The Lucky and the Unlucky

by LazySintastic13 (EmeraldWriter)

Summary

Luck has always played a factor in the rule of survival of the fittest.

Notes

A gift to my awesome friend!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

His movements were sluggish and heavy, going along beneath the bushes and making sure to slither in mud. All because his own scales that he was always proud of, was currently an endanger to himself. Its blood red colour was too prominent. It didn’t help that his own build was of small stature; merely one meter in length. And that he was used to areas close to the opening of the forest than the depths of the woods he was currently heading for.

If it weren’t for nature taking command, causing his home to crumble due to the strong winds from the recent storm, and made some trees fall onto it from its force. He supposed he was lucky that he had been out and about hiding elsewhere to wait for the thing to calm down. But then, he had no home left.

So he ventured off to find another suitable habitat, except that he had accidentally entered into another lamia’s den. A vicious and territorial alpha viper. Their kind were always hot-tempered and easily irritated.

He had apologized profusely for trespassing, but the other wasn’t having any of such excuses.

Red sniffled and hiccupped, wiping away his tears. His body was bruised, battered, and bloodied. Scratch marks and cracks littered his torso and arms; the dried blood painted his usually alabaster bones. Some of his scales were torn off in the scuffle, and he was even bitten several times; each puncture seemingly deeper than the next. The viper thankfully didn’t inject any venom in him or he was sure to have really died there and then.

He didn’t know alphas could be so scary. As an omega, it was a common thing to look for alphas as potential partners to mate with. But having never met one before the viper in his life as he was only told so by other omegas, he didn’t think they could be so ferocious. Why would anyone want to consider such scary and unkind monsters.

Red coughed and choked several times before heaving with slow momentum to catch himself. His hand that instinctively moved to cover his mouth was decorated with sanguine fluids. His vision was doubling along with black spots appearing at the sides.

Low on magic reserves and having already lost so much blood, he was going to be another monster’s food at this rate.

More tears cropped up in his sockets, feeling his soul squeeze and ache at the thought. He didn’t want to die this way. He was just a cornsnake. His kind was docile in nature and they weren’t even poisonous.

He just wanted to live a peaceful life. Maybe even raise a family of his own.

Not like this.

His vision worsened, and his movement staggered. His injuries were becoming unbearable to handle, sapping away at his strength, at his energy—at his will to live.

In the woods where the common rule was kill or be killed, Red knew that the end neared for him. He wondered if this was what other animals he preyed on felt like. The pitiful struggling to keep on living put on display and treated as a joke, laughed for even trying to put up a futile resistance; knowing that they will meet an inevitable end no matter what.
This was the law.

The strongest survives and the weak perishes.

How could Red think that he could live on long enough when he was one of the weak?

Unable to carry himself any further, the lamia collapsed on the muddied dirt, softening the landing by a smidge. Not that Red noticed the difference when the pain of the impact resounded in his body. But even though, he had no energy to scream, his tears still poured unbiddenly in continuous streams. He hiccupped and sobbed.

This was it.

This was how he was going to end.

A pitiful image of a crying weakling.

Just as consciousness was leaving him, he managed to tilt his head to the direction of rustling foliage coming from the side of him. The last thing he saw were blurry deep blues before darkness consumed him.

Sans didn’t expect to see a dying lamia close to his den. He came out of curiosity, smelling the delicious odor of blood and was thinking about how breakfast was going to be easy today.

Seeing the other’s poor state, he couldn’t help but shake his head at how unlucky the other was.

Upon scrutiny, though the tail were dirtied and had patches of torned off scales, Sans could tell that this small lamia was a cornsnake. Knowing this, he had to raise a brow.

What was a cornsnake, who usually lived closer to the entrance of the forest, doing here in the more isolated and deeper parts of the woods?

It was common knowledge that the larger and stronger creatures like Sans preferred to live in quieter areas and are just as territorial as others. Though, the level of aggressiveness depended since only a few actually lived around these areas. As such, confrontations were close to nonexistent and it was always preferred that way.

Sans continued to stare at the dying lamia before deciding to slither away.

This was just natural selection.

In the rule of kill or be killed, it was normal for these kinds of things to happen. He’s not in any way obliged to help him.

Though just as he was passing by, Sans froze.

Looking back, he saw that the other had subsconsciously moved and the muddied tail latched onto his own; dirtying it.

Sans was a little annoyed that he accidentally brushed against lamia to make the latter instictively move, but he also noticed how cold the other was in comparison to his body temperature. While they were part snakes and meant to be cold-blooded, half skeletons like him and this fallen one retained heat due to concentrated magic and magic reserves.

Sans stared at the small body before him for a long while; considering. A blood red cornsnake was
rarity in and of itself, and the fact that the injured lamia was an omega didn’t escape him.

