He’d lie through his teeth to keep you from suspecting. Before he could even swallow, Grillby came out from the kitchen. You shot up straight, Grillby raising a brow at you.

“Sorry, he needed a drink.” You explained.

“I’m not angry, dear. Please serve the customers if I’m not around and they ask for something.” He went to the computer, tapping on the touch screen. “Just a fair warning, though. Sans is hardly a customer anymore. He practically _lives_ here. If he sits a minute without a drink, it won’t kill him.”

“wow.” Sans grinned. “i’m honored, grillbz, really.”

“Also, I’m adding that double to your tab.”

“aww, c’mon--”

“Let’s go check on everyone, Momo. Come along.”

“Sure thing, boss.” You sang, following behind Grillby.

Sans watched the two of you in the mirror above the bar. The other monsters eyed you, following your every move as you shadowed Grillby. You could feel their eyes on you, Sans could tell, your normally confident demeanor wavering the slightest. With each smile and encouraging remark you received, your soul strengthened.

At some point a human Sans didn’t recognize entered the bar. An older guy, his peppered hair and goatee made Sans guess he’d be in his late forties. He’d been eyeing you, too, and it rubbed Sans the wrong way.
Grillby had his eyes on him, too. Like he did to all the new humans who wandered in.

“Have I seen you somewhere before?” The man finally asked when you brought him his plate of chili cheese fries.

Sans watched the color drain from your face. You shook your head. “I don’t think so.”

“Sorry, you just look so familiar—”

“look at you geeddin’ recognized!” Sans cut in to save you, knowing you needed the help, though he hadn’t realized how much the alcohol had hit until he tried speaking. “miss famousgurl, yeah… yeah, datsyou, doll.”

Why did he call you that? What the hell was wrong with him?

You rolled your eyes. “C’mon, Sans, I’m hardly famous.”

“but you’re in a band!” He reluctantly banged his fist on the bar, his joints aching from the pressure. He turned to the man, almost falling out of his chair. “you seen’er in a show?”

“I don’t usually go to bars with live music, but maybe…” The man put his hand on his chin.

“ya’ know what, pal?” Sans shook his finger at him. “youneeda geddout more.” He turned to you. “‘ey! sing somethin’!”

You eyed him. “Why?”

“maybe he’ll recognizeya’! i mean, why wouldn’t anyone wannahear yousing? you sound like a brib!”

You giggled, Sans’s blurred vision focusing hard on your eyes. Shit, were you glowing? “Sans, I think you’ve had enough to drink, buddy.”

No, he’d accidently peeked at your soul again. He turned to Grillby. “grillbz! you heardat!? your new’ire’s tryna cut me off!”

“Rightfully so.” Grillby sighed. “I’ve already called your brother.”

“ffffffuuuuuuuuck.” Sans’s head fell onto the bar. “quick! sing sumffin’ so hewon’t be as mad when he gets here.”

“I don’t know if I should.” He heard you, but he couldn’t lift his head.

Sans could feel himself slipping into slumber. He stirred when he heard Grillby say, “I don’t have a policy against singing while you work.”

A string of silence hung as Sans closed his eyes, his arms now his pillows. Your light, feathery voice lulled him so close to peace.

“All the mushrooms looked at me

Looked at me

All the mushrooms surround me

Surround me
All the mushrooms looked at me
Looked at me
All the mushrooms surround me
Surround me
I’ve walked across the witch’s scalp
Pulled out her follicles
I’m a raging bird
Pecked off layers of their stems
Won’t let them see my tears
Won’t let them taste my fear
Automated decapitation
Won’t let them see my tears
Won’t let them taste my fear
Lula lila dulalila dalila lulila…”

With that, Sans faded into the abyss he’d familiared himself with. The next bit of consciousness found him dangling in Papyrus’s arms. He squeezed onto his brother’s shoulders, wondering where you had ended up.

Damn… He wanted to ask how your first night went.

“IS IT WHO I HOPE IT IS!?” Papyrus yelled, Sans’s already aching head pounding harder from the sound.

“Oh my gosh, it is! I’ve been waiting to hear back from him all day!” Your voice lifted his head up.

“whasshappenin’?” Sans tried to coherently form a sentence, his jumbled words the best he could muster.

“Kenneth finally texted me back.” You answered, but he couldn’t see you. Had Papyrus agreed to walk you home and carry him back? “He booked us at a recording studio!”

“whaddusewhatmean?” Sans tried to coherently form a sentence, his jumbled words the best he could muster.

“It means we can finally finish recording our new album!”

“THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION!!”

“I’m beat…” You groaned. “Can we celebrate tomorrow?”

“ANYTHING FOR YOU, BEST FRIEND!!” Papyrus cried out, reaching over and pulling you into a hug. Sans felt your hand brush against his side, reluctant when you pulled away.

He wanted to congratulate you, but his vision became hazy. His forehead rested against Papyrus’s
shoulder again, the abyss taking him over.

He wished he could find you, if only he’d try looking harder.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, guys!! Sorry for the unannounced three month hiatus.

I had a lot going on through the end of 2018, and I honestly just found it hard to write. I got indecisive about what I was writing, and every time I sat down to work on this chapter I just hated what I wrote. I think I really just needed a bit of a break. These last two weeks I've really put a lot of energy into the story, and the chapter finally came out how I wanted it. I hope you enjoyed it as well!

Please feel free to comment down below! I love hearing your feedback, and your general thoughts on the story, and I will reply back to everyone!! You guys are awesome. <3

As usual, here are the links for the songs below!

Chapter title: World.Search (You) ;
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-vlEd1Pbdxk&index=7&list=OLAK5uy_mXZYZtoaLmWd4oPN2djq_t4yaHwNuybpM

The song reader sings towards the end titled: Mushrooms
https://www.youtube.com/watch?
v=Ly8QIZ0vZYE&index=8&list=OLAK5uy_mXZYZtoaLmWd4oPN2djq_t4yaHwNuybpM

Thanks again for your patience! I hope to go back to monthly uploads now that this horrible writer's block is gone! <3
A Turtle's Heart

Chapter Summary

When you end up at a monster funeral you're introduced to a series of people in Sans and Papyrus's life. Undyne makes a declaration that worries Papyrus, leaving you and Sans fumbling to come up with a way to ease his nerves.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The caress of your bed woke you, the cold nipping at your exposed toes when you stretched them from the safety of your blanket. Sleep gripped onto you still, the need to roll over and lull back into dreaming all too tempting. Your body felt a bit… too well rested.

You rustled back your bed sheets, snatching your phone so fast you chipped a nail on it. You had overslept, and rehearsal had started ten minutes ago.

You threw the blanket off and scurried out of bed. Ticket growled in disdain, your rapid movements disturbing his slumber. You jetted to the bathroom first, grabbing your toothbrush. If you would clean anything properly, it would be your mouth. You danced too closely with Papyrus for you to have rancid breath.

Shit, you needed a shower. You should’ve grinned and bared it after your shift at Grillby’s the night before. Instead you crash landed head first into the bed leaving all sense of hygiene to your morning routine.

You let out a whining groan. Mettaton would surely fire you this time.

You continued to brush your teeth as you went back for your phone. Papyrus didn’t keep his phone on him during rehearsal, but maybe he would hear his phone ringing in his bag? The idea of calling Sans struck you until you remembered you had never gotten his phone number.

Ignoring the notifications on your phone, you called Papyrus straight away. You made your way back to the bathroom, though some toothpaste dribbled from your lip and onto your shirt. You growled as you grabbed a hand towel, cleaning yourself when Papyrus’s voice rang out from the receiver.

“WHY, HELLO, BEST FRIEND!!”

“Hey, Papy.” You exhaled, putting him on speaker before setting your phone on the bathroom counter. “How angry is Mettaton?”

“METTATON?? WHY WOULD HE BE ANGRY??”

You quirked an eyebrow. “I’m running late.”

“OH, BEST FRIEND!! YOU DIDN’T GET MY TEXT?!”

“Uh...” You confessed, going to your messages. “I just woke up.”
DON’T WORRY ABOUT COMING TO REHEARSAL TODAY. METTATON CANCELED IT.

You squinted, rereading Papyrus’s text three times before you believed it. Did it really say what you hoped it said? “Oh! This must be my lucky day!” You sang, spitting out the remaining toothpaste in your mouth with relief.

“WEEEEELLLL…” Papyrus stalled. “MAYBE NOT EXACTLY.”

You looked at the phone as if it were Papyrus himself. “What’s going on?”

“GERSON’S FUNERAL IS TODAY… YOU REMEMBER? THE MONSTER WHO PASSED AWAY EARLIER THIS WEEK?”

You nodded before realizing Papyrus couldn’t see you. “Yeah.”

“METTATON IS MAKING AN APPEARANCE AT THE CEREMONY, AND SANS AND I WILL BE ATTENDING AS WELL.”

You hesitated. “Right, of course.” Should you offer to attend? Would that be intrusive? You knew how much Gerson meant to Undyne. You didn’t want to impose, but…

“I’M GLAD YOU CALLED ME! I JUST SPOKE WITH UNDYNE, AND SHE WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU WERE GOING TO ATTEND. I DIDN’T KNOW SINCE WE HADN’T SPOKEN UNTIL NOW, BUT--”

“Yes!” You exclaimed. “Yes, I’ll absolutely be there if she’s okay with that.”

“IT WILL MEAN A LOT TO HER, AND… TO US AS WELL.”

By *us* you assumed he meant himself and Sans.

Now that he’d dropped his stoic, suspicious act you started to enjoy Sans’s company. His demeanor loosened and his playful banter presented itself. You’d begun to see the friendly side of him that Papyrus claimed existed. You had only worked a few nights at Grillby’s, but he was there for every single shift. In that time you saw his popularity with the regulars. His sense of humor lightened everyone’s spirits. Even when you found yourself overwhelmed he’d say something stupidly clever to make you laugh. Like when you messed up, or when you over glorified completing a simple task. The guy had wit, and he knew how to use it. You liked that about him.

You never thought you’d say it, but… you had started to genuinely *like* Sans as a person.

That, in turn, had you worrying about his drinking. You tried keeping up with just how many drinks he had during your last shift. To your knowledge, at least six. Maybe even more. You barely knew him, and it troubled you. You could only imagine how Papyrus felt.

You agreed to meet the brothers at one o’clock at the ceremony. Papyrus gave you the address, though you had no idea where it would be held.

You allowed yourself the luxury shower you deserved and fed yourself and Ticket before going to your closet to find something appropriate to wear. You went to your black apparel, finding a dress. Three quarters sleeve with a midi fit and flare. Perfect for the cooling weather, and appropriate for the occasion.
You reached for your black flats, stopping just short of grabbing them. You let out a heavy sigh through your nostrils, your mouth twisting in disgust as you eyed your black heels before reluctantly pairing them with your dress. You hadn’t worn them since the last funeral you attended.

You called for an Uber, the address leading you to a cemetery on the outskirts of the city. Chipped, iron gates lined the perimeter, the tombstones reaching towards the sky at varying heights. The police officers stationed along the fence, however, were an unexpected part of the scenery.

You spotted the brothers waiting for you at the entrance. Papyrus looked quite debonair in his suit, a dark grey with a red tie. The pop of color amongst the neutrals very much fit him. Sans wore black slacks and a white button up, though his normal blue hoodie still covered the majority of his upper body.

Papyrus let out a sweet sigh upon seeing you before giving you a hug. “EVEN IN MOURNING, YOU ARE A VISION!”

“c’mon, it’s too early in the morning for all that.”

“SANS, IT’S AFTER NOON-- WAIT!” Papyrus scolded Sans with disapproving eyes.

“You guys look quite dapper yourselves.” You smiled. “You clean up real nice, Sans.”

He looked past you, his cheeks tinting the slightest blue as he pulled his hood back over his skull. “thanks.”

An officer outposted by the entrance approached the three of you, her eyes obscured by large sunglasses. “Excuse me, but now that your friend is here I’ll have to ask you to get inside the cemetery for your safety.”

“yeah, you got it, pal.” Sans nodded.

“THANK YOU FOR YOUR SERVICE, MADAM!” Papyrus saluted her, leading you by hand through the gate. She gave a nod with a faint smile.

You already knew the answer, but asked anyway. “Okay, why are there police officers stationed outside the cemetery?”

“For our safety!”

“Are we in danger?”

“We’re always in danger.” Sans mumbled. “not to sound melodramatic, but really, i’m not wrong.”

“No, you’re not…” Papyrus’s chipper tone dropped ever so slightly. Enough for you to notice after only knowing him a short time. “A LOT OF MONSTERS ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY FOR GERSON. THE POLICE ARE HERE TO MAKE SURE NOTHING… HAPPENS.”

You pressed harder. “To make sure nothing happens?”

“You know... nothing crazy.”

Your mind wandered in horror. All these scenarios of brutal attacks on the recession raced through you. The possibility of a catastrophe striking with such a large group of monsters… Not even a passing thought of danger teased you to worry.
God, you were so naive.

“I DO WONDER WHY ON EARTH THEY DECIDED TO HOLD THE FUNERAL IN A CEMETERY?! THE PARK WOULD HAVE BEEN MUCH NICER!”

You blinked, wondering if he’d attempted to make a joke until Sans answered, “eh, probably because it’s isolated. they can keep a better eye on us.”

You found yourself gazing around at all of the other monsters there. You couldn’t believe the variety of species you saw. Dragons, bunnies, birds, flame creatures similar to Grillby, and so many more. Very sparsely you spotted humans tangled in the mix.

In the center of the cemetery sat a small stage with chairs five rows deep facing it. A large picture of Gerson surrounded by flowers rested next to a podium. Lisianthus, iris, and kalanchoe hung around the adorned, wooden frame. Three stands of different heights stood opposite of the frame, each one holding a different item. A massive hammer, a tea cup, and a slingshot.

“I’ve never attended a monster funeral…” You wondered aloud. “Are they anything like human funerals?”

“I DON’T KNOW! I’VE NEVER ATTENDED A HUMAN FUNERAL BEFORE… HAVE YOU, SANS?”

“can’t say i have.” He looked at you. “guess you’ll just have to wait and find out.”

A chill in the air had you hugging yourself. The looming, gray sky above hung low, the darkness of the clouds surely bringing rain. You hoped one of the boys had an umbrella on them if it started to drizzle.

Unsure of where to go, you stuck closely to the brothers. The trek across the cemetery in heels proved difficult, but you managed to stay a few steps behind them.

A white, furry monster spotted the three of you, her face brightening. Her long, purple dress twirled around her as he moved to meet the three of you. She had ears like a goat, and small horns. Her red eyes struck you like delicious pools of strawberry syrup.

“Who is that?” You asked, assuming she knew them.

“that’s toriel.” Sans answered. “the funniest woman alive.”

“Hello, boys!” She sang, going to Papyrus first and wrapping her plump arms around him.

“HELLO, LADY ASGORE!”

“hey, tori.” Sans said before receiving his own hug.

“I’m so glad to see you two. You really should come to visit me more often, you know.” She cupped Sans’s cheeks, wiggling them with her paws, her tone teasing. “And not just when you’re hungover.”

Sans chuckled, “my bad.”

She met your eyes, surely feeling your inspecting gaze. You readied yourself for resentment and suspicion. What you had personally dubbed the ‘post Jeanette treatment.’

But then, she smiled. “And, you must be Papyrus’s new friend!” Toriel moved to you, the hug
unexpected. Her motherly embrace soothed your defenses, your arms wrapping around her before
you realized it. “It’s so nice to finally meet you, though I do wish it were under better
circumstances.” She pulled back, her paws sliding down your arms to your hands. She gazed at you
sweetly, her presence warm and cozy like an autumn candle. “U-uh,” You stuttered, her friendliness
throwing you for a loop. “It’s nice to meet you, too.”

“Papyrus has told me so much about you! How are you enjoying your dance lessons?”

“Well, Mettaton is… interesting. Umm.” You paused before giving a careful, but honest answer.
“He’s… good at pushing you to do your best. But really my favorite part is spending time with these
two.”

“Oh, so I’ve heard! Sans tells me you’re even working at Grillby’s now.”

You glanced at the small skeleton before nodding. “That’s true.”

“And Papyrus told me you do cooking lessons as well.”

“She invested her culinary skills into the perfect pupil!” Papyrus winked
at you from behind Toriel.

“Well! If that’s the case, I’d love for you to have one of your lessons in my kitchen.”

You cocked a brow, your grin growing. “Really?”

“Wowie!! A feast in the royal kitchen!?”

“We could invite everyone over and have dinner together! It’s been so long since we’ve all sat down
and had a meal together.” She squeezed your hands. “Do an old woman a favor and humor me,
won’t you?”

“Yes!” You nodded. “I would love to!”

“Perfect!” She moved to the chairs, still holding your hand. “Stay and chat with me a bit before the
funeral starts. I’d love to talk with you.”

“Oh, uh— Sure.” How could you object after she had been so kind?

She released you, smoothing out her dress as she sat down. You joined her as she looked at the boys.
“Papyrus, dear, why don’t you go find Undyne?”

“Right…” Papyrus nodded, his gaze moving around the cemetery to locate her. “Sans, would
you like to come along?”

Sans waved a hand. “nah, i’m good. i’ll catch her later.”

Papyrus nodded, that solumness taking his smile again as he left the three of you without another
word. You wanted to chase after him. To offer him some kind of comfort, but...

Toriel blinked, her smile never wavering. “Sans, don’t you have someone you’d like to go talk to?
I’m sure there are other people here you’d like to see besides me.”

Sans gave her a cheeky grin. “what? you tryin’ to get rid of me?”

“I wanted a chance to speak in private, but I suppose it doesn’t matter if you’re here. Although, I do
have a few choice words to say about you in the matter. Like your inability to adapt to the changing
times. Or the fact that you won’t listen to anyone with a sense of reason. Or the fact that you--”

“yeah, ya’ know, i’ll just catch up with paps.” He nodded, his hands sliding into his hoodie pockets.

“A wise choice.” Toriel nodded, sternly watching him until he turned heel after Papyrus. The snicker you tried to hold back came out involuntarily. She waited until Sans disappeared into the crowd before speaking up again. “Sorry to have to send them away.”

“Oh, no, it’s okay.” You bit your lip, your heart now racing.

“Don’t be anxious, my dear. I’m not going to attack you now that everyone’s gone.” She assured you. “I just… I wanted to let you know that I’m aware of how you’ve been treated.”

“Oh.” You nodded, “You know, after Papyrus explained the situation to me I understood. It’s really okay--”

“No. It isn’t.” She firmly articulated. “Make no mistake, I am not unaware of the hardships those boys went through because of another human. But I think after what they’ve been through those two need a kind human in their lives.” She paused. “More so Sans than Papyrus.

How could she assume you were kind? Perhaps because of what she’d heard from the brothers, but you let it go. Regardless, you appreciated not being treated like a criminal.

“So… Did you talk some sense into Sans? Is that why he’s treating me differently now?”

She cocked her head, her smile coy. “What do you mean?”

How could you word your prior relationship with Sans? “Well, to be frank, he used to be the biggest asshole I’ve ever met.” You paused when she snickered, covering the tip of her snout with her paw.

“Now, though… He’s a lot nicer. He’s a great listener, and his attention to detail astounds me. I never would have guessed this person was inside of that hard exterior I’d seen before.”

“So he’s acting like himself again.” She mused, a faint smile forming. “He’s been out of sorts for so long.”

“Oh, so… this has been going on even before I got here?”

“I believe his most recent behavior came from you entering their lives.” She nodded. “Though I feel partially responsible for some of it.”

“How so?”

“Oh, listen to me, pratilling on.” She waved it off, your curiosity begging for more details. “My point is that now that Sans has accepted you, I think your relationship will be good for him. It’ll help him become more accepting to humans again.”

“So, you weren’t the one who talked him into giving me a chance?”

She shook her head. “No, dear. I don’t think anyone could talk Sans into doing something. Don’t let his grin fool you. He’s stubborn.”

That much you had figured out. “Then I wonder what changed all of a sudden?”

She shrugged. “I couldn’t say. He’s not as quick to trust as Papyrus, but my thinking is that perhaps he’s realized you’re not a scheming girl after his brother’s money.”
You’d hoped that was the case. “Good. I really like him. I hope we’ll become close.”

Toriel grinned. “I think you will. And if you have any more trouble with anyone treating you badly, you come tell me. My door is always open to you.”

You started to thank her when a young girl in a black dress stepped close to the two of you. She looked to be around twelve years old. Her short, bobbed haircut and rosy cheeks gave her a look of innocence, but her sharp, brown eyes cast judgement. She looked you up and down before moving her gaze to Toriel. “Who are you talking to, mom?”

Mom?

Two more small children came up behind her, hovering on either side. A small, baby goat monster that practically mirrored Toriel, and another human girl. The boy had on a black suit complete with a purple tie, his large, red eyes just like his mother’s. He was just barely shorter than the first girl, the tuft of hair on top of his head spiked like a fohawk. Two small horns peaked out on either side of his forehead.

The new girl was the shortest of the three. She had disgruntled, short and messy hair with an overall, corduroy dress with a long sleeved white shirt underneath. Her sun kissed complexion glowed, and her brown eyes blinked curiously at you. A red ribbon tied into her hair added to her cuteness.

“Oh, what great timing! Kids I’d like to introduce you to Papyrus’s new friend.” She introduced them one by one. “This is my son, Asriel. The tall one is Chara, and my youngest here is Frisk.”

“It’s nice to meet you three. You can call me Momo. Most everyone else does.”

“Oh! You’re Papyrus’s dance partner for Mettaton’s show!” Frisk smiled.

“Yeah, that’s me.” You grinned. You hadn’t realized how talked about you were in Papyrus’s circle of friends.

