Summary

31 days of sin.

Notes

I don't know what I'm doing, I've never done Kinktober before. I'm going to do my best to finish.

At the moment, it's just Undertale, but that might change. I won't add too many more fandoms, though, so it's not just a mess of tags.
There will definitely be more characters and relationships added, though!

(And more kinks. Always more kinks.)
"Come on, babe," your boyfriend (bonefriend, your mind helpfully supplies, and you have to suppress a groan. Even in the privacy of your own mind, puns still invade) says, lazily tugging at your hips. Your face ablaze, you shuffle up the length of his body, feeling his bones scrape against you. They're surprisingly smooth and you can see blue beads of magic-infused sweat form on his face the more you move. You do it more, settling your hips against him, and have the satisfaction of hearing a whine escape through clenched teeth.

"you're killing me here," Sans complains. You grin.

"Payback for last week then," you say cheerfully. "You edged me for over two hours."

"you liked it," he says. The new warmth to your cheeks is confession enough. "i'll do it again if you don't get up here," he threatens. You know he won't, though. Not unless you've agreed to it beforehand. Sans is careful with you like that- treating your consent as a precious thing- and sometimes, you still don't know what to do with it. It doesn't seem right, but when you're locked away in his bedroom, lights down low and clothes disappearing into the detritus on the floor, you know it is.

Finally, you've shuffled far enough up his body that your cunt is positioned just above his face. Your thighs tremble with the strain of holding yourself up, your hands locked around the headboard. He reaches up, around each leg, and pulls you down. With a squeak, you land against his teeth and the gentle warmth of his magic-manifested blue tongue.

"there we go, babydoll," He says, lewd satisfaction dripping from every word. You've long since given up trying to understand how he's capable of speech when his mouth is otherwise occupied. "you know i won't break."

"I know, but I just-" Your sentence breaks off with a high-pitched squeak as he licks a stripe down the center of your pussy, slipping back up to prod at your clit. If you weren't sopping before, you would be now. He knows just how to push your buttons (or maybe particularly that button) and you sigh, unconsciously grinding against his face.

Four months ago, you would have been too self-conscious to even strip in front of him, never mind ride his face. You were a mess held together with self-loathing and too much caffeine. You can't say the caffeine intake has improved much, but the rest sure has. Your hips buck, a particularly needy moan ripping free from your throat. When you look down at him, sweat dampening your hair, you can see his magic bright and blue and deliciously satisfied.

"i love it when you make sounds for me, baby," he murmurs up against you. The vibration makes your legs shake. "be loud."
"But Pap-" you start to say.

"he's at work," Sans interrupts you. "and please never mention my bro again when i'm eating you out."

"Sorry," you apologize, half-laughing. He pays more attention to your clit, pressing the flat of his tongue against it, flicking the tip against it, and you squeal. He keeps his hands away, his fingers holding your thighs firmly in place, and you appreciate it. You don't like being fingered unless you ask for it.

He keeps up a steady rhythm, provoking a series of tiny, high-pitched moans. You lean back, clutching whatever bits of him you can reach to anchor yourself in place.

"are you close, babe?" He asks. You nod frantically. You can feel it start, a tight coil low in your stomach, but you need-

"Please," you gasp out. He knows what you mean now, and you nearly sob in relief when you feel one bony finger slip into you. A lewd squelching sound echoes through the room and you blush scarlet. You know he wants to comment but thankfully, he says nothing, just pumps the finger in and out, to the same rhythm as his tongue lashing against your clit.

"Sans, I- oh god-" Broken words spill out of you as you orgasm, your cunt clenching around his finger. He licks you gently through the rest of it, keeping his tongue carefully away from directly stimulating your clit. Practice has told both of you it's a little too much.

You fall backwards in satiated exhaustion. His magic catches you before you slip too far, though, carefully lifting you in the air and reminding you that his cock is very much still present, brilliant blue and throbbing.

"don'tcha think it's my turn, sugar?" Sans asks, face slightly shiny from your cum.

You grin.

"You know it," you tell him.
You tiptoe in as quietly as you can, wondering why you even bothered when you see the familiar orange hoodie. He's sprawled out on the couch, in the exact same position he was in when you left this morning for school. If it wasn't for the fresh bottle of honey on the coffee table, you'd think he hadn't moved at all. Then again, maybe his brother got it for him. He can occasionally talk Blueberry into handing him a favor like that.

You can hear the dull hum of the TV as you drop your backpack and toe out of your shoes, leaving them by the front door. A moment later, a muffled grunt reaches your ears, followed by a pop of displaced air and familiar orange-covered arms coming around you.

"Paps!" You squeak in surprise. His low chuckle sounds in your ear as you're surrounded by the comforting miasma of cigarette smoke and honey. A combination you never would have found appealing before you moved in with the skelebros, but now...

"you're home," he murmurs. "i missed you." His hands slide across your stomach, raking your shirt up just enough to expose the bottom of your sports bra. You open your mouth, intending to ask where his brother is, before you relax. It's anime sleepover night. Blue won't be home until tomorrow morning at the earliest.

You have plenty of time.

His arms tighten around you. Before you can take in another breath, darkness fills your vision and you find yourself upstairs, sprawled across his bed.

"Really?" You huff out. "We couldn't walk?" You can feel his grin.

"nah, too lazy," He drawls. "but not too lazy for this-" His phalanges hook into your sweat pants and pull them down, accidentally taking your panties with them. You try to muster up the energy to care, but can't. It's not like he wasn't going to strip you anyway, right?

"you wanna?" He motions toward your chest and you flail into a sitting position, awkwardly yanking off your top and sports bra. You can be a bit sensitive about taking off your bra, depending on how you feel that day, and he's learned to let you do it. You appreciate it.

"beautiful," he says lowly. Sparks flare to life where he's touching you, and vivid orange magic spills through his eye socket, lighting the room.

"Aren't you a little over-dressed?" You ask. He shrugs and you can feel that infuriatingly smug grin again.

"guess you'll have to help," he says, moving so he can stretch out across the bed. There's a promisingly orange-tinted tent in his pants. You run your fingers over the cloth, satisfied with the
twitch of his hips.

You push his hoodie up first, smoothing the pads of your fingertips over the smooth planes of his ribs, enjoying the way his breath stutters. He helps you after a moment, and that spark of magic makes you want to rub your thighs together, makes a moan catch in your throat. By the way he's watching you, he knows it.

Your fingers hook around his ribs, scratching lightly against the nubblier surface, and he breaks first, a needy, desperate sound escaping between his teeth. You grin in triumph.

Misplaced triumph for in the next moment, you're lying flat on your back, hands splayed above your head with a pulse of magic, and Papyrus hangs above you, fully naked and dripping bright tangerine droplets of precome to spatter across your thighs.

"Desperate, are we?" You murmur, trying to pretend like you aren't just as needy, like you aren't just as soaked to the core. He tilts his head, waiting for permission, and you nod, almost frantically.

"do you want this?" He whispers. His voice is like smoke, wreathing your senses, as his hand drops, one finger sliding through the slickness of your cunt. It barely misses your clit and you whine in the back of your throat.

"Yes," you hiss. Your hips buck, trying to get his finger in the right spot, but he moves it just enough that you miss. "Come on-"

"beg for it," he tells you. Your cunt throbs and your face flames.

"I-" You stammer. He leans closer, his teeth against your ear as he nips at your earlobe.

"beg me for it," he repeats, murmuring directly into your ear.

"P-please," you pant. He rewards you with one cool, bony finger sliding directly into the tight heat of your cunt.

"so tight," Your bonefriend breathes. His eye flares brighter orange and you can feel his magicked cock throb against your leg. He starts to pump his finger in and out of you, establishing a frustratingly slow rhythm. "more," He demands, his thumb flicking across your clit once, roughly. "that ain't begging, darling. that's just the start."

"I need you," you whine, your hips involuntarily lifting off the bed and chasing the feeling of his palm against your pussy. "Please, Papyrus, I need you inside me, I need you to fuck me, make me yours..." His finger works harder, joined by another, and you nearly sob in relief at the slight sting of your cunt being spread open. You're so wet, his phalanges squelch, bringing a wave of fresh heat across your face, spreading down your throat.

"you wanna be mine?" He demands. You nod, near frantic.

"Please," you repeat. "Fuck me, I need it- I need you inside me- need you to come inside me-"

That does it.

With a low growl, he withdraws his fingers, replaced in the next moment by his cock. Your eyes nearly roll back in your head as he slams into you, fingers pressed into your hips so hard that you know it's going to bruise. You don't care.

"you're mine," he says roughly, all traces of laziness vanished. You feel bathed in his magic,
crackling along your skin and increasing your arousal with every thrust he makes inside you. "who d'you belong to?"

"You!" You nearly shout, a long, greedy moan spilling free when one of his hands leaves your hip, when you feel a bony finger press firmly against your clit and start to rub.

"come for me, babe," he whispers, slamming into you harder and harder, touching that sweet spot deep inside you as his finger never stops rubbing your clit. "come for me."

"I- I-" You convulse around him, spilling out his name in a mess of syllables and gasps, your vision going white for a long moment. He reaches his peak a minute later, and you feel warm, orange magic spurt inside you.

He slides out of you, his magic already dissipating into nothingness, and pulls you into his ribs. You curl up into him, breathing harshly, sweat drying on your skin.

"welcome home," he says after a moment. All you can do is laugh.
"Are you sure?" You ask for what feels like the millionth time. It probably is. Frisk rolls their eyes, but nods.

"Yes," they say for good measure. They don't feel comfortable speaking around just anyone, but they always have around you. You and Asriel. It's been that way ever since they broke the barrier five years ago.

Of course, they don't have this kind of relationship with Asriel...

"I trust you," Frisk adds, their hand falling on yours and jolting you out of your thoughts. "You know I do."

"And I trust you," the familiar words rise to your lips, spilling out in an awkward rush.

"Then why not take advantage of being alone for the weekend?" Frisk asks, a sly smile playing around their mouth. You feel warmth blaze to life in your cheeks. It's true- you share an apartment with Asriel, and he's busy visiting his dad for the weekend. Monster stuff, he claimed. You have a feeling that means gardening and playing video games in Asgore's living room, but who are you to judge?

The thought of judgment sends a shiver down your spine, clouding your face.

"Hey," Frisk says, catching your attention shift. "It's okay if you don't want to-"

"No, I do," you say firmly, shaking away the cobwebs.

"And what's the safeword?" Frisk asks.

"Spider donut," you answer promptly. "You'll use it if you need to?"

"I always do," Frisk says. It's only happened once or twice, but you still feel a twinge of guilt, deep in the pit of your stomach. Even though both times, it was only because you had accidentally over-stimulated Frisk through their orgasm.

"Good," you say. "Now, out of those clothes."

"Yes, Mx Chara!" They say, snapping off a salute and giggling. They hop to their feet willingly enough, though, yanking off their top, shimmying out of their jeans and making your throat go dry. When they start to peel their panties down, you feel a jolt of heat, straight to your core.
"Oh, do you like that?" Frisk asked teasingly. They had to use one hand on you to balance as they untangled their feet from the plain peach-colored undies. You could see wetness gleaming, slippery and soft on their cunt.

"May I?" You ask their permission. They nod, eager, and you lean forward, using your tongue to gather up some of the tangy droplets. They groan, rocking their hips forward and letting their hands fist in the curls of your hair.

"Someone's wet," you murmur against their cunt, hearing their sharp intake of breath as you use the tip of your tongue to flick against their clit. "All right, on the bed."

They lie down obediently enough and you hastily strip out of your own clothes, blushing at the naked appreciation you see in Frisk's eyes. It's still so hard to believe that someone could actually want you, after all you've done. After who you are.

But Frisk knows you better than anyone but Asriel, and they've never turned away. Not even now when-

"Chara," they whine. "Hurry up."

"Patience is a virtue," you say loftily, retrieving the blindfold from the dresser. You can see the lust in their face from here, as their jaw slackens, their eyes going a little unfocused.

"Does someone like having their eyesight taken away?" You murmur, running the blindfold between your hands and feeling the silky material. Frisk nods eagerly.

"You would," you say. You straddle their hips, grinding just enough against their sopping cunt that you tear free a whimper, then grin.

"Up," you say. They lean forward, balancing on their elbows, just enough for you to slide the blindfold around their head and tie it. It's cramped quarters for a moment, but you don't mind. You lean back on your heels to admire your handiwork. Frisk is sprawled on the bed, brown hair mussed about the pillow, blindfold covering their eyes. You wave a hand in front of it, but there's no reaction. Not that you thought there would be.

"You know what's next, don't you?" You ask, your voice unconsciously lowering and provoking a shiver. They nod and you scrape your fingernails down the slopes of their breasts, ending with a sharp pinch to both nipples that makes them gasp.

"Use your words, Frisk," you demand.

"Yes," they pant out. You roll each nipple between thumb and forefinger, fascinated by the tiny, desperate sounds each movement provokes.

But that's not why you're here. Not this time. You know why you're here. Your gaze rests on it, tossed to the side when Frisk first proposed another session. It looks so innocent this time around. No dust has ever touched its blade in this timeline and it never will.

When your fingers slot around the handle, it feels like home.

"Guess what, Frisky?" You taunt. You touch the very tip of the blade to the hollow of their throat, where their pulse beats. "Guess what I have?" You move the knife back an inch just as they reply.

"Your knife?" They ask. You can feel their body tremble beneath you. Their cunt is like molten lava against you.
"That's right, Frisky," you croon, drawing aimless patterns across their chest and down their stomach. You never press deep enough to draw blood, but red lines follow the trail of your blade. You feel your own cunt throb. God, it looks so-

"More," Frisk begs. You scoot back a little, laying the cool flat of the blade against their mound. They moan. With your other hand, you slip a finger in them. It moves easily through the slickness of their arousal.

"You like this, don't you," you breathe, slowly letting your finger pump in and out. "You sick fuck, Frisky. You like this--" You dig the point of the knife into their hip, stopping just before blood can well to the surface.

"I do," Frisk babbles. "I do, please, Chara- please make me come-"

"Demanding, aren't we," you say, the rhythm of your finger never stopping. You can feel Frisk's pussy tighten around you, and it feels incredible. "Who says you deserve to come? Who says you've earned it yet?"

"I will," Frisk promises, head tossing on the pillow. You trace the knife back up over the previous lines, resting the edge very lightly against Frisk's throat. You can see them swallow.

"Do I need to stop?" You ask in a low undertone, pausing. They consider for a moment.

"No," they say. "I'd shake my head, but--"

You laugh a little at that, moving the knife back down to the safer region of their breasts.

"Good," you say. "Now- are you going to be a good Frisky?"

"Yes," Frisk groans, nodding frantically. Their hips buck upward, nearly throwing you backward. "Please, Chara, please--" You slide your finger free, provoking a whine of disappointment before you trace their lips with your finger, letting them taste their own arousal.

"Does that taste good, Frisk?" You croon. They lick their lips, nodding. "I think so, too," you say. "I think I want to taste some more for myself." You slide down on the bed, nudging their thighs further apart. The first swipe of your tongue across their clit makes Frisk twitch beneath you. You grin and lick it again before propping yourself up on your elbows and resting the not-yet-forgotten knife against it.

"I could cut it off if I wanted," you muse aloud. You can see their thighs quiver and it makes you wetter. "I could do anything to you down here. I could fuck you with this knife. You'd like that, wouldn't you."

"Yes," Frisk admits in a shamed squeak. You blink in surprise. You hadn't expected that answer.

You don't intend on doing it, but it's a fucking hot mental image anyway as you set the knife aside and bend down to your prize, licking intently at their clit and holding them firmly in place. With how wound up they are already, it only takes a few minutes before you pluck their orgasm free. They keen something loud and unintelligible, bathing your face in their juices as their body spasms.

"I love you so much," Frisk whispers.