He remembered that cornsnake skeleton lamia in particular were monogamous and affectionate. He’s heard some say that they were so loyal, sweet and caring that one had urges to want to spoil them. Their scales were also beautiful and vibrant, said to become even more so when they were happy and loved in return.

… Sans leaned down and touched the other’s cheek. He began using his magic to not only heal some of the wounds enough for the lamia’s health not to be in critical danger anymore, but to also send warmth.

Seeing the small skeleton leaned into his touch tickled his soul. It didn’t help that the same muddied tail curled tighter around his own. If the lamia could move his entire body, Sans had no doubt that he would be cuddled at this moment.

Sans sighed and scratched his skull with his other hand. Was he really going to take him in? Was he going to help heal him up and take care of him?

Sans’ reverie was broken by a small whine, realizing that he was slowly inching his hand away. And once he brought it back, but this time stopping his magic, the other let out a content sigh and nuzzled his hand affectionately.

Snap.

His shoulders sagged as his resistance fell apart by the seams.

Ugh, why did he have to be so fuckin’ cute. Sans definitely couldn’t win against that.

Gingerly, he pried his tail from the other. Thankful that there wasn’t much resistance after he had healed the monster enough. Using his magic, he lifted the small skeleton up, allowing the instinctive latching and coiling of the other’s tail done on hip bones. Cornsnakes were constrictors after all. Unlike him.

He was a coluber constrictor, and was two metres in length. He wasn’t venomous and despite the name of his species, he didn’t actually constrict his preys. His agility was more of the deciding factor in how he hunts and engaged in both terrestrial and arboreal foraging.

Though he was rather concerned on how he was going to get along with the lamia. Cornsnakes were nocturnal, and he was diurnal.

Sans sighed inwardly as he began slithering his way back to his den. He supposed that it would be something to figure out later once the latter was conscious.

Red snuggled into the warmth, tightening the hold of his tail by a smidgen as it curled around something firm and yet soft at the same time. It was so cozy and comfortable. And the sound of thrumming made him feel even more relaxed…?

Hmm? Thrumming?

Red slowly rouse from sleep. He blinked a couple of times. The last thing he remembered was being in pain and tired and dirty.

And yet the first thing he saw were unblemished white thick bones, and the blue soul beating inside its cage.
Then, he looked up; his red eyes met blues head on. And Red blinked again, trying to process what was happening.

Seeing the confused look made Sans chuckle. “Hey buddy, good thing you woke up. I was close to passing out and we wouldn’t be able to talk.” He couldn’t help yawning right after. It was already nighttime.

Red jumped, suddenly aware that he got too comfortable and began to uncoil to move away.

Sans didn’t object. Wouldn’t do to talk in such a position. He stretched a bit, groaning when the pressure on his bones cracked with delight. The other had continued to cuddle him for hours in his sleep. And he didn’t have the heart to push him away. It was a good thing that Sans already ate since he couldn’t forage at all.

Gaining some distance, another set of realizations struck Red’s mind, looking at the other lamia in both awe and fear.

**H-He’s so f-freaking huge! O-Oh my stars.** In comparison to Red, Sans was massive. And the small skeleton found himself beginning to nervously sweat. The worry settling in his soul.

It was obvious to Red that the other was one of the stronger monsters in the forest dwelling this far in its depths. Sure he’s heard stories, but he’s never seen anyone of this size. Not even the viper from earlier compared.

Red gulped as his soul shuddered. This one was also an alpha. And just knowing that made him tear up. There was no way he could escape alive again if the other chose to lash out at him.

When Sans saw the tears, he was stricken with worry. **Was he still hurting somewhere? Did I miss a spot?**

After sharing his magic energy with the other to heal him, he thought that he got all the wounds and even saw the scales regenerate. Then he had carefully cleaned the mud and blood off. Since he didn’t double check after, maybe he did missed something and the latter felt the pain from it.

He had to know so he asked, “What’s wrong? Are you still hurting somewhere? Tell me so I can heal it.” Sans advanced so quickly that he was already inspecting the other’s bones and tail before Red could react.

Seeing this, Red felt even more confused. And hearing the big lamia’s words, he pieced everything together.

**… H-He saved me?** Red looked to his arms and chest, bones no longer marred with cracks and scratches; the blood also cleaned off. Then he looked to his tail in which the latter was still inspecting. No longer caked with mud and blood. No longer punctured from the fangs. His scales were complete and as vibrant as it had been before his unfortunate encounter with the viper.

**… H-He did all this for me?** Red felt complicated. While he was grateful for his saviour, he didn’t know if the latter was going to be aggressive like the other alpha. **But then again,** he reasoned with himself. **He looks really concerned if I was still feeling any pain.** Maybe he could give the big skeleton the benefit of the doubt. After all, one horrible alpha didn’t have to mean that all alphas were the same.