Asriel stepped up, taking your hand and placing a dainty kiss upon it. You welcomed his warm fur against your goose pimples. “Prince Asriel Dreemur. It’s a pleasure to make your acquaintance, milady.”

Chara scoffed, “You did not just call her milady!”

Asriel’s cheeks puffed out. “So what if I did!?”

“It was kind of weird.” Frisk admitted. “It’s only okay for Cat Noir to say it because he’s French, and he’s talking to Ladybug. It’s a historical play on words.”

“Yeah, really. Where’s your fedora?” Chara teased.

“Ladies, behave.” Toriel clenched playfully through her teeth.

Chara gave you the once over again before crossing her arms. “So, what? Are you Papyrus’s new girlfriend now?”

You shook your head. “No, we’re just friends.”

“Hmm. Makes sense.” She smirked. “You’re not as pretty as Jeanette.”

“Chara!” Toriel snapped. “That’s incredibly rude!”
“But, *mother*, I’m being *honest* like you *told* me to.”

“You know perfectly well that that is not what I meant when I said that. Apologize.”

“But—”

“Apolo—”

Chara huffed a breath through her nose. “I’m sorry I was brutally honest. ” She spat.

Toriel growled sternly as Frisk stepped closer to you. “Well, if *I’m* being honest, I think the opposite. You’re beautiful.”

You grinned. “Thank you, sweetie. So are you.”

Frisk winked, shooting you finger guns. “Did you sit on some sugar? Because you’ve got a sweet ass!”

Laughter spilled out before you could stop it. Never had someone hit on you like that before, and you couldn’t believe it flew out of the mouth of a small child. Luckily, Toriel laughed with you. “Frisk, watch your mouth!” She coughed between giggles.

“I learned it from Uncle Sans.” Frisk shrugged. “He’s a bad influence, and he’s teaching me things he shouldn’t.”

“Is he now?” Toriel eyed her.

“Brown noser.” Chara whispered.

The three kids bombarded you with questions. They asked about your music, your dance lessons, what working at Grillby’s was like. They told you about their favorite styles of dance, and begged to come to one of your rehearsals.

You excused yourself to a restroom inside of the mausoleum. You took your time, moseying along as you admired the details lining each encased casket. Engraved linings, filigree swirls framing a plaque with the deceased’s identity. Flowers, some fresh and other withered and dry, billowed down the walls, floor to ceiling.

You wandered to the opening of the mausoleum resting your body against the threshold. You gazed outside at the patrolling police officers, their sluggish steps filling you with dread. The gray sky above, however, filled you with a sense of peace. The smell of dirt and rain clung to you, the earth beneath the concrete begging you to pull it back like a blanket and lie down in its embrace.

You glanced down at your watch with twenty minutes to spare before the funeral began. You wondered if you should find the brothers in that time.

“It’s a beautiful day outside.”

You inhaled a gasp, whipping around to find a tall skeleton monster. His broad shoulders and lazy eye looked past you out at the horizon. You looked around, making sure he hadn’t spoken to someone else there. To your knowledge, only the two of you inhabited the building. He slowly tilted his head, his eye lights finding you. “Did I give you a fright?”

“You startled me, that’s all. I thought I was the only one in here.”

He gazed back beyond the fence, his body still as a statue. “Never assume you’re alone.”
Perhaps his wording brightened the idea in your mind, but his muted colors, posture and black trench coat screamed mastermind. He tucked his hands behind him, his back straight, and his chin slightly elevated almost to the point of looking snooty.

Every part of your body urged you to leave, but now you felt obliged to stay. Would it be rude to excuse yourself and go? Had he come up with the intent to start a conversation? He wouldn’t even look at you, which you found rather insulting.

“How did you know the departed?” His sudden question halting your resolve to get out of dodge.

“I actually didn’t know him personally, but a lot of my friends knew him.” You answered honestly. “I’m just here for support.”

He turned, his brow bone raised. “Really? A human girl with multiple monster friends?”

That hung heavy around you. Could you really call Alphys and Undyne your friends? You wanted to, but you hadn’t spoken to either of them since the sleepover. Then again, you wouldn’t of been there if Undyne hadn’t asked Papyrus about your attendance. You confessed again, “Well, some are acquaintances, I suppose.”

“I see.” His frown shifted into the slightest smile. “I couldn’t help but notice you’ve distanced yourself from the crowd.”

“Oh, not intentionally. I just started admiring the cemetery after I left the restroom. It’s quite old, but the architecture is so detailed. I could stare at it for hours.”

“You see beauty in this place?”

You nodded. “I’m weird, I know. Of course, you started our conversation by complimenting the dreary weather.”

He gazed upwards at the draping clouds, the dark gray peppered with glowing pockets of sunshine trying desperately to burst through. “I find I enjoy most types of weather, but cloudy days are indeed my favorite.”

“Mine too.” You agreed.

“Yet another surprise. Most human girls prefer the sun.”

“I suppose I favor a lot of things most find unpleasant, or unsettling.” You admitted. You wanted to add ‘Such as glowing, cyan vomit,’ but you resisted being that openly creepy.

“Such as?” He insisted.

You hesitated. “Perfectly cut slabs of meat. How maggots, disgusting and repulsed, can heal by eating infected flesh. The beauty of a rotting corpse decaying into a garden, giving it life.” You paused, unsure if you should stop while you were ahead, or go ahead and continue your obscene fascinations to this complete stranger.

“Maybe even skeletons, perhaps?” He smirked, and your heart dropped. What could he have been insinuating? Had he just tried to hit on you? You thought maybe for once you could just have a nice, meaningful and deep conversation with a man you’d just met, but--

“pops?”
Sans’s voice startled you, but you welcomed him to break the rising tension. He looked as flustered as you felt stepping into the mausoleum from the graveyard. It hadn’t clicked what he had called him until the stranger replied, “Ah, hello, son.”

...Son?

“What the hell? Papyrus and I didn’t even know you were gonna be here.”

“Why wouldn’t I? I worked with the man for years.”

“We never heard back from you—”

“Wait, wait, hold up…” You pointed at the stranger. “This is your dad?”

“Oh, yeah.” His monotone voice deepened. “Dad, this is—”

“I know who she is.” He spat. “Why else would I approach her?” He adjusted the lapel of his coat, the gaping holes in each of his palms grabbing your attention. He held a hand out to you. “W.D. Gaster. Royal Scientist. It’s a pleasure to make your acquaintance, young lady.”

“A pleasure to meet you.” You shook his hand. “I’d say ‘what a coincidence,’ but you already knew who I was.”

“Yes, I did homework before approaching. Papyrus showed me your picture, and told me quite a bit about you.” He glanced at Sans. “Sans has told me a bit himself as well.”

Sans looked mighty uncomfortable in this situation. Something about getting him flustered really got you off. You took the opportunity. “Really? Like what?”

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“I’m told your singing voice is hypnotizing. To the point of submission, even.”

You blinked, not expecting such a compliment. Now your cheeks felt warm. Sans said that about your voice?

Sans’s grin widened. “Dad, please stop talking.”

“No need to get embarrassed, son. I’m sure that’s a normal response to such a renowned voice.”

“Reaaaaally layin’ the charm on heavy, aren’t’cha?” Sans mocked.

“Is that a problem?” Gaster got a look of mischief. “You wouldn’t be jealous now, would you?”

“Why would i be jealous?”

“Where’s your brother?” Gaster switched subjects, his sunken face suggested he’d grown bored of taunting. Now that you knew him to be their father you couldn’t help but see it all too clearly. Papyrus no doubt had Gaster’s cheek bones, but Sans got his eyes. Perhaps larger versions, but the resemblance resonated like the glow of their pupils.

“He’s probably already sat for the funeral. It’s startin’ pretty soon. S’why I came lookin’ for you.”

“Gosh, I’m sorry. I lost track of time.” You admitted as you checked your watch. “Wanna walk back with me? I might trip and die in these heels.”

“Sure, but if you do, save us some time and effort and trip into an open grave, would ya’?”
You eyed him before he shrugged. “s’only a joke.”

You turned, halting at the pinch on the back of your head. You reached up, grabbing the ailing spot. Gaster’s amused laughter slithered out, his sharp eyes studying your reaction.

“I apologize.” He swiftly responded. “Your hair got caught in my cufflink.”

“No big deal.” You rushed out in a hushed whisper, your finger massaging the stinging pore.

“I’ll catch up.” Gaster said, adjusting his sleeve. “You two go on ahead. Play nicely now.”

You caught the look Sans shot towards his father as the two of you set off back towards the seating area. “Your dad seems nice.” You badgered.

“if by nice you mean indirectly an asshole, then sure.” He snorted.

“I can think of someone else I know who talks like that.” You placed a finger to your chin. “Hmm, who could that be, I wonder?”

He held up his hand. “alright. you got me. i learned how to be passive aggressive from the master.”

“I don’t know if I’d call him passive aggressive, though he does come off as a super villain, doesn’t he?”

“you kiddin’? he could’ve killed us all if he hadn’t messed up the first time.”

You halted, the concern on your face all too obvious. He spun around on his heel, his hands in his hoodie pockets, and shot you a wink. “kidding.”

“Haha. You’re hilarious.”

“he only tried to wipe out humans.”

You rolled your eyes. “I’m gonna have to learn when you’re joking and when you’re being serious.”

He chuckled, deep and amused. “good luck.”

The two of you made your way back to your seats where you found yourself sitting in between the brothers. You kept looking around for Undyne, but she didn’t seem to be anywhere in sight. You spotted Mettaton, who completely ignored you when you tried to say hello, and Grillby, who informed you the bar would be closed that evening out of respect for Gerson, but no Undyne. Maybe she had special reserved seating since she’d been so close with the departed?

Your search ended when Toriel took the stage, her hands folded in front of her. Asgore followed in behind her, his form undeniably recognizable from social media. His golden hair and purple cape billowed around him regally, the crown only amplifying his kingly presence. Though his eyes spoke soft, his faint smile humble. Above all things, he looked quite huggable and warm.

Everyone began applauding, so you followed suit to not offend. You couldn’t remember an occasion where anyone had ever clapped at a funeral before. The obscurity of joy at a funeral intrigued you, waves of energy fizzing against your delicate flesh like carbonation. The two shared a peck as they reached the podium, their snouts pressing together like a nuzzle. This egged the crowd on, whistles and whoops flooding the air.

“Thank you all so much for being here today.” Asgore spoke into the mic, his deep voice bellowing like a clock tower. The crowd began to hush as he spoke. “We come here today to speak not as your
king and queen, but as the friends of someone so dear to us all.” He paused, gripping the side of the podium. His massive paws tightened around the edge. “A loss that will truly mark a dark day for monsterkind, and mankind alike.”

“Gerson Boom, dubbed The Hammer of Justice, fought bravely and saved countless lives long ago during the War of Humans and Monsters.” Toriel spoke. “You know all those facts of course. I’m not here to give you a history lesson, after all.” She winked. “Unless you’re attending my class Monday morning.”

Giggles sparsely sprouted from the people around you. Sans himself chuckled like a twelve year old boy at an inappropriate joke.

“Losing someone is the most terrible pain a living being can endure,” Asgore continued. “Knowing the light they bring into your life is forever snuffed out. I cannot begin to imagine something more wicked than that.”

He inhaled, his gaze rising to the sky briefly. Toriel placed a gentle touch on his shoulder as he squinted his eyes shut, hard and sealed. He batted them before facing those of you listening again. “As most of you know, loss is not uncommon amongst our kind as of late. But we’re not here to discuss that. We only wish to honor our friend’s memory by sharing stories with you.”

“We’ll keep it brief, of course. We don’t want to keep you here all day, but believe me when I say that we could write a book about this man and only cover a quarter of tellable tales.”

“Toriel and I stayed up countless nights devising the perfect story we could share together about him. Our time on the battlefield. Countless afternoon tea sessions–”

“They did love to gossip.” Toriel winked, invoking laughter.

“But after much debate, there could only be one tale the two of us could share… And that would be mine and Toriel’s separation.”

They paused, the silence deafening. They shared a look of knowing before Toriel waved off the stiffness in the air with that buttery laughter. “Why the long faces? You remember we’re married again, don’t you?”

You hadn’t attended many funerals in your lifetime, but they never felt so light hearted and welcoming. You side glanced at Papyrus, his smile tempting out your own. The glow of his cheeks brightened the gloomy sky that so contrasted him.

You turned your attention back to the couple on the stage, eager to hear more from them. You liked this tone. You ached to hear more from these warm, fuzzy leaders.

More humans should attend monster funerals, you concluded.

“Now, believe it or not, I did not like Gerson when I first met him.” Toriel admitted, her smile growing sheepish.

“She’d told me straight away.” Asgore confirmed.

“After Asgore declared his plan to free us from the underground, I had become utterly inconsolable. I barely spoke with Asgore, and I keep my true feelings towards the matter to myself.” She took a moment to reflect as she gazed at Gerson’s portrait. “Gerson came by to see Asgore, and as I passed him in the hall, I took out my fury towards Asgore’s actions on him.”
She stepped out from the podium, her hands on her hips as she re-enacted her movements from that day. “I passed by him, only to spin around, pointing my finger as I declared, ‘How dare you!?’ He stopped, looked at me over his shoulder, and… he laughed.”

Toriel paused, giving her full reaction, shaking her head and batting her eyes. The crowd giggled, you chiming in with them. You could see why Sans dubbed her funny, though probably not the funniest woman in the world.

“The man thought I was joking! He laughed, ‘Good one, Mrs. Dreemurr! Wah ha ha!’ Now, you can imagine how much that fueled my fire.”

“She does have a temper—”

Toriel snapped a look of distaste at Asgore, his apologetic grin comical. Laughter like a sitcom quickly dispersed as she continued. “I repeated myself, ‘How dare you?! Marching around here! Ready to go back up there and knock some more humans around, no doubt!'”

Her shoulders dropped, her smile fading. “I cannot describe to you how his face crumbled when I said those words. After a pause he simply stated, “My hammer is my legacy, but it does not define me.” She looked to her husband. “Asgore and I had a long talk that night. We tried to work through our differences, and briefly we did.”

“That was until Gerson resigned as the Captain of the Royal Guard.”

Toriel nodded. “I just knew I was responsible. I set out, finding he’d set up a small shop in Waterfall. One he’d work at until our release from the underground.”

“He did love that old cave.”

“I sat with him and talked for hours.” Toriel laughed. “We both liked chit-chat, and boy did we discuss every topic imaginable that evening. We had so much in common, and all this time I all but treated him like a criminal.” She shook her head. “I know it is cliche to say, but cliches are dubbed as such due to their invaluable lessons that will be repeated time, and time again. Hear me when I say this: Do not, under any circumstance, judge a book by its cover.”

You fought looking at Sans, but your stubbornness got the better of you. The two of you locked eyes, your slight smile caused him to look away, a breath escaping from his nasal cavity.

“I had to know.” Toriel breathed. “I had to know if I was the one who pushed him from the castle.”

“He told me at the time, ‘I’m simply too old to fight if it comes to it. If I ran across a human in this state, I’d be dead before I could fight back.” Asgore added.

“And though it sounded reasonable enough, Asgore’s affirmation and reassurance did not quell that nagging guilt. I needed to hear it from Gerson. He said, ‘Miss Toriel, I only did what I had to to save our kind during the war. I’m no hero, and I’m not gonna act like it either. I don’t enjoy battle, but I want to survive. So, I’ll stay here until that little angel comes to set us free.’”

She smiled down at the children seated near you. “But then he told me, I’m not angry at you for what you said in the castle. I needed to hear that. You told me what I needed to hear to get out of that position because I don’t agree with what Asgore is doing either. You gave me that push I needed to free myself from where I didn’t want to be.”

She looked up at Asgore, their adoration prominent. “And those words he told me are the reason I decided to leave Asgore, and live on my own in the ruins.”
Asgore held up a hand, “Now, you may think ‘how could he do such a thing?!’ Though, let me be clear, he never intended to put the idea in her head.”

“No, he never even whispered a passing thought on the idea. I left Asgore that night, and disappeared. No one knew but the monsters in the ruins where I’d gone.” Toriel nodded.

“But now…” Asgore grinned, taking Toriel’s paw in his. “We’re together again because Gerson convinced me to chase after my wife again.”

“Yes, the same man who gave me the courage to leave, gave Asgore the courage to reunite us.”

Gasp, exaggerated and mixed with laughter, sent you into a fit of giggles. Toriel clapped with them, her face full of laughter, but the sounds lost in the crowd. Asgore held up both hands, the rowdy celebration quieting down to a dull murmur.

“Now, let us go back to the underground, and before Gerson resigned.” Asgore began. “Every week, Gerson and I would meet for tea to chat. Catch up, and talk about what was going on in the world. Seek advice from one another, and all that. We had decided escaping to the surface again would be pointless. After surviving the War of Humans and Monsters, why chance losing ourselves to creatures who only sought to destroy us?...” He exhaled slowly, his gaze moving to Toriel’s. Her gaze softened, a slight nod urging him to speak on. “My view changed after we lost our children.”

You whispered to Sans, “They lost their children?”

“eh, yeah, but they’re all fine now.” He nodded to his left at the three kids you’d met earlier.

You blinked. “How so if they lost them?”

“That entire story would take about twenty hours and thirty seven minutes to tell.”

“That’s weirdly specific.”

Sans placed his finger against his mouth. “shhhhhh.”

Asgore continued, “The decision to free the monsters from the underground cost me everything. My wife, my integrity… and my friendship with Gerson. We didn’t speak for quite some time after he had left for Waterfall. I’d fallen into utter despair.”

“Asgore!” Toriel nugged her with her elbow. “Stop bringing everyone down! You act like we’re at a funeral!”

Asgore smiled. “Of course.” He took a step back and moved to the three pedestals. From there he collected the tea cup and saucer. The dainty, golden detailing had chipped away, the dishware looking so tiny in his paws. He carefully carried it with him back to the podium, extending his arms. “Now, Gerson and I made amends while still underground. Like old times, we resumed our weekly afternoon tea. We laughed, and cut up for hours.” He gazed at his wife. “Only when Gerson asked about Toriel did it all come out.”

“Asgore!” Toriel nugged her with her elbow. “Stop bringing everyone down! You act like we’re at a funeral!”

Asgore paused, thumbing over the tea cup as he kept his eyes locked on her. “I told him everything. How much I missed her. How I longed to see the children playing in the garden, and having morning tea as we watched them. I just let it all out after bottling it up for so many years. And he looked at me and laughed. He said, ‘Why are you telling me all this? Shouldn’t you tell her?’”

Heavy breath startled you, but you stayed diligent in giving Asgore your full attention. After all, this gave you a chance to learn about someone well respected amongst monsterkind. You wanted to learn
more, but trying to cram it all in at once proved difficult.

“Of course, I had no idea where Toriel went. I searched high and low for her. I spent months trying to find her to tell her how I felt, but to no avail. Only when young Frisk came to my castle did I see my wife for the first time in decades.”

“And had it not been for Frisk, I undoubtedly wouldn’t have come there on my own.”

“Once we came to the surface, and things calmed down a bit, I confessed my love to her again, and…” He paused, baring a toothy grin as he chuckled. “She rejected me.”

“I am very, very stubborn.” Toriel grinned proudly.

The onlookers gave a small laugh. Again, the breathing nothing short of Darth Vader grasped your eardrums like a disciplinary parental hold. You tried to ignore it, wanting to hear their story.

“I told Gerson what happened, and he said, ‘Fluffybuns, you gotta keep after it!’ This evoked more laughter. “Yes, he called me that until the end.”

“You’re welcome.” Toriel smirked.

“So, I did. And it took me almost two years to win her back. But each time she rejected me, he’d chant that same mantra.”

“And though I found him infuriatingly annoying, I… can’t help but admit that I fell in love with him all over again.”

“I’m told I’m quite loveable.”

Only when the breathing evolved into a eruptious snore right beside you did you realize Sans had fallen asleep. You gawked at him before looking back at Papyrus, who gritted his teeth as he clenched his fists in frustration. You gently reached over and shook Sans’s sleeping form. He blinked, his eyelids fluttering open lazily. He grinned at you obnoxiously which you returned with pursed lips and a side-eyed glance at the stage. You noticed Toriel’s sharp glare down at the two of you. Had she seen Sans sleeping?

“So, without further ado…” Toriel’s smile returned as he moved to the pedestals. Asgore followed her, now holding the tea cup high enough for everyone to see. Toriel placed her paw on the hammer, “For guiding me as you guided those poor souls on the battlefield, I dedicate your hammer to your memory.”

“And for all the tea we drank as you gave the best advice, I dedicate your favorite tea cup to your memory.”

Applause washed over the silence, your gaze moving back to Sans. “Really?”

“guess his name should be as-snore.”

Your posture dropped. “That was really bad. Even for you.”

Papyrus leaned across your lap, sneering at Sans. “YOU’D BETTER STAY AWAKE FOR THIS! UNDYNE IS ABOUT TO SPEAK!!”

Movement on the stage caught your eye, Undyne stepping past Asgore and Toriel to the podium. The police uniform she had adorned herself in alerted every question you could spit out at once.
“Is Undyne a police officer? I thought she was captain of the Royal Guard?”

“OH, SHE WAS! THE GUARD WAS DISBANDED AFTER WE CAME TO THE SURFACE! SHE DECIDED TO JOIN THE POLICE ACADEMY TO CONTINUE SERVING JUSTICE.”

“Wow… I can’t believe they let a monster into the academy like that.”

“wow, racist.”

“Shut up, Sans.” You rolled your eyes. “I meant that I’m surprised they let her into the academy immediately after you guys were set free. I know how restricted things were for monsters when you first came to the surface.”

“hey.” Sans gave you a nudge with his elbow, winking as he grinned. “kidding.”

You breathed a sigh of relief, giving him a slight nod. Sans had been cold for so long you weren’t used to this light hearted air about him. You needed to learn to not be so defensive.