"I love you, too," you tell them. "Now get that blindfold off and fuck me because I'm ready to explode."
Frisk giggles as they comply.
all the tears that fall

Chapter Notes

Fandom: Undertale
Pairing: Chara/ Frisk
Kink(s): Spanking, dacryphilia (crying)

You look down at their flushed face, tear tracks down both cheeks, and feel a rush of arousal, throbbing deep in your core. Frisk kicks their legs impatiently after a moment, waiting for the next time your hand will land, and you soothe them absentmindedly, stroking back strands of sweaty hair.

You don't know how you got so lucky, you really don't. You never thought Frisk would ever want to be with you. Not after what you did- what you started-

But times change. You've changed. Frisk assures you with light, paper-thin laughs that they've changed, too. For the better. Always for the better.

Spanking was an easy thing to bring up in the bedroom. BDSM lite, everyone's trying it, really. Frisk takes to it like a duck to water, and sometimes they orgasm from the spanking itself. It's a rush beyond words to watch them come undone spread over your lap or bent over the end of the bed.

But crying- admitting that watery eyes and flushed cheeks are a turn on- that took quite a bit more. That took several jello shots one night and half-giggly half-serious confessions in the dark, cheeks burning and voice trailing away to a mumble.

You never expected Frisk to like that, too.


"Bad," you admonish, administering a stinging swat that makes them yelp. Their ass is already fiercely red, but you aren't worried. They just redden easily- sometimes you joke that you could breathe on them the wrong way and they'd bruise. "You aren't the one in control here. I am."

"Then prove it," Frisk mumbles into the bedspread. Your hand fists into their hair, pulling their head up.

"What did you say?" You inquire silkily, voice low and dangerous. You can almost feel the heat from their face.

"Nothing," they nearly stammer. Their eyes are beautiful, filled with tears they haven't let fall.

"That's what I thought," you say, letting their head fall back down (gently). You let your hand come down on their ass again, harder. Once, twice, then more, never striking the exact same spot again, rubbing and pinching and caressing between smacks, until Frisk is wriggling and panting across your legs and you can feel the wetness from their cunt on your skin. They gasp, wet and open-mouthed, tears streaming down both cheeks, as you continue, letting them rut against you.
"Do you want to come?" You ask, pausing for a moment. They nod, desperate, their hands scrunched into the bedspread.

"Do it, Frisk," you murmur, delivering another stinging slap, as hard as you can, across both cheeks of their ass. "Come for me. You know you want to."

They orgasm on a silent scream, riding out the tiny waves and spasms against you while you hold them, preventing them from falling off your lap or the bed. That's happened before, and it ruined the moment completely (or so Frisk assured you and despite the fact you were convinced they just wanted another go-round, you were more than happy to comply).

"Beautiful," you whisper, helping them up on the bed and kissing their tears away. They taste slightly salty and to you, it's exquisite. "You're so beautiful. How did I get so lucky?"

"I could ask the same thing," Frisk says, chest still heaving as they catch their breath. "Now it's your turn."
His chest heaves beneath you, forceful with the effort of his breathing. You have no time to wonder how a skeleton can breathe in the first place as he surges up, knocking you back on the carpet. His phalanges rake down your face, and by the look on his face, you know he's drawn blood. He dips a bony finger in it, painting his teeth with red.

"you look good like this, sweetheart," he says, his voice rough. "you like bleeding again, don'tcha."

"I'd try to say no, but I have a feeling it would all be in vein," you say as deadpan as you can manage. You're shortly rewarded with a snort of his laughter.

"least you can b positive bout it," he tells you. You giggle, barely noticing the sting of pain from the scratches on your face. Blue fills your vision and you look up to see his eye socket blazing.

"What?" You ask. He shakes his head and grins.

"i don't think pap wants to come back to us fuckin' on the floor," he says. Again, you add mentally. You think you scarred the poor, tall skeleton for life when he walked in on that. Not even spaghetti could erase the mental picture and he had asked you for a week afterward if you were really okay. It was hard to reassure him that yes, you really did want his brother to hurt you like that.

Your face warms at the memory and Sans laughs, as if he can tell what you're thinking about.

"c'mon," he says, and with a blip, you're up in his room. His messy, messy room that has a literal trash tornado in it. You sigh as he dumps you on the bed.

"i'll clean later," he says, noticing your expression. "that's not the point right now, now is it."

Your blush overtakes you as you shake your head.

"what do you want, babe?" He asks, sauntering closer to the bed. It shouldn't feel like he's stalking you, but with his magic bright and burning in his eye, it does.

You feel a welcoming throb from your cunt.

"I need to be punished," you whisper, peeking up through your lashes. He's started to palm himself through his shorts at your words, and you can see the telltale blue glow, seeping through the material.

"yeah?" He says. "what for?" It feels trite to say the words, but you say them anyway.

"I've been a bad girl," you say. "Very bad." You fish out your knife from your pocket. It isn't what
you used in the Underground. Just a plastic imitation. That's all Sans can handle without really wanting to go haywire, and he doesn't actually want to hurt you. Not in that out-of-control way.

The one where he'll have to go beg Frisk for a reset and hope they don't ask why. Hope that it works in the first place.

It's still enough to darken his face, for him to snap his fingers. You feel gravity shift, feel the knife yanked from your hand.

"didn't anyone ever tell you not to play with knives?" Sans asks, stepping closer. His expression is feral. "you could get hurt."

"Maybe I want to be," you whisper, just barely loud enough for him to hear.

He slams you into the bed, laying you out spread-eagled. He makes short work of your clothes and you're glad that you weren't wearing anything irreplaceable as he rips your panties off, exposing your sodden cunt to his heated, blue gaze.

"slut," Sans hisses, shoving two phalanges in you and scissoring them. It burns, but it makes you throb anyway, and you know he can feel it. The satisfaction overtaking his face is proof enough of that.

His magic forms two thin, slightly translucent tentacles that wrap around your breasts, pinching your nipples until you cry out. He adds a third finger, still rough, twisting his hand so he can thumb your clit. Your legs spasm beneath him as you gasp and cry out, wordlessly begging for more.

"you want this?" He asks, shoving his shorts down with his other hand so his cock springs free. You nod frantically, arching your body up in futile hope of brushing against it.

"you don't deserve it," he says. "you only deserve this-" He leans down and you feel teeth around your nipple, clamping down hard enough to make you want to scream. As it is, a breathy, strangled noise escapes you and you can hear his tight intake of breath.

For symmetry's sake, he bites your other nipple, tugging at it until you're whimpering and thrashing under him. If you could see properly, you're sure you'd see bruises and teeth marks outlining both nipples. The thought turns you on more.

He jerks his fingers out of you and you can hear the slick, lewd sound of him licking his fingers clean. Red stains your cheeks as he looks down at you, a smirk ever-present.

"you taste so good," he murmurs. "maybe you deserve this, after all-

And with that, he shoves his cock inside you, nearly as roughly as his fingers had been. His hands bite into your hips, pulling you up to meet him, and he leans down to latch onto your neck, littering your skin with bruises and bitemarks.

"you like this, don't you," he whispers hoarsely in your ear. His hand goes up, fingers lightly resting against your throat as if to squeeze. "you like being hurt. you like being nothing but my fuck toy, made for my pleasure. what kind of sick human enjoys being hurt?"

"Me," you gasp out.

"damn right it's you," he hisses. He starts to finger your clit in the particular way that makes your eyes roll back and your pussy clench. "come on, babe. do it. you know you want to."
"I- I- Oh-" You come convulsively on his cock, squeezing him so tightly he orgasms with a rough shout of his own. You can feel his come fill you up, warm and tingly from his magic. You sag down into the bed as he lifts himself free of you, his cock disappearing into the ether.

"i should probably get the first aid kit," he says after a moment. He sounds very tired. "some of those were pretty nasty."

"Cuddle a minute," you say, tugging at his wrist. He considers you, then rests his head against your shoulder. You sigh in contentment.

A moment later, you hear his light snores into your hair.
Chapter Notes

Fandom: Undertale
Pairing: Papyrus (Underswap)/Reader
Kink(s): Daddy, corset, cock worship, biting

When you answer the door, you have the smug satisfaction of watching his cigarette nearly fall out of his mouth (thankfully, it's unlit). His eye lights go out completely for a second, then one socket blazes bright, searing orange. You find yourself plastered against the opposite wall with the force of it as he slouches his way in, careful to close and lock the door behind him. Not for the first time, you thank living alone.

"Does Daddy like it?" You ask, giving him a coy look beneath fluttering eye lashes. "I got all dressed up for you!" And you did- you dabbled in corsetry in college, but it's been a while since you wore one. This one is more like a beginner's corset and thankfully relatively easy to get off again. Lacing it up by yourself was tricky, but it's more than worth it to see the look on Papyrus's face when he sees you standing there, in rose pink corset and matching tulle skirt. You're wearing knee-high white stockings with a garter belt and platform mary janes to complete the look. (You can't wait for him to discover that you 'forgot' your panties again.)

"you know i do, babygirl," he answers roughly. Suddenly he's on you, mouth tight against yours. Despite being a skeleton, he's somehow an excellent kisser. You've long since learned not to question it as his magic-formed tongue intertwines with yours. He tastes like honey and magic, a heady combination. He pulls you closer, hands spanning your corseted waist as he tilts your head back a little, revealing the soft, vulnerable curve of your throat.

"do you trust me?" He whispers. You swallow.

"You know I do, Daddy," you whisper back. His hands fist in your hair as his teeth close down on your skin, biting and marking you as his. Purple-red bruises bloom in his wake and you sag against the wall, thoroughly drunk on his energy, on the way his mouth feels against your skin and his phalanges pressing into your scalp.

"let's take this to the bedroom," Papyrus finally says, lifting his head from your neck. His breathing is ragged and you can feel his cock, pressing insistently against you. You nod agreeably and in the blink of an eye, he shortcuts you into your bedroom. When he dips his fingers beneath your skirt and meets nothing but soft skin, he pauses.

"babe..." He starts. You blush.

"I forgot to wear them?" You offer up, in as innocent a voice as you can muster. The look on his face tells you that he doesn't believe a word you just said. It also tells you he doesn't care.

"well, i guess it means i can do this then," he says, smirking as he slips a finger into your wet cunt, making you gasp in surprise and sudden, throbbing need. "you want me to take care of this, huh?
want me to make you feel better?” You nod frantically, reaching out and running your fingers over the flares in his rib cage.

"wanna take care of this first?” He says, pulling his pants down. His magic-infused cock springs free, glistening orange liquid christening the tip. Your mouth waters just looking at it and you nod.

"Yes, please, Daddy!” You exclaim. He stretches out on the bed, slipping his finger free from you and licking it clean. It makes you blush harder as you slide in position between his legs. The corset is a stern reminder that you're still mostly dressed.

"go on," he orders you, his voice deceptively lazy. You lick the tip like an ice cream cone, giggling a little as the magic tingles through your tongue. You love the effect his magic has on you. It's addicting.

"more," he murmurs. His own hand circles the base, stroking it in short, slow movements. You scratch your nails lightly down his pubic bone, watching him hiss through his teeth, more pre come coating him and starting to dribble down the side. You lick it up before it can fall in the bed, then bob your head down, capturing the head of his cock between your lips. He moans, a raw and open sound that makes your cunt clench in answering need.

You start slow, swirling your tongue around him and paying particular attention to the flare of the head, where he likes it the most. His hands rest on your head, but he doesn't push until you try to tease him further and pop him out of your mouth entirely.

"be a good girl," he admonishes in a hoarse whisper, and you sink your head down, feeling his cock bump the back of your throat. You've worked on your gag reflex often enough, it barely triggers now, and you just lie there for a moment, looking up at him and feeling him throb in your mouth. His phalanges are threaded through your hair, cradling your skull, and you've never felt so turned on in your life.

You let him set the pace now, gasping in breaths where you can and feeling him work himself up more and more. He calls your name, the only consistent warning you have and you clamp your lips around him, feeling him explode down your throat. It tastes like oranges and you swallow as fast as you can, licking his cock to catch the drips.

"that was amazing," he says when you've finished and sit back up, resting back on your heels. "damn, babe."

"I love sucking your cock," you answer honestly, licking your lips to capture every last trace of his essence. "I love doing something else, too, Daddy." His eye socket darkens in lust.

"oh?” He asks. You crawl over him, leaning down to whisper right by his head.

"I like it when you fuck me, too," you tell him.

You find yourself pinned on your back in less than a minute, orange magic tying you to the bed.
"What is it?" You ask, sitting cross-legged on the bed. Chara's face reddens.

"Nothing, it's stupid," they say, flinging themself down next to you. They keep fidgeting with the sleeves of their sweater, giving you sideways looks beneath their lashes.

It's not 'nothing.'

"You can tell me any kink, you know," you remind them. "I won't judge."

"I know you won't," Chara mumbles. "I just- It's dumb."

"It's not," you promise. "What is it?" They whisper something, so fast you can't catch it. Their face resembles a stoplight.

"I can't understand that," you protest. "Say it again?"

"...Praise," they repeat, their eyes doing that squinty, defensive thing they do a lot.

"Oh," you say. "I can do that."

"You...can?" They ask. Surprise dawns, blooming across their face. "I mean- you want to? I've- I'm a pretty shitty person, I know, I've done awful things, I've-"

"Okay, calm down, edgelord," you say, half-laughing. "And of course I can. I don't think you're a shitty person at all. And we've all done awful things." You shrug. You feel your sins crawling on your back.

"Not you," Chara denies, but you insist.

"Me, too," you confirm. "Now-" You move, straddling them before they can blink. You watch them carefully, ready to move the second you notice it is too much. They relax into the mattress, the corners of their mouth turned up.

"You're beautiful," you say. You sign it as you speak it, watching red flower down their neck and disappear under the collar of their sweater. "I love your eyes. They're so expressive. I can always tell what you're thinking, what you're feeling, by your eyes."

"What am I thinking now, then, dork-face?" Chara asks, but you can see the neediness long suppressed in the downcast turn of their eyes.

"You want this," you say. "You're embarrassed. But you like it."

The blush intensifies.
"I love how you blush," you continue, stroking the pads of your fingertips down the curve of Chara's cheek. "It's so pretty. It reminds me of a sunrise. I love the way you smile. All your smiles. When you smile the happiest, you have the cutest dimples." You stroke where they would be, and you're soon rewarded by one of Chara's rare, truly happy grins.

"Your hair curls so nicely around my fingers," you say, suiting actions to words. "It reminds me of some kind of tree."

"All splintery?" Chara quips, awkward and trembling beneath you.

"No, the color," you say, ignoring their sarcasm. "Like some rich wood, in a long-forgotten forest." You push their sweater up, feeling the smooth skin of their stomach. You stop when you reach the edge of their binder, knowing that's a no-go zone unless previously negotiated.

"Your skin's so soft," you resume, stroking down their sides, brushing at their hip bones as you work their pajama bottoms down. "Like rose petals." You carefully choose a specific flower, wanting the thought of buttercups to be as far away from your partner's mind as possible.

"More," they demand, impatient, wriggling beneath you. Their hips surge upward, helping you pull their pajama pants all the way off. Their underwear bars the way, a soft blue, and you can see a spreading wet patch on the front. You stroke it once experimentally, wringing a moan from their throat.

"And this..." You carefully peel their underwear down their legs. "You have the prettiest cunt I've ever seen."

"And the only one you've ever seen," Chara mutters. You send them a half-reproving look.

"In person, maybe, but I've watched a lot of porn," you tell them. "I know what I'm talking about." Chara looks skeptic. You lean down, spreading their lips the barest inch apart, and licking what you can reach. It provokes a startled whimper, and you grin.

"You taste pretty good, too," you say. Chara's face is ablaze with color now, their hands clenching the bedspread. "You're so wet for me, Chara," you continue, rubbing your thumb across the slippery nub of their clit and making their legs spasm. "You like this, don't you?"