Coming to this conclusion, Red relaxed and wiped his tears away. “S-Sorry. Nothing hurts. I … I just got …” He looked down, playing with his fingers. “Kinda scared.”
Sans sighed in relief. “That’s good. Heh, looks like all that energy transferred to you was a time well serpent.”

Red’s sockets widened before the corners of his mouth twitched. He couldn’t stop the giggle from coming out.

Sans smiled at the well-received reception. He hasn’t been able to tell puns in a while, and the unfortunate monsters he chanced to visit were usually exasperated. Witnessing this innocent cheer, how could his soul not swell in joy?

“No a missnake at all.”

Sans’ eye lights dilated. No way.

“Hehe, what’s wrong?” Red smirked, gaining more confidence in himself. “Did I rattle you—”

No fucking way.

“Python? (By a ton?)”

Sans’ soul felt as if the snake had wrapped its beautiful tail around to squeeze it. What is this? Who is he? Oh my stars this constrictor is a goddamn treasure. “Fuck.” He had to say it.

Seeing the latter’s awe delighted Red. He snorted. “Quite the charmer aren’t ya?”

“Okay. You can’t be a lamia. You have to be an angel. Who are you? I must know who from above sent this godsend to me.”

Red’s whole face was the colour of his namesake. G-Godsend? Isn’t he exaggerating too much? G-Geez. Still, he answered a bit bashfully now because of the genuine compliment. “’M Red.”

“Through and through huh.” Seeing the small lamia look embarrassed by it, Sans hurriedly added, “It’s good on you though!”

Red gave him a wry smile before chuckling. “You tried.”

Sans scratched his head, a little embarrassed now himself, but he didn’t let that get to him. “I’m Sans.”

Red blinked, and then he laughed. “It fits you!”

Sans snickered. “Doesn’t it?” A constrictor in his species’ name but they don’t even constrict. How obvious.

After the pleasant introduction, Red started off with a more somber tone. “U-Um, I’m really thankful for you saving me Sans. My home at the forest entrance was destroyed because of the recent storm.”

Red coiled his tail so that he could play with the tip of it with his hands. A habit he tended to do to calm his nerves. “I was searching for a new place to stay at, but I accidentally got into a viper’s territory.”

Sans whistled and nodded solemnly in understanding. “Those monsters were always short-tempered.”

Red hummed in agreement, tightening his hold on his tail, remembering how fierce the fight was. How scared he had been. “I’ve never fought with another snake before … and I, err, also hadn’t come across an alpha either.”
Red didn’t realize he was trembling until Sans embraced him. His neck was gently caressed just as the other’s tail coiled around his own, all to calm his nerves.

“It’s okay. I get it. So that’s why.” Sans knew now that Red had cried because he was scared of him—terrified that he was an alpha. And a huge monster to boot.

Red breathed out. He leaned in, returning the embrace and accepting the gentle care he was receiving. The encounter traumatized him. And how could it not when he had been by death’s doors at the end of it.

Red choked out a sob. And Sans simply continued to hold him, at times whispering comforting words and even puns here and there. Sans found it endearing in hearing out the small laughs however hoarse and tired the other sounded.

“Hey, Red,” Sans felt himself go soft at seeing Red trying his hardest to resist falling asleep for him. “Do you want to live with me?”

He was tired, but he managed to register what the other just asked. His soul shook and thumped hard against his chest. “C-Can I really? I-I’m not that strong. I don’t want to trouble you.”

“Nah, no trouble at all. It’s quiet around here. And as long as you stay in my territory, no one’s gonna hurt ya.”

Red still felt a little hesitant about it, but he did like Sans. He liked that the alpha made puns with him. That it didn’t matter to Sans that he was weak. And the big lamia even understood his fear and was careful. Sans was really gentle to him. Even though they’ve just met, he was comforted and cared for—he was saved above all.

“If … You’re really okay with me. I’d like to live with you.” The small lamia nervously said this as he gazed at Sans.

Sans had never been so grateful that he had decided to save this precious gem. He beamed, “It’ssssss s’okay by me.”

“Oh my stars you didn’t.” Red grinned, laughing as he snuggled into Sans. He definitely wasn’t a scary alpha at all.

“Heh. I mean, I was kind of in a bind deciding if I should.”

“Sans!” The small lamia laughed unhindered, simply enjoying his self.

And Sans smiled. He could see himself getting attached and fond of Red quickly; finding him perfect all-round. Heh. Looks like the little constrictor truly did get his heart in a bind. The snake. Hehe.
Red was sure that he hadn’t gone far out. As far as he knew, he was still in Sans’ territory. Thus, when he was suddenly approached, it startled him terribly; almost shrieking as he became defensive to the approaching black kingsnake lamia. It didn’t help that the latter was at least four feet in length, which is really not that much taller than him, but enough that he still had to tilt his head up much to his dismay.