Undyne took a moment to scan the onlookers, her stone cold expression captivating. She took in a deep, shaky breath before she began. “Gerson put up with me chasing him around for years. I’d follow him around the castle, down to his house in Waterfall, and out on patrol. Anyone knows in between my training sessions with Asgore, I’d shadow Gerson to learn everything I could about being in the guard.”

She moved from the podium to the pedestals, picking up the slingshot. “By process of elimination, I’m sure you’ve figured out that this is my dedication to Gerson’s memory, but this…” She clutched it against her chest. “This was the item he requested in his will to be dusted.”

The respectful silence that hung meant something, but what on Earth did being dusted mean?

“Of all the cool things he collected, I couldn’t imagine why he picked this dinky little toy… I carried this thing with me when I followed him. It was my hammer of justice. My weapon to use against evil. Most of you who knew me back then know I used it on anyone who crossed me, and I got in so much trouble with Asgore.” She giggled, the girly sound opposite from her normal tone. “I used to shoot it at anything and everything…” She paused, her gaze falling down on the slingshot. “But, for the toy that I gave him when I became the Captain of the Royal Guard to be dusted… I can not tell you what an honor that is.”

Applause erupted, only for Undyne to pound the podium with her fist. “Hang on to that passion because I’m NOT done talking yet!” She growled, brushing her bangs back from her face. “I could stand up here, and I could tell you how good of a person he was, and how much Gerson did for humanity and monsterkind. How subtly his infinite wisdom touched each one of our lives, but I don’t need to. Our king and queen already did that beautifully.” She paused, pointing the slingshot as she hissed through gritted teeth, “I can’t tell you anything like that right now because I’m mad as hell.”

She paused, taking a breath. “I don’t want to take away from this ceremony. I don’t want to bring the mood down. I just want to say this one thing to all of you here for him, and I need you to hear me out…” She looked up. “Gerson hadn’t fallen down before he turned to dust. His life ended prematurely. I believe this was a vicious attack against monsterkind.”

Gasps shattered the silence, chattered aggression bubbling all around you. Papyrus’s grip on his knee tightened, his smile from before gone. You reached over, placing your hand on his as you asked,

“What does she mean by fallen down?”
“simply put, it’s the term we use for monsters who stop moving.” Sans answered. “it typically only happens to elder monsters who’ve lived for a long time unless their life somehow gets snuffed out early.” Sans glanced to his left, all three of the children listening.

You gently tugged on his sleeve. “Knock it off. Don’t scare them.”

Frisk looked down at the ground as Chara propped her head in her hand, her smile teasing. “Keep talking, smiley trash.”

“Cut it out, Chara.” Asriel begged.

Undyne’s fist banged louder still, everyone quieting as she screamed into the microphone. “Let me say this. I will stop at NOTHING to find out who did this to him, and what really happened!!! I’m not just saying that because this happened to someone I care for. I’m saying this for ALL of us!! Too long we’ve been oppressed and treated like dirt!! We’re going to SHOW these scumbags that you CAN’T TAKE MONSTERKIND DOWN!! This isn’t just for Gerson! It’s for ALL OF US!!”

She held the slingshot high, her voice raining down with determination, “And to that, Gerson, I dedicate my slingshot to your memory!!”

People stood up all around, clapping and screaming. Cheers rang out like a rally, the energy popping and fizzing like pop rocks and soda. You looked at Papyrus, his drooping brow bones worrisome.

Asgore and Toriel joined Undyne on the stage again, the three of them picking up the urn. They turned it upside down, white dust spilling from inside and onto the slingshot. It spread, clinging onto their clothes and hands. Undyne weapt, Asgore wrapping a comforting arm around her.

Everyone mingled after the ceremony. Toriel and Sans having a discussion, though it looked more like a scolding (no doubt about Sans’s nap.) You found yourself following Papyrus around, eventually stumbling upon Undyne and Alphys.

“UNDYNE!!!!” Papyrus cried, running to her and wrapping his long arms around her shoulders. “UNDYNE, YOUR SPEECH WAS SO INSPIRING!! HOW ON EARTH CAN YOU ALWAYS BE SO MOVING!!??”

“Aww, c’mon, Paps! That was nothing!” She gave him a good, hearty slap on the back causing his bones to rattle. She spotted you over Papyrus’s shoulder. “Oh, hey! You made it!”

“You exhaled a quick laugh, pulling back. “Right, gotcha.” You moved to Alphys, giving her a hug. “Hey, Alphys. How are you?”

“I-I’m doing j-just fine. Th-thank you so much f-for the steak you sent us! It was r-really tasty!”

“Oh, my GOD!!” Undyne slapped her hand on her stomach. “I can still taste it!!”
“I’m glad you guys liked it!” You beamed, secretly doing a celebratory dance in your mind. They didn’t take it as a bribe after all.

Undyne and Alphys shared a glance before Undyne crossed her arms. “Look, uh… I asked about you being here because we wanted-- Well, I wanted to say sorry about the sleepover.”

You shrugged, “Hey, it’s okay, I--”

“NO!” Undyne gritted through her teeth. “Let me APOLOGIZE.” You shut it, tucking your lips in. “I was so pissed at Papyrus for bringing another human into his life so suddenly, and… I didn’t even give you a chance.”

“I-I wanted to say sorry, too.” Alphys added. “I may have not have been as vocal about it, but I-I didn’t exactly w-welcome you with open arms either.”

You waited to make sure they were both done before replying this time. “Papyrus told me about what happened. I understand, and I just want to put it all behind us.”

“Cool!” Undyne grinned. “In that case, you’re officially invited to anime night!!”

You tilted your head. “Anime night?”

“Once a month, we invite Sans and Papyrus over t-to binge watch an anime!” Alphys giddily twiddles her claws. “It’s b-basically like a sleepover, but they don’t sleepover!”

“Wow, okay, great!” You clapped with her, unable to contain your excitement.

You parted ways with the couple, your heart beaming. So many emotions swirled around in your brain from the funeral that you felt quite drained. You were thankfully off from Grillby’s for the night, so you decided you’d head home after the funeral to rest. You hadn’t expected the boys to tag along, but you didn’t object when they climbed into the Uber with you. Sans fell asleep, his head lulling onto Papyrus’s arm. He remained silent the whole way home. A characteristic unusual for your best friend. Something bothered him, you knew, but how to go about getting it out of him? Maybe you’d offer up a cooking lesson upon arriving at home and he’d confess in his own time. That’s how you got the Jeanette story out of him after all.

If Sans had a stomach it would’ve burst after consuming the meal you made. (Papyrus helped, but really, you did the majority of the work. He’d concluded you to be a bit controlling, at least in the kitchen.)

Ticket, his new best friend, curled up into his lap, Sans cradling him inside his sherpa lined hoodie. The purrs resonated through his bones, the euphoric sensation wrapping him up like a blanket. Papyrus sat in the middle of the couch, his slumped frame unbecoming of his usual, boisterous presence. You were curled up opposite him, now adorned in a t-shirt and floral pajama bottoms.

You had some cartoon show on that the kids told you about at the funeral. Something about a ladybug and a black cat. The repetitive nature of the show made it predictable, but in all honesty, Sans found it soothing. Knowing the heroes would always prevail gave him a sense of security he lacked in his everyday life.

The comfort Sans felt here startled him. A week ago he would have rather died than rest on your couch after eating your cooking. How the hell did this even happen?

Whatever. He didn’t really care.
Everything halted when you paused the show out of the blue. You cleared your throat, the boys both watching you. You peered at Papyrus, your expression concernedly serious. “Papy, are you okay?”

“YES, OF COURSE!” He declared, straightening his posture, his grin and eye sockets widening.

Sans underestimated how well you knew his brother. Papyrus, normally easy to read, had done well to keep his anxieties under wraps. Sans knew better because of how well he knew his brother. But you noticing? That impressed him.

You crossed your arms, your brow quirked in suspicion. “Really?” You spat. “That’s how we’re going to play this?”

Papyrus started to look nervous. “WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN?”

“I haven’t known you long, but I’ve known you long enough to tell that something is wrong.”

He pulled his legs up, hugging his knees against his chest. “I JUST…” His shoulders dropped. “I’M WORRIED ABOUT UNDYNE.”

“You know I believe wholeheartedly in working hard. It’s the only way to achieve your goal. Undyne herself taught me that much when I first met her, but… Undyne has such determination I worry that she’ll work herself too hard.”

Sans snorted, “working too hard has you worried? you sure you’re okay?”

Papyrus sighed, “OH, NEVERMIND. I’M BEING RIDICULOUS, AREN’T I?”

“No, no, no!” You insisted. “I don’t think it’s ridiculous. If you’re worried that will happen then we should just keep and eye on her.”

“You know how much undyne loves food.”

Papyrus nodded. “YES, I SUPpose THAT’S A START, BUT WHAT IF SHE DOESN’T GET ENOUGH SLEEP?”

“c’mon, bro, you hardly sleep.”

“YES, BUT UNDYNE REQUIRES MORE SLEEP THAN I DO! SHE TOLD ME SO HERSELF WHEN I TRIED TO TRAIN WITH HER AT THREE IN THE MORNING!!”

“There’s probably not a whole lot we can do for her there. We can’t force her to sleep.”
You had a point. Not everyone appreciated snoozing like Sans did. Sleep solved most problems for him, save for the constant aches in his bones. In a way it gave him temporary relief, but it only came clawing back the second he opened his eyes again.

“OH, WAIT!!” Papyrus’s eyes brightened. “WHAT IF YOU SANG HER A LULLABY?!”

“A lullaby?”

“WITH YOUR ILLUSTRIOUS VOICE, OF COURSE!! IF YOU GO TO HER OFFICE AT THE STATION AND SING HER TO SLEEP EVERY NIGHT THEN SHE’LL HAVE TO SLEEP!!”

The very idea soothed Sans’s soul. “that’d be nice…” He mumbled. The curious look you gave him caused a skimble-skamble to follow up, “nice of you to do that for her. yup. that’s what i meant. what a nice gesture.”

You shook your head. “Maybe, but it doesn’t sound very… practical.”

“RIGHT…” Papyrus sighed. “YOU’RE ALWAYS WORKING SO LATE AT GRILLBY’S!!”

“yeah, here’s your first free night since you started working there and here we are taking up your time.” Sans realized it himself.

“Oh, I don’t mind.” You smiled.

“eh, you’re just being polite.”

“No, seriously. I mean it. I love having you guys over. I spent so much time alone before. It’s nice to have friends not related to work.” You corrected yourself. “Well, somewhat not related to work. Technically the dance lessons are related to work, and then I always see Sans at wor--”

“OH MY GOD!!!!” Papyrus screamed so loud that Ticket sprinted from his spot on Sans’s lap. He sadly watched his furry friend bound away into the depths of your bedroom. He dejectedly slid his hands into his pockets. “I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA HAPPENING!!!!”

“Yes?” You asked calmly, despite the look of stress brought on by the noise.

“YOU COULD RECORD ONE, AND WE COULD SEND IT TO HER EVERY NIGHT!”

“Oh, I… I don’t know. I don’t want to annoy her.”

“NO, IT WON’T ANNOY HER! IT WOULDN’T ANNOY ME!!” He emphasized himself with his hands, pressing his fingers into his chest.

“Yes, I know, but that’s you, Papyrus. You actually listen to my music.”

“BEST FRIEND!! UNDYNE LIKES YOUR MUSIC AS WELL!! SHE’S NOT AS MUCH OF A FANATIC AS I AM BECAUSE I AM OBVIOUSLY YOUR NUMBER ONE FAN, BUT SHE ENJOYS YOUR MUSIC!!!!”

You bit your lip. “I don’t know…”

Sans could see the self doubt. “i think anyone would appreciate having something sent to them with good intent.” You met his eyes, his nerves choking him up again. He held his composure, grinning harder to keep it hidden. “and who knows? maybe it’ll help her get some sleep.”
Your lip quirked up ever so slightly, your soul releasing a wave of relief. “Well, I suppose it’s fine then. What the hell, it can’t hurt.” Now you were grinning, that spark of confidence back in your eyes. “What song should I sing her?”

“NINE POINT EIGHT IS HER FAVORITE!!” Papyrus winked.

“Nine Point Eight, huh? It’s not very… lullaby-ish. I could sing it at a lower tempo, maybe…”

Sans didn’t know what song the two of you were referring to. Again, he’d heard your music from Papyrus like secondhand smoke, but he had never actually listened to it.

“What the hell, it can’t hurt.” Now you were grinning, that spark of confidence back in your eyes. “What song should I sing her?”

“WHATEVER YOU DO, I’M SURE IT WILL BE LOVELY!”

“You always say that.”

Papyrus whipped out his phone. “HERE!! USE MY PHONE!! THAT WAY I’M RESPONSIBLE FOR SENDING HER THE MESSAGE AT THE SAME TIME EVERY NIGHT, AND I CAN LISTEN TO IT WHENEVER I WANT!!

Papyrus readied his voice recorder, your smile bright. The second you opened your mouth your projecting voice took hold of the atmosphere, the world around you crumbling as if you were on stage.

“Calla lily, carnation, daisy
Silently chase away your worries
Chrysanthemum, kalanchoe
Become your shield whenever you fall asleep
I cried out
Please don’t leave me behind, leave me behind
So you held me tight
And said I will be just fine, I will be just fine, I will be just fine…”

A different air came about you when you sang, and it spread like a creeping spill across the floor. It latched onto him, soaking in and clinging like he’d submerged into the depths of the ocean. The world above only a hazy, flowing reflection of its reality. It calmed him, soothed him, caressed him into a deep, deep stasis of tranquility he longed to drown in.

“Petals dance for our valediction
And synchronize to your frozen pulsation
Take me to where your soul may live in peace
Final destination
Touch of your skin sympathetically brushed against
The shoulders you used to embrace
Sparkling ashes drift along your flames
And softly merge into the sky…”

Papyrus gently swayed with your song, his incapability to remain motionless stood no chance against this symphony.

“Lisianthus
Aroma drags me out of where I was
Cream rose, stargazer, iris
Construct the map that helps me trace your steps
Zipped my mouth
I just keep climbing up, keep climbing up
Justify our vows
I know you are right above, you are right above, you are right above…”

Sleep gripped onto his eye sockets, and he allowed himself to close them. He tried desperately to stay awake through your song this time, but he made no promises.

“Look
Now
I’m on the top of your world, top of your world
My darling
Here I come, I yell
And take a leap to hell…”

Chills climbed up his spine, his eyes fluttering back open. Papyrus shook with anticipation, his body rocking back and forth just ever so slightly.

“Swirling wind sings for our reunion
And nine point eight is my acceleration
Take me to where our souls may live in peace
Our brand new commencement
Touch of your lips compassionately pressed against
The skull that you used to cherish
Delicate flesh decomposes off my rotten bones
And softly merge into the sky…”
The second your song finished Papyrus stopped the recorder, tossing his phone aside and squeezed you into a bear hug. He planted kiss after kiss on your cheeks, your laughter warming up your face. Sans loved the way you treated his brother. How you adapted a way to help him grow without hurting his feelings. How to overcome his worries with simple solutions, (though the lullaby was his idea, you were the one who brought him there.) Your patience reflected in the way you approached him, but your sternness kept him from tipping over the edge as he so often did. Sans began to trust you with him.

He had to say it at some point. Sans had been wrong about you. He’d never actually admit that to either of you. Besides, he had a bet that he… didn’t really want to win, but he didn’t want to lose either. Technically, in order for Papyrus to win, Sans had to covet your relationship, and he hadn’t found himself there yet.

He didn’t know, at the time, how quickly that would change.

On their ride home, Sans delved into YouTube, finding your band’s channel. With the aid of your voice and noise cancelling headphones, he’d be asleep before he hit the bed.

______________________________

You - 11:34 pm.

HAMO!! Let’s put our heads together tomorrow. Papyrus gave me an awesome idea for a Nine Point Eight arrangement, and I want it on the new album!!

Chapter End Notes

Hey, guuuuuuys!!

I did it. I finally finished the chapter. I spent quite a bit of time working on Toriel and Asgore's speech, so that was the hold up this time. I edited it and changed it around so much until I felt like it flowed well enough! Introducing all these characters was fun as well. (I know you guys have seen them before, but our dear reader hadn't until now!) Also, I couldn't decide what gender I wanted to give Frisk in this story, but I decided to go with female. A lot of the time Frisk is depicted as a female in Dancetale, and I've never written them as a female before, so I figured why not?

I am in love with this chapter. I've always wanted to write about monster funerals, and I'm glad I finally got to realize that dream! The monsters in Undertale are always so full of life and cheery, even trapped underground, so I believe that even their funerals would be full of laughter. I hope you liked it as much as I did!

Please feel free to leave a comment down below! I love talking to you all, and hearing your thoughts on the story! Every time I post a chapter I giddily await your feedback because I'm a big nerd. <3

Chapter title: A Turtle's Heart
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XmaZv4RuzY8&list=OLAK5uy_llRx0_wYZghtoe5KQaIlrGrid2J-IMcP8

And the iconic song that deserves all the praise in the world (and also my very first Mili song!): Nine Point Eight
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fgtwncI3RuM
And now, the slowed down version that reader sings for Undyne's lullaby: Nine Point Eight-special edit-
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UKeT_JIT-L1w&list=OLAK5uy_mXYZtoaLmWd4oPN2djq_t4yaHwNuybpM&index=19
Chapter Summary

Things take a turn for the worse when you decide to meddle in the affairs of someone else's love life to distract yourself from your own.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“If you think we take too much then you can sacrifice yourself
Don’t push your values
Push your values
Onto the crowd…”

The upbeat pops in your ears had you bobbing quietly, your bandmates all smiling, watching eagerly through the glass of the booth. Kenneth, his eyes sharp, watched you with a thoughtful hand against his chin.

“The world runs on its kings
Its slaves
Leaving some with no choice
The hypocrites
They justify their very sense of justice
I tell myself
I’m not like everyone else
Believing without doubt…”

You wiggled your finger in a circle motion to emphasize your words.

“Mix it in
My vitamins
Oh, mix it in
Ah…”

You looked out to Kenneth to get the signal if you should continue. He gave you a thumbs up before rolling his hands, urging you on. You mentally fist pumped your victory as you grabbed your headphones, readying to intensify your voice.
“If you think we eat too much then you can sacrifice yourself

Don’t mix your garbage

Mix your garbage

Into my cup…”

You closed in on the microphone, your voice hushing into a whisper from before.

“So many resources keep me alive

Yet I don’t even step outside

So many sacrifices keep me alive

Yet I don’t even bother to survive…”

You held the note, watching Kenneth until he closed his fist, signaling you to stop. Yukihito stopped recording, and the boys all began cheering. You giddily came out of the booth, greeted with a high five from Shoto. “Way to go, Momo!!”

“That is the fucking shit right there!” Kenneth clapped. “Beautiful job, baby!”

You placed a hand over your heart. “Wow. A genuine compliment!”

His smile dropped. “Don’t get too excited. You know that voice is your money maker.”

You determined you were close enough to Yamato’s guitar to wallop Kenneth over the head with it before he had much time to react. You then determined how horribly the aftermath of that would turn out, and opted not to.

“Speaking of making money,” Kenneth paused, pointing at you. “You talk to that hot head into letting us perform yet?”

“Oh, my God. Why are puns making a comeback?” Yamato groaned.

You crossed your arms. “Your attempt at a coherent pun, while amusing, doesn’t really work on Grillby. He is not even slightly hot headed.”

Kenneth smirked, “You’re stalling. The fucker still said no, right?”

“He said it’s up to the patrons. Not him.” You reminded him for the umpteenth time. That, while true, still troubled you. Not a single regular at Grillby’s ever mentioned anything about you performing there. Even after working there for almost a month now, and knowing you were a singer in a band. You began growing discouraged at the idea yourself. Halloween was only a week away now, and once that day passed…

You could kiss your donuts goodbye.

“What about Papyrus’s brother?” Shoto asked. “He’s a patron, right? Can’t he vouch for us?”

“Oh, well… I suppose he could, but I don’t really think he cares.” You answered honestly.

“He doesn’t care?” Yamato scoffed.
You rolled your eyes at Yamato’s ability to find underlying negativity in the most innocent statements. “No, I mean he never really talks about our music. I don’t think he dislikes it or anything. I guess he’s just indifferent?” You shrugged. “Besides, Grillby probably wouldn’t just take Sans’s word anyway. The whole bar would have to agree, or at best a good majority of them.”

“Would it help if he met us?” Yukihito asked.

You quickly shook your head. “Nope. Don’t think so.”

“That’s too bad. I’d love to go to a monster bar.” Shoto mused, his bright eyes wandering dreamily. “I wonder what kind of food they serve there…?”

You’d never so much as questioned if monsters ate different types of food than humans. You knew they could eat human food thanks to the supply of dinners you and Papyrus made together. Maybe you could ask Grillby?

“Yeah, right. You just want to scope out monster girls, you furry.” Yukihito teased.

“Hey! Bunny girls are hot!” Shoto argued.

You spent a few more hours at the recording studio. You had a lot left to do, but you were grateful that the boys were letting you do all your parts for the day before them so you could leave early. (Only because you lied and said you were having a weekend rehearsal, but still…)

Drowsiness crept up on you, however, no matter the amount of water you splashed on your face in between recordings. Kenneth wouldn’t let you have anything caffeinated to keep your voice from cracking, and it took a toll on your mentality. After doing all these extracurricular activities non stop everyday you’d found fatigue catching up with you, weighing you down constantly. You enjoyed your dance lessons most days, you loved working at Grillby’s, and obviously you adored the work you did with the band, but…

Ugh, you hated that word.