"Yes," they admit, reluctant, teeth gritted. You keep rubbing, in circles, just the way you know they like it.

"I like doing this to you," you whisper. "I like watching you come undone. I like watching you get closer and closer to orgasm, knowing you can't stop it. You look so beautiful like this, lying on my bed, while I touch you, while I touch your cunt just so I can make you come. Do you want to do that? Do you want to come?"

"Y-yes," Chara stammers, their voice high-pitched. They nod jerkily, bottom lip caught between their teeth.

"Then do it," you say. "Come for me, Chara." You coax their orgasm free, never stopping that gentle pressure around their clit even through the after-shocks, as their body shivers and they gasp out your name.

"So beautiful," you say, slipping your hand free from between their thighs and licking your fingers clean. "You know that, right?"

"Maybe you have to tell me a few more times," Chara says, giving you a sly look beneath their
lashes. "I'm a slow learner."
"hey, freak," he greets you casually, walking into the living room. You look up from your video game, a scowl automatically crossing your face.

"hey, trashbag," you say back. "what the fuck do you want?" He shrugs, hands in his pockets. His eyes are white pinpoints of light, but you don't trust them at all. It doesn't mean anything, not when that left eye socket is staring right at you.

"see you," he says. "and the kid."

"Frisk's eighteen," you point out, not for the first time. "Not really a kid."

"eh, they still like that striped sweater, they're a kid," Sans says. You look down at your own green-and-yellow-striped sweater, a remnant of your childhood with the Dreemurrs, and pluck at the fabric.

"What's that make me then?" You ask. "What's that make you? What you do and all...Sansy..."

"do you have to be such a pain in the ass?" He asks, exasperated. You grin at him.

"Yes," you say smugly. "It's my trademark."

Blue curls around your 3DS, yanking it away and tossing it on the coffee table.

"Hey!" You protest. "I was playing that."

"not anymore," Sans says. His eye socket is wreathed in blue and yellow. Almost unwelcome, your cunt throbs. He steps closer, suddenly right in your face. "let's take a shortcut," he says. Black surrounds you, then you realize he's teleported you both to his room.

"So that's why you came over," you tell him, a smirk twitching your lips. "Sansy wanted to get boned."

"the only one boned around here-" He gets even closer, and you can feel his breath, puffing against your lips. The intensity of his magic is so strong, it almost hurts. "-is you."

Magic slams you against the wall, shocking the breath from you. His phalanges roam over your restrained body, pulling your clothes off. You don't struggle much. It's a token fight, and he knows it. Bastard. (You know you love it, anyway. You always have, ever since you fell into this fucked-up routine.)

By unspoken agreement, he leaves your breasts alone, save for one cruel pinch at your nipples. It pulls a reluctant moan from you, and you know he's going to be smug about it later.
"you're pretty for a freak," he says in an off-hand voice. His bony fingers curl around your hip, pressing purple blots of bruise into your skin.

"You're almost passable for a smiley trashbag," you tell him brightly. His fingers squeeze tighter. It hurts, but it feels so good at the same time.

"i'm gonna fuck you up," he says. "and you're gonna like it. aren't ya." Your smile is too wide as he forces your legs apart, tips of his phalanges slicing into the soft, vulnerable flesh of your inner thighs. He is careful to avoid your femoral artery. Sometimes you wish he'd fuck that up, too. Just let you bleed out all over him while he fucks you, spurts of bright red blood painting bleached white bones...

Maybe you really are as fucked up as he thinks.

Blood rolls down your legs. He rubs his palms across the smears, streaking it down your arms and legs like a finger painting. The smell of blood hangs thick and heavy in the air, wreathing your nostrils and making your pussy clench in need.

"you want more than this, don'tcha," he states. His smile mocks you.

"Stop being such a goddamn tease," you snap at him. He leans forward, teeth closing over the sensitive flesh of your stomach. You whimper, feeling him leave marks, feeling him tear you open. "Fuck me," you order plaintively, rolling your hips toward him as much as the oppressive fog of his magic will allow.

"so impatient," he mutters, but suddenly, his shorts are gone and you can see his magic-formed cock, blue and throbbing and glistening with drops of magic. Your mouth waters at the sight, but you want it somewhere else, and he knows it.

"Fuck me," you repeat in a near-whine. He waves his hand and you fall onto the bed, knocking the breath from your lungs. Before you can recover, he's on top of you, his cock plunging into you. You feel gloriously stretched, gloriously full, and now you feel free to moan, to whimper as his cock hits that perfect, sweet spot, as the blood on you starts to dry in tacky streaks and one of his phalanges rubs insistently at your clit.

"cum, you sick bitch," Sans whispers and with a frenzied near-howl, you do, bucking up at him. You clench tight around him, legs trembling, as light flashes hot and white behind your eyes for one long, delicious moment. He spills hot magic into you a moment later, slumping across you as you feel his cock dissolve. His fluids are cool on your thighs.

"Get up, asshole," you say weakly, thumping at his shoulder blade. He looks bleary-eyed at you, then grunts and rolls off, lying next to you.

"...i should probably fix you up a little," he says. Now that the adrenaline has started to subside, you can feel the pain, a low, throbbing ache that's only begun to increase.

"Probably," you agree. His fingers tangle in your hair, petting you through your afterglow.

"Thanks, trashbag," you say sleepily.

"no problem, freak," he says softly.

Before he gets up to grab the first aid kit, he presses a kiss to your forehead.
You pause when you walk through the bedroom door, brain momentarily short-circuiting. L's sprawled across the bed, handcuffs locked tight around one wrist and the bedpost. Instead of his normal attire, a long-sleeved white shirt and ratty jeans, he's wearing something you know he must have picked up from an adult shop. It's nothing but silk and lace, frothing across his thighs and making your trousers feel tight.

"You're home early," L says. A smirk plays around his mouth. He's noticed your reaction. Not that you expected anything else. You're surprised he's pulled out the handcuffs again. You would have thought he'd had enough of those, when the two of you were cuffed together during the Kira case. ...Apparently not.

"You told me to be," you say, dragging your mind back to the present. "I see why." L tilts his head to one side, coy. Strands of his hair fall into his eyes, fluffy and black as a crow's wing. The shadows under his eyes stand out like bruises.

"Come here," L says, imperious as always. You don't mind obeying, shedding clothes as you do. By the time you stand before him, you're proudly naked. He reaches out with his un-handcuffed hand, stroking up your thigh. His fingertips ghost across the head of your cock, sending a shiver down your spine.

"You look-" The words stick in your throat. L's never been conventionally attractive. He is all awkward angles and slumped shoulders, pointy elbows sticking to either side. His fingers are too long and thin, pianist's fingers, and the pallid cast of his skin insinuates he's never been sun-kissed in his life.

He's never looked more gorgeous. Ready to be debauched. The white silk of his lingerie feels provocative. A deliberate choice on his part, you're sure.

You lean over him, lips capturing his in a hard, bruising, possessive kiss. Your fingers thread through his hair, cradling the back of his skull as you press closer to him, crawling onto the bed as you do.

"Where's the key?" You ask, breathless. L's eyes slant toward the bedside table and you unlock the handcuffs from their current position, before slipping them around both of his wrists, hooking them up so he's attached to the headboard. He watches you with lust-darkened eyes, twitching his body beneath yours. You can tell he's not wearing anything underneath the flounces and lace. His cock brushes yours, making you lurch forward and nearly smash your head into the wall.

"Careful," he says, a hint of laughter in his voice. "I do not believe either of us would like to explain this situation to the paramedics. Especially me."
"It's your fault," you protest. "Look at you." You stroke your fingers across the flat, nearly hairless planes of his chest, slipping your hands beneath the silk and watching him sigh into your ministrations.

"More," he whispers, and you know what he means.

"You're always so impatient," you mutter, settling yourself between his legs.

"I may have gotten ready in more ways than one before you arrived," he admits. A blush dusts his cheekbones and you admire it.

"So you're ready for this already?" You ask, teasing, as you palm your cock. The tip of his tongue pokes out the slightest bit as he nods.

Despite your words, you slide a finger in anyway, testing the waters. He's slick with lubricant and groans at your touch, enough so that you feel comfortable enough to line the head of your cock up and push-

Tight, warm, wet. Your vocabulary narrows to pithy, pathetic sentiments as you slide inside him. He moans your name in a long, drawn-out breath. The handcuffs jangle as he unconsciously pulls at them. He looks so helpless, lying beneath you like this. Your cock throbs inside him, provoking another whimper.

"Move," he demands. You do, slow at first, prolonging each stroke until he shivers beneath you, then harder. Your hips slam into his, your fingers digging into his hipbones. You hope they cause bruises. You like marking him up. Showing what you can do to him. You hear his breathing start to stutter and you bury one hand in the mess of lace, plucking his cock free and stroking it in time with your thrusts.

He comes first, making a mess of himself. The sight of him lost in his own pleasure, his muscles tightening around you, is enough to trigger your own release. Almost regretfully, you release him from the handcuffs, massaging his wrists gently.

"That was very enjoyable," he tells you earnestly. You press a soft, open-mouthed kiss to the vulnerable hollow of his throat.

"You should wear stuff like this more often," you say. L smiles.

"Why do you think I bought more?" He asks.
His hand knots in your hair, pulling your head back and exposing the vulnerable column of your neck. You pant for breath as his teeth latch on, pressing sunset splotches of bruise down your throat. Your scalp tingles with sharp pinpoints of pain and a soothing wash of his magic, a contradictory combination.

You just came home from school when Sans jumped your bones, teleporting you into the bedroom before you could do so much as kick your shoes off. Not that you're complaining. You've been pretty overwrought yourself, what with all the sexy texts you've been exchanging half the day. You know you shouldn't do that, not at school, but hey, it's not like you got caught. And you've missed this. Both of your schedules have been pretty busy for a few days, so it's been hard to line up anything more than cuddling on the couch and falling asleep together.

This, though- You moan as he travels farther down, nipping at your collarbone and cupping one breast with his spare hand. You've always thought they were too big (your back certainly agrees with that assessment), but Sans loves them. He rolls your nipple between two phalanges, wringing a high-pitched squeak out of you, before repeating the process with the other nipple. Beads of blue-tinted sweat glisten on his skull, what little you can see.

"More," you beg him. His hand tightens in your hair, a big enough handful wound around his phalanges that the pain is pleasurable. You gasp as he pulls your head up, your body automatically following with it.

"down here," he tells you, shorts dropping around his ankles as he kicks them off. His cock is a little bigger than usual, testament to how pent up he is. Your mouth waters as he presses your head down. You lick the drips off first, enjoying the tingle on your tongue, the way he shivers.

"tease," he says, voice strained. You smile as innocently as you can up at him, the head of his cock resting on your tongue. He feeds it into your mouth, slow and steady, and you look up at him, tongue sliding and swirling around every inch you can reach.

His other hand fists in your hair, and you moan around him, sending vibrations through his cock and the rest of his bones. You let him set the pace for now, the only sound in the room his low groans and the wet, slick sounds of his cock in your mouth.

"i love seein' you like this," he says roughly. "on your knees, beggin' for it...you are, aren'tcha?"

You nod the best you can, feeling more exquisite pulses of pain from tugging against his grip inadvertently. "so beautiful for me..."

Before he can spill down your throat, he yanks you up by the hair, throwing you down on the bed.

"are you-" He starts to ask. You nod frantically, spreading your legs in blatant invitation. The first
thrust of his cock as he slides home is incredible. His hands return to your hair, combing through it, before he holds onto big handfuls again, close to your scalp. He pounds into you, making the bed creak beneath you both. You buck up against him, desperate for every last inch, and he groans.

"babe, i-" One of his hands drops, one phalange circling and rubbing your clit. You whine in desperation, legs spasming beneath him, and he chuckles. "i like you like this even more," he confides. His eye socket practically drips magic, electric with blue, and you can't help it, you come undone around him, cunt squeezing his cock and head pulling against his grip. He rides you gently through your orgasm, grabbing both of your hips and pulling you up against him as he spills himself in you. Your eyes roll back at the sensation of his magic, warm and liquid, inside you.

"how's your head?" Sans asks as he rolls off you, examining the hickeys he left down your neck.

"Good," you say dozily. You can feel the grin on your face and you don't care. "I like it when you do that."

"i'll do it again in round 2," he tells you. "but not until after a nap."

And with that, he promptly rolls over and falls asleep.
His eye socket lights up when he sees you, posing awkwardly on the couch. This is new to you, wearing blouses and skirts and frilly dresses, but you think you like it. You especially like the effect it has on Sans. He admitted one day, in short, stuttering sentences, that he'd really like to see you in a skirt and well, it spiraled from there.

Now you're sprawled across the sofa in a white ruffly blouse and a pleated grey skirt, puddled around your thighs. You even clipped some of your hair back with light blue hair clips, ones that made you think about his magic a little.

"this is new," he says, gesturing toward your outfit. You grin, still a little self-conscious.

"Bought it online," you admit, smoothing some of the pleats. "I'm just glad it fits, I was afraid I'd have to send it back."

"you look great," he tells you. The open admiration on his face is something new to you. You aren't used to this feeling, this sensation of being cherished, just for being who you are.

"So uh..." You shift nervously. Wearing this isn't the only thing on the agenda, and you know it. You're both curious about it- you spent hours with him last night, looking stuff up on the Internet- but now that the prospect is here, you feel butterflies crowd your stomach.

(Of course, you also feel yourself harden that much more.)

"c'mere," Sans breathes, crowding into your space. His teeth press against your mouth, magic-formed tongue seeking entry. You moan into his mouth, hands coming up and fisting in the lapels of his jacket. Every time he kisses you, you're amazed anew. For a skeleton- for anyone- Sans is a surprisingly good kisser.

His hands slip down to your skirt, pushing the fabric up around your hips. A muffled noise of surprise tells you that he's discovered you're not wearing any underwear.

"always prepared, huh?" He says, voice ragged.

"Like a Boy Scout," you say, knowing there's not a chance in hell he knows what you're talking about. He shrugs and coaxes you to lie down fully on the sofa. You bless the choice to get a large one (even if it was originally to accommodate Sans's naps). Cool bone encircles your erection and you stiffen, hips jerking involuntarily against his touch.

"you like that?" He says. It's not really a question. You nod, swallowing hard. Your throat is dry. He holds one hand up, palm flat in the air, and conjures a bone. It's tiny- the smallest you've ever seen him come up with. Instead of a more traditional bone shape, one end is rounded and perfectly smooth.
"you ready for this?" He asks, settling more firmly between your thighs. You swallow again, the butterflies coming back in full force. What if you don't like it? What if it hurts?

"babe?" Your head jerks up, gaze meeting Sans. "if you don't want to, it's fine-

"I do," you interrupt. "I want to at least try it."

"okay," he says. "remember the safeword?"

"Red," you say. "I remember." You nod at him to keep going, propping yourself up slightly on your elbows to better watch the process. Your cock bobs in the air as Sans takes gentle, yet firm, hold of it. The tip of the bone slides into your urethra the tiniest bit, Sans watching you for the slightest hint of discomfort. You pause, awash in sensation.

It's definitely new. You've never felt anything like this before. You feel oddly full, in a way and place that's never felt stretched or full before.

But it's not a bad sensation and you quietly urge him to keep going, the tip of your dick leaking pre-come down his bones. The bony sound continues, slow but inexorable, stretching you just enough for a slight sting, but not enough to be truly painful. By now, you think it actually feels good and you can't stop making noises. It's one of the things Sans likes about you. You're so noisy in bed. Not loud necessarily- you don't bother the neighbors with window-rattling screams- but you're so vocal, he loves it.