He was here again. Red thought as he inwardly sneered. Non-venemous and a constrictor like him, he didn’t appreciate how the latter doesn’t get the hint that he wasn’t interested.

In fact, the first time, he was cordial enough since it’s been a long while since he’d seen other lamias around. He didn’t think that after that day, the kingsnake would keep coming back.

Of course not completely nearing their den, just the borders of their territory. But still, it was starting to get annoying. Especially when the other has been persistent.

Red made sure to move away whenever the other advanced too close for his own comfort, keeping a safe distance between them. He already had Sans so he will never be receptive to anyone else’s attempts.

“Derek, can you fucking leave? You’re trespassing again, and this is the last time I’m going to warn you.” Red tensed up into a striking position.

Seeing that he was actually being threatened didn’t settle well for his own ego. As an alpha, he ought to teach this omega’s place. Derek began to emit an unpleasant musk and shook his tail.

“You’re ordering me? Aren’t you just playing too hard to get.”

Red hissed. “You’re just a stupid ass who can’t take a hint!” And although he knew that they were going to break out into a fight, the small cornsnake’s soul trembled.

As much as he wanted to, he wasn’t adept to fighting. And he knew that he was going to lose, especially to an alpha. Once more, Red was reminded of how lucky he was to have Sans as his partner. As such, he was going to still do his best to defend his honour.

This was their territory.
Like hell he was going to give that all up to this fuck. Even if he was scared shitless.

Derek lunged for Red with deftness, but just as he was about to do any harm to Red, a large bone smacked him from the side; flinging him to crash to the ground meters away.

Seeing the blue magic coursing around the bone, Red quickly turned around. “Sans!” While he was relieved, he was also very concerned. It was nighttime, and his mate wasn’t even supposed to up at this time. Sans was supposed to be resting.

Sans slithered to his mate, checking first if he was all right, before heading towards the trespasser. Like hell he was going to let the fucker live after that show. Sans bared his fangs, and with his ferocious speed that was much faster than the kingsnake, he punctured the other’s neck; making sure to dig in deep. It helped that he was much larger than him. So the holes were large and truly deep.

Red couldn’t help but wince at the scream that tore the kingsnake’s throat. Although he watched at the sidelines, he had thin needle-like bones floating around him, ready to help if Sans needed it. Not because this was a fight between alphas that Red couldn’t participate, but it was because Derek had challenged the right for territory. It was Sans’ job to make sure that he still stayed as the ruler of it. So he cannot interfere.

But for the life of him, if that asshole managed to injure his mate, don’t blame Red for being ruthless.

Sans continued to bite the lamia in various places. Ignoring the blood spilling forth and uncaring of the other’s struggle and relentless shrieks.

… It wasn’t even a fight. Just Sans simply killing another lamia: the predator and the prey.

Derek’s carcass fell to the ground with a loud thud. And Sans turned to Red. “I’m just going to be disposing him somewhere. Be back.” Receiving a nod, Sans used his magic to lift the other’s corpse and slithered away.

Watching Sans leave, Red’s soul thumped hard against his chest in relief, awe, and love. He’d never seen Sans fight so fiercely, reminding him that alphas could be so ferocious. But then, Sans was his alpha. His mate for life. The one he’ll solely and completely devote his life to.

Red has no need to fear him. Because he knew that Sans loved and cared for him just as much.

Seeing his mate’s figure coming back, Red rushed forward to embrace him. And Sans returned the gesture just as tight. It was a good thing that he already washed off the blood.

Red pulled back, worriedly inspecting for injuries that he may not have been able to see from his position. “Are you okay?” It also didn’t ease his worries and escape his notice how tired Sans looked. He was diurnal after all.

Sans chuckled tiredly as he fondly gazed at Red. He gently took the other’s hands off of him and placed a kiss on the other’s head. “’M fine sweetheart. Just tired and sleepy.”

“I’ll bet.” Red moved to support his partner before they both slowly made their way back to their den.

“How ’bout you,” Sans waved his hand to imply he was talking about the whole scene. He knew his lover was scared of alphas, and Red had never really seen him that way. Although tired, Sans was inwardly nervous about the other’s answer. He almost didn’t want to ask, but he did. “Are you?”
Red smiled, making sure to convey to Sans that he was really okay, and that he wasn’t scared of him. There was no need to after all. “Yeah.” He affectionately nuzzled his head against his mate’s chest. “Hehe, you were really cool Sans.”

Sans’ shoulders slumped in relief before he shrugged and grinned. “Well, it was a piece of snake.”

And Red’s laugh echoed in the quiet night. Sans wouldn’t have it any other way.

End Notes

I’ve never researched so many snakes in life, but totally felt enlightened by a lot of facts. XD

And really found that the snake I chose for them fit them. :D

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