Regardless of your exhausted mentality and aching body, you couldn’t stop. All this work kept you going. If you stopped now, your spirit would crumble. You wanted a leading part in your dance with Papyrus. You wanted to prove to Grillby and everyone at the bar that humans could be good. And, most importantly, you wanted to prove to yourself that you could make it as a singer.

Once you finished up for the day the guys decided they would take a lunch break before recording their parts in the songs. You grabbed your bag, ready to head out the door until Yamato’s form stopped you. “Hey…”

You looked up at him, his face sheepish, almost tender. You whipped out your phone, electing to not look at him as you went to your text messages, simply repeating the word back to him. “Hey.”

“You did really awesome today.”

“Thanks. Singing is apparently the only thing I’m good at, so--”

“Hey, c’mon, you know that’s not true.”

You glanced up at him before moving back to your phone. “Relax, I’m kidding. Self deprecation jokes are edgy and relatable, right?”

“Yeah…” He paused, giving your shaking fingers time to almost finish typing out your text. You
finished and hit send as he asked, “So, umm. I’ve kinda been wanting to talk to you about something.”

You stared hard at the screen until the message sent.

You - 12:54 pm

HAMO 911!!!!! Please call me ASAP!!!!!

You looked up from your phone, trying to act casual. “About what?”

“I was kind of thinking we could talk about it over lunch if you’ve got the time before rehearsal?”

Your heart picked up, your words scrambling out, “Oh, I can’t! I’m supposed to head straight there after we’re done recording for the day, and in fact, I already texted Papyrus, and he’s expecting me to be on my way, and in FACT, he’s supposed to be calling me any second, so I should really get going! Best not to keep Mettaton waiting, or else he’ll flip out! See, he’s already mad that we’re having to do a weekend rehearsal in the afternoon anyways because this is apparently the time when he records for his other T.V. shows? That guy is always busy! So, yeah!”

You mentally begged Papyrus to call you so you could stop babbling.

“Okay, but why is Papyrus calling you if you already texted him?” Yamato’s tone suspicious. “And didn’t Mettaton set up this weekend rehearsal?”

Damn his nosiness. Damn him!!

“See, that is strange, isn’t it? So, Papyrus really just prefers to talk on the phone. He’s a talker! Yup, boooooooy does that skeleton love talking on the phone! He--”

You audibly exhaled when Papyrus’s call of freedom finally came through. You picked up, not even batting an eye at Yamato. “Papyrus!!”

“HELLO, BEST FRIEND!!” Papyrus’s voice cried out so loudly over the receiver that you didn’t even need speakerphone to hear him clearly from across the room. “I’M CALLING YOU DUE TO THE FACT THAT I JUST WANT TO HEAR YOUR PRETTY VOICE, AND CERTAINLY NOT BECAUSE YOU TEXTED ME TO DO SO PREMATURELY!!!”

He overdid it there, but you appreciated it nonetheless. “Gosh, that is just the sweetest thing! Hey, listen, I’m heading out now! Thank you so much for calling me to keep me company on my way out of here, best friend!” You waved to everyone as you threw your bag over your shoulder. “I’ll see you guys tomorrow!”

“Wait!” Yamato followed you to the door. “Can we talk later tonight then?”

You shrugged, “Gosh, dam it, I can’t! I have Grillby’s tonight!”

“Again?”

“Gotta rush! Bye!!”

You scurried out the door so fast you tripped on the rug in the lobby. You practically jogged yourself outside, looking over your shoulder as you distanced yourself from the building as quickly as your legs could carry you. Your jog slowed to a power walk, then finally died down to your average pace. Papyrus stayed with you silently on the other end of the line until you said, “Thanks for saving me.
“YOU CAN’T KEEP AVOIDING HIM FOREVER.”

You huffed, “I know…”

“WOULD IT REALLY BE SO BAD TO GIVE HIM A CHANCE?”

“He can just be so icky sometimes, and you know I can’t stand how controlling he is. I love the guy, though, I mean he’s my friend, but that’s it! It’s so much easier to just ignore the problem than sit down and try to talk to him. He doesn’t listen, or he’s reading too much into what’s being said…”

“BEST FRIEND,” Papyrus delicately began, “YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU, BUT THAT’S NOT FAIR TO YAMATO. IT MAY BE DIFFICULT, BUT YOU NEED TO BE HONEST WITH HIM.”

“Dammit, you’re right, and I know that. It’s just going to be so awkward after it’s all said and done…”

“YES, VERY MUCH SO! IN FACT, IT WILL PROBABLY BE ONE OF THE MOST AWKWARD SITUATIONS OF YOUR LIFE!! PROBABLY THE WORST!!”

You appreciated Papyrus’s honesty, but… did he have to be that honest?

“But you’ll feel better after getting it over with, and Yamato will have time to get over you.”

“You’re right again, as always.”

“Of course I am!” He beamed through the phone.

“Well, I’ll be at the dance studio soon. I’ll see you when I get there—”

“The studio????”

“You showed up extra early for tomorrow’s lesson!! Kudos to you!! We could meet up and rehearse if you wanted!! You know how much I love to dance with you!!”

You smiled. “I love dancing with you, too, but honestly I’d rather go home and take a nap before work.”

“A nap??!?” Papyrus scoffed. “You know I don’t condone napping!!! You’ve been spending too much time around Sans!!”

You snorted. “Maybe, but it’s not like I see him outside of Grillby’s. I don’t think we’ve ever really hung out except for during cooking lessons.” You shrugged. “And he always looks so damn cozy. I don’t get how he can just sleep anywhere!”

“Hey!! What if instead of you napping at home alone we just have a sleepover at the dance studio!!”
“Papyrus?”

“YES??”

“I’m gonna have to stop you there. If I’m sleeping anywhere, it’s gonna be in my bed.”

“OH, YOU’RE NO FUN!!”

“Love yooooou.”

“OH, I LOVE YOU, TOO, YOU ANGEL!!”

You hung up, his words draped over you like a wet blanket, heavy and suffocating. You were no angel. Just a hot mess.

You popped on your headphones and turned on some relaxing lofi hip hop to stroll home to, but found it didn’t really fit your mood. You instead found a stream of somber, soft piano tunes that lulled your melancholic soul.

You had thought about calling an Uber, but decided walking to clear your head before reaching home would be in your best interest. If not you’d just lie in bed sleepless until time to get ready for work.

Papyrus was right. You were going to have to turn Yamato down, and things were going to be very, very awkward for a while. You wished you could at least finish recording the new album before that happened, but Yamato’s advancements weren’t stopping anytime soon. You’d have to nip this in the bud no later than tomorrow. If only you’d just gotten it over with after recording. Now this dread would hang over your head all evening.

Your path home led you past the dance studio. You gazed up at the great building with heavy guilt as you lazed on by. Should you take the time to go in and rehearse a bit before tomorrow? Could you really even practice without Papyrus? You decided to skip out on the opportunity. Home wasn’t much farther.

A girl with an upturned, pink hoodie in the distance caught your eye. Her face rested inside one hand and a cigarette in the other. Only when she used her sleeve to wipe the tears from under her glasses did you realize who it was.

You pulled your headphones down around your neck. “Juliet?”

She straightened her posture upon seeing you, but her reddened eyes gave her away. “Oh, hey… What’re you doing here on the weekend?”

“Just passing by. It’s on my way home.” You paused, not wanting to intrude, but you didn’t want to ignore someone in distress either. “Are you okay?”

She took a long drag from her cigarette, blowing the smoke out with full force before answering, “Yeah, no, I’m not okay. Okay is a status for people who are not me.”

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“No.”

“Okay, I can respect that.” You nodded, a little thankful that you could just go home. The idea of being charitable further exhausted your mind. You just wanted to be selfish for one damn day.
“It’s just that I can’t understand how someone can get rejected so many times by the same person, and not take a freakin’ hint, you know?!”

You exhaled, knowing all too well what she meant. Her problem hit very close to home, but you kept that to yourself. You didn’t want to make this conversation about you. So much for being selfish.

You moved to join her on the bench, setting your bag down next to you. “Are you talking about… yourself?”

“Yes and no.” She groaned, putting her cigarette back between her lips. “I’m kinda talking about Felix and myself.”

“Felix and you? What do you mean?”

“Felix gets rejected by Catty, and I get rejected by Felix. I mean, technically I’ve never been rejected by Felix because I’ve never told him how I felt, but his constant obsession with Catty is a surefire sign that he’s not into boobless, assless, cat earless me.”

“Wait a minute…” You paused. “First of all, you’re beautiful. Don’t put your body down. Secondly, you’re crushing on Felix?” It suddenly hit you. “Oh, my God. Your entire dynamic makes so much sense to me now.”

“Really?” She pursed her lips, her unamused expression shrinking your newfound excitement. “I’m glad you see it because he is oblivious!” She slammed the butt of her cigarette into the ashtray next to her, smothering it out with all her frustration. “And what I don’t get is how he keeps going after Catty even though she’s rejected him dozens of times. The guy can’t move on!”

“Well, why don’t you try telling him how you feel? Maybe if you confess, he’ll realize that you’re a pretty, hardworking girl who obviously cares about him, and he can move on from Catty!”

She shook her head. “There’s no way. Even if we did start dating he’d never forget about her. We all work together! They’d cross paths constantly, and she’d just be spinning around him, tempting him, and then he’d probably cheat on me, and—”

You placed a hand on her arm. “You’re thinking way too hard about hypothetical situations that will never happen. Why don’t you just start by seeing if he likes you?”

“I don’t think I have it in me to be that forward.” She sighed. “I’ve got no problem telling him he’s lazy and a horrible employee, but I can’t tell him all the good things about him.”

“Why can’t you?”

“I choke up when I try. I can’t explain it.” She rolled her eyes. “I think I’m just terrified of rejection.”

You thought about Yamato, that delicate look he gave you earlier that day. You put your guilt aside, focusing on Juliet. “Rejection will hurt if it happens, but not as much as being stuck in this limbo. Trust me.”

“Yeah, you’re right…” She paused. “It doesn’t bother you that I have feelings for a monster?”

You shook your head. “I run around with two skeletons who’re more vibrant than any human I’ve ever met. Those boys have changed my life for the better. I don’t think it’s weird at all.”

She nodded. “Right? I don’t know what it is about monsters, but they’re something else. Felix is
A thought struck you. “You know, I could try and find out how Felix feels? Believe it or not, I actually work with Felix at Grillby’s.”

Now you had her attention. “You work at Grillby’s? I thought the guy would hardly let humans in there?”

“It was a fight to get hired, but he gave in.” You shrugged. “I’ve been there for about a month now working as a waitress. I really like it there. Everyone is super friendly, and Grillby is a great boss. Way better than Mettaton.”

She snorted through her nose. “Please, anyone is a better boss than Mettaton.”

“Yeah, I guess you’d know.”

“So… You’d really do that?”

“Yes!” You nodded. You needed someone else’s love life to focus on for the evening. Really, you’d be helping the both of you. “It can’t hurt to see! I’m pretty sure he’s working tonight since it’s the weekend. I’ll bet I can squeeze some kind of info out of him.”

She nodded, a small smile teasing the corners of her lips. “Okay…” She whipped out her phone from her hoodie pocket, her burst of excitement a welcome change in her demeanor. “My breaks over, but let’s exchange numbers real quick. That way you can text me what he says!”

“As soon as I find something out, I’ll let you know.”

“Okay, but don’t text me on the clock! Remember, it’s work! I can wait until you get off!”

You nodded, feeling just a tad bit sorry for the future employees of this young girl once she finished business school.

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Something about the way you kept biting your lip had Sans’s inebriated mind in a tizzy. You’d lube it up with your tongue first only to suckle on it with your teeth before it slowly slid out from your bite’s grasp. He found himself doing it with you, his pelvis doing that weird itch every time. Why did it only happen when he looked at you?

As much as he enjoyed this unusually redundant ritual you’d recently picked up, he knew it meant you had something on your mind. He crossed his arms, leaning closer to your moving form behind the bar. Your unusually low cut shirt caught his attention, his focus waning. He pulled it together, gluing his eyes to the top of your head. “You okay there, pal?”

You looked up from the drink you were making, Grillby moving behind you and placing a hand on your shoulder. “I’m going to help Felix catch up in the kitchen. Keep an eye on the floor for me.”

“You got it, boss!” You saluted dutifully until Grillby made his way to the kitchen door and disappeared. You grabbed the grenadine bottle from the back shelf before turning back to Sans. “To answer your question, yes. Why do you ask?”

“Well, if you chew your lip anymore you might gnaw a piece off.”

“Mmm, delicious.” You smirked.
He couldn’t help but snicker. Your attempt at brushing it off with a joke amused him, but he knew that game all too well. Sans practically invented avoiding serious topics with humor. “seriously, though, you only do that when you’re thinking real hard about somethin’. what’s eatin’ you? heh. besides yourself?”

That made you grin. He liked making you grin. You sat the grenadine down, finally looking him in the eye. “I’m trying to figure out how to go about hooking two people up.”

“playing matchmaker now, huh? is there no limit to your good deeds?” The look you gave him sent shivers down his spine. Something about that serious look really got him, and he liked it. Maybe the whisky had just warmed him up? “so, who’s the lucky couple?”

You moved to the edge of the bar, leaning closer to him than he’d expected. He pulled his head back to focus on your form.

“Okay, you can’t tell anyone, but you know the cute receptionist at the dance studio?”

“oh, c.g.?”

Your unamused face gave him a shit eating grin. “No, but to be fair, he is cute.”

“you want me to set yous guys up on a date?”

“No! I’m talking about Juliet.”

“oh, so you swing that way? no wonder you don’t like men touching you.”

You grew silent, the gleam in your eye gone. Your soul quaked, and he instantly regretted bringing it up.

“No, for the love of God, would you just shut up and listen?” You hissed.

He tried to blow it off like he didn’t notice your mood shift. “sorry. i’m listenin’.”

“Thank God.” You spat. “Anyway, she confessed to me that she’s got a crush on Felix--”

“wait... who’s felix?”

“Seriously?” You stood up straight, crossing your arms. “He’s the guy who cooked your burger!”

“oh!” He snapped his fingers. “burgerpants. right.”

“Why does everyone call him that?”

Sans let out nothing short of a giggle. “get him to tell you. it’s hilarious.”

“Okay, but are you hearing what I’m telling you?”

“yeah, the college kid is crushin’ on the other kid with the mid life crisis that came too early.”

“Isn’t that crazy?” You asked as you placed the grenadine in its spot on the shelf. “I never would have guessed!”

He shrugged. “yeah, i guess.”

You peered at him with squinted eyes. “You don’t care at all, do you?”
“eh, it’s like i said before. i’m not really into relationships. my own or anyone else’s.”

“Pfft. You’re no fun.” You dejectedly pouted. “Anyways, not that you care, but I think I’m just gonna see what he thinks of her, tell her what he said, then let them do the work. I’m just planting the seed.” You emphasized with your hand, wiggling it like a snake. He resisted the easy opportunity at a sperm joke.

Sans raised a brow bone. “that’s nice of you and all, but... why?”

You cocked your head. “What do you mean?”

“don’t take this the wrong way, but it’s not really your problem, is it?”

“It’s not really a problem, it’s just…” You hesitated, your focus hazing as you looked past him. You shrugged before looking him in the eyes again. “She was crying, and I just wanted to help her.”

Bullshit. You had something else going on.

Then again, of course you’d want to help her. How could he expect you to fight the very core of your being?

“Besides, it’s not like I’m doing much more than gathering info to pass on. I’m like an info broker, or a spy--”

“Baby Momo Giiiiirrrrlllllll!” Chickadee called your attention, her Long Island drawl high pitched as ever. “You finish my drink, sugar?”

“Got it right here!” Your customer service face shielded your troubles as you slid her Tequila Sunrise down the bar. You’d gotten good at it, only spilling your practice runs a few times. “Gonna do a run to check on my tables.” You mumbled before leaving Sans’s side. He moved his tired eyes to the mirror to watch your reflection as you bounced from table to table. Everytime you left a table your smile faltered just a bit before moving to the next one. You kept it up until you made it to the kitchen door, your smile disappearing as you slipped inside.

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The smell of the kitchen gave you the euphoric sensation of coming home as you entered. Lita looked over her shoulder from her sink. “¡Hola, mija!”

“¡Hola, Lita!” You waved to her as you approached the sweltering grill, her sweet face a welcome distraction from your spinning brain. Felix and Grillby tag teamed flipping burgers, pulling out fries and moved around each other almost flawlessly. The weekends were always the busiest for all of you, so you’d of course expected them to have this down to a science by now.

It’d be a while before you really had a good time to ask Felix about Juliet. You didn’t want to do it while they were so swamped, and with Grillby right in earshot.

“Hey, Felix.” You started, hoping to warm him up with friendly banter.

“Table eight is almost ready. Just waiting on the fries.” He disgrudgingly replied.

“Cool…” You wished Juliet could see how hard Felix worked at Grillby’s. No wonder he slacked off so much at the dance studio. You couldn’t take holding it back. You needed to just get it out of the way.

“So, listen, there’s something I wanted to ask you--”
“I’m not telling you the Burgerpants story, alright? It was like five years ago, and it’s a dead meme at this point.”

“No, it’s not about that--”

Lita’s giggles from across the room halted your explanation as she started singing, “¡Hamburguesa pantalones~! ¡Hamburguesa pantalones~!” You tried not to laugh, but the bounce in her step as she bopped with her tune had you in giggles. Grillby let out a puff of smoke as he chuckled.

“Oh, God…” Felix shrunk in on himself defeatedly, propping himself up with one arm, his head hanging eerily to the side. His voice squeaked and cracked as he asked, “Why did you have to bring that up!?”

“You brought it up, but you can use me to make yourself feel better.” You decided. “I wanted to ask you your thoughts on Juliet.”

“Juliet?” His eye twitched. “What about her?? You mean her stinkin’ attitude?! HUH!?! God, just the thought of her gets me riled up!!”

Your bad feeling began to worsen. “Oh, well, you know, I guess I mean--”

“First of all, she can’t mind her own business to save her life! She acts like she’s the boss and orders me around all the time like I’m some kind of child!!! Mettaton is shitty, but that don’t give her the right to step up and take his place!! If I wanted to listen to a mom I’d actually go home and visit once in a while!” His eyes widened, his bared teeth striking a cord of discomfort. “But that’s even worse than going to work…”

After a pause Grillby mumbled, “I’m standing right here.”

“So… I take it you don’t care for her too much, then?” You asked disappointedly as you grabbed a tray.

“Why? You wanna date her or something?” He scoffed.

“NO!” You yelled louder than necessary, honestly just fed up. Why was everyone so obsessed with your love life all of a sudden?

“All I gotta say is that she’s lucky she’s cute. It makes it harder to take her seriously when she starts yellin’ at me like a psychopath!!!”

You noted the word *cute*. You could work with that. “She’s actually not that bad outside of the dance studio. I’ve hung out with her a little.” You lied through your teeth, unless earlier that day counted. (It didn’t.) “You should try grabbing coffee with her sometime!”

“Yeah, like either of us need to be caffeinated around each other.” Felix snorted as he pulled the fresh french fries from the fryer. “I’ll keep it mind if I get desperate.”

Your shoulders dropped. How could you tell Juliet all the stuff he’d said? You hated to admit it, but Sans had a point. This wasn’t your problem, and now you were stuck in the middle.

You took the plates of food from Felix, setting them on your tray to bring out to your customer. “I mean…” Felix cleared his throat. “I like another girl anyway.”

“Well, I hope everything works out for you, Felix.” You spat as you steadied the tray on your shoulder. “But maybe if this other girl obviously isn’t into you, you should try moving on.”
Felix batted his eyes at you, Grillby moving his blank eyes to watch the two of you over his shoulder.

“Geez, what’s your deal?” Felix asked. “You’re usually so nice it’s disgusting--”

“This stops now.” Grillby cut in, his stoic eyes giving you chills, his deadly serious tone fluctuating his voice more so than his usual monotone. “Take your order out and check on the guests.”

You nodded wordlessly before leaving the kitchen, Grillby’s sudden change in character rattling you. You took your resentment for Yamato’s feelings out on Felix, and you regretted it the second it flew out of your mouth. Right in front of your boss, no less.

Grillby pulled you aside later to inquire the reason for your outburst. You gave him a half hearted answer with little to no truth, but tried to sound remorseful.

“I will not tolerate unnecessary drama. Frankly, I’m surprised to see you acting this way. Don’t disappoint me again.”

Now you felt like you’d let down your work dad. You really just wanted this night to end.

The evening slowed down, the few guests left in the bar taken care of unless requesting a refill of their alcohol. The low murmur and slow jazz music flowing from the jukebox had you practically falling asleep as you married the ketchup bottles and rolled silverware. Grillby had come back out from the kitchen and started cleaning glasses at the sink behind the bar. Sans, still in the same spot, stared blankly at the muted television. He had his chubby cheek propped up and squished in one hand and a drink in the other.

You hadn’t spoken to Felix much since you snapped at him earlier. You knew you should apologize, but you decided to wait until closing to do so. As far as Juliet was concerned, you had no idea what you should tell her… Maybe it’d be better to just tell her the truth. Then she could move on, too.

“hey, witch…”

“Is that really what you’re going to call me?” You grumbled.

“yeah.” He chortled. “hey, listen… why’re you lookin’ so down?”

Gosh, was it that obvious? You tried to play it off anyway. “What do you mean?”

“did playin’ cupidna’ workout forya’?”

An exasperated sigh escaped before you could contain it. “Dammit, you’re drunk! When did that even happen? You just go from zero to a hundred!”

“no, no, no, no, no!” He sat up straight. “i’m loose…” Sans mirrored the snake arm you’d done for him previously. You resisted making an easy vagina joke, not wanting to be too openly crude.

“bud i mean it… whazzup, pal?”