"you look so hot like this," Sans whispers, slowly pumping the sound in and out. He's found some magical sweet spot inside that you don't understand, but it drags high-pitched whimpers from your throat anyway. You roll your hips toward him, hands fisted into whatever bits of the couch you can reach. You feel thoroughly debauched as his other hand encircles your cock, using your pre come and magical essence as lubrication.

"Please-" you beg, not knowing what you're begging for. The light in his eye socket intensifies. His pace picks up, the thrusts of the sound matching the hand job he's giving you.

You buck up, your vision whiting out for a second. Sans removes the bone, stroking you through your orgasm. You shiver as you open your eyes, blearily becoming aware of your surroundings again.

"let's get you cleaned up," Sans says. The bone sound dissipates, then he lifts you up in his arms, surprisingly strong as he carries you bridal-style across the house.

"That was good," you tell him. He laughs, pressing a kiss to the corner of your mouth.

"yeah, i could tell," he says.
good kitty

Chapter Notes

Fandom: Undertale
Pairing: Underswap Papyrus/Reader
Kink(s): Licking, pet play, costumes

I feel ridiculous, you think, tugging nervously at the edge of your skirt. Your new cat ears headband is intent on making itself known, pressing against your skull. Not to be downplayed, the matching tail swishes against the backs of your thighs, making you jump every time it happens. At least this time, it is a clip-on tail. Paps insinuated that next time, he wanted you to insert one and the thought makes red climb up your neck, staining your cheeks brilliant crimson.

"someone's thinking naughty thoughts," Papyrus whispers in your ear, making you jump. He laughs when you glare at him, hands planted on your hips.

"You scared me," you accuse. He shrugs. "You really want me to go out in this?"

"yes," he says, giving you an appraising look. Orange flickers to life in his eye socket, making warmth flare between your legs. "you look gorgeous, babe."

"I'm wearing cat ears," you grumble. He pulls you closer to him, ignoring your squeak of surprise.

"and you look fucking hot in them," he says, in what sounds like nearly a purr. You don't know how you're going to make it through dinner at this rate. "besides," he continues, releasing you. "it's nearly halloween. everyone dresses up now, don't they?"

"Well, yes," you admit, semi-reluctantly.

"then there you go," he says. "let's go."

He wraps his arms around you and blip, suddenly, you're standing in the restaurant's parking lot. You squeal as the outside's cold air hits your skin, but he nestles you against his side. You greedily soak in the warmth of his hoodie as you walk in.

As you make your way to the back of the restaurant, where the rest of your party eagerly waits, you can tell that Papyrus was right. You aren't the only one in something resembling a costume at all. Even several of the wait staff are wearing cat or dog ears- one human girl is even wearing tiny, delicate fairy wings.

"There you are, Papyrus!" Sans declares loudly, as soon as you slip into the booth. "It took you long enough!"

"eh," Papyrus shrugs as he slides into the booth next to you. "i'm here meow, aren't i?"

You elbow him. Alphys and Undyne look like they're hiding smirks across the table. Sans eyes him warily, then makes the connection when his eyes land on your head.

"You stop that!" Sans scolds. "This is not the time for your- for your puns!"
"all right, all right," Papyrus says in a conciliatory tone. "i'm done." Somehow you doubt that.

Dinner goes well, despite him slipping in puns whenever he thinks his brother won't catch them (they're almost always caught). You've never been to this restaurant before. It's jointly run by monsters and humans and you like it a lot. Whoever owns it has put in a lot of effort to make it appealing to both crowds, and you think they've succeeded.

"well, gotta go," Papyrus declares as the meal comes to a close. You can feel his hand brush up against your thigh, tracing the edge of your skirt, and your breath catches in your throat.

"Erm-yeah," you stutter out, mouth dry. Alphys looks like she knows exactly why he wants to drag you off so soon, and you mentally beg her not to say anything.

Mercifully, she doesn't, and the two of you make your goodbyes as easily as you stopped in. Before you've even made it out the front door, he's shortcutted you back into his room. You stumble, gasping for breath, as his magic pins you against the wall.

"i wanted to do this all night," he says roughly. He cups your face, dragging you into a deep, wet, open-mouthed kiss. His tongue tastes faintly of spice and oranges, and it makes you wet.

"pretty kitty," he whispers, dragging his fingers over the kitty ears still carefully placed on your head. You whimper, leaning into his touch. "who's my pretty kitty?"

"Me," you say. He looks at you, the tips of his fingers digging into your scalp.

"kitties don't speak," Papyrus chastises you. You find yourself getting even wetter at the admonishment. "do they?" You shake your head. He pushes your skirt up, yanking your underwear down and off.

"you don't need that," he tells you. You shake your head, eager for his next move. He leaves the skirt, ensuring you can still feel the tail brush against your skin. It makes you shiver.

"is my kitty cold?" He asks, in a tone of voice that tells you he knows you're not. His head falls to your neck, magic-born tongue licking a swathe across the curve of your jaw and down, centering in the hollow of your collarbone before pulling away.

"meow for me, kitty," he tells you, hands cupping your breasts through your top. The first meow is tiny, pitiful really. You feel stupid, leaning against a wall with cat ears lopsided on your head and no panties on.

Then he gracefully sinks to his knees, spreading your thighs far apart, and licks- and all thought of what this looks like flees your head. You keen, your hands sliding across the smooth bone of his head. He keeps licking, knowing every single spot that you like, every inch of flesh that turns you into a whimpering mess. The only thing keeping you upright is the tether of his magic. Without it, you're sure you'd be a puddle on the floor.

Papyrus looks up, grinning. His teeth are shiny with magic and your wetness. Your face blossoms with warmth.

"wanna come for me, pretty kitty?" He asks. You nod eagerly, an orchestra of half-formed kitty noises and moans spilling forth. "good," he says, then dives back into your cunt, phalanges wrapping around your thighs and anchoring you in place.

You orgasm long and loud, grateful that there's no one but Papyrus who can hear you, who can hear your tortured gasps for air, your whimpers and moans and repetitions of his name. No matter
what game you play, you can never stop yourself from saying his name when you come. You think he likes it.

"my turn, kitty," he says, and opens the front of his pants. You look at his cock, long and thick and slick with magic, and grin.

"mrow," you purr, and get to work.
"You remember the safe gesture, correct?" You ask, pausing before you buckle the gag around his head. He nods impatiently, tossing windswept strands of brown hair back.

"I hit the bed as hard as I can," he repeats dutifully. There is a note of sarcasm there that you choose to ignore for the time being, deftly fastening the gag and ensuring it is correctly placed. His lips are stretched wide around the device, and you can already see saliva gathering at the corners of his mouth.

"This is a new sensation," you remark, moving away from him so you can properly undress. "Having sex with you without your constant chatter. Do you not find it odd?" You can feel the heat of his glare on the back of your head and you smirk, tucking it away in favor of a bland expression when you next face him.

"Mmph," he tells you imperiously. It is difficult for him to sound arrogant, when he is naked and loosely tied to the bed posts, gagged no less, but he manages. You are unsurprised. He has always been this way. It is one of the things you love about him.

You trace a line down his chest, brushing against the grain of his body hair. It feels surprisingly soft. You press an open-mouthed kiss to the outside edge of one hip bone, just enough to make him buck in surprise.

"What?" You ask innocently. "I know what you really want. Is this it?" Your hand encircles his cock. He nods desperately, muffled noises spilling free around the gag. You listen carefully, but there is no shaking of the bed, no vibration of his fists. Your fingers slowly pump him, using his pre come as lubrication. Finally, you spit on your fingers, too, trying to ensure that he will experience no chafing later. Not that he minds now, in the heat of the moment.

"I should gag you more often," you tell him, slowing the speed of your strokes. His hips thrust up at you, frantically seeking the friction he craves. "You're so needy when you can't talk. Your body speaks for you, does it not?" You flick your thumb over the head of his prick and you swear you can nearly hear a sob. It still surprises you that something as simple as a handjob can reduce him to such a desperate mess. He craves your touch, craves the slick contact of your fingertips across the smooth, hot skin of his cock.

"I bet you could come from this," you taunt him. You know very well that he could- he has, multiple times in the past. "Do you want to?" More muffled noises erupt and a placid smile crosses your face. Your other thumb touches your bottom lip as you muse aloud. "I don't know...I can't hear you..."

He virtually thrashes in his bonds and you squeeze his cock once, delivering a warning jolt of pleasure to his system that stills him almost instantly. You don't want him to inadvertently injure
himself, after all. That's happened in the past. The aftermath was wholeheartedly unpleasant.

"Be still," you murmur. "If you're still, then perhaps I'll be very nice to you-" Your pace speeds up, intensifies, and you can practically watch him chase toward his orgasm, hips trembling and thighs spasming. White jets across your hand and pools over his stomach as you gently coax the last few drops free.

"Mmph," he says, insistent. You wipe your hand clean and then clamber up the bed, releasing the gag with one shaky movement. He works his jaw for a moment, swallowing, then raises his head for a kiss.

"So needy," you say again, but you aren't exactly complaining.
"Oh," you say, standing in the doorway, stock still in surprise. Sans looks up and jumps, his magic dissipating in a shower of faint blue sparkles. Blue stains his cheekbones, the only outward sign he's embarrassed as all hell.

"uh-" he says. "i uh- i just wanted to experiment a little with my magic but uh-

"It looked interesting," you tell him honestly. "Kind of like an octopus or something. It was cool. I didn't know you could do that."

"oh yeah, i can do lotsa things with my magic," he says. His eye socket gleams blue and you find yourself yanked into his room, door shut firmly behind you. "like that," he adds, and you laugh. "if i wanted, i could make myself a whole body," he says, gesturing toward his bones. "but that'd be a whole lotta effort, so." He shrugs.

"It's not worth it," you guess. "I don't mind, for the record. I like you just as you are."

He brightens up, the blue flaring higher on his cheekbones.

"yeah?" He says.

"Yeah," you say firmly, nodding.

"wanna try something new?" He asks. Without hesitation, you nod.

"lie down on the bed," he tells you. His magic weighs you down, making it difficult for you to even lift your head. The same tentacles you'd briefly glimpsed earlier make an appearance, wiggling out of nowhere. They should gross you out- you should at least find them weird-

Instead, you feel a surprising amount of wetness start to stain your panties. You shift as best as you can under the weight of Sans's magic, biting your bottom lip as the first tentacle makes contact with your skin. It feels similar to Sans's tongue or his dick, so it must be out of the same magic-y material, you decide. Strangely, that helps normalize it for you. It's like- it's like if he was a skeleton-tentacle monster, you suppose. Nothing weird about that, right?

The tentacle slithers under your shorts, prodding between your legs. Oh- You bite your lip harder to stave off the moan that wants to burst free. It's not firm enough to be like his cock, but you feel the same electric tingle of magic through the thin fabric of your underwear. You shift restlessly, trying to convey your need with each desperate movement. Sans chuckles, low in his throat.

"desperate, aren't ya," he says. Embarrassment makes your face warm as you nod. Another tentacle forms from the ether, caressing your breasts through your shirt, curling around your nipples until they're stiff with arousal. "you're wearing too many clothes," he chides. Another wave of blue
magic and you're suddenly naked, your clothes flung every which way.

"Sans!" You scold, your voice nothing but a high-pitched squeal. It's not like you aren't used to being naked around him. But you feel unexpectedly vulnerable to just be here, sprawled out on his bed, while he's still entirely dressed, hands shoved in his jacket pockets. He hasn't even properly touched you yet, not with his hands, but here you are, naked and begging for more.

Another tentacle fills the air, then another, and another, until you can't count them all. They descend on you in a blue, electric shock wave, sending jolts of arousal straight to your soaked cunt as at least one slithers between the lips of your vulva, seeking its way inside. Another flicks against your cltit, making you whimper. Sans stands at the foot of the bed, beads of blue-tinged sweat rolling down his skull. He looks as turned on as you do. You can see the telltale glow seeping through the fabric of his shorts.

But he doesn't touch you with his cock. Not yet, anyway. You have a feeling that's for later. Possibly much later, as tentacles latch onto your ankles and spread your legs far apart, holding them in place. The same happens with your wrists, until you're totally spread-eagled.

"too much?" Sans asks. You shake your head.

"I like it," you assure him. "Please, I- I need more-"

Another tentacle eases its way into your stuffed pussy, next to the first one, and your eyes roll back in your head as a wave of exquisite pleasure rolls through you. The tentacle at your cltit, not to be outdone, begins to rub at it, just like Sans does with his fingers, and you buck into it, wild, as the tentacles fall into a demanding rhythm, pulsating within you like they have their own life.

"Please," you beg. "Please, let me-

"come for me, babe," he says at once, knowing what you need. The tentacles seem to grow thicker, stretching your walls and hitting sweet spots you didn't even know were there. When the tentacle at your cltit squeezes one last time, you explode, vision going dark for a second, as relief washes over your body. Your boyfriend's magic slowly dissipates, leaving soft sparks that make you shiver in pleasure as you lay there, momentarily exhausted.

"you like that?" Sans asks. You nod eagerly.

"Maybe too much," you confess. "I erm- I need a little break before-" You motion toward his boner. He shrugs casually.

"all good, babe," he says, hopping up on the bed next to you. "i still got to bone ya, after all."

You hit him with a pillow.
"This is kinky, even for you," you comment, propped up against the pillows on his shitty bed. You can almost see him roll his eyes, despite, well, not really having them.

"if this is kinky to you, i ain't fucked you enough," he says. The thought sends a slow, lazy curl of arousal through you, but you try hard to ignore it. That isn't the point here. (Well, it is, but this is Sans's time, at least for now.)

You're as naked as you're going to get, his jacket draped around you. It smells like him. You'd think the smell of ketchup and bones and magic would be gross, but it's not. It's weirdly comforting. And his jacket is surprisingly comfortable. You can see why he spends so much time in the damned thing.

Now, though, he's just wearing a T-shirt. That, and his stupid shorts. You know he's already turned on, but he's waiting to let the magic manifest.

"what are you waiting for? your brother to come bursting in to help?" You demand. You know mentioning Papyrus is always going to be a bad move. You can see his hands ball up into fists, then slowly relax.

"heh," he says. "as if you'd know what to do with a threesome." Your jaw drops.

"I dunno, let's get Frisk in here and find out," you challenge. Sans blanches. You know he still sees Frisk as a child, despite their age. Frisk is the one everyone saw during the runs, after all. Frisk is the kid everyone, Sans included, spent time with. You were always older, then you died, spent ages dead, then floated along as a ghostly narrator. Then- Well, you don't like to talk about that run.

But the point is, it was a hell of a lot easier to Sans to accept you as a twenty-one-year-old than Frisk as eighteen.

"let's get this party started," he says, shucking his shirt and shorts and crawling up on the bed next to you. This close, you can see that he looks nervous. You wish that he wouldn't. You like to fuck around, but you aren't going to fuck this up for him. You promised you'd indulge whatever kinky shit he wanted (if it didn't cross a hard limit, anyway), and this is pretty tame, as far as it goes, really.

His mouth finds yours, tongue manifesting and exploring your mouth. You eagerly do the same, mindful of his teeth. His phalanges tangle in your hair, pulling you closer. Magic sparkles around the two of you, bringing your arousal to life. At one point, that cocoon of blue would have scared the shit out of you, knowing what's to come. Now it only makes your cunt throb.

"More," you demand. Hey, it's his show, but you want some of the action, too. One hand dips,
shoving your thighs apart, and fingerling your sodden core. You stiffen against his grasp, high-pitched, breathy moans escaping your mouth.

"oh, do you like that?" He asks, grinning at you. You clamp down around his fingers, letting your head fall back into his hand.

"Asshole, you know I do," you grumble. "Hurry up already."

"impatient," he chides. "lemme take you to the bone zone."

"If I've told you once about that shitty pun, I've-" Your protests are cut off by his tongue. Your first instinct is to bite it, but you restrain yourself. You can castigate him later, when you're not melting into a slutty, slutty puddle in the middle of his bed.