That nickname always struck you the wrong way somehow. You’d rather be called witch. It made you feel mysterious and powerful. You waved off his worries. “I’m just tired. Once we finish up getting the new album ready, everything will slow down.”

“huh…” Sans hummed. “guess dazit then.”

“Yup.” You affirmed, moving your attention anywhere but with Sans. Everyone’s prying questions
and side glances further ignited your anxiety. Maybe if you just shut down and focused on your work everyone would leave you alone.

“you wanna help me pull a prank?”

You hadn’t expected that to be the next thing out of his mouth. You sat down the cutlery you’d been rolling before placing a hand on your hip. “A prank?”

“Yeah!”

“What are you? Twelve?” You snorted.

“Whaddareyou... not?” He snorted back.

You hesitated. “Who’re you wanting to prank?”

He grinned. “Papyrus.”

You hadn’t expected that answer. Then again, Sans always kept you on your toes. “Why would you want to pull a prank on your sweet brother?”

“He’s usedta it, truss me. He takes it like a champ, an’ it’s harmless.”

Curiosity got the better of you. “What kind of prank are you wanting to pull?”

He sat up straight, emphasizing with his hands. “Okay, so I hadda few different ideas, but disunn is gonnabedabest.” You’d gotten really good at understanding drunk Sans, thankfully, so you managed to follow his slurred dialect. “We should call Paps, but you acklike you’re the drunk one, an’ makeum think hezzgotta come pick you up!”

“Aww.” You placed a hand over your heart. Somehow the pureness of the prank made you sad, but perhaps it was more so the thought of Papyrus’s reaction. “I don’t want to make Papyrus worry for me…”

“Yeah, but he’s gotta c’mere anywayta get me.”

“After she finishes her side work.” Grillby added.

“Aww, c’mon, grillbz! it’ll just be a quick phone call!”

“If you’re gonna act like you’re in charge, then you could at least help clean up by bussing some tables.”

“Nah... I’ve already got like four jobs.”

“I haven’t seen you work once since I’ve known you.” You called him out.

“That’s it, see? you’ve ne’er been mework. Doesn’t mean I haven’t.”

“Whatever.” You rolled your eyes, just a shred of joy pulling your smile back. “Let me finish my side work, and then we can play, okay?”

Sans’s giggles followed you as you turned away to grab more clean silverware from Lita in the back. You stopped just short of slamming into Grillby, his form still like a hunting dog. You followed his blank gaze, your heart dropping when you realized Yamato hovered in the entrance of the bar. The second your eyes met he made a beeline to the bar, the bold strides in his steps your nightmare.
“Yamato?” The begging question of why he’d come resonated in volumes from his name alone. He stopped next to Sans, Yamato only glancing at him before fluttering his eyes between you and Grillby.

“Who is this?” Grillby inquired, cautious and on guard.

“Sorry to barge in like this, I know you don’t like humans here--” Yamato gasped out like he’d kept his breath locked in all this time. “My name is Yamato Kasai, and I’m close friends with Momo. We’re in the band together--”

“Wait!!” Kingfisher slapped his wing onto the bar. “I didn’t know you were in a band, Momo!!”

“Yeah, ya’ did!” Chickadee corrected him. “Sans told us that her first night here, ya’ dingbat!”

The whole bar had their eyes on Yamato. The uneasy glances and hushed whispers swirled around you like a hurricane. You closed in, leaning over the bar to keep the conversation to a minimum.

“What’re you doing here? I told you guys not to show up here!”

“I know, and I know you’re working right now, but…” He paused, leaning closer to you from the opposite side. “I really need to talk to you.”

Now the silent bar had their eyes on you. You knew better than anyone why Yamato was there. Why couldn’t this wait until tomorrow? Did he really need to say it that badly? You looked to Grillby for help, hoping he’d run him off.

“You can step out for a moment if need be.”

You cursed Grillby’s good nature. You’d behaved like a brat all night. Couldn’t he keep treating you as such in your time of need?

You looked into Yamato’s chocolate brown eyes as Papyrus’s advice swam through your head. There’d be no escape this time. You needed to do this now.

You reluctantly followed Yamato outside and to the alleyway in between Grillby’s and the empty building next door. You crossed your arms, your irritation amplified by the cold. You ran out so fast you’d left your sweater inside.

Yamato ran his fingers through his hair, his gaze fixed on anything but you. “Sorry, I know it’s late--”

“This couldn’t of waited until I wasn’t at work?” You snapped.

His brow furrowed. “No, actually, it couldn’t. You’d just blow me off again if I didn’t back you into a corner.”

He’d gotten you there. Guess you and Papyrus weren’t so slick afterall. “Okay, I’m sorry. You’re right.” You fixed your eyes on his cheek until he finally mustered up the strength to look at you.

“What is this about, Yamato?”

He held his tongue briefly. “You know what this is, right? That’s why you keep running from me. I just… I can’t keep this back anymore. If I don’t tell you what I’m feeling, I’m gonna burst…”

You braced yourself.

“I know why you’re so reluctant to try being with someone, but… We work so well together--”

“Writing songs and making music is one thing. Relationships are so much more than that.”
“I know. What I mean is that we make a really great team.” He laughed. “We’ve been through so much shit over the years.”

You chuckled. “I know…”

“And I know how overbearing I can be, and I know I frustrate you. I’m so sorry about all that. It’s just… I can’t help but worry after what happened to you--”

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“I didn’t want to bring it back into the light. I know you don’t want to talk about it. I’m just saying that it makes me worry for your safety constantly!” He shrugged, extending his arms at the alleyway surrounding the two of you. “I mean, just seeing you in this part of town scares the hell out of me!”

You took a step forward. “Don’t talk trash about this place. I love working here.”

“I know you do, and it’s not the bar, it’s just--”

Your frazzled voice came out in cracks. “If you know all this stuff, then why are you even bringing all this up?”

“I just…” He reached out, grabbing your hands. You tried pulling them away, but his grip only tightened like a venus fly trap. “I always frustrate you. I’m not good with words, and I know it, so I’m just gonna say it…” He paused, his confession coming out in a quick breath of air. “I’m in love with you…”

You jerked your hands away, backing against the wall of Grillby’s. Dizziness toppled you, only gravity holding you against the wet wood, your arms on guard over your chest. Yamato’s crestfallen eyes followed you, his lip quivering. He moved closer to you. “Please…” He begged. “Just say something…”

You couldn’t. Your words locked themselves up, your body frozen. Your shallow breaths came out in quick puffs of air, your lungs matching your increasing heartbeat. You pleaded with him to step away in your gaze, your watered eyes stinging. He swept in, his lips pressing against yours as he pinned you to the wall. You stopped breathing as it all set in. The way his body’s warmth consumed you. His soft lips the first you’d felt in years.

Then it all came crashing in like a gasp of air after almost drowning.

You placed both hands on his chest, shoving him back with all your might. “Get away from me!!”

He stumbled, but caught himself. “Wait, please, I--”

“Yamato, go away!”

“I didn’t mean to--”

“LEAVE!! NOW!!”

Only the peripheral of Yamato rested in your line of sight. You stared hard at a patch of grass sprouting up from the cracks in the concrete. He hung there for a moment before running off. The sound of a car door slammed, echoing before the screech of his tires followed.

You sank to the ground, pulling your knees to your chest. The tears came bursting out, your hands covering your ugly cries. The warmth of his touch clung to you, his forceful hands still wrapped
around your wrists and hands. You sobbed harder still, trapped in a purgatory of tortured memories.

Sans impatiently drummed his fingers on the bar, staring at the door’s reflection in the mirror. You’d been gone for over twenty minutes.

“whaddaya’ think they’re talkin’bout?”

“It’s not my business, nor is it yours.” Grillby answered.

Sans knew Grillby had a point, but something kept him uneasy. Maybe the look on your face when you saw Yamato come in? The way your soul shuddered, tightening and locking itself deeper inside. He could feel you outside, your soul tugging at his like a guidewire. You’d gone to the east side of the building, and hadn’t moved in a while.

“grillbz, i think somethin’ might be wrong.”

Grillby threw his dish towel over his shoulder. “Why would you think that?”

He didn’t want to admit the weird connection he had with your soul. He didn’t even understand it himself. He got why you and Papyrus had such a strong connection. You spun around each other constantly, dancing or not, and had grown so close in such a short time. You’d become cliche’ best friends that completed each other’s sentences. So why could Sans feel your soul like Papyrus? The two of you made physical contact once. Over a month ago. How could that possibly have connected your souls?

“If you’re so worried, then why don’t you go check on her?”

“yeah…” Sans nodded. “i’ll jus’ makesure nothin’s wrong.” That couldn’t hurt, right?

Sans slid down from his barstool, his feet meeting the hardwood floor clumsily. He used the stool next to him to steady himself, his hazy vision forcing him to stop and focus a moment before taking a step. Sans never really walked around after a binge. Now he remembered why.

Sans slowly made his way to the exit, pushing the door open with caution. He closed the door behind him, careful to do so silently. If he hadn’t had so much alcohol he could of just teleported outside. He decided to save what magic he had to spare in case he needed to bounce out in a hurry.

He leaned against the door, hovering there and listening carefully. He didn’t hear your voices. He couldn’t hear anything but the sounds of the city. Distant sirens, and live music muffled by the rumbling traffic. Your soul, however, screamed loud and clear in distress.

He couldn’t sense Yamato, but that didn’t surprise him. He had literally no connection to the guy. If the two of you were still together--

Wait… What if the two of you were just… there together? Not talking? His mind raced to the worst. You had said you didn’t have feelings for Yamato, but what if he’d said or done something to change that? The guy was talented, and good looking. Taller than you, with dark skin and luscious hair. The two of you had history. It made perfect sense, but…”

Why the hell did it bother him so much?

The airy intake of your voice pulled his wandering mind to the corner of the building. He had to know. He had to see it for himself. Then he could just vanish back inside and pretend that it didn’t matter. That it didn’t bother him.
Like always.

Using the wall to hold himself up, he tiptoed closer to you. The pulses from your soul leapt erratically, his resolve more profound than before, but then... he heard you sob.

You were on the ground, your knees pulled to your chest and your face buried in your hands. Your shivering body and heaving cries sent Sans back into a step above sobriety. You looked so small and frail. Nothing like the firey, stubborn thing he’d seen before. He took a quick look around for Yamato, but saw him nowhere in sight. How could he have left you like this in the alley...?

You must’ve not noticed Sans. Either that or you were so grief stricken that you didn’t care. He moved closer, collapsing on the ground next to you on his knees. He reached out to offer a comforting hand, but... was he allowed to touch you like his brother? Best not chance it. Especially with you in this state. Instead, he gently whispered your name.

You snapped your head up in a gasp, your cheeks smeared with the makeup you’d cried off. The second your eyes met, your soul pulsed before drawing the curtains on itself.

“...Sans?”

“uh...” He stalled, trying to find the right words to say. “you okay...?”

Obviously not. He regretted it the second it flew out of his mouth. You tucked your chin between your knees, resting it there. “I’m fine.”

Again, obviously not. But he knew you didn’t want to talk about it. He could respect that. Sans never shared the things that made him shrivel up and cry uncontrollably either.

“sorry to intrude.” He mumbled, realizing how invasive this was. “i’ll head back inside if you--”

“No!” You cried, grabbing onto his hoodie sleeve. He stared at your hand before slowly moving his gaze up your arm and into your desperate eyes. “Can, uh... I just... I need a minute, and I... Could you...?”

You didn’t want to be alone. “you got it, pal.”

He moved next to you, joining you against the wall. He outstretched his legs, the laces on one of his sneakers untied. He couldn’t believe he hadn’t tripped on it yet, but didn’t bother to fix it. He adjusted his jacket, pulling his hood over his head. He grinned at you once he’d settled, a small smile forming on your lips.

“Thank you.” You breathed, your tension dissipating like smoke into the atmosphere. You relaxed your back, the tightening, white knuckled grip you had on your knees loosening slowly. Sans kept a respectful distance, but casually glanced at you from time to time. The noises beyond your silence didn’t touch the bubble of peace around the two of you.

You shivered, this time from the cold, and hugged yourself. He noticed you’d worn a sweater to work, but you’d sense shedded it. He pulled down his hood, shrugging his shoulders, and slid his jacket off. He held it out to you, the tattered, scrap of cloth dangling pathetically from his hand. “here. it’s old n’ dirty, but it’ll keep ya’ warm.”

“But...” You hesitated, “won’t you be cold?”

He chuckled. “here’s your monster fact of the day: skeletons aren’t really bothered by the cold.”
“Really?”

“yup. heat’s almost the same, but we feel that more. we can even work up a sweat if we try hard enough.”

You cocked your head in fascination. “You sweat, but you don’t really feel cold? That’s so weird… I guess the cold thing makes sense, since you don’t have skin and all, but how does the sweating work?”

“just take the hoodie.” He urged with a shake of his outstretched hand. You apologetically shrugged as you took it, sliding it on as you asked, “So, why do you wear this thing all the time then? Since it’s not because you’re cold.”

How honest did he want to be? “birthday gift from paps.” He left out how he wore the hood because he hated being stared at. Though, he had to admit, he didn’t mind being stared at by you. The opia between you intimidated him every time, but… he somehow liked it? He couldn’t explain it.

“That’s sweet…” You mused, grabbing the collar and lifting it to your nose. You took a gentle sniff. “It smells like you.”

“dare i ask what that smells like?” He laughed.

“Like an old book and whisky.” You paused, moving to another spot. “Oh, wait… This spot smells like…” You grinned. “Ketchup?”

“heh. told ya’ it was dirty.”

“No, it’s okay… I love it. It’s just so… you.” You wrapped yourself up, nestling into the sherpa lining. “Thank you for lending it to me.”

You had him blushing, he knew, the glow from his cheeks illuminating his lap. He could feel you looking at him. “hey, it’s the least i can do, ya’ know, since…” He realized he’d never really took the opportunity to apologize. He spat it out quickly, not wanting to miss his opening. “sorry i was always such a jerk to you before. and… sorry it took me so long to say it.”

“Water under the bridge, pal.” You winked. His glow worsened, your features cast in his magic. Your eyes still linked with his.

Whatever flowed between the two of you in these moments… He liked this. So rare, and so precious. How could he even put in words the way he felt that night? There, with you, in that darkened alleyway outside a noisy bar, cluelessly consoling you in your time of need. He didn’t know, but… He didn’t want it to end.

“I’m feeling a lot better.” You sighed, betraying your words. “I should probably go back inside and clean up. Hopefully Grillby doesn’t think I skipped out on work.”

“you sure?” He asked, hoping you’d change your mind.

“Yeah…” You said before standing up, Sans joining you slowly. The alcohol hit him again, the spinning vertigo causing him to use the wall to steady himself. He started feeling pukey, his stomach turning in knots. He didn’t want to ruin this moment being the sloppy mess that he was, pushing the pain down. “Thanks for sitting out here with me. It really means a lot.”

“yeah, o’course…” He hesitated, lingering a moment too long. Should he… give you a hug or something? He knew you and Papyrus would do that spin hug shit in this situation, but… He
couldn’t even if he wanted to being shorter than you. Not without the assistance of magic. He decided not to, again, knowing how much the touch of a man repulsed you…

Though, he could hardly call himself a man.

“‘sides, i’m the master’a sittin’ still for hours ata time.”

You let out a light hearted laugh the sound resonating with Sans’s soul. A look he found that fit much better than the crumbled state he’d found you in.

"Sans?"

“yeah?”

“I’m glad we’re friends now.”

His soul leapt. “yeah, me too.”

You flashed him a weak smile, your sorrows still gripping onto you. Whatever happened between you and that stupidly handsome guitarist still had you in turmoil. He wanted to cheer you up, but what could he do without even knowing what happened? You may never tell him, but that didn’t matter. He’d do his best anyway, just like his brother would. No one deserved to feel that way. Especially not you.

Right before the two of you stepped back into the bar you looked at him over your shoulder. “Hey, about the prank… Why don’t we give Papyrus the night off? I can take you home after work.”

“yeah, that’d be great.” His grin shined, only to falter as he tripped on his shoelace. In his stumble he grabbed onto his jacket adorned on your body for support, and his unsteady stomach turned for the worse. He puked up all the magic he had left in him. It splattered all over your shoes and the bottom of your jeans, your left leg soaked up to the knee. He mortifyingly wiped his mouth with the back of his sleeve as he met your wide eyes.

God fucking dammit.

Then, to his surprise, you burst out in hysterical laughter. “Oh, my God, Sans!” You held your stomach, doppling over. “You got it everywhere!! Oh, my gosh, look at my leg!!”

He counted himself lucky that you were such a weirdo. How did that not bother you? “sorry…” he mumbled before another lurch tightened his grip, his hands pressing into the soft flesh of your hip.

“You’re just lucky your vomit is so pretty.” You giggled while helping him get upright.

The two of you went back inside covered in sludge from the alley, glowing, blue vomit and makeup stained tear streaks. Grillby took one look and sent you both home.

Chapter End Notes

Holy cow, two chapters in one month!? WHO AM I!?!
Hey, everybody! I hope you enjoyed this chapter as much as I did! While I do love writing fluff, I equally love angst to balance it out. I finally got to show a darker side of my reader and break poor Yamato's heart. Though I did very much enjoy the chance to
finally put some shippertunity into play with our dear Sansy. <3 (Also, the part where he
throws up on her is my favorite!)

Please feel free to leave a comment below!! I love chatting with you guys! <3 Thank
you all so much for reading!

Here’s a link to the chapter title: Colorful
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oHQUUAcbio

Also, this song was another collab with HG, so I wanted to put the original version in
there as well! (This one is in Japanese, and it’s so, so good. Please check it out!)
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D342YCjzvS8

And, last but not least, the song reader sings in the recording booth: Vitamins (feat.
world’s end girlfriend)
https://www.youtube.com/watch?
v=sA5xYUGet2g&list=OLAK5uy_mXZYZtoaLmWd4oPN2djq_t4yaHwNuybpM&index=4
Chapter Summary

Things take an unexpected turn when Mettaton sends your already rattled soul over the edge, but luckily your favorite skeletons offer you the comfort you need. All the while, Sans is blindsided by sudden unexpected emotions.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys! Quick note before you start this chapter! (It's my new favorite by the way!)

There's a scene in here where reader and Papyrus sing together. Reader's lines will read normal, and Papyrus's will be in all caps, obviously. However, on the lines where they sing together, *The Text Will Look Like This!* Just wanted to clarify so there's no confusion!

Enjoy the chapter, my lovlies! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Floral fragrance tickled his nasal cavity, brushed with soft locks of silky satin… hair?

San’s heavy eye sockets eased open, his body limply pressing into warmth like he’d never felt, his rib cage, cheek and pelvis heated. Protected. The inner parts of his femurs squished into a softness that teased his coccyx. His arms draped loosely, his lower legs dangling. Like so many times before, but… he knew his carriage couldn’t be Papyrus.

His grip tightened, the flesh beneath his touch foreign. He gasped, raising his head enough to meet the back of yours. Did you…? Had you started carrying him *piggyback* style?

You looked over your shoulder. “Hey, sleepy head.”

“whadafuq?” He grumbled, his throat clogged with residual magic.

“You kinda passed out while we were walking home, so I just picked you up. At first I didn’t think I’d be able to carry you, but you’re *really* lightweight. Guess I shouldn’t be surprised since you’re a skeleton and all.” You paused. “I tried getting us an Uber, but they wouldn’t take us since you were passed out, and I’m covered in vomit. I told the guy it was just magic vomit, but he wasn’t having it. Sorry, I hope you don’t mind me carrying—”

“nah…” He cleared his throat. “s’fine…”

“Go back to sleep. I’ll get you home safe.”

He fought it, his tiny hands clinging to your sweater like a frightened child. The dreariness and shame of being carried home again sealing his eye sockets shut. Knowing how you didn’t like physical contact only tightened his grip further.
You thought he minded you carried him? How could he? You carried him of your own will, he knew, but only because you had to… right? Fuck, he didn’t care. You smelled like a garden, even after working in that greasy, filthy bar all night. Warmth kissed his bones in every spot his body made contact with yours.

Once he opened his eyes again he found himself face to face with the familiar, faded green fabric of their couch, his hoodie draped over him. He nuzzled into it, searching for the comfort he felt against your back. His stomach turned as he strained to hear you and Papyrus in the kitchen.

“ARE YOU SURE YOU’LL BE ALRIGHT?!
HE DIDN’T SAY SOMETHING HURTFUL, DID HE?”

“No, he didn’t. I’ll be okay, Papy, really. It was just…” the hesitation in your voice had Sans looking towards the harsh light in the kitchen doorway. “It was hard to get through.”

“I’M SO SORRY I WASN’T THERE TO AID YOU! YOU SHOULD’VE CALLED ME! I COULD’VE COME AND PICKED YOU UP!”

“Sans and I thought we’d give you the night off from our drama.”

“And look where it got you! You’re covered in my brother’s vomit!”

Sans shut his eyes tight at that, the hazy memory too fresh to bear. He buried his face in his hands as your voices drew closer.

“NOW YOU’VE LOST SO MUCH TIME FOR RESTING BEFORE REHEARSAL IN THE MORNING, AND I REFUSE TO LET YOU WALK HOME THIS LATE! I’LL DRIVE YOU THERE IN MY CAR!”

“Wait… Since when have you had a car?”

“Oh, I’VE ALWAYS HAD A CAR! I JUST PREFER TO EXERCISE, SO I USUALLY WALK PLACES! I ONLY DRIVE THE CAR IF IT’S FOR PLEASURE OR EMERGENCIES!”

“You’re one in a million, Papyrus.”

“Oh, I KNOW!” Papyrus said, his jangling keys following the two of you out the door. Sans stayed put, wishing he could see you home safely. He let out a sob, unable to stop his welling tears.

______________________________________________________________________________

You scrubbed your wrists and hands over, and over, and over, and over, but… The pressure of desperate fingertips still clung to you. Colliding chapped lips and hot, steamy breath forever pressing against your teeth, every bite of food only a minor distraction from the sensation. Tears dripped down your cheeks, splattering across the kitchen table and into your coffee. A concerned Ticket curled himself up in your lap, his tiny head following your every move.

You forcibly rose up and made your way to the living room where you had left your phone to charge. You glanced at the screen. Six missed calls, all from Yamato. You purposefully tossed it onto the couch with contempt, leaving it behind to rot along with him, and left for your dance rehearsal.

You blessed the aligning stars when you saw C.G.’s smiling face alone at the dance studio’s counter. You’d gotten so caught up in your own troubles last night that you’d completely forgotten about Juliet and Felix.
“Hey, miss!” He greeted you, bright and cheery as ever.

“Hey, C.G.” You said, grabbing the sign in sheet. “Haven’t seen you here in awhile.”

“Yeah, I’m only working part time here now. My business is doing pretty well!”

“Oh, that’s right. Juliet told me you sell ice cream.”

“Not ice cream! Nice cream!”

You only blinked at him in response. What the hell was the damn difference?

“Enjoy your visit, and have a super, duper day!”

You suddenly understood Felix’s constant irritation with someone so sickeningly cheerful. You slowly marched your way to the elevator, dreading having to avoid telling Papyrus what really happened between you and Yamato. If you did, you’d have to go into further detail about why you reacted the way you did, but…

You weren’t ready to share that just yet.

Inside the dance studio you found the familiar scene of Mettaton unsuccessfully flirting with Papyrus, Papyrus stretching for some unknown reason, and Sans literally sleeping while sitting up. You couldn’t believe Sans showed up knowing how sickeningly hungover he must’ve been.

“BEST FRIEND!!” Papyrus spun around at the sight of your reflection in the mirror. “ARE YOU READY TO SHOW METTATON YOUR SWEET SEDUCTION TECHNIQUE IN THE ART OF DANCE!!?”

“Say what now?” You blinked, grabbing your heels from within your bag before tossing it on the ground.

“SILLY!” His grin shrank ever so slightly. “YOU DIDN’T FORGET, DID YOU!”?

“You remember, don’t you?” Mettaton purred, leaning against Papyrus. “You’re supposed to show me that you deserve a leading part in this dance.” He caressed Papyrus’s cheek. “Show me that you can seduce this stud, or I will.”

What little umph you had to get yourself through this day snapped away in an instance. You’d completely forgotten Mettaton had scheduled your “audition” for that day. You couldn’t seduce anyone even if you wanted to right now.

“Right.” You spat, trying to get yourself into the spirit. “Get the song ready. I’ll put my heels on, and let’s do this thing, bestie.”

“RIGHTO!”

“Already prepared, sugar.” Mettaton boasted as he paraded to the boombox. “And, please, do your worst.”

You sat next to Sans’s sleeping form, putting your wretched foot cages on before strutting to Papyrus. Mettaton started the verse without warning, your hand caressing Papyrus’s cheek. His prominent cheekbones held warmth in them, this sort of physical contact with your cinnamon roll bestie something you dreaded daily. Especially after Yamato--

No. You had to focus. Papyrus didn’t have any romantic interest in you. You knew that. You
stepped back from him, luring your fingers as the song called out your desire for you. Papyrus followed, his body pressing close to yours at your beckon call. You wrapped your arm around his shoulder as the two of you stepped backwards in sync.

“Si te pido un beso, ven dámelo, yo sé que estás pensándolo
Llevo tiempo intentándolo, mami, esto es dando y dándolo…”

You spun out from Papyrus, going a bit off script from Mettaton’s original design. You wiggled your hips with the beat, two hard knocks at the end of the line.

“Sabes que tu corazón conmigo te hace bom, bom…”

Papyrus, his grin bright and completely out of character from the dance, mirrored you, stepping next to you and wiggling his hips with the lyrics.

“Sabes que esa beba está buscando de mi bom, bom…”

The two of you faced one another again as you jumped up into his arms, Papyrus catching you like a weightless paper airplane. You snaked around him with his assistance, your heels slamming powerfully onto the floor as you seductively slid down his body.

“Ven, prueba de mi boca para ver cómo te sabe
Quiero, quiero, quiero ver cuánto amor a ti te…”

You grabbed Papyrus’s wrist, pulling him down to your level before jerking him completely onto the floor. You mounted him teasingly, only to pop back up, dragging him up with you.

“Yo no tengo prisa, yo me quiero dar el viaje
Empecemos lento, después salvaje…”

You twirled back into his embrace upon his body becoming upright, your arms twisted around one another as the two of you eagerly looked at Mettaton. He stopped the music, his eyes searching the floor before he looked at the two of you. You already knew the answer, but you asked anyway.

“So… Did you like it?”

“I’m sorry…” Mettaton sneered. “Was that supposed to be sexy?”

Your shoulders dropped.

“YOU DIDN’T LIKE IT?” Papyrus asked disappointedly.

“Darling, I know that you tried your best to be submissive, but I don’t think it’s in you.” Mettaton explained, his obvious attempt at shifting the blame on you all too clear. “And what on Earth was that thing you did when you wiggled your hips like a Moldsmal??”

You had no idea what that meant, but you felt insulted regardless.

“If you’re going to have a leading part, it needs to be sexier! You need to dominate him! Show him you deserve to lead!”

“Dominate him…” You repeated, rolling the idea around in your mind.

“you really didn’t like it?” The audibility of Sans’s voice startled you. He must’ve woken up during
the dance. “I thought that impromptu part fit them pretty well.”

“Of course you would think that! You’ve got no class at all!” Mettaton contemned. “In fact, I’ve ignored you up until this point, but it’s high time I address why the hell you’re even here, Sans the skeleton!! You’re not a part of this at all, and you can’t just sit in here and gawk!”

Sans grinned, leaning comfortably against the wall. “Oh, they didn’t tell you? I’m a producer on the show.”

“No, you’re not!” Mettaton gritted through his teeth. “I’m the producer!”

“Right, right, but… you’re also the director, not to mention the mentor and host of the show. Why do you think they brought me on? You obviously need back up with so much on your plate.”

“Oh, really?” Mettaton placed his hands on his hips. “If that’s the case then why wasn’t I informed!? I would’ve put your skeletal ass to work weeks ago!”

“What do you think this is? Ain’t my fault you don’t check your email.”

The frustration bubbling inside of Mettaton pleased you to no end. You wished you could run to Sans and give him a whooping hug for taking the focus off your failure. In the meantime, you’d enjoy the show and thank him later.

“Now, quit standin’ around yackin’ with me, and teach these kids to dance. Whaddaya’ think I’m payin’ ya’ for?”

Mettaton stomped his heeled boot. “You don’t pay me anything, and I want you to leave this studio right now!!”

“You’re kickin’ me out? My first day on the job?”

“Yes, obviously! You have ears, don’t you?”

Sans cocked his head. “Actually, no. And that’s offensive.”

Mettaton pointed at the door. “Get out.”

Sans held up defensive hands. “Alright, I’ll leave, but I’m chargin’ an exit fee of fifty bucks.”

“Charging me for an exit fee!?” Mettaton laughed. “I should charge you for not telling me you’re a producer for an entire month!”

You gripped Papyrus’s sleeve. Mettaton actually believed him?

“You could, but they still haven’t even sent me my check for the month, so I’ll need you to get on that. Maybe then I’ll feel motivated to get some work done.” Sans snapped. “I’ll even give you a bargain, and only charge a hundred dollar exit fee.”

“A hundred dollars!?”

“It’s my best and final offer.”

Mettaton let out a rigid, girl growl as he slid open a compartment in his chest. From within he drew out a checkbook, flipping it open furiously. The tip of his finger shot open, a ballpoint pen peeking out like a groundhog. He quickly scribbled into the checkbook before he ripped it out, tossing it to Sans. “There. Now GET OUT!!”
Sans picked up the check, inspecting it. “holy shit.” His eye sockets shot wide open. “ain’t gotta tell me twice. later, kids. dinner’s on me tonight.” Sans said, tossing up a peace sign before blipping out of existence.

You leaned to Papyrus. “Did he really just swindle Mettaton into paying him to leave?”

Papyrus sighed. “I HATE IT WHEN HE DOES THAT.”

Mettaton dusted his hands with a triumphant grin before turning on his heel to face the two of you. “Now that that nuisance is out of the way, let’s get back--” A delicate knock at the door gave Mettaton pause, his nerves close to the edge as he growled, “We’re recording in here! Who is it?!”

The door opened with a creak so slow it screamed haunted house. The following wail of a wispy moan gave you a fright as you inched closer to Papyrus. Your silly suspicions proved true when the translucent form of a small ghost peeked their round head through the small crack in the door. Mettaton perked up, his tone doing a one eighty. “Ah, Napstablook, darling~! You know you don’t need permission to come in!”

“Ooooooooooooooo… I’m sorry…” He spoke, his echoing voice as haunting as his legends. His form, however, proved quite cartoonish and oddly adorable. “I didn’t mean to interrupt your dance lessons… I guess I should’ve known…”

“Nonsense! You’re here with the costumes, yes?”

Napstablook, as Mettaton called him, moved further into the room. In front of him where two wrapped boxes, both rectangular with pink bows tied around them. Though, you couldn’t help but notice, the small ghost had no arms to hold the boxes, but rather they only floated directly in front of him.

Would you ever grow to understand monsters?

“AH!!” Papyrus squealed. “OUR COSTUMES ARE HERE!?!?”

“Right you are, hot stuff! From now on the two of you will be rehearsing in these!” Mettaton motioned Napstablook towards you two with a wave of his hand. “Give them their boxes, won’t you, Blooky?”

“Oh, okay, Mettaton…” He moaned before his bobbing body made its way towards the two of you. Papyrus, unable to contain his excitement, grabbed both boxes from him and distributed them himself. He jumbled them so quickly that he gave you the wrong one. He switched them upon the realization, letting out his iconic cackle.

“OH, THIS IS JUST LIKE ONE OF THOSE UNBOXING VIDEOS ON THE YOUTUBE!! WE SHOULD BE ON CAMERA!!”

“You are on camera, Papyrus.” Mettaton reminded him. “They’re always rolling.”

“OH-HO, SILLY ME!!” Papyrus giggled. He gripped his box in his hand so tight that the perfect wrapping dented against his boney phalanges. “SO, WHO SHOULD GO FIRST!?”

“You go first.” You offered, his excitement clearly surpassing yours.

“OH, NO, I COULDN’T!” He bashfully pawed. “BUT IF YOU INSIST!!” His hands flew like a child on Christmas morning. He went for the bow first, untying it in one swift motion. He went for the corner next, grabbing and ripping off the tape. He followed up by tearing the wrapping straight
down the middle, the sound satisfyingly echoing around you. The previously pristine paper fell to the floor in a crumpled heap at his large feet. He threw the lid off the box, his eyes glistening at the insides. You tippey-toed to try and get a peek before Papyrus moved closer to you.

“Here! Set your box on top of mine so you can pull it out and look at it.” You said, holding your arms out. Papyrus did, pulling the top of his outfit out first. The bright red pigment matched your heels perfectly, the bedazzled piece stunningly shiney. He gawked at it, his mouth agape and awestruck.

“You like it?” You asked.

“I LOVE IT! IT’S SO SPARKLY!!” He sobbed, hugging the top to him. “I DON’T EVEN NEED TO SEE THE REST OF IT!”

“You don’t want to see the pants?”

“OBVIOUSLY!” Papyrus breathed, tossing the shirt over his shoulder before diving back into the box. He pulled out black slacks with a single red stripe down each side. He turned to Mettaton. “I DON’T LIKE THESE AS MUCH AS THE TOP, BUT I DO LIKE THE STRIPES!”

Mettaton put his thumb to his chin, his smokey eye inspecting. “Blooky, where are Papyrus’s shoes? Are they not in the box?”

“Oh, I’m sorry… I haven’t gotten to tell you yet…” Napstablook slowly began. “They said that they didn’t have Papyrus’s shoe size in stock… They said he had an unusual size, so they had to special order it, and… well, they haven’t come in yet--”

“Stop, just stop right there.” Mettaton sighed. “I already know the situation about the shoe size, but I was told they would be in today! Call them for me, and let them know I’d better get these shoes before the end of the day. Papyrus needs them so he can rehearse in them!”

“Oh, okay… okaaaayyy…” Napstablook sighed. “I didn’t mean to disappoint you, I just--”

“It’s fine, Blooky. Just take care of it for me.” Mettaton sighed, rubbing his metal temples. Napstablook left without another word, his ghostly body trailing behind him. Mettaton sighed, waving you on. “Go on. Open yours up and lets get this over with.”

Ignoring Mettaton’s irritation, you chose to sit down on the floor to open your costume. You ripped into yours carefully, slipping the box from its wrapping like a stick of gum from its box. You flipped your lid open, the sparkles inside blinding upon meeting the light. You reached for the top, flabbergasted and speechless as you held it up. The straps of fabric could be considered little more than a bra with extra ruffles.

Papyrus leaned forward, inspecting the piece before turning his attention to you. Your voice caught in your throat as you tried to articulate something. You moved your gaze down to the bottoms, seeing the set together as nothing more than lingerie. Your body froze, the lump in your throat rising.

“I hate it.”

Papyrus blinked. “YOU HATE IT?”

You dropped the top back into the box. “Mettaton, I can’t wear this--”

“Tough luck, sweetcheeks.” He spat. “You don’t call the shots around here! This is traditional salsa attire--”
“No, this is sparkly cabaret underwear. I’ve looked at hundreds of traditional salsa outfits while scouring YouTube. The outfits are flashy, yes, but they’re dresses, or—or tasteful two pieces that at least cover the girl’s ass.” You dropped the top back in the box. “I refuse to wear this.”

Mettaton cocked his head. “I’m sorry…” he said before taking a few steps towards you. “You refuse to wear it? I don’t know who you think you are, or if you know how show business works, but if you want to be on this show, you’re going to do what I tell you to, and you’ll do it with a smile on your plain face.”

Something about the way he said it flipped a switch. You quivered in anger as you stood up, your fists clenched as he stepped ever closer, the clicks of his heels taunting. “This is what I’ve decided. This outfit was designed specifically for you for this number! It’s wild! It’s edgy! It’s sexy--”

“I’m not sexy, okay!?” You screamed, your rage overflowing like a boiling pot. “You said it yourself! I’m plain, and I’m boring, and I’m just too fucking average to be in your flashy dance show! I’m only good at singing, and even that isn’t good enough for anybody, so I don’t know why I bother showing up here everyday!” You paused, pulling your leg up and desperately clawing at the straps holding on your red heels. “I can’t do this anymore! I can’t keep pretending to be this sex goddess you so desperately want to portray in your stupid, tacky dance just so I can make it big!! This isn’t who I am!!” You successfully removed one heel, slamming it down on the floor with all your rage before moving onto the next one.

“BEST FRIEND, PLEASE, WAIT--!” Papyrus began, but you cut him off with a pointed finger.

“Papyrus…” You hesitated, his crestfallen eyes and frown nearly breaking your resolve. “I’m so sorry to do this to you. I love you, and I’ll still be your best friend if you can forgive me, but…” You turned to Mettaton, dropping your other heel like a mic. “I quit.”

You gave them no time to react before you bolted out the door, leaving your shoes and everything else behind. Your bare feet stung as they slapped against the floor with every sprint to escape, Papyrus’s heavy footsteps trailing behind you.

______________________________________________________________________________

The silky fabric of Sans’s bare mattress brushed his cheek as he stirred. The muffled, frantic mumble of his brother calling his name from downstairs opened his eyes. The repetitive stomping down the hallway, drawing ever closer, drew him face down against the bed.

“SANS!! SANS, IT’S AN EMERGENCY!! PLEASE WAKE FROM YOUR NAPPING!!”

“mmmmmmmmmmmmmm…” Sans groaned, his mattress receiving all the decibels.

“SANS, NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO MAKE COW NOISES!! WE HAVE A REAL PROBLEM!!”

Sans turned his head to speak clearly. “is it like the time that dog wouldn’t leave the front yard and it scared you so bad that it made you cry?”

“NOOOOOOO!!” Papyrus wailed, his body crumbling against Sans’s door. “MY BEST FRIEND QUIT THE DANCE SHOW!!”

Sans shot up, wiping the drool from his chin with the back of his sleeve. “…what?”

“METTATON MADE HER EVER SO ANGRY, AND SHE DIDN’T LIKE HER OUTFIT, AND SHE SAID SHE WASN’T SEXY AND THAT SHE WAS PLAIN, AND THAT NO ONE WANTED HER AND-- SANS!! PLEASE OPEN THE DOOR SO WE CAN TALK FACE TO
Sans fumbled with his blanket, untangling his foot before falling onto the floor. He rose up with a sprint like a runner, unbolting the door and swung it open. Papyrus stood there, a bubbling mess with glowing snot dripping from his nose and tears rolling down his cheeks.

Sans held up his hands. “hey, hey, take it easy--”

Papyrus wrapped him up in a tight bear hug, Sans’s face smooshed into his brother’s sternum. He grunted in discomfort, but let Papyrus get it out of his system. He released him, pushing past him and walking through the doorway into Sans’s bedroom. Papyrus looked around in disgust before scoffing, “SANS, YOUR ROOM IS A MESS!”

“isn’t it always?” He shrugged.

“I KNOW!” Papyrus flopped his arms in defeat. “BUT IT’S MAKING EVERYTHING WORSE!”

“you wanna talk in another room?” He asked, leaning against the doorframe.

“YES!”

“ok.”

“TO THE LIVING ROOM!”

“ok.”

Sans followed his distraught brother to the living room, joining him as he flopped on the couch like a whipped puppy. Papyrus went into greater detail explaining the events occuring after Sans got kicked out of the studio. He’d of given anything to see you go off on Mettaton, but he hated that you got so upset. And about an outfit, no less? What could of triggered that? Must’ve been whatever happened between you and Yamato the night before still eating at you.

“I CHASED AFTER HER, BUT SHE SLIPPED PAST ME SOMEHOW, AND I’VE BEEN CALLING AND TEXTING HER EVER SINCE IT HAPPENED, BUT SHE WON’T ANSWER ME!”

Sans found that particularly unusual. You always answered Papyrus, even if you had to hop out of the shower to do so. What the hell happened to cause all this?

“okay. if we can’t get a hold of her via phone, we should find where she is. maybe try and talk to her? i mean, she’s your bestie, right?”

“OF COURSE!”

“alright, then i’m assuming you know her schedule by heart. where is she normally at this time of day?”

Papyrus’s voice quivered before he cried out, “AT THE DANCE STUDIO WITH MEEEEEE!!”

Sans held up his hands to ease his brother’s exploding emotions. “okay, okay, stay focused, paps. is she recording today?”

“NOT UNTIL THIS EVENING!”

“that’s right… she’s off from grillby’s tonight.” Sans hummed to himself, realizing he did know a tad
bit of your schedule himself. He focused back on the task at hand. “okay, so she’s not at grillby’s, the dance studio, or the recording studio, so that must mean…?”

Papyrus gasped, his face lighting up. “OH, LIGHT BULB MOMENT!! SHE MUST BE AT HOME!!”

“Alright,” Sans clapped. “let’s go get our girl.”

After a long nap you’d lost yourself in mindless entertainment, running out of things to look up on YouTube. You switched to Netflix, the movie Coco popping up in the trending tab. You’d seen the movie before, and absolutely adored it. You turned it on without hesitation, watching it in Spanish with English subtitles.

Why Coco of all things? Perhaps the plot of a musician that no one believed in resonated with your own soul? The language the same as the song you danced to for over a month now. The skeletons surrounding the main character’s journey…

Your phone buzzed again, this time the call coming from Kenneth. You watched it vibrate next to you until he reached your voicemail. You picked up the frigid rectangle, scrolling through your notifications. Between Yamato and Kenneth you had approximately twenty seven missed calls, texts and voicemails. The other fourteen came from Papyrus. You felt awful about ignoring your best friend, but you couldn’t bring yourself to answer your phone.

You couldn’t bare to receive another notification. You tucked your phone deeply in between the cushion and the arm of the couch. A place only for lint, cat fur and lost hair ties.

You sobbed during the Un Poco Loco scene. Not for its dolefulness or sorrow, but rather the cheerfulness and bonding within it. Watching Hector and Miguel sing and dance in unison had you thinking about Sans and Papyrus. Like the day Papyrus declared you his bestie with a simple pinky swear even after only knowing you for a few days at the time. How patient and helpful he’d been your first day in your dance lessons. The night you cried together on your couch over his heartache from that awful girl who hurt him so. The way Sans bashfully called and asked for permission to come over after rejecting your initial invitation. His gentle, kind words when he found you sobbing in the alleyway the night before. How differently he treated you after weeks of harsh words and side eyed glances. The way his magic filled cheeks felt cupped in your hand…You smirked thinking about how he’d thrown up on you, tears still rolling down your cheeks.

He’d become so flustered in many of those occasions. Sans, though outgoing to the people he knew well, could be very shy. You found that part of him endearing, and oddly cute.

A rapid knock at the door caused you to inhale a gasp. You stared at the door without moving as Ticket hopped up from your lap. Another knock, this one more desperate, caused you to silently lift yourself from the couch. You slowly crept to the door, hoping to get a peek of whoever had come to bother you.

“I CAN FEEL HER IN THERE!” Papyrus’s voice halted your movements.

“Yeah, I can, too.” Sans’s voice followed.

They could feel you? Perhaps they meant your soul? Whatever the case, they’d cornered you. You’d have to at least open the door and greet them.