"i'm gonna make you come first," he informs you.

It's surprisingly intimate. No blood. Just Sans the skeleton, looming above you, knelt in the wedge between your thighs while one hand yanks your head back and the other fingers you to completion. His mouth moves down the vulnerable curve of your throat, sucking and biting and leaving red-purple bite marks that will turn into bruises. Your hands fist into his jacket, desperate for that closeness, as your hips twitch without your conscious will, moving into his fingers and maintaining his rhythm.

"come on, chara," he whispers, egging you on. "you little freak. you know you want to."

"Trashbag," you gasp, before the last thrust of his fingers into your needy cunt spills you over the edge. He milks every last tremor and whimper out of your orgasm he can, before shoving his fingers in your mouth to lick clean. You sputter indignantly and this time, you do bite him a little.

"Asshole," you say, when your mouth is clear. "You don't-"

"yeah, yeah," he interrupts you, shoving your thighs together. "if you don't mind-"

His cock finally manifests. Your cunt gives one last weak throb, desperate to be properly filled, but you ignore it. This isn't the time.

His first thrust feels...weird. You can feel his magic slicking the way, sloppy and tingly on your thighs. His eyes are locked on your face, one eye socket burning vivid blue. You clench your thighs together, determined to create enough friction for him.

"fuck-" He hisses between his teeth and thrusts faster, hip bones snapping back and forth. You lean forward and trace your fingers along his rib cage, drawing choked groans from him with every movement.

"that's so fucking hot," he tells you. The bed creaks beneath you. Blue sweat rolls down his skull. "i just-" He thrusts harder, faster, and you can watch him come undone, his rhythm spiraling out of control. Magic spurts across your skin, hot and thick and wet, and he falls to the side, panting.

"thanks," he says, out of breath.

"No problem, trashbag," you say sweetly.
You don't know if it's because he's a skeleton and doesn't have them or what, but your boyfriend is obsessed with your nipples. He's normally lazy- can be, even in the bedroom- but when it comes to your nipples, he is astonishingly attentive, laving them with a bright orange tongue or tweaking them with the bony tips of his fingers until they form ruched hard points.

Sometimes, he does it at the most inappropriate time, though-

"Paps," you complain, squirming against his orange hoodie. You hear his low chuckle, right in your ear, as his hands continue to play with your nipples, cupping your breasts beneath your shirt. "I need to go to work."

"just a minute," he coaxes. Your legs feel weak. You know you should stop him and go to work, that you're going to be late if you don't get a move on, but it feels so good and what would a few minutes hurt? It's not like your boss is anal retentive about what time you show up, anyway...

He can feel your consent in the relaxation of your body against him and you can feel his satisfaction swell as he picks you up and carries you to the couch, rucking your shirt up to your chin. His hands slide around to your back and you feel him fumble with your bra for a moment before the clasp opens and he has unfettered access. He runs his fingers across your nipples, tweaking them and sending little flutters of heat directly to your core.

"More," you pant, scrabbling at his hoodie.

"i'm getting there," he says. His head lowers, and you feel his tongue laving a trail across your breasts, circling your nipples as he suckles them gently. You cry out wordlessly, spasming against the couch as one of his hands slides lower, delving beneath the fabric of your pants. He can feel how wet you are through your underwear and you can feel how smug his grin is when he comes up to plant little kisses down your throat.

"you like this, huh," he says roughly and you whine, pressing up into his hand.

"Yes," you admit. "You know I do, I-" Your voice cuts off in a squeak when his thumb finds your clit, pressing against it insistently through your panties. You jerk his head up to kiss him, tongues battling. He tastes like smoke and honey, and his magic fills you with tingling warmth, making you quiver.

"you wanna come?" He asks. He keeps pinching and tweaking your nipples, going from one side to the other, and leaving you breathless. You nod, a needy whimper escaping, before he sits up, pulling his hand free. You frown at him in confusion as he smiles innocently.

"thought you needed to go to work," he says, leaning back into the couch. You throb in frustrated
need as you ball up one fist and hit his shoulder.

"Papyrus, you asshole," you say. You feel a lust-soaked mess. There's no way you can go to work like this and by the smug look on your boyfriend's face, he knows it.

"I'm calling in sick," you tell him, scrambling up to find your phone. "And you are finishing what you started."

"didn't plan on anything else, babe," he says, grinning.
It's a lazy Sunday afternoon, the comedian is still at work, and you're lounging in his bedroom, on his bed, wearing his jacket.

Oh, and touching yourself. That part's kind of essential.

It's not like you're doing it to thoughts of him or anything, you console yourself as your fingers plunge into yourself, one finger constantly working your clit. It's not him, it's the sex. You can't help it that he's the only one you're getting laid with. So what if all you can think about is his thick blue cock sinking into you, working you over harder and rougher than you can ever manage to do yourself? You can't give yourself all the bruises and bite marks that he does, littered all over your body like marks of ownership (but he doesn't own you, you'll never allow that). Who else can you find who's surprisingly willing to indulge your kinks, even the fucked up ones like being choked and cut up? You can't count the number of scars you have on your body thanks to him. He always offers to heal them (or have them healed by someone else), but you always refuse, unless it's something really fucked up that you know you can't let fester. Like the time he about took a chunk out of your shoulder. You came so hard when he did that, you nearly blacked out.

One of your hands drifts up, massaging your breasts through your binder. You won't take it off, but you'll do this sometimes. The touch feels almost ghostly. You wonder if Sans ever wants to touch your breasts. Your chest is kind of a no-go for you, since the last time you tried it (not with the trashbag), your dysphoria was so overwhelming you started crying, and wasn't that a nice little mood-killer. Maybe Sans would just rip them off you for you. That's a little gory, even for him, but hey, if he could slam a tibia through your spine back in the shit old days, maybe-

But those thoughts are killing the mood, so you let your hand slide back down to rest on your stomach. Your other hand works harder, your hips moving up in a slow, subtle rhythm. You're so wet, you can smell it. It brings a flush over your face. Sans comments on it sometimes, in that low, rough voice he has when he's really aroused, and you hate admitting it, but fuck is that voice a turn-on. You just like deep voices, you assure yourself, but you know that's not true.

The door slams downstairs. You ignore it. So the skeleton's back. Big deal. He can just deal with you jacking it in his bed. It's not like he said you couldn't come over and jack it in his bed, now did he? It's his own fault for not thinking of that.

When the bedroom door creaks open, you glance over. Sans stands in the doorway, mouth dropped open. The Grillby's bag he was carrying thumps gracelessly to the floor.

"What's the matter?" You ask, sliding one of your wet fingers in your mouth and sucking it clean with a pop. "Haven't you ever seen someone masturbate before?"

"not usually in my bed, no," he says. "how'd you get in here, anyway?"
"Your brother gave me a key months ago," you say airily, returning to the matter at hand. Namely your throbbing cunt. You can see his magic spark to life and it makes you drool a little (not that you'll ever admit it).

"so you came over here why?" He asks.

"Why not?" You shrug. "I was bored."

He comes closer, his eye socket lighting the room. You pump your fingers in and out of yourself faster, a soft squelching sound filling the air.

"freak," he whispers. It sounds like an endearment. Maybe it is. You have a fucked up relationship, after all. "keep goin'."

Well, he doesn't have to tell you twice. You go faster, your hips bucking to meet the motion of your own hand. You clench your teeth, trying to keep yourself from moaning, but they seep out anyway, soft and needy. Just as you're about to come, he grabs your hand, dragging it away from your cunt. You glare at him, right on the edge, empty and aching.

"What the fuck did you do that for?" You demand. He grins, his eyes turning into black, empty voids that turn you on even more.

"you don't get to come unless it's around my cock," he says.

"Then get the fuck inside me," you tell him.
"I love it," you say immediately, as Frisk steps shyly into the room. When they said they were interested in latex, you never imagined it could look like this. Hugging every curve their body has, looking like they've been dipped in wet paint. You can't wait to run your fingers over it and see if it's as stimmy as it looks.

If you can make Frisk moan.

The top resembles a corset. You can see the top swells of Frisk's breasts, looking bigger than they normally do, thanks to the costume. Tight latex leggings cover their legs, with the crotch cut out, so you can see everything on display. It makes your mouth water.

"On the bed," you order. Frisk crawls up obediently and you feel wetness gather between your legs when you see the shape of their ass under the latex covering. Shit, maybe you're into latex, too. You sure are when Frisk's wearing it.

"I thought this was for me," Frisk protests mildly, but you can tell they don't really care. Not now, when they're already squeezed into that delicious outfit, showcasing everything they've got to offer.

"Whatever," you say, diving in for a kiss. Their kisses are drugging, like the best kind of chocolate, and you can't stop stealing a taste, your fingers caressing their head and pulling at their hair the way they like. When you break apart, Frisk's face is flushed and you feel like you can't catch your breath.

"I got a new toy," you tell them, finally remembering. "You'll like it."

"It better not be the bone one," Frisk says, sitting up against the headboard. "You are the worst, I swear-"

"Nah, not that one," you say. "It's green, though. You don't mind green, right?"

Frisk's gaze dips to your sweater, a smile slipping across their lips.

"No, I don't," they confirm.

"Great," you enthuse, yanking out your newest purchase. It's a vibrator. A surprisingly pretty one, for the color. It had really good reviews on the website, so you hope it isn't shit. You don't want to break the mood, not when Frisk looks so damn hot. Your free hand steals out, running across their ankle and tracing along the side of their leg. Oh, yeah. It's just as smooth as you suspected. Very stimmy and very, very hot.

"Ooh," Frisk says, staring at it. They look faintly surprised. "That does look nice."
"It's got like five speeds," you say. "I don't think you'll need them all."

"Probably not," Frisk says wryly.

"Before that, though-" You dive down in the juncture of their thighs, spreading their legs apart and shivering with delight at the feel of the latex leggings against your skin. "I want a taste."

You swipe your tongue across their clit, enjoying the way their hips jump and the tiny mewl that escapes their lips. Fuck, that's hot. You love every little sound Frisk makes. They're not normally very vocal, so you treasure every time they can't help it anyway.

"Someone's wet," you say in a teasing voice. Their cunt virtually glistens and you can smell them. It's a heady, musky scent that's uniquely Frisk's and you love it. Your hands come up, clamping around their thighs, and you dive in with gusto, enjoying the tang on your tongue and the faint magical tingle that hangs over them now, from their time in the Underground. It's nothing like you imagine fucking a monster would be, but it still gives you a surprisingly strong wave of arousal when it hits you.

Finally, you raise your head, hand blindly seeking out the toy and flicking it on. Frisk jumps at the sound of the buzz filling the air and you smirk.

"What, did you forget?" You ask, looking up at them. Their face is flushed dark red and they glare down at you.

"No," they lie. "I just-"

"Was too busy thinking about me eating you out," you finish. "I'll do more of that later, if you want." You could never get enough of going down on Frisk. If they allowed it, you'd do it every hour. For some reason, they think that's excessive.

You touch the vibrator to their inner thigh, smoothing it over the latex and watching them tremble as it gets closer and closer to the place they desperately want it. When it nudges against their clit, they whimper, bucking their hips up against the vibration. You know vibrators are always on the verge of over-stimulation for them and you wonder at what point they'll decide it's too much. If they will. Your other hand aimlessly plays over the latex, tracing over Frisk's skin and watching their reaction.

"Come for me, Frisk," you murmur, seeing the tremble in their mouth and the strain in their body as the tension builds and builds. "You filthy little whore, come for me."

Heels digging into the bed, Frisk does, mouth open in a soundless scream. You take the vibrator away, replacing it with your fingers as you wring every bit of pleasure free. They finally open their eyes, looking down at you in blissed out exhaustion. You laugh.

"I take it you liked that then," you say.

"And you like latex," they say smugly.

You hate it when they're right.
You survey the room from the little corner you've tucked yourself into, safe from view from almost everyone. You were surprised when the invitation arrived in the mail, addressed to Sans and you. You didn't realize you counted as someone that...important. Especially for something like this. A monster/human ball, organized by the ambassador themself. It still surprises you every time you see Frisk just how young they are. So young, with such an important job... Yet they've taken to it like a fish to water, according to Sans.

Speaking of your boyfriend... You scan the room again, trying to be subtle behind your wine glass. Sans got towed away by the Queen several minutes ago, as Toriel was determined to show him around and not let his laziness take over. His height makes it difficult to see him in a crowd.

"miss me?" You squeak in surprise, nearly spilling your drink all over yourself, as you turn to your boyfriend, who must have used a shortcut to get to you so fast. He grins up at you, hands shoved in the pockets of his pants. You coaxed him into a suit and you have to admit, he looks damn good in it. So good, in fact, that you can't wait to get him home and explore what lies under those suit pants.

His hand cups your ass and you have to bite your lip to stifle a moan. He talked you into the nicest dress you own (which admittedly, is nothing compared to some of the gorgeous outfits you see around you), and it feels like he has the same problem you do.

"Sans, we're in public," you hiss at him. He rocks back on his heels innocently, grinning up at you. "no one saw," he points out. You look around, tense, before acknowledging he had a point. Someone would have had to be staring at your corner at the exact right time to maybe notice what he was doing.

"Still," you say. "What would Frisk say?"

"i never wanna hear the kid comment on my sex life," he says with a theatrical shudder. "so it doesn't matter."

You huff a breath.

"That's not the point-" you start to say, before he cups your ass again.

"c'mon," he says, leaning forward and muttering it into your ear. You bless being nearly as short as he is. "i know ya wanna."

"I-" You say weakly. "What exactly do you plan on doing?"

"well," he says, blue flickering to life in one eye socket. "ya know how my dick is made of
"magic?"

"Yes," you say, automatically wary. He shrugs.

"nothin' says it has to be attached to me, right?" He says. You stare blankly at him for a moment before comprehension washes over you, staining your cheeks bright red. The thought is shockingly appealing, having him fuck you with no one the wiser, just the two of you standing back in the corner, having a chat... You unconsciously squeeze your thighs together, feeling your panties stick to you.

"Shouldn't I sit down then?" You ask. His face blazes with triumph and burning arousal for a moment.

"sure," he says, summoning one from the side of the room. "sit down." He plucks your wine glass free from your nerveless grip, sending it somewhere else.

You do, heart hammering in your chest. The hubbub mere feet away reminds you of just where you are, and what you're planning to do. Your face is hot. You can't believe you're even contemplating this, never mind actually doing it.

"lucky your dress is so dark," he comments absently, deep in concentration.

"Erm, why?" You ask. He looks up and his grin is surprisingly sleazy.

"won't show the glow of my boner," he says, and you squeak. "you ready?" You nod, bracing yourself against the back of the chair and spreading your legs a little. Not a lot, just enough to give him some room to work.

When you feel the head of his cock prod at your entrance, you gasp. You weren't really expecting this would work, not until now, when he's standing next to you, eye socket awash in magic, hands in pockets, and his dick is right there.

It slides slowly into you and you bite your lip again. Normally, you get a little loud. Not too bad. Nothing that would make Papyrus burst in, wondering if you're dying or something. But enough that it would be completely inappropriate to start a When Harry Met Sally scene in the middle of the ambassador's ball. You look up at him pleadingly.

He kisses you. It's a soft, gentle kiss, but it helps, and you pant as he starts to set a rhythm, sliding in and out of you. You can feel the heft of his magic-created cock against your thighs every time he pulls out, and it makes you even wetter. Thankfully, your dress and the general hubbub hides any squelching sounds that might otherwise escape.

"god, you feel so good," he whispers, his voice pitched so only you can hear it. "i love fucking you right here, right now, in front of everyone, and they don't even know it. your cunt feels so tight around me, babe, shit-"

You make a choked whimper. Your hips lift slightly, matching his pace, though you try to keep it as subtle as you can. You don't know how good a job you're doing, but you hope it's not totally obvious you're being fucked into a puddle.

He picks up the pace and now a curl of magic centers around your clit, pressing firmly into it, rubbing it, and taking your breath away.

"Not fair," you gasp out. He only smirks at you.
"sure it is," he says. "all's fair in love and war."

You open your mouth to protest, but he only ups the intensity, until you're afraid you're going to become a thrashing, screaming mess in the corner of the ballroom.

"Sans-" you beg, voice rough. "Please-"

"come for me," he whispers. His cock hits that sweet spot, magic rubbing your clit, and you come, Sans suddenly standing in front of you, acting like he's just really interested in what's going on out there, as you try to catch your breath, aftershocks running through you and making your legs tremble. Your insides are sticky with his come, as you feel his cock dissipate.

"Wow," you whisper. You look down at your dress, hoping it's not a total loss. Thankfully, it looks like you can't even tell what happened from the outside.

"now just imagine what i'm gonna do to that pretty little pussy when we get back home," Sans says, leering down at you.

You facepalm.
He fills you from behind, one hand knotted in your hair and tugging your head back, the other digging into your hip, pulling you back to meet his thrusts. It's times like this that remind you of just how strong he can be when he wants to, and it turns you on just as much as it scares you.

"filthy little freak," he taunts you, mouth by your ear, his breath tickling your skin and stirring your hair. "you like this, don'tcha? you like me fucking you, filling your needy little cunt with my cock. god, you feel so good around me." You deliberately tighten your muscles at that, grinning at his hissed intake of breath. "i felt that, you little slut," he says, cramming his cock in you particularly hard and shoving you against the headboard. You nearly hit it, but you don't care. Your thighs quiver beneath his onslaught, knees sliding on the sheets.

You don't even remember how it got to this. One moment, you were making fun of shitty Lifetime movies downstairs with him (the only time you really can, as Papyrus always throws himself fully into the storyline and bawls his eyes out- somehow, you'll never understand how). The next, you're slammed facedown on the comedian's bed, naked from the waist down and filled with dick. (Not that you're complaining.)

"this is where you belong, isn't it," he resumes. The hand pulling your hair slides around, pressing against the front of your throat. He scratches your skin light enough not to draw blood, but hard enough for you to feel it. "on my bed, stuffed full of my cock. yeah, a freak like you, i know you're getting off on this." You hate when he's right. He ruts into you with short, hard strokes as heat unspools in your groin, slowly building. You groan against the pressure on your throat.

"i like you like this, ya know?" Sans says roughly. "on your knees. your cunt feels so wet. you need this so bad, huh? didja need this all day? didja think about it this whole time?"

You didn't, not really, but you nod the best you can anyway, a short, jerky motion, because if he stops because of your lack of answer, you think you'll wanna dust the bastard.

"damn right ya did," he says thickly, satisfaction heavy in his voice. "you wanna come, freak? you wanna come wrapped around my cock?"

You nod again, desperate, pushing your hips back against him so he sinks that little bit more into you. The hand on your hip dips between your thighs, one of his phalanges rubbing against your clit.

"then do it, you filthy little whore," he whispers, resuming his rough pace. You whine, high in your throat, clawing at the bed, as he fucks you. The pressure builds higher and higher until it snaps and you come around him, just as promised, squeezing his cock until you feel his release, hot and fizzy, deep inside you. As his dick dissipates, he pulls away, turning you over with magic and inspecting you.
"I'm fine, asshole," you say lazily, satiated from your orgasm. "No need to bust out the first aid kit." He touches a spot just under your chin and you wince.


"I don't mind," you say.

"well, i do," he says. "here, lemme get you an ice pack."

You think it's a mark of *something* that he doesn't just teleport downstairs, he actually walks.
"you can always tap out," he warns you, his expression surprisingly serious. Then again, he's never really used his magic on you before, has he? Oh, a little bit, tugging your hands above your head and holding them there, or briefly moving you around. That kind of thing. But nothing sustained. Nothing like he proposed last week and you've been thinking about ever since.

You know what suspension is, you're not a blushing virgin. You also know that his proposal isn't exactly the ordinary type of suspension. No, his plan involves using his magic- using the fact that his magic works on gravity to his advantage- to suspend you. In the air. With nothing but his control to keep you that way, instead of crashing to the floor.

You might be nervous, but you also know that your boyfriend's control is incredible.

So no, you don't really have a fear that he's going to drop you.

He ties a blindfold over your eyes, fingers gentle as they brush over your skin and briefly tangle in your hair. It feels like every other sense heightens as you hear him putter around the room (why, you don't know, it's not like there's much else to this, is there?).

Your soul turns blue and with a muffled squeak of surprise, you're up in the air. His magic runs over every inch of exposed skin, tingling like the low buzz of an electrical current.

"dunno how it feels to you, but you're only an inch off the floor right now," he tells you, his voice shockingly close to your ears. You flex your toes, as if you can reach the floorboards beneath you. "good?"

"Yeah," you say, slightly shaky. You clear your throat. "You can do more."

Your stomach swoops as you feel his magic increase around you. You can practically smell it in the air, can feel him close to you.

"How- how far am I now?" You ask.

"oh, bout two feet," he says, nonchalant. You squeak again, this time even louder. You've never had a fear of heights, not really, but you feel like you can almost understand why someone would have one now. The blindfold only heightens the experience, since you can't actually see what he's doing or where he really is.

"you're good?" He asks.

"Yeah," you manage to say. "Just uh. Surprised."

"i'm full of surprises," he says, trying to sound mysterious. It doesn't work very well. Not when you
know so much about him. Granted, you didn't know he was curious about this.

You feel his hands ghost across your thighs, feel his phalanges tease your entrance. Despite your slight misgivings, you're surprisingly wet. Color splashes across your face as he slides a finger in, pumping it slowly in and out. Another finger brushes your clit, and you jolt at the sensation.

"yeah, ya like this, huh," he says. You can hear the satisfaction in his voice, his own arousal roughening his tone until it's doing all kinds of sinful things to your insides.

Magic coils around your wrists, pulling them up above your head and keeping them there. You can feel it looped around your skin, heavy and warm. Your breasts jut out now from the angle, and more magic caresses them, plucking and rolling your nipples until you can't help but moan.

"Sans," you gasp out. He pauses for a moment, gauging to see if you need to stop, then only increases his pace, now working you with two fingers, each ridge of bone rubbing against your inner walls in the most delightful way. You toss your hips, supported by his control, arousal flickering higher in your groin.

"god babe, you're so beautiful like this," he groans. "all on display for me, fuck-"

His fingers withdraw with a sloppy squelch and you whine from the loss of sensation briefly before you feel his cock somehow, rutting into you hard and fast. Magic is so thick in the air, you can taste it, bright and fizz-like on the back of your tongue. Bone presses against your front, one of his phalanges rubbing circles around your clit to match the rhythm he's set with his cock. You whimper freely, feeling your tits bounce under his onslaught, hearing the sloppy wet sounds of your coupling.

"that's it," Sans mutters. "that's it, babe, come on, come for me-"

It only takes a few more thrusts before you do, clenching around him and sputtering out his name in high, breathy pants. He orgasms a moment later, filling you. As the last remnants of your orgasm fill you with lassitude, you find yourself guided down, the sheets of his bed cool beneath you. He slips the blindfold off and grins at you, his skull stained with blue-tinged sweat.

"that was amazing," he tells you honestly, and leans down to kiss you.
"Do you always blush this much?" Frisk asks, staring at Asriel's bright red cheeks. You muffle a snicker behind your hand, trying to change it into a cough when he turns and glares at you.

"Chara-" he starts.

"Sorry," you say, leaning back on your hands and scooting up a little more on Frisk's bed. "I'm just-this is kind of weird. You're my best friend."

"What am I?" Frisk asks you, looking mock affronted. "Chopped liver?"

"Yes," you say, deadpan.

"See if I ever go down on you again," Frisk mutters, turning back to Ree. "So, you uh...were curious, huh?"

"Yeah," he mumbles, tugging on one ear. He looks more nervous than he did when his parents asked him to come to the monster/human international relations ball. You remembered that ball fondly. Mostly because ambassador or not, you'd convinced Frisk to duck out with you and have a quickie in the bushes. If anyone had noticed their slight dishevelment, they didn't say anything. "I mean, I've done stuff, just-"

"Was it with your pillow?" You ask before you can stop yourself. Frisk thwacks you with their own.

"Chara," they scold. "You aren't helping."

"Sorry," you say again. "I am sorry, Azzy."

"So what are you curious about exactly?" Frisk asks. He fidgets.

"Handjobs," he mumbles.

"What was that?" You ask.

"Handjobs," he squeaks. You open your mouth to ask again, wanting to make him squirm, then see Frisk's look and close it again. Perhaps you've gone far enough. For now. You don't want him to feel like he has to leave before anything's even happened after all.

"Like both of us, or?" You ask instead. You're fascinated an instant later by just how red his face has become. You didn't know he could blush that hard.

"Y-yeah," he stammers out. It kind of surprises you.
"Sure," you say. "Sounds good to me."

"Really?" He asks, sounding surprised. "I mean- that's not too weird?"

"Azzy, it's a handjob," you say, resisting the urge to roll your eyes. "Even in a threesome, like. This isn't weird at all, I promise you."

"Chara's right," Frisk affirms, running their fingers up and down your thigh. Your muscles flutter beneath the touch.

Despite that, you can tell he's still hesitating so you just yank your top off, revealing your binder. His jaw drops.

"Chara!" He says in a squeaky, nearly scandalized voice.

"Well, we're going to get naked sooner or later," you say, practical. "Might as well be now." You start to shimmy your pants down. A hesitant moment later, and Ree starts to follow suit. Frisk's as efficient as you are, and within five minutes, all three of you are naked in Frisk's bedroom.

You stare, unabashed, at Asriel. You haven't seen him with his clothes off like this before. Especially now, all grown up. He's hard and twitching against his thigh, and you can see droplets of magic-infused pre come, slippery around the tip.

"Nice," you say, genuine appreciation warm in your tone. You hope he can hear it. "Come here." He does, padding over on nearly silent paws. You reach out and touch him, sliding your fingers over his cock. It's so hot, it's nearly burning, and smooth as silk. You spread his pre come around, watching his hips buck forward, toward you.

"Come on, Frisk," you say, and your hand is joined by one of Frisk's. You're more aggressive in technique, while they're more tentative, but you begin to stroke him, letting him thrust forward into your fingers in roughly the same rhythm.

"Do you like that?" Frisk asks hoarsely. You steal a glance at them from the corner of your eye and you see their eyes hazy with lust, their free hand busy between their legs. Your own cunt throbs at the sight.

"Yes," Asriel breathes above you. "I- it feels so good. fuck-" You share a quick, smug look with Frisk. It's so hard to get Ree to swear, ever. Who knew all you had to do was jack him off?

You pump him faster, sloppier, his magic lubricating the way so Frisk doesn't have to snag the bottle. That's convenient, you think. He looks unsteady, his eyes glazed. His hands rest on yours and Frisk's heads, fingers tangling in your hair to keep himself from sagging at the knees.

"Come for us, Ree," you whisper, jerking his cock harder. "Come all over us. Both of us. You know you want to." Moments later, he stiffens, and you find yourself splattered with his come. It tingles briefly. He collapses on the floor where he stood, tongue lolling out. You laugh and tug on one of his ears.

"Are you still alive?" You ask. He cracks one eye open.

"I think so," he pants. "That was- that was so good."

"Good," you say. "Now, if you'd like to reciprocate..."

You spread your legs open slightly in invitation.
Your boyfriend's taller than you expected. You know that, of course. But he slouches so much that it's hard to remember. He's not like his brother. Sans always stands loud and proud, getting every centimeter out of his limited height that he can.

But Papyrus... He's different. He slouches. He slumps. He spends as much time as possible on the couch, where it's impossible to get a good gauge on him. You usually hang out on said couch, sharing caramel popcorn and watching shitty movies.

When he stands up to his full height, it makes you wet.

You don't know why. You don't know why it makes arousal flicker to life, makes your cunt begin to throb in that slow, maddening way that makes you want to jam your hand down your pants and do something about it. He's just so much taller than you. You're short for a human, to begin with. He's seven feet.

The worst bit is that he knows what it does to you by now. He's calculating about it.

Like now, when he's standing in the doorway of his bedroom, only slightly slouched against the frame.

"come on," he coaxes, his voice raspy and hitting all the right notes to turn your knees into water.

"But Sans-" you balk. Sans is due to come home any minute. He doesn't barge into his brother's room or anything (not anymore, that is), but it's awkward as hell when he's home and Papyrus's door is closed because you know he knows what's going on. He might look innocent, but he's not that innocent.

"he ain't home yet," Papyrus says, straightening to his full height.

That does it. You sidle past him, feeling his hand grope your ass for a moment. His room is messy, but not as bad as it could be. Sans must have pressured him into cleaning up recently. You strip quickly, feeling the chilly air hit your bare skin, and hearing your boyfriend's intake of breath behind you.

"You better get naked, too," you say. "Or I'm gonna be awfully self-conscious here." You hear his zipper, see his hoodie fly past to land on the bed. He doesn't like his hoodie on the floor for some reason. He's never been able to articulate why.

When you turn around, you hear another intake of breath. If it was from anyone else, you'd probably feel hurt. But you know how he feels about you. About your body.

About your scars.
You always thought he'd find you disgusting if he found out you had scars. If he found out the reason behind said scars. Instead, he loves you for them. He doesn't love you despite them, like you were afraid would happen. He calls them your battle wounds. You kind of like that. (Okay, maybe you like that a lot.)

He reaches out one hand, tracing a thin scar down the side of your hip and leaving goosebumps in his wake. Your nipples pebble into hard points.

"so, wanna a quickie or?" He asks, idly tracing other scars and making it hard to think. You feel wetness gather between your thighs. His cock bobs in front of you, slightly translucent.

"Yes," you manage to gasp out, stifling a moan as his fingers dip between your legs and rub firmly against your clit. Your legs feel weak. "P-please..."

He picks you up, as easily as if you weighed nothing, and sets you against the wall, letting you fall down onto his cock. You gasp when you feel the head slip into you. He's not terrifyingly huge or anything, but it's satisfying enough. Especially when he fucks you against the wall like this, bouncing you up and down on him like a doll. Your head lolls as you feel the wall against your back. Your arms loop around him, fingers scratching lightly against his bones and making his breath stutter satisfyingly.

"More," you beg. He takes you at your word, hitting your G spot with nearly every thrust. You can't help the moans that spill out now, the sloppy feel of his dick sliding in and out of you making your orgasm build higher and higher. He can tell you're close. He knows your tells by now almost as well as you do. A thin thread of magic forms, stroking your clit in a firm rhythm, and the extra stimulation is enough to set you off, clenching around him and nearly screaming his name over and over. He slumps over you and you feel his own release, warm and sticky.

Just as he straightens, his cock dissipating into nothingness, you hear the door slam downstairs.

"just in time," he says, and grins.
"I didn't know skeletons had to take showers," you say, eyeing Sans skeptically. He shrugs, his hands in the pockets of his jacket.

"we don't have to," he says. "but you've seen paps. he spends ages in here. i gotta see what the fuss is about."

"And the only way you can do that is by taking a shower with me," you state, raising one eyebrow. He stares innocently back.

"gotta make sure i know what i'm doing," he explains.

"Right," you say, resisting the urge to roll your eyes. You don't believe him one bit, but on the other hand, what could it hurt? It actually sounds kind of fun to take a shower with him. And kind of hot. "Well, first, you have to take off all your clothes."

"i already like this," he grins. Now, you do roll your eyes as he shucks off his jacket, shirt, and shorts. He already kicked off his slippers in the hallway, so in moments, all you can see are his bones. Warmth fills your cheeks.