“ARE YOU SURE WE BOUGHT ENOUGH, SANS?!! I THINK WE COULD OF AT LEAST
BROUGHT FIVE MORE BOTTLES!!"

“i think three is more than enough.”

“SHE’S STILL NOT ANSWERING!”

“try knockin’ again.”

Before Papyrus could do so, you swung the door open. Your dim porch light gave them a soft, golden glow, the setting sun behind them as warm as their gazes. They each held two grocery bags in their hands. Papyrus immediately burst into tears, rushing in and wrapping his arms around you. The grocery sacks clinked together, the sharp sound of glass hitting glass sending a panic through you.

“BEST FRIEND!! I WAS EVER SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU!!”

You hugged him back, nestling your head into his red scarf. The hum of his energetic magic washed you in warmth. “I’m so sorry, Papyrus… I didn’t mean to make you worry. I should have answered your calls…”

Sans stepped through the door, lazily shutting it with his foot. “look, see? she’s alive. no more cryin’, ok?”

“OKAAAAAAAYYYYYYYY!!” Papyrus sobbed into the top of your head.

You pulled back, glancing over the grocery sacks once more. “So… What’s all this?”

“I KNEW YOU WERE UPSET, SO I WANTED TO BRING YOU SOMETHING TO CHEER YOU UP!” Papyrus began as he made his way to the kitchen. Sans followed, so you joined to see what he could’ve possibly come up with. “WE WEREN’T SURE WHAT TO GET, SO SANS SUGGESTED THAT WE ASK THE GOOGLE!” He sat his bag on the counter before taking Sans’s bags from him. He stripped them down, three wine bottles and three half gallons of ice cream revealing themselves. “IT TOLD US THAT WINE AND ICE CREAM ARE THE CURE FOR AN UPSET HUMAN GIRL!!”

“yeah, so, uh, be mad at ol’ google if that’s wrong.” Sans winked, shooting you a finger gun.

Your eyes fluttered back and forth between them, tears stinging the backs of your eyes again, your heart filled with mirth. You couldn’t believe how lucky you were to have those two, and how ungrateful you’d been towards their support. You swallowed the water works, sick to death of crying and feeling sorry for yourself.

“You boys should know that food is the way into my heart. Even if it weren’t, how could I be mad at you for trying to cheer me up?”

Sans relaxed against the wall as Papyrus grinned. Just how much had your selfishness affected them? You pushed down the guilt, passing Papyrus to the goodies on the counter. The ice cream flavors varied from cookies and cream, neopolitan and chocolate chip cookie dough. The wine bottles were white zinfandel, red moscato and chardonnay. You picked up the moscato in awe of just how much wine they’d gotten. “There’s a lot of wine here. I can’t possibly drink it all by myself in one night! Not to mention I’d probably be dead tomorrow if I tried.”

“WORRY NOT!” Papyrus boasted before wrapping his arm around Sans’s shoulders. “WE’RE GOING TO HELP YOU DRINK THEM!”
You blinked. "You're going to drink?" You pointed at Sans. "And you're going to let Sans drink?"

"In Moderation, Yes!" Papyrus emphasized with a squeeze on his brother's small shoulder. "This night of drinking is for a special occasion, as all drinking should be done!"

"Careful, paps." Sans warned. "Last time you drank in moderation for a special occasion you ended up in a viral video."

"Of course I did! How could I not!?" Papyrus boasted, taking the wine bottle from you. "Allow me to open our first bottle!!" Your heart stopped as he swiftly pulled a knife from the knife block and swept the blade across the side of the cork. "I've seen them do this on the Internet with no success!! I shall be the first to--"

"Nope, that's not happening." You snatched the knife as quickly and safely as possible. "Let me get a corkscrew, and I'll let you open it the correct way."

"A corkscrew!! What is that contraption!?"

You opened your large utensil drawer, fumbling around for the forgotten corkscrew. You knew you had one, but you hadn't drank at home in a good while. "It's a tool designed for opening wine bottles. It's the only way you can get them open."

"Yeah, you're thinkin' of those Champagne bottle videos, bro." He paused. "Pretty sure you're not 'sposed to open those that way either."

"Oh! I did not realize there was a difference!" He grinned innocently. "That explains why they always shatter the bottle!"

You found the corkscrew, Papyrus cheering you on despite it being a simple task. You guided him on how to open the bottle properly, the satisfying pop and strong, tart smell of the sweet wine tantalizing your taste buds.

You didn't know, at the time, this special occasion would become one of the best nights of your life.

Your merriment began with the opening of that bottle, followed up by a quick, hearty meal you and Papyrus whipped up for the three of you. You drank and finished the first bottle all the while, following dinner with massive bowls of ice cream, each of you sharing bites to try all the flavors. Papyrus, already beside himself after only one glass, demanded you open the second bottle. The dryer texture of the chardonnay didn't appeal to him, but you and Sans divulged in its flavor, drinking the majority of it yourselves so he could sober up a bit before opening bottle number three. Laughter embellished and brightened your faces, your cheeks heated from the alcohol and your eyes watering from joy rather than sorrow.

You cracked open the white zinfandel just before the three of you started playing a card game called Bullshit. Sans explained the rules briefly, telling the two of you that learning them while playing would be easier than talking you through it. Your already jumbling brain tried to focus on his pretty eyes, but found your wandering mind gazing deep into his eye sockets rather than listening. What you gathered was that the object of the game was to get rid of all the cards in your hand. If you laid down a three, the next player has to lay down something to outrank it, like two threes, or a four. You had to bluff to successfully do so if you didn't have the correct cards, and if you got caught bluffing, you automatically receive the discard pile as your hand, basically starting all over. If you call bullshit, but the other player is telling the truth, then you got the discard pile.
You didn’t think yourself sober enough to follow this game. Sans, the sly little shit, remained stone cold sober. You couldn’t imagine how high his alcohol tolerance must’ve gotten.

Papyrus, his narrow eye sockets trying to remain inconspicuous, gently laid down two cards. “I SHALL LAY DOWN… TWO THREES!”

You blinked, trying to focus on the cards in your hand. You didn’t even have a three, so you guessed Papyrus could’ve had two. You pulled out the only four in your hand, lying it down timidly. “One four?” You said it like a question.

Sans, without missing a beat, slapped down three cards. “three fours.”

“Oh, Sans!” Papyrus scoffed. “THAT CAN’T POSSIBLY BE TRUE!”

Sans rested his elbows on the table. “are you callin’ bullshit?”

“Yes!”

“then you have to say it.”

Papyrus blinked nervously. “BUT I DID!!”

“noooo, you have to actually say it, bro.”

His voice shrank. “I have to say the word?”

“yup.”

“But!” Papyrus objected. “IT’S A BAD WORD!”

“those are the rules, pap.” Sans grinned, clearly messing with him, you knew. Watching Papyrus struggle, his downtrodden and worrisome expression the worst tear jerker you’d ever seen. You decided to help.

“Bullshit.”

Papyrus gasped, covering his mouth as Sans quirked a brow bone your way before shooting you a smirk. “you callin’ bullshit, witch?”

“I am, gremlin.” You retorted smugly.

“Oh, my heroine!” Papyrus dramatically placed his arm across his forehead. “COMING TO MY AID IN MY HOUR OF NEED!”

“Go on.” You pointed at Sans’s played cards. “Let’s see ‘em.”

Sans grinned harder as he reached down, flipping the cards over with a quick trick of the hand. There were, indeed, three fours underneath. “pick ‘em up, witch. the discard pile is all yours now.”

“God dammit!” You banged your fist on the table. “How are you so good at this game!?"

“Oh!!” Papyrus wailed. “WHAT A SACRIFICE MY BEST FRIEND HAS MADE FOR ME! CALL HER A WITCH, BUT SHE’S TRULY A WARRIOR!! A FAIR PRINCESS SACRIFICING HERSELF TO SAVE THE POOR BEGGAR SHE’S FALLEN DEEPLY FOR!! PLATONICALLY!!” Papyrus’s shoulders shrunk. “SERIOUSLY, YOUR FANTASY NAMES FOR EACH OTHER ARE TERRIBLE! THEY REALLY NEED SOME WORK!”
“I like mine.” You nodded.

gremlin fits me pretty well, too.” Sans shrugged.

“OH, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE I WOULD BE, THEN!?” He giddily turned to face you.

“Oh, you’d be a knight, obviously! Like Ga1ahad!”

Papyrus cupped his cheeks dreamily. “OH, GA1AHAD!! WHAT A TRAGIC AND GALANT
LOVE STORY YOU WROTE! HOW I WISH HE AND TALLULAH COULD BE
TOGETHER!”

“wait…” Sans butted in. “who’s tallulah?”

“SHE’S THE WITCH FROM THE SONG GA1AHAD AND SCIENTIFIC WITCHERY!”

“oh, yeah…” Sans nodded slowly, his gaze falling to the table. “i like that song.”

“Wait…” You hesitated. “You know about that song?”

Sans met your eyes, his cheeks glowing the slightest cyan. “how could i not with you and paps
singin’ them all the time?”

You watched him suspiciously as he shuffled around the cards in his hands. You supposed that to be
true, but you knew you’d never sung that particular song in front of him before. Then came the point
of how he didn’t inquire about Ga1ahad’s identity. You supposed he wouldn’t have to since his
name was both in the title and the lyrics themselves. Disappointment crept in on you as you nodded,
despite your doubt. “That makes sense.” You said rather than calling his bullshit a second time.

You wondered what kind of music Sans enjoyed. You’d never heard him talk about any musicians
or artists of any kind, but everyone liked music, didn’t they? Maybe you could find out. Maybe it
even correlated with whatever type of dance he did as well?

“OH, BEST FRIEND!!” Papyrus clapped, derailing your train of thought. “AFTER DESPACITO
WE SHOULD DO A DUET OF GA1AHAD TOGETHER!! COULD YOU IMAGINE HOW
WONDERFULLY FUN THAT WOULD BE!!?”

It did sound fun, but…

“Papyrus…” You began delicately. “You know I’m not going back to that dance studio.”

Papyrus scooted closer to you, taking your hand in his. “I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU’RE
ANGRY, AND RIGHTFULLY SO. METTATON WAS VERY HARSH ON YOU—”

You shook your head. “It’s not just him, Paps. I can’t dance.”

“NO, YOU CAN’T FORCE YOURSELF TO MOVE THE WAY YOUR SOUL DOESN’T
TAKE YOU! THAT’S THE THING ABOUT DANCING! IT DOESN’T COME FROM YOUR
LEGS, OR YOUR HEAD… IT COMES FROM YOUR SOUL! YOU NEED TO TRUST
YOURSELF, AND FOLLOW YOUR INSTINCTS!”

“Maybe, but my instincts are telling me the opposite of what Mettaton directs. And the soul thing
probably works well for you monsters, but… it’s not so easy with humans. We don’t depend so
heavily on our souls to do things like you.”

“BUT YOU CAN! YOU JUST NEED MORE PRACTICE IN A LESS STRESSFUL
ENVIRONMENT! THAT’S ALL!”

“Maybe…” You mulled it over again. “Honestly, I wish I was a monster.”

“BUT… WHY?”

“Humans are… rather dull in comparison, don’t you think? We don’t have an ounce of magic, or soul power, or anything like that to guide us.”

Papyrus gave your hands a firm squeeze. “I THINK THE EXACT OPPOSITE.”

You blinked. “But… why?”

“WHILE IT’S TRUE THAT YOU’RE BORN WITH MAGIC, EVERYTHING YOU HUMANS DO, YOU DO WITHOUT IT’S AID! YOU TRAIN YOUR BODIES, YOUR SPIRIT, AND YOUR MIND ON YOUR OWN! I THINK HUMANS ARE TRULY INCREDIBLE FOR THAT!”

You quirked a small smile, very appreciative of what Papyrus was trying to do, but… you just weren’t feeling it. Your bladder started screaming, and you rose from your place at the table. “You say that, but if you needed to pee as bad as I do right now, being human would be much less appealing and more on the gross side.”

“OH, I WONDER WHAT IT’S LIKE TO PEE??” Papyrus mused. “I WOULDN’T MIND FINDING OUT!! DO YOU NEED ANY HELP??”

“Nope. Not even a little.” You called over your shoulder as you closed the bathroom door.

Papyrus stood up, his fists clenched with determination. Sans raised his brow bone, knowing that twinkle in his brother’s eye.

“I’M GOING THE SHOW HER THE POWER OF DANCE!”

Sans chuckled. “i think you’ve been watching too much anime.”

“SANS, I’M SERIOUS!” Papyrus sighed, reaching for his phone. He tapped against the screen rapidly as he explained, “IF WE SHOW HER HOW GOOD IT FEELS TO DANCE FREELY, THEN PERHAPS SHE’LL GET HER CONFIDENCE BACK!!”

Sans hesitated. “i dunno, paps… if she doesn’t wanna do it then maybe we shouldn’t force it on her? ya’ know?”

Papyrus looked up from his phone. “OF COURSE NOT! I DON’T WANT TO FORCE HER, I JUST…” He quirked a thoughtful frown. “I THINK SHE NEEDS THIS. SOMETHING THAT PULLS HER OUT OF HER COMFORT ZONE. SOMETHING TO SHOW HER THAT SHE’S WORTH MORE THAN SHE THINKS! THAT SHE CAN OVERCOME THIS TASK!” He gazed towards the bathroom door. “YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN, DON’T YOU?”

Sans slowly nodded. Papyrus had a point, as he always did. “if anyone can show her that, it’s you, bro.”

“YOU COULD SHOW HER, TOO!! I REMEMBER HOW GREAT OF A DANCER YOU WERE BACK IN THE DAY!”
Sans shook a finger. “nu-uh. you still ain’t won your bet yet.”

Papyrus gawked, his eye sockets widening. “WHAAAAAT!? I AM SHOOKETH!! YOU’RE STILL NOT JEALOUS OF OUR RELATIONSHIP!? YOU DON’T WANT HER ALL FOR YOURSELF!!?”

Sans opened his mouth to retort, but he dwelled too much on Papyrus’s word choice… Wanting you all to himself? He did really like you as a person after getting to know you, but wanting you all to himself? How selfish would that be? Even if Sans found himself wishing that, he’d never take you from Papyrus. How could he?

The click of the bathroom door snapped both of their heads towards you. You came out, suspicions speaking in volumes by your raised brow and cocked head. You softly closed the bathroom door as you asked, “Why are you looking at me like that, Papyrus?”

“PAPYRUS??” He echoed, a smolder forming on his face. “I KNOW NOT OF THIS GREAT SOUNDING FELLOW!! FOR I AM THE GREAT KNIGHT: GA1AHAD!!” He paused, grabbing a black umbrella from beside the front door. He pointed it at you, your batting eyelashes bringing a blush across your cheeks. “PREPARE YOURSELF, TALLULAH, FOR THIS SHALL BE OUR LAST DANCE!!”

Sans whipped out his phone in anticipation, subtly hitting the record button. You stepped further from the bathroom door, your steps featherlite, one foot gliding in front of the other. He guided his vision up your legs, your pajama shorts strikingly sexy, your shoulder exposed from your oversized sleep shirt teasing. You smirked flirtatiously, falling into character.

“Galahan?” You repeated, your voice husky and seductive. “You come into my den,” You extended your arms to emphasize your surroundings as you reached Papyrus. “and you expect me to just give in?” You grabbed his scarf, tugging his face close to yours. “At least join my tea party before you slay me.”

“I BELIEVE, WITCH…” Papyrus began before slamming the play button on his phone. The beginnings of the song filled the silent room as he tossed it onto the couch, hitting Sans in the femur. He held back an outcry of pain as Papyrus finished, “YOU MUST BEGIN.”

You released his scarf, the two of you circling one another, your steps already in sync. Sans nestled back against the couch, making sure to capture both of you in frame.

“The magical potion of reanimation…”

“BITTERSWEET CRANBERRY FLAVORED EUPHORIA…”

“Rise from my bed darling…”

You grew closer, wrapping your arm around his shoulder as he picked you up, spinning with you. The two of you sang in unison.

“So I cAn SeE yOu AgAiN!
So I cAn KiL YoU aGaIn!”

He sat you down, spinning you out.

“MY BRAINS ACCELERATE…”
“And I’ll…”

“ReAsSeMbLe YoU aGaIn!”

The two of you stepped around each other, Sans wildly grinning at the mixture of salsa and ballroom dance. Your hips wiggled with his, your hands elegantly placed on one another. Papyrus pushed you away with a spin, your shirt twirling around you, his voice resonating with a tenor bravado.

“THE WITCHES CAN’T BE LOVED!

SO BRAVELY I FOUGHT!

THEY FELL AND FAILED…

MY LADY DOESN’T WILT!”

You stepped around Papyrus, your arms elegantly keeping you balanced as your voice captured Sans’s soul, the beats spellbound with your movements.

“Lala lulila lulula lulila ta~!

Lata lulila lulula lulalila~!

Lala lulila lulula lulila ta~!

Lata lulila lulula lulalila~!”

You stopped, grabbing onto Papyrus and spinning him towards the dining room table, forcing him to sit with a shove.

“Poisoned sandwich tea party starts now!”

You joined him at the table, only resting in the chair with support from your knee. The other stayed extended, your hands pushing the empty bowls of ice cream from earlier towards Papyrus. He mirrored you, pushing the bowls back as you bantered in song.

“Eat up, if you’re lucky you won’t rot!”

“EAT UP, IT’S YOUR TURN, EAT TILL YOU DROP.”

“Eat up, maybe this time you’ll be caught!”

“EAT UP, FILL YOUR STOMACH TILL IT POPS.”

You crawled onto the table, the camera catching a good view of your backside as you reached Papyrus. He jolted up from his chair, leaning closer to you.

“EaT uP, eAt It AIl, jUsT eAt It AIl!

‘CaUsE tHeRe’S nO pOiSoN aFtEr AIl!’

Papyrus stepped away from you, reaching for his sword umbrella. He stoically puffed out his chest.

“I’VE CLEARED MOUNTAINS AND DUNGEONS

IRON MAIDEN, MY LADY HAS SPOKEN:”
“GAIAHAD, YOU SHALL NEVER COLLAPSE.”

Papyrus readied his “weapon,” pointing it towards you with a stylish spin.

“So I charged up my lasers!”

You rolled off the table, landing on your feet as you stepped towards him. You tapped your fingertip on Papyrus’s shoulder.

“Talila lulila
That makes your bones stronger than steel…”

You spun around him to his back, running your fingers up his spinal column to the back of his skull.

“Tulila talila
That backs up your thoughts to the cloud…”

Papyrus spun around, tucking the umbrella under his arm as though to sheath it. He grasped you against him, your movements picking up with the song’s momentum. You danced centered in the living room.

“Truth or false, it’s the logic that dictates it all
Rising edge ticks the clock
Stimulates your flip flop
Generate, oscillate, let your blood fill the gates
Multiplex, process registration
Wipe off your pus, grind down your vitamins
The end justifies the means
Open the book, turn to page six-seventeen
Scientific witchery!”

Papyrus grabbed your waist, picking you up and swinging your around his body until you went topside. Sans’s heart skipped a beat, worried you fall, but… you held it together as Papyrus finished the very cabaret style spin. You swept up in his arms, pressed against his chest, your hair falling around you with a satisfying bounce. He set you down, spinning you out as he unsheathed the umbrella.

“Someday I’ll conquer the land and have you slayed!”

“Blast away, blast away! Don’t be like Lance10t, you are the new upgrade!”

“I appreciate your thoughts
But you’ve given me too much to tolerate!”

“I’ve done so much for you, but you treat me this way?”
You closed in together, that infamous spin the two of you adored so much coming back into play as you joined together.

“No FoRgIvEnEsS fOr ThIs EnDlEsS lOvE
My GoDdEsS nEvEr LoOkEd At Me…”

Papyrus sat you down gently, your breasts and palm resting against his chest as he caressed your pink cheeks.

“FINALLY OUR WOUNDS CLOSED…”

“Our wounds closed…”

“TURNED INTO…”

“PuRpLe ScAbS…”

Your faces drew closer, your hand pulling on his scarf to lower him to you. Sans held in his breath, his gazing rising up to watch in real time.

“KiSs Me…
TeNdErLy…
GeNtLy…
ViOlEnTlY…”

Just before your lips met, Papyrus spun you away with another spin. You dejectedly stopped, unable to look him in the eye.

“There’s no undo
And there’s no repeat…”

“CAN’T GO BACK TO HOW WE USED TO BE…”

You met each other’s eyes, drawing closer still as Papyrus readied his blunt blade.

“ThErE’s No ReStArT
BuT oNlY pRoCeEd TaKe Up FrOm WhErE We’Ve LeFt OfF aNd SeE!”

The music stopped with your movements, and Papyrus pretending to stab you, shoving the umbrella between your arm and your side. You cried out, falling to the floor and making dying noises, convulsing until you felt it an appropriate amount. You lied there limply until Sans started laughing, stopping his recording. You jolted up, Papyrus grinning giddily. “SO!?” He insisted. “HOW WAS IT!?”

Sans paused in between words to show his emphasis. “that. was. fucking. incredible.”
“Really?” You smiled, lying back on the floor. You rolled on your side, propping your head up with your hand. He got lost in the sight, looking you up and down. Gosh… You were really pretty all of a sudden. Like, better looking than you’d ever been. How could someone look so good in pajamas?

“you kiddin’?” He looked away to snap himself out of it. “you guys killed it.”

“Papyrus, that was so much fun!” You sat up. “I can’t stop smiling! That felt so different from our other dance! So much… better?” You shrugged, shaking your head.

“OF COURSE IT DID!” Papyrus grabbed your hands. “THAT’S BECAUSE OUR SOULS WERE DANCING FREELY! IT’S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LET THEM!”