"your turn," he prods you. You take your time getting undressed, watching him get more and more flustered with each item of clothing you remove. You can't help but linger, enjoying turning the tables on him.

"Then you turn on the shower," you say, adjusting the temperature and testing it with your hand. There's not a chance in hell you're getting in while it's still this cold.

"too cold?" Sans asks. "that's not very ice of it."

"That was weak and you know it," you say over your shoulder, testing the water again. Perfect. "Close the door, would you? Papyrus doesn't need to see me naked."

"that's my job," Sans says as he shuts the door and locks it for good measure. "now what?"

"You...get in?" You say, suiting action to words and drawing the shower curtain across. A moment later, he crowds in, standing too close to you. The shower soaks your hair, plastering it to your scalp. Water runs off his bones.

"i like showers already," he declares.

"Why?" You ask, suspicious.

"get to see you naked," he says. You facepalm.

"yeah, i like it when you beg for me, too," he says. You immediately drop your hands and stare at him. "alright, alright," he defends himself, raising his hands. "not yet."

"I'm supposed to be teaching you how to take a shower," you remind him. "Not getting kinky in it."

"you can get kinky in the shower?" He perks up.

"Erm, technically," you reluctantly admit. "But that's not the point right now-"

"it can be," he says, sidling closer. You can feel the heat of his bones and you wonder how he's so damn warm, anyway. Is it magic? Or is it just Sans? Blue wisps of magic flicker to life in one eye socket and despite yourself, you feel arousal clench hard in the pit of your stomach.

"come on," he coaxes, sliding one bony hand into your hair and tugging you closer so your mouths meet. His magic-formed tongue slips out, gently entangling with yours. You moan into his mouth, pressing closer to him. Your fingers hook into his ribs, rubbing across the smooth surface.

"You- you're supposed to wash up and stuff," you manage to stammer out a few minutes later, vaguely remembering you were supposed to be teaching Sans about showers.

"sure," he says, bringing one of your hands up to his face. You feel his tongue wrap around one finger, laving it and suckling it until all you can think of is being on your knees in front of him, mouth stuffed full of his cock.

"this is washing up, right?" He asks, innocent. You stare at him, slack-jawed, as he moves down your body, gently pushing your legs apart.

"I'll fall," you protest. He looks up, eye socket flashing, and suddenly, magic encircles both wrists, holding you upright.

"I guess that works," you say faintly. He grins as he leans forward, nuzzling between your legs. The shower aside, you can feel how wet you are, slick and flushed against his skull. His tongue flickers out again, licking you top to bottom, and making your knees buckle. More magic flows around your legs, stabilizing you, and you marvel at his concentration.

"gorgeous," he murmurs, eating you out in all the right ways. One finger pushes into your tight, hot cunt and you moan, the sound drowned out by the shower. "babe, you have the prettiest cunt, you know that?"

"You've ah- mentioned it once or twice," you demur, gasping out the words.

"what else happens in a shower?" He asks. The look on his face was positively wicked.

"Ah-" Your brain stalls. "You fuck," you blurt out. Sans climbs to his feet, and you can see his cock, thick and hard, bobbing between his legs.

"sounds good to me," he says, and he shifts you, pressing you against the wall so he can slide into you. Driven by your own slickness and his magic, he virtually glides in, meeting no resistance until he's bottomed out. Your ankles loosely cross behind him, resting on his hip bones as he thrusts into you. His hands cup your ass, holding you in place so he can fuck you harder.

"i think i'm gonna shower all the time with you," Sans groans, rutting into you, fast and sloppy and hard. "this is amazing," His thumb slides across your clit, rubbing vigorously, and your mind short
circuits for a second. "you gonna come for me?" He asks. You nod eagerly, frantic as the pleasure builds up into that familiar spiral. "do it, babe," he orders, still rubbing your clit as he thrusts into you.

You thrash against the wall, your cunt walls milking him for everything he's got, as he slowly slides his thumb away from your clit, letting you ride out the aftershocks. As he lets you down, you can feel his magic drip down the insides of your thighs.

"Now I really do need a shower," you complain, still wobbly-legged. He leans up, pressing a short, sweet kiss to your mouth.

"let's shower together then," Sans says.

"We already are," you point out. "And we might wanna hurry up, or all the hot water will be go-"

Cold water sprays your face, making you splutter.

"Damn it," you say with feeling.
The scent of leather and cigarette smoke wreathes your nose as you bend down, unlacing Papyrus's boots with trembling fingers. His brother is off at Undyne's and Alphys's for the weekend, so you shouldn't need to worry about him bursting in, but you can't help but feel a little shocked that you're doing this in the middle of the living room. It's like being naked in public, but safe.

You hear the flick of a lighter above you and a moment later, pale smoke curls around your head. His hand touches your head, gentle, redirecting you to your task. Your tongue darts out, flicking across the toe of one of his boots and tasting the leather. Your stomach burns with arousal.

"you're pretty on your knees," Papyrus says roughly above you, stretching his boots out further. When you look up, teasingly dragging the tip of your tongue up his boot and even against one of his leg bones, he groans, stubbing out his cigarette. "hurry up," he orders.

You stumble through, yanking both boots off, and finding yourself in his lap the next moment, straddling his thigh bones and rubbing against his translucent orange cock. The feel of his magic against your skin tingles. His hands cup your skull, pulling you into a searing kiss, tongue coaxing your lips open. He tastes like honey and smoke. Your own hands rest on his shoulders, rubbing against the smooth bone until he groans into your mouth. His shoulders are surprisingly sensitive.

"what do you want?" He asks. It takes you a moment to respond.

"You," you whisper. "Inside-"

Before you can finish your sentence, his hands are under your ass, lifting you up onto his dick. The moment his cock breaches you, you moan, and he echoes it. Stray wisps of magic dance across your skin.

"fuck," he groans, as he suits actions to words and fucks up into you with short, hard strokes. "you feel so fucking good, you know that?"

Your fingers curl into his ribs, one hand going to caress his spine the way he likes. He moans, a rough, needy sound that only makes you wetter. It's slightly uncomfortable to fuck on the couch, but he's holding you in place, so at least you don't have to worry that you're going to fall off.

"touch yourself," he grits out. You obey, leaving the hand stroking his spine, but snaking the other one between your joined bodies and rubbing your clit. The additional stimulation jolts you, making your pussy tighten briefly around him. A strangled noise escapes him, and you feel a rush of satisfaction. You made him do that. The thought is strangely heady.

"more," he directs, and you continue, wetting your finger with your saliva first to make sure you have enough lubrication down there. You usually do, with the mixture of your own wetness and his
magic, but you want to make sure. Chafing that spot would be... Highly undesirable, to say the least.

And this is all about desire, this is about riding your boyfriend, knees pressed against the sofa, hand busy between your legs as you watch the look of concentration on his face. He thrusts into you harder, his movements getting sloppier as his arousal starts to reach its peak.

"babe, you close?" He asks. You nod, feeling your orgasm only a finger's width out of grasp. "please-" he rasps out, and it's enough to tip you over the edge. You rub yourself through it, your legs shaking, your cunt milking him. You throw your head back, whimpering, as the last dregs of pleasure seep through your system. Papyrus eases you to his side where you cuddle into him, breathing in his scent and sighing in contentment.

"that was good," he says, snagging a new cigarette and lighting it.

You couldn't agree more.
"I got handcuffs, vibrators, a butt plug." Frisk lists, laying out each item on the bedspread. You blink owlishly. It's two in the afternoon and Frisk has turned into a porn star. That's your only explanation, as they continue setting out paddles, whips, and shit you don't even know the name of. And- are those *nipple clamps*? Oh, hell no, those aren't going anywhere near your chest.

"Relax," Frisk says, as if they can sense your inner turmoil. "Those are for me."

"So you like having your nipples tortured," you say skeptically. Frisk rolls their eyes.

"I wouldn't say *that*," they say. "It's not torture. It just feels nice. Like yeah, it's a bit of pain, but it makes it feel that much better."

"If you say so," you tell them, still dubious. "So erm- what now?"

"Is there anything you want to start with?" They ask. You point at something that looks like it would be at home in the Spanish Inquisition.

"What the fuck is that?" You inquire. They pick it up, running it over their hand, and you wince. But they look unharmed. They even hold their palm up for proof.

"It's called a wartenberg pinwheel," Frisk says. "It's good for sensory play, apparently."

"Not any sense I'd like to test," you mutter. Frisk sets it aside.

"We don't have to use it," they say calmly. "We don't have to use anything here, Chara. It's just if we want to try any. Be creative."

"That," you point at a strap-on dildo. It's bright pink, and has an odd shimmery hue to it.

"Me or you?" Frisk asks. You stare at them, raising one eyebrow.

"Bitch, when have I *ever* bottomed?" You ask, and they start laughing.

The harness is relatively easy to figure out. You feel strangely comfortable with a cock bobbing between your legs, even if it's fake and bubblegum pink. Frisk can see the contentment in your eyes, too, as they lay back on the bed, everything else pushed to the side for now. Although they've put on the nipple clamps. There's a chain that hangs between them, connecting them together. You tug on them once, experimentally, and hear Frisk gasp, back arching up toward you.

"Spread your legs," you order. They roll their eyes again, but do it willingly enough, and you crawl between them, hefting the strap-on in one hand.
"Er-" You stare between their legs. Your own cunt throbs at the sight. "Yeah, you're gonna have to help me." Their hand comes up, bumping against yours on the fake cock, and you feel another spike of arousal as they guide it into themself. You can see their wetness glisten on it as you slowly push the first few inches in and out.

"Too much or nah?" You ask. Frisk's not good at everything hard and fast all at once. You usually do it anyway and say fuck the consequences, but Frisk actually takes care of themself.

"It's good," they groan. Their face flushes as their hips roll, chasing more of the dildo. "You can go harder."

You take them at their word, fucking into them with longer, harder strokes, grabbing their hips and pulling them into you. They pluck at the nipple clamps, pulling their nipples up. You can tell that it hurts, but you can also tell how much they like it.

"Still good?" You pant out. Frisk nods, too far gone for speech. Despite the fact you aren't really receiving direct stimulation, you can feel your arousal growing. It's not going to take much after this. Frisk will just touch you once and you'll explode. But in the meantime, it's Frisk's turn.

"Touch yourself," you say, on a half-drawn-out groan, and you guide Frisk's hand between their legs. Their fingers blur as they stroked their clit, matching the rhythm you've fallen into, hard and fast. You bottom out in them, and you can tell how hard their cunt is tightening around it. Their legs quiver with the force of their orgasm and they rip the nipple clamps off at the peak, shouting out your name in a hoarse gasp. They collapse back into the sheets and you carefully slip out of them, unsnapping the strap-on and throwing it to one side.

"Please," you beg, and Frisk sits up, hand automatically prying apart your legs. Their fingers knowingly stroke you, pressing your clit firmly, and you shiver into your own orgasm, chanting their name like a prayer. When it's done and you've opened your eyes again, they lean forward and kiss you, just a short one on the corner of your mouth.

"I like the nipple clamps," they say serenely. You look down. You can still see the marks, red and indented, and you shudder.

"You can keep them," you say.
you filthy little freak

Chapter Notes

Fandom: Undertale
Pairing: Chara/Sans
Kink(s): Degradation, gun play, against the wall

His magic slams you against the wall, tearing the breath from your lungs as his hands fumble with your jeans, dragging them down your legs and taking your panties with them. You take the opportunity to try and kick him, but he leans back at just the right time. You hiss in frustration, stilling when he pulls the gun from his jacket pocket. This is a new thing for both of you. You both checked to make sure it's unloaded. Sans even removed the firing pin. It doesn't prevent the icy trickle of fear down your spine when he brandishes it in your direction. (Or the hot bolt of arousal to your groin.)

"yeah, you little freak, what now?" Sans taunts. His voice is rough with arousal, and you can see the tent in his shorts becoming more prominent with every passing minute.

"Fuck you," you spit, ever defiant. His eye socket flashes blue, dragging you up the wall. He caresses your thigh with the barrel of the gun, the chilled metal raising goosebumps in its wake.

"should put it in ya," he says. He sounds almost conversational now, and it only makes you burn hotter. "wouldja like that, freak? a gun inside your tight little cunt? could blow ya to kingdom come if i wanted to."

He rubs the barrel against your clit and you gasp, legs quivering as he pushes them further apart, settling between them.

"yeah, you'd like that," he continues. "what a fucked up little freak."

"That all you got, trashbag?" You ask, willing your voice to stop trembling. He looks up at that, taking the gun barrel away. Concern flashes across his skull.

"still good?" He asks. You nod, making the 'okay' sign with one hand. "good." He smoothes your thigh with one bony hand and you relax into the touch. You hate how reassuring it is to feel his bones against your bare skin.

"now-" He resumes. "where was i?"

"Being an annoying bastard?" You suggest. He digs the gun barrel into your inner thigh for that, provoking a choked whimper.

"keep it up, bitch," he whispers. "i'll keep ya on your knees all night, sucking my cock."

"I'll bite it," you threaten. His hand digs into the meat of your hip, phalanges drawing tiny pinpricks of blood from how hard he's squeezing.

"it'll be the last thing ya ever do," Sans says. His voice is so quiet, you have to strain to hear it, and the deadly promise inherent in it makes you nearly come from that alone. Your hips involuntarily
buck towards him, ensuring he can see just how wet your pussy's become.

"yeah, that's what i thought," he says, tone dripping in satisfaction. "you're begging for it now, aren't'cha. begging for my cock to fill ya up, stretch ya out." His magic slithers around your arms and legs, pulling you down the wall and aligning you with his groin. He steps out of his shorts and you can see the effect you've had on him. He impales you in one swift thrust, gun abandoned to the side, and pulls you down on his cock. You groan, letting your head fall back against the wall, as he fills you.

"whore," he hisses in your ear. "i can feel how wet you are, you're drenching my cock." He pulls out a little and slams back in to illustrate his point, and you can hear the squelch. Embarrassment turns your face flaming red. "ya wanna come like this? splayed out on my dick, just my little fuck toy? what a fall from grace, huh? ya ain't so high and mighty when you're getting fucked, are ya."

Your cunt tightens around him with each humiliating word. It shouldn't turn you on to hear him allude to you having a bad time, but it does anyway. You really are fucked up, but you can't bring yourself to care. Not when he's pounding into you, shoving you into the wall. You're going to have bruises on your back at this rate, and your only regret is how difficult it will be to see them. Your toes curl as he fucks you, hitting your sweet spot and pressing into your clit at the same time. Bless magic, you think in a haze as your orgasm slowly builds.

"ya don't come unless i say you can," he growls. "beg for it, freak." You grit your teeth, not wanting to give him the satisfaction, but your cunt demands release.

"Please-" you manage to grit out. He smirks at you, blue eye socket glittering.

"please what?" He asks. Your cheeks burn. He doesn't let up an inch, his pace fast and rough, just the way you like it.

"Please let me come," you groan. You can feel the effort of holding back, your limbs quivering with the effort. His hand glides over your thigh, settling against your clit. His thumb rubs, the bone smooth and rough at the same time.

"then do it," he tells you. "come for me, freak."

With a whimper of relief, you come apart, waves of pleasure splintering through your body. He fills you with his own release, and you can feel it start to drip down your thighs as he slides out, cock dissipating as he lets his attention slide away from it.

"Down," you request. You find yourself actually carried in his arms to the bed, where he inspects you and summons a washcloth to clean you up.

"you okay?" He asks softly. You nod, stifling a yawn.

"Thanks," you tell him. He brushes your hair back from your face.

"any time, dollface," he says. Your nose wrinkles.

"I almost prefer freak," you say, making him laugh.
"Sans," you hiss, desperation sharpening your words. He looks over, lackadaisical as always. "Sans, I have to pee." He shrugs.

"what do ya want me to do about it?" He asks.

"Pull over?" You suggest. He looks like he's considering it, then shakes his head.

"nah," he says. "we'll be home soon. ya can go then."

"Sans, if I piss myself, I swear to god-" You break off when you see his magic wisp to life in one eye socket. "You're into that, aren't you." You accuse. He grins.

"maybe," he says. "if ya really don't wanna wait, i can pull over, but there ain't a gas station on this road so you'd have to go on the side of the road." You look out the window and grimace. There aren't even any trees you could duck behind. If you peed, it would be in front of any passing cars.

"Fine," you grumble, settling back against your seat. "But I'm not paying for it if I pee in your car."

"that's fine," he says equitably enough. He leans over and presses on your groin, intensifying the urge to pee that much more.

"Sans!" You squeak. "Stop that, it's making it worse."

"i know," he says smugly. "you're cute when ya blush like that." Your face warms more as you squirm in your seat.

"seriously though," he says, glancing over at you. "if ya don't wanna, you can go on the side of the road. i can try and use magic to hide ya." You consider his offer for a moment. You really don't like the urge to pee. On the other hand, Sans doesn't express new kinks often and from the blue blush dusted over his cheekbones, this is something he's really curious about.

"I'm okay with this," you tell him. "I don't know if I'll ever want to again, but-"

He grins, magic illuminating the interior of the car. Thin tendrils attack you, slithering under your clothes and tingling against your skin. Some strands run across your nipples, caressing them into hard points, while others creep into your panties, pressing against your clit while they press down on the top of your mound at the same time. It's the worst sort of torture, the pleasure nearly overwhelmed by the desperation you feel in your bladder.

"gorgeous," he says softly. You wiggle in your seat, straining against your seatbelt as his magic stimulates you.
"Sans, I-" You gasp.

"almost home," he tells you. You look out the window, seeing some familiar landmarks, and sag in relief. The relief is short-lived as he steps up his assault on your cunt, a thick, pulsing tendril of magic pushing into you and making you whimper into your clenched fist. You feel like you can't get enough air as you squirm, trying desperately not to wet yourself.

"and here," Sans says. As soon as the car is in the garage, he grabs your hand, shortcutting into his bedroom. You dance from foot to foot, sending him a pleading look.

"you're so fucking hot like this," he whispers. He steps closer, pressing down over your bladder again, bony fingers finding the right spot unerringly.

"if ya want to," he says, still in that low, hoarse voice. "you can piss yourself." You glance at the door pleadingly. The bathroom is so close, yet-

"In the bathtub," you tell him suddenly. "I'm not pissing my clothes." He laughs.

"that's fair," he says. The coast is clear as the two of you duck into the bathroom and you make sure the door is locked behind you. You feel suddenly shy as you start peeling off your clothes. Sans watches you unabashedly, one hand busy beneath the waistband of his shorts. You step into the bathtub.

"I don't know if I can," you admit in a shame-faced voice. "It's too weird."

"you can," he assures you. His magic fills you again, pressing insistently against your bladder and tickling your clit. The pressure is just right and you feel warmth flood your face as your bladder lets go.

"fuck, that's hot," Sans says. His shorts are now tangled around his ankle bones as he strokes his cock, watching you piss yourself. The assault on your clit is relentless, stimulating you even as you pee. You flex your feet, annoyed by the wetness on your skin.

"here," he says, and magic lifts you up a few inches, tethering you in place, as a thicker rod of magic slips into you, fucking you with a slow, steady rhythm. The last few drops of piss roll off it, and it only spurs Sans to fuck you faster, his phalanges blurring on his cock. Your orgasm comes as a surprise, rolling over you like a tidal wave. Your cunt clenches around his magic, relishing the soft buzz. When you can open your eyes again, you see blue spurted all over the side of the tub.

"Well, it's a good thing I'm already in the tub," you joke weakly. "But uh, if we don't clean all this up, Papyrus is going to kill us both."
You pull his spare hoodie around you, letting the hood flop down and cover your eyes. His smell surrounds you- laundry detergent, bones, magic, and a faint whiff of ketchup. It soothes you as you huddle on his bed, pulling up the blankets around you and praying Papyrus bullied him into washing them. The fresh scent of detergent meets your nose and you sigh in relief.

You don't know why you're over here. You had a bad day. Your brain won't shut up about what a bad person you are, what a little *freak* you are, and whenever you feel like this, the only person who can make you feel better is Sans. Why that is, you haven't the faintest, since he's the one who actually *calls* you a freak so much, but there it is. Your brain isn't known for rationality, after all.

The door downstairs creaks open and you still, heart thumping, before hearing Sans's aimless muttering to himself. It's just him. Thankfully Papyrus is at Undyne's. He's the one who let you in, with a pat to the head that you only tolerated *because* it's him.

The bedroom door opens, and you don't bother looking up. You hear Sans sigh.

"again?" He asks. You shrug, flopping back against his pillows.

"Why not?" You challenge. "Papyrus let me in."

"paps would," Sans says. He eyes you carefully. "bad day, huh." Your mouth twists.

"Is it that obvious?" You ask sourly. He shrugs.

"pretty much," he says. He climbs up on the bed next to you. You can feel the warmth emanating from his bones. You reach out and stroke a rib without thinking about it, hearing his sharp intake of breath. "chara," he starts to say, hesitant. "i don't think-"

"Well, that's nothing new then," you say. "You never think." You lean down, licking the same rib you touched and feeling his breath stutter. His hands fist in the bedspread.

"c'mon, chara, you're upset, you-"

"Not anymore," you say, as rationally as you can. "You're-" Your brain shuts down before you can actually say it. Are you *really* about to say that you're okay because the skeleton is here with you? Apparently.

"You're here," you blurt out. Blue washes over his skull as he stares at you, open-mouthed in shock.

"You don't have to look at me like that," you snap, shifting uncomfortably.

"sorry," he says, on autopilot. "just- whoa."
"Anyway-" you wrap your arms around your knees. "Like I said, I'm fine now." He hesitates, then you feel his phalanges, gently stroking your hair. The touch relaxes you more than you'd like to admit and you find yourself leaning into his touch like a cat, muscles relaxing and exhaustion finally uncoiling and spilling over you like a tidal wave.

You don't know when you fell asleep. When you wake up, you're sprawled next to Sans, who also looks asleep. His soft snores punctuate the air. His hand rests on your stomach, your shirt half-rucked up.

"Wake up," you whisper, poking him. He shifts, snorting out something unintelligible, but remains asleep. "Sans, come on," you whine. Now that you're awake, your desire stirs, too, flickering to life in your groin.

"I know what will wake you up," you grumble, hooking your fingers in the waistband of his shorts and pulling them down. Asleep, his magic is quiescent, but that doesn't mean you can't have some fun with him, right? You stroke his hip bones, then across his pelvis. He jerks, his eyes finally snapping open. You stick your tongue out at him.

"Impatient, are we?" He asks dryly, voice sleep-fogged.

"Obviously," you say, settling back on your heels. His eye socket fills with blue and you can see his cock form, standing thick and proud.

"I know what'll shut that pretty mouth up," he drawls. Magic shoves you off-balance and suddenly you're kissing the head of his cock, tasting his pre come. It's strangely reminiscent of blueberries. "Suck it," he orders. You open your mouth fully, letting him shove it in. He still sounds sleepy and to be honest, you are, too, but you don't care, not when you're crouched between his legs, mouth bobbing up and down on his shaft. You wrap your fingers around the base, letting your spit and his magic coat them and provide you with enough lubrication. Not that he can actually get chafed down there, but it's the principle of the matter.

One hand loosely tangles in your hair, taking control, and you let him set the pace. He fucks into your mouth, the sounds sloppy and wet, as saliva drips onto his leg bones and the bedspread, and your jaw starts to ache. Your pussy tingles, but you don't have the room (or the mental capacity) to take care of it.

Fortunately, Sans seems to have anticipated that.

"You want more?" He asks. You know what he means and you nod, shoving your ass up in the air and trying to give him as much access as you can. You hear him chuckle as he concentrates, forming another dick out of thin air. This one is smaller (and drips more, you notice as droplets patter your head), but you don't care as he maneuvers it into position, finally breaching your cunt. You groan around his actual cock and he takes it as a signal to fuck you even harder. Back and forth, back and forth, rutting into your cunt and your mouth, and you feel your orgasm building up. His hands tighten in your hair, signifying his own impending orgasm, and you open your mouth as wide as you can, looking up into his eye sockets. Blue spurts down your throat, thick and fizzy, and you slump, cunt tightening around its invader as you come, open-mouthed and gasping. Pleasure sputters through every inch of your body until you feel electrified. As you come down from it, the dick in your pussy dissipates and Sans pulls you up onto his chest.

"I'm gonna crush you, asshole," you mumble, growing drowsy again. He grins up at you, kissing your face and making you turn bright red.

"Nah," he says. "I don't think so."
He groans above you, phalanges tightening around fistfuls of bedspread, and you feel smug satisfaction radiate through your body, centering in your core. It's not that easy to leave him undone like this, to wreck him with just your lips and tongue, but it's been a pent-up kind of week, and by the time Papyrus went to bed, Sans was dying to jump your bones.

You pull back a little, swirling your tongue around the head of his cock and collecting blue-tinted drops of pre-come that tingle in your mouth. Oh, that feels good. You love the taste of his magic, maybe more than anything else.

"fuck, babe," he rasps out. "so fucking hot for me- wearin' nothing but your tights-" You look innocently down at yourself, then back up at him, before swallowing his cock down to the base. It pulses in your throat until you have to pull away, gagging slightly.

"You like my tights?" You ask sweetly, when you've recovered a little. You smooth your hand over the material. It's a warm blue color, and you told him before you started that you bought these because the color reminds you of him. You think that's part of why he's so desperate now, knowing how much you think about him. How often he's on your mind.

"you know i do," Sans says, voice ragged. "c'mon, babe, please-"

"Please what?" You ask, but you're already back on it, filling your mouth with his cock and letting it slide in deeper. One of his hands cradles your skull, pushing you down into his groin gently. You take the hint and speed up, trying to set a steadier pace. His head falls back, and you can hear his spine creak.

"fuck-" he groans as he crams his cock deeper into your throat, fucking into your mouth and only pulling back at all when you gag on it. You wish you didn't have a gag reflex at all. How incredible would it be to take all of him, to feel him in your throat, and not have to worry about gagging on it? You feel your cunt grow wetter at the thought. Your hand drifts south, almost on reflex, but Sans grabs it, placing it on his pelvis.

"later," he tells you, voice dark with promise. The magic filling his eye socket flickers, fanning your arousal even higher. "i'll make ya scream."

You lavish his cock with your tongue, feeling it throb inside your mouth. Sans has always been sensitive to oral and this time is no exception. His hands interlace behind your head, shoving you down on his dick as he bucks into your mouth. You suck as hard as you can, nearly feverish, and you can feel the head twitch in that particular way he does when he's about to-

"i'm gonna come, babe," he warns you. He always warns you, if he has enough time. It never matters. You seal your lips around him and feel him spurt down your throat, wave after wave of
tingling liquid. It tastes faintly of blueberries and fizzy candy. You slide back on the bed, your lips coming off his cock with a distinct \textit{pop!} sound. He looks down at you and grins.

"now let's get those tights off ya," he says.
"Strip," you command. L looks at you through his eyelashes before rising to his feet and pulling off his shirt in one slow motion.

He's not a graceful man. You know it, and so does he. Even now, he's stood on the ends of his jeans, bare feet poking out as he disentangles himself from his sleeves. His skin is pallid, and you can see it stretch across his ribcage. His collarbones protrude as he stands slump-shouldered, eyes intense as they watch you, waiting for your next words.

"The rest," you say, mouth dry. You can feel your cock throb in your jeans, straining against the confines of the denim. Not yet, you tell yourself as L slips his jeans off. He's not wearing underwear and when his cock bobs free, already more than half-hard, you have to swallow hard.

You coax him up, lying across the hotel's bed. The mirror on the ceiling displays your every move. You're transfixed every time you look up, watching your hands caress the planes of L's bare, hair-dusted chest, pinching and prodding at his nipples until they stand up, hard and proud. You bend, your tongue laving each one. A groan escapes him, hissed between clenched teeth, and you feel a savage stab of triumph, arrowed directly to your groin.

Perhaps he's not conventionally beautiful, gangly limbs contorted across the sheets and head thrown back to reveal the delicate column of his throat, but you love him for it all the same. You drag your hands down his hips, carefully avoiding touching his cock. He bites his bottom lip, staring at you. The slightly swollen flesh of his lips turns you on even more and you lean down, pressing open-mouthed kisses down the center of his chest.

You sit back on your heels, letting your hands slide lazily down his thighs and down his legs, where your fingers close around his feet. They're too thin and bony, toes nearly prehensile, but you caress them anyway, watching the emotions drift across L's face.

"You like that?" You ask. It's a rhetorical question. You know he does. The man is absolutely weak for a good foot massage, and it doesn't hurt that you're a little more into his than you'd ever admit in anyone else's company. You tickle his soles, watching his toes curl in the reflection.

"Get to the point," he finally snaps, and you grin in triumph. You settle down on the rumpled bed, pushing his legs up so he resembles an awkwardly contorted frog.

"You mean this?" You ask innocently and let your tongue swipe across one pale ass cheek. He stiffens and you take that as a yes. The tip of your tongue slides across the puckered contours of his hole and he writhes against the sheets. You take your mouth away long enough to say, "L, I've barely started," but you know this has always been a sensitive area for him. Almost too sensitive to
the ministrations of your tongue, but that's part of why you both love it.

You settle down, licking and poking your tongue in the slightest bit, listening to his stifled groans and the way his head tosses on the pillow. His thighs flex and tremble and you hold them delicately in place as you swipe your tongue across the wrinkled skin one last time. You want to do it more-you'd do it all night if you thought the man would let you- but you can't stand being clothed anymore. You stand up and yank your jeans off, taking your boxers with them in one rough motion. L's eyes gleam with appreciation as you crawl back onto the bed and he hands you the bottle of lube without saying a word.

You prepare him quickly, scissoring two fingers in his ass and watching the sensations play out across his flushed face. Then you squirt a generous dollop on your cock, align it between his thighs, and thrust home. The two of you have fucked often enough, he doesn't take much time to be ready, and he bucks his hips up at you, letting you slip all the way into him.

"Fuck," you groan. L's teeth glitter in the light. You lean forward a little, asking permission with the tilt of your head. He acquiesces, exposing the vulnerable flesh of his throat, and your fingers close around it, just enough to make breathing a strain. The rasp of air passing through his open mouth sends pleasure in a rush to your cock, thrusting into him with short, sloppy strokes.

"More," he grits out. You adjust your grip on his throat, making the experience that much more intense without actually closing off his oxygen. Your other hand digs into his hip, no doubt creating purple blots of bruise, as you pull him into you. His cock bobs in the air, leaking pre come.

"Jack yourself off," you hiss. He fumbles for a moment, before his fingers close over his cock and relief brightens his face. "God, you look amazing," you say hoarsely. You fuck him harder, feeling your orgasm build.

"I'm gonna-" Your words cut off as you jerk him closer to you, feeling your cock unload completely, deep inside him. The pulses of your orgasm spreading through his body make his fingers speed up, to nearly a blur, until finally he sighs, white spurting over his fingers and pooling on his stomach. You lift your hand from his throat and brush your fingers over his cock, watching him shiver at the overstimulation.

"Same time tomorrow?" He asks.

"More like as soon as we get home," You tell him. He grins.

Chapter End Notes

...I may have tried to fit in as many kinks as I could, since it was whatever I wanted.

I can't believe I finished! This was really fun to do and it gave me a lot more practice writing anything smutty. I feel a little more comfortable now.

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