“Wait, back up…” You took your hands away, holding them up, that curious look in your eye. “Our souls were dancing? It’s time for a monster fact of the day. What do you mean?”

“OH, I LOVE MONSTER FACT OF THE DAY!” Papyrus cooed with a giddy clap before clearing his throat. “SOUL DANCING IS A MONSTER SPECIALTY, OF COURSE, BUT IT DOESN’T STOP WITH MONSTERS! IT EXTENDS TO HUMANS AS WELL! OUR SOULS RESONATED WHEN WE DANCED BECAUSE OF OUR STRONG BOND! IT’S HOW WE WERE ABLE TO MOVE IN SYNC, AND HOW WE MERGED OUR STYLES TOGETHER!”

He paused. “I AM A BIT SURPRISED YOU WERE SO BALLROOM ORIENTED! I KNOW YOU WERE FAMILIAR WITH SWING AS A CHILD, BUT PERHAPS IT’S BECAUSE THE WALTZ WAS OUR FIRST DANCE TOGETHER!”

“Ohhh…” You slowly nodded. “So that’s how we didn’t stumble, or run into one another liked we’d rehearsed it a hundred times.” You shrugged. “I honestly thought you were just working around me because you’re so talented.”

“I AM TALENTED, AND SO ARE YOU!” Papyrus boasted.

“yup. looks like i was wrong about you two that day…” Sans admitted, your puzzled expression causing him to explain further. “the two of you do have compatible souls.”

“SEE, SANS, I TOLD YOU!” Papyrus put his hands on his hips. “THE TWO OF US CAN DO ANYTHING!” He looked back at you sweetly, offering you a hand to help you from the floor. You took it, his voice growing gentler as he held onto it. “We can even make Despacito our own…”

“But…” You choked out discouragingly. “Mettaton will never let us make it our own. Even if he possibly would, I quit! I broke the contract. He’ll never let me back…”

“i wouldn’t be too sure of that.” Sans said, resting his chin on his fist. “mettaton lives for drama. knowing that sleeze-bot, he probably faked the whole thing for screen time.”

“AND IF WE SHOW HIM WHAT WE CAN DO TOGETHER, COMPLETELY OFF SCRIPT FROM HIS ORIGINAL DESIGN, MAYBE HE’LL SEE HOW WRONG HE IS ABOUT YOU.”

Sans admired Papyrus’s optimism, but knew Mettaton wouldn’t go for it. He had something against you, or like Sans suspected, simply did it for show. Either way, convincing him otherwise would be no small feat.

Papyrus sensed your hesitation. “YOU MUST BELIEVE IN YOURSELF, BEST FRIEND! I BELIEVE IN YOU! SO DOES SANS! AND SO DO THE REST OF MILI!”

Your eyes lowered, your parted lips quickly quenched with a swipe of your pink tongue. You
nodded, your already swollen eyes welling up with more tears. “I… I’ll think about it.”

Papyrus cupped your cheeks planting a peck on your forehead. “THAT’S A GOOD ENOUGH ANSWER FOR ME RIGHT NOW!”

Sans drowned in pure mirth from the bond between the two of you. Papyrus wrapped his arms around you, holding you there as you softly wept into him.

He still couldn’t fathom how well your souls melded together during that dance. Not even Jeanette moved Papyrus’s soul like that, but… in retrospect, Jeanette didn’t harbor the same emotions for Papyrus as he did for her.

You… You really cared for Papyrus. The way Papyrus really cared for you.

Sans admired you for that.

Hours into the night, and a finished bottle of white zinfandel later, Papyrus became a mess of loud babbles. You’d gotten him to lay on the couch, his cheeks as lit as he. You and Sans sat next to one another on the floor, leaning against the front of the couch and watching Papyrus in adoration as he fell asleep. You brushed your thumb gently across his skull as you drunkenly slurred, “I love him so much…”

Sans smiled at you, trying not to crack up at your role reversal. He propped his head in his hand “he’s the greatest, isn’t he?”

“Seriously, where have you guys been all my life?” You slumped against the couch. “I’m so lucky to have you two!”

“hey, c’mon. don’t get all serious on me.”

“But I mean it!” You whined loudly causing Papyrus to stir ever so slightly. You covered your mouth before a tiny “Tee-hee!” escaped your lips.

“if you wake him up, we’ll never get him back to sleep.”

You placed a single finger over your lips, shushing him before giggling again. You hiccuped, which only caused you to giggle further. You had Sans smiling, genuinely, as he shook his head. “you are so drunk.”

“Ha!” You pointed at him, wiggling your finger. “Now you know how I feel when you get plastered.”

He shrugged. “touché.”

“I promise I won’t throw up on you.”

“ok.” He gritted through his teeth. You’d never let him live that down, would you?

“Hey, Sans, let’s get to know each other!” You said as you pulled your knees up to your chest.

“What kind of music do you like?”

“uh, i mean… i like a lot of music.”

“Okay, that’s what everyone says, but what’s your actual favorite?” You leaned closer, the tilt of your head and flush of your cheeks grasping his train of thought. Telling you anything about himself suddenly became much too embarrassing, and his voice locked itself up inside his throat. The
tightness in his sternum went to the pit of his rib cage. You scooted closer still, the two of you less than a foot apart now. “C’mon, Sans, tell me!”

“mystery skulls.” He spat out, the authority doing nothing short of turning him on. He pulled his hood tighter around his skull, knowing his magic flooded his cheeks. “probably my favorite.”

Your face lit up. “Oh, Mystery Skulls! I’ve heard some of their stuff, and I’ve seen the animations on YouTube.”

“yeah, s’how i found ‘em.” Sans said, his rapidly beating non existent heart giving him concern for his health. What the hell was his deal all of a sudden? Maybe it was the wine?

“Sans…” Your silky voice whispered, his nerves dissolving into a fuzziness in his chest. Hearing you say his name eased him further.

“yeah?”

You bit your lip. “Do you think I should do the dance show?”

Sans gave it a thoughtful moment before he glanced at his sleeping brother. “papyrus thinks it’ll be good for you.”

“Okay… but what do you think?”

“if it were me, i’d run for the hills.” He answered honestly. “but i think you should do what you think it right. s’only way you’ll be happy about the situation.”

You slowly nodded, chewing on your lip again. “Are you always this cryptic with advice?”

“yup.” He grinned.

You giggled, rolling your eyes before moving your attention back to Papyrus.

“but... you’ve got my support, whatever you decide.” You looked back at him. “i’ve got your back, whenever you need me.”

You went in for a hug, wrapping your arms around his shoulders. The touch caught him off guard, his soul leaping in excitement in the close proximity of yours. “Thank you…” You whispered into his neck.

Your gratitude, your love and your sorrows washed over him, your chin resting on his shoulder. Everywhere your body touched his a warmth revived his constant aches. He latched onto you, taking in your garden scent and soft flesh, his bones starving for contact.

A bodily rumble shot his eyes open before you pulled back, covering your mouth and snickering quietly. Sans quirked a brow, trying not to laugh as he asked, “did you just…?” The smell hit him all at once, and he covered his nasal cavity and mouth with his jacket. “oh, my god!” He exclaimed in shock.

“Holy shit.” You laughed, waving the air around you. “I am so sorry! That is so bad!”

“How do humans even make smells like that?” Sans laughed into his jacket, mirroring your hand motions.

“It’s the wine and the veggies.” You shrugged apologetically. “Actually, I need to shit.” You said before rising from the floor. Sans fell over in a fit of laughter, holding onto his stomach as you rushed
to the bathroom, slamming the door behind you. After a few minutes the smell dissipated enough for Sans to free himself from his makeshift mask. He whipped out his phone, finding your number in his contacts. You’d finally exchanged numbers one night at Grillby’s when the two of you realized you still didn’t have each other’s numbers, but he only ever used it to send you memes. Naturally, he’d saved you in there as Witch.

Sans - 3:32 a.m.

fartin during our hug was a shitty thing to do

He grinned, awaiting for your reply before he heard a faint buzz. Dammit, you must’ve not taken your phone to the bathroom with you. Now that he thought about it, he hadn’t seen your phone in your hand or anywhere else all night. Had you hidden it somewhere? Maybe that had been why you hadn’t answered Papyrus’s texts or calls? He shot you another text so he could find where the vibrations reverberated from.

Sans - 3:34 a.m.

either you’re having a shitty time, or you left your phone somewhere

The vibration came from the couch, Papyrus stirring from the sensation. He mumbled a small cackle before settling back into his drunken slumber. Sans got on his hands and knees, crawling to the other side of the couch. He peeked at the crease between the cushion and couch arm before reaching behind his brother’s head. The slim rectangle clung against his phalanges, Sans grinning with success as he pulled the phone out from the soft cavern. Maybe now he could slide it to you under the door so he could annoy you while you pooped.

Sans glanced as the screen lit up, seeing the two texts he’d sent you at the top of your notifications. He chuckled at the contact name you’d set for him: shorty memes.

He didn’t intend to look beyond that, but the number of notifications on your phone hadn’t gone unnoticed. Including the glance at a text from Yamato.

HAMO - 6:34 p.m.

I’m sorry I kissed you.

Sans shot his eyes away from the screen. Shit, he didn’t mean to read that. Why did he have to look? He tossed your phone onto the coffee table in disgust. Yamato kissed you? Had that been the cause of your state of being the night before? The very thought sent sparks of jealousy through him, but he didn’t understand why.

He looked at the bathroom door before checking the time. How long did it take humans to shit anyways?

He couldn’t wait for you to come out. He rose up, making his way to the bathroom door, ready to pound on the door with a hearty police knock to get some answers. Every fiber of his being wanted to demand you tell him what happened last night, but…

He came to his senses just as he’d readied his fist. He turned, leaning his back against the door before sliding down to the floor on his backside, his tailbone achingly slamming on the bottom of the door.

“Sans?” Your voice echoed.

“What up?” He casually greeted you, trying to hide his rage.
“Can you not sit outside the bathroom door while I’m trying to do this?”

“why?” Sans grinned. “you embarrassed?”

“I just can’t imagine why you’d want to wait for me right out there.”

“you kiddin’ me? this is hilarious. humans are so gross, and your bodies are so weird.”

“You really know how to swoon a girl.” You laughed.

“nah, man, i’m jealous…” He began, thoughts of you and Yamato still racing through his mind. Why did that imagine keep nagging at him?

“...Jealous of what?”

He recovered it with ease, thankful he didn’t have to lie directly to your face. “i’ll never know what it’s like to fart. do you know the shit i could pull with that kind of power?”

“You are such a dork.” You laughed.

Sans hesitated. “’sides... this is the only way i can pester you since you left your phone in between the couch cushions.” He waited patiently for you to reply. When you didn’t, he added, “must’ve fallen in there while we were partyin’, huh?”

A few beats of silence followed before you whispered, “How do you always notice little shit like that?”

“observation is my special ability.” He confessed.

“No kidding. You even noticed how I don’t like to be touched by men.”

He hesitated. “so you don’t?”

“Oh, my God.” You gagged, derailing the topic. “Can you not smell this?”

Obviously you didn’t want to to discuss that any further. Sans let it go for the time being, but readied his phone to send a text to an unlikely recipient. “nah. even if i could, it couldn’t smell any worse than that fart you unleashed earlier. if papyrus wasn’t already asleep it would’ve knocked him out.”

“Talk all you want, skeleton man. I know you’re just jealous of my toxic farts.”

“you got me there.” He chuckled.

He stayed silent as you sprayed aerosol, sending Mettaton the video of you and Papyrus dancing to Ga1ahad and Scientific Witchery. With it, he included one simple statement:

Sans - 3:41 a.m.

watch this and tell me she isn’t sexy

You flushed the toilet and washed your hands. He fell back onto the floor when you jerked opened the bathroom door, slamming onto the tile. Your unamused face had him grinning up at your upside down form.

“the aerosol didn’t help.”
“What? You don’t like my very own specialty scented poo-pourri?”

You used a product that branded the pun, but it still had Sans in a fit of giggles. Most humans shied away from talking about their bowel movements playfully, but not you. Your childish humor and silliness made you endearing, and funny, and just so, so fucking amazing. You had this way of opening him up, your curious eyes and enthusiasm cute as hell, and your domineering tone only leaving him wanting you to scold him more. Sans could spend hours like this with you. He could do this every night. Give up rotting away at Grillby’s and get to know you more, and fuck, he wanted to dance with you, and he just...

He… He liked you. Really liked you. Holy shit, he like liked you.

Sans jolted up from his spot on the floor as you stepped over him, the reality sinking in. He followed your every move as you made your way to the coffee table and picked up your phone. “It’s almost four in the morning!? No wonder I’m so exhausted.” You groaned, running your fingers through your hair. Sans nodded to show his silent agreement, but he’d never felt more awake in his life.

You grabbed the fuzzy blanket from the back of your couch and threw it over Papyrus, tucking him in before giving him a kiss on the forehead. Sans’s soul throbbed harder after that, these new feelings intensifying as you stood upright. He physically jumped when you locked eyes with him as if you could hear his thoughts.

“You’re planning on staying the night, right?”

“uh, yeah, i mean, if you’re okay with that.”

“Yeah, of course. My home is your home, Sans.” You left Papyrus’s side and offered Sans a hand. He slowly reached for it, taking in the sight of you smiling down at him. He stumbled with the force of your help, falling against you. Your hands shot to his shoulders to catch him, but his face planted right between your breasts. He shot back as if he bounced off of them, slamming against the wall.

“shit, i’m so sorry, i didn’t mean--”

“Sans, it’s okay!” You assured him, holding your hands up. “I know you didn’t mean to. We all drank way too much.”

Sans had never been so sober in his life. How had you not slapped him into next week? Why did Yamato kissing you bother you so much, but him face planting into your breasts didn’t make you bat an eye?

Did… did you not see him the way you saw Yamato…?

You glanced over your shoulder at Papyrus’s sleeping form. “So, since Papyrus is asleep on the couch, do you want to sleep with me?”

Sans stopped breathing. “...what?”

“I mean, if you’re okay with it. I know our friendship is still fairly new, but we’ll just be sleeping.” You shrugged. Sans, feeling like an idiot, realized you meant actually sleeping in the same bed. Of course you meant actually sleeping. Why would you mean anything else?

You quirked a brow at Sans’s silent stare. “I can make you a pallet if you’re not comfortable with it...”

“no!” Sans squeaked before taking a deep breath. He captured all these swirling thoughts and
emotions, shoving them back deep down behind his smile. “that’s cool with me. we can just share. i mean, it’s whatever.”

“Okay.” You smiled before you giggled, “Let’s skele-daddle to bed!”

“wow.” Sans grinned, his shoulders slumping as he followed you down the hallway.

“C’mon, you liked it!” You snidely commented over your shoulder.

Sad thing was that he did… Suddenly he liked **everything** you did.

Once you’d entered your bedroom Sans halted in the doorway, taking a look around. He’d never actually come in your bedroom before, let alone been invited in. It looked like the rest of your house. Neat with nice decor, but a dead bouquet of flowers on your dresser caught Sans’s eye. Ticket had nestled himself into a donut shape at the foot of your bed, already asleep.

You removed throw pillows onto the floor and drew back the covers before quirking your brow at Sans. “You gonna get undressed?”

Something about your tone as you said it set Sans’s bones on fire. How had his mind ended up in the gutter? If you kept it up his cock would surely pop in for a surprise, and that was a monster fact of the day Sans wanted to avoid.

He slipped off his shoes and jacket, tossing them beside your bedroom door. You slapped the side of the bed you stood on. “This is my side of the bed. No touching!” You emphasised by giving it a few more slaps.

Sans finally crossed the carpeted floor to your bed, crawling into it. The soft mattress underneath felt nothing short of heavenly, his bones sinking in. “oh, we’re dividin’ territories? better not catch you on my side either then, or it’ll be a fine.”

You put your hands on your hips. “You can’t fine me! It’s **my** bed!”

“dunno about that. it’s a **fine** line you’re crossin’.”

You scoffed before tossing a throw pillow at him. He dreamily watched as you came around the bed, heading into your small bathroom. He propped up his head, just the image of you brushing your teeth sending his soul a flutter. How could watching you do something so simple fill him with such joy? When did these feelings for you even creep in? He hadn’t felt this way about anyone since…

Well… not since Toriel chose Asgore over him.

Sans worried he’d become like one of those white knight guys they made fun of on reddit. Crushing on a girl just because she’s nice and pretty. No, he knew that wasn’t the case. His crush on Toriel had been no coincidence either. She was a wonderful person. Her maternal nature and stellar cooking and silly humor captured him, too, but…

Sans knew that would go nowhere fast. She was way older than Sans, but that didn’t really bother him. Toriel had years upon years of a bond with Asgore, and even though they had separated for a long time, it only made their soul bond stronger. Of course they got back together after only a year of being on the surface. Everyone should have expected it. **Sans** expected it, but…

Even knowing all that time that a reset could ruin it all. Even after Frisk assured Sans again and again that she’d never destroy this perfect timeline where everyone got out… After he had finally accepted this timeline was here to stay… Sans never acted upon those feelings beyond a slight confession…
Even after Toriel gave him a gentle rejection, explaining she’d been secretly seeing Asgore… After Sans thought he’d gotten over it, over her…

Nothing hurt more than watching her walk down that aisle to another man. After having over two years to heal, to forget about his feelings for her… He couldn’t. He drowned himself in alcohol to numb it all, soiling his reputation, and his relationship with his brother…

He just… pretended it was okay all the while. Like always.

Then, here you came into their lives only days after the worst day of his life. The timing couldn’t have been worse for the two of you. He knew better now about your intentions, of course, and while he convinced himself you were up to something wicked back then… He’d only used you to take out his frustrations about everything. Toriel’s remarriage, Jeanette’s betrayal, humanity’s cruelty… He threw it all at you like you’d been the mastermind behind it all.

But you… You were kind, thoughtful and… sad. He felt it that night you’d cupped his cheek. The night of the sleepover when everyone treated you horribly. When you had invited him over, and he coldly rejected you. When he found you in the alleyway. Even when you hugged him just earlier that evening… A gloom clouded your inner light, even in the brightest of moments. When you were smiling, or humming your songs to yourself. His behavior in the beginning must’ve only worsened that, the guilt of it all crashing down on him with all his sins.

He found himself gazing at you as you gargled mouthwash. You looked so pretty in the low glow of the bathroom light, even making those weird mouth noises. You spit out your mouthwash, popping back up and catching Sans’s eyes in the reflection of the mirror. You grinned, Sans’s soul pulsing uncontrollably again.

You’d never see Sans the way he saw you. He wouldn’t be in your bed in that moment if you had any romantic intention with him. He knew that, and yet…

His soul still so desperately called out for yours.

“I hate to sleep in my bra, so I took it off. I hope you don’t mind.” You said as you came out of the bathroom. You stretched your arms over your head, Sans unintentionally noticing very clearly. He slammed his head into the pillow so hard it hurt, sealing his eye sockets shut.

“no, it’s cool. i mean, it’s your bed, right? do whatever you like. take off whatever you like--” He paused, realizing what he was saying. “that came out wrong.”

You snorted a laugh as Sans felt you crawl into bed next to him. “Sans, you are so cute.”

Sans lifted his head up to look at you. “cute?”

“Yeah!” You smiled.

“really?”

“What??”

“no, no, no…” Sans pointed at Ticket. “ticket is cute. i am not. i am basically the opposite of that.”

You frowned. “It’s hard for us to see the beauty in ourselves, isn’t it?”

He paused, hugging his pillow as he rolled onto his stomach. “yeah, unless you’re papyrus.”
“Everyone should be like Papyrus.”

“yeah…”

A stillness in the air, so soft and peaceful, hung in your silence. Sans watched as you lay down, nuzzling into your blanket and pillow. The scent of your fresh, clean sheets made him wish he could drink at your house every night just so he could sleep there instead of on that God awful couch they had at home, or that stained, creaky mattress he’d grown to hate.

“Night, Sans.” You whispered, your eyes already closed.

“g’night…” He whispered back, his mind still too clouded and busy to dream of sleep.

He watched as you fell asleep knowing all too well how creepy it must’ve been. He also knew that this would be his last chance to share a moment like this with you. Your eyelashes brushed against your cheeks, your mouth ever so slightly parted open, and resonating with the rising and falling of your chest. One hand rested beneath your breasts, the other cast aside on the bed. You looked angelic.

Sans wanted to be on that same plane with you. To crawl into your embrace and rest his skull into your hair. His soul ached to be close to yours.

What the hell happened to him? The hardass who’d accused you of being a THOT? The suspicious spectator who kept a watchful eye on you? The guardian who kept anyone attractive away from his baby brother?

Hell, none of that mattered anymore. With or without magic, you’d bewitched him. Papyrus had no idea how hard he’d won his bet.

Chapter End Notes

Sans totally has the hots for you, and he thinks you're great! ;)

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter as much as I did! I'm finally to Sans's crush, and I've had that Ga1ahad scene planned since I wrote my very first story timeline back in January of last year!

Please, please, PLEASE leave a comment down below and tell me your thoughts on the story! I love talking to you guys, and would love to discuss any questions or thoughts you have! You guys are always so nice, supportive and kind with critiques. Seriously, it means so much to me that you're willing to read my self indulgent fic.

Here's a link to the chapter title: Every Other Ghost
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mUdq7VS40g8

And, to my absolute favorite Mili song: Ga1ahad and Scientific Witchery
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d-nxW9qBtxQ

Also, if you haven't heard of Mystery Skulls, let me bless your eardrums!
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y1Eb3L1Plco&t=7s
End Notes

If you'd like to learn more about the Mili project, here's a link to their website!
http://projectmili.com/

Also, here's a link to their official twitter account!
https://twitter.com/ProjectMili

Aaaaand lastly, here's a link to their official YouTube!:
https://www.youtube.com/user/ProjectMili

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