Of Bites and Lust
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Summary

Sans was so hungry. Luckily, thanks to vampire bites being a natural aphrodisiac, Red was more than willing to spend a night with him. What was going to just be a one night stand quickly became so much more.

Notes

Ooh boy, we did it again. Started this rp on the first of the month. Finished it yesterday, the fifteenth of the month. Had a lot of fun, and maybe shed a few tears.

Our discord: https://discord.gg/9jjxWe3

See the end of the work for more notes.
Sans grumbled under his breath as he walked past one of the... ‘lively’ streets in town. He wondered if he’d find a good meal here, maybe someone who didn’t have to be hypnotized just so they didn’t try to hurt him.

Maybe one of the people scouting for clients would be willing to let him bite, though he’d likely have to pay... and could he really afford that right now? Probably not more than once or twice, at most.

Then he found his gaze drawn to one of the nicer places, the kind that people actually talked about visiting because they knew the workers were treated fair, and didn’t have any sorts of diseases. And goddamn, it sucked he probably wouldn’t be able to afford it because there was not only a skeleton, but a really nice looking one.

Red checked his watch, seeing if he had more time for one more customer before his shift ends.

15 minutes. He furrowed his brows, swayed his hip to one side as he placed his other hand on it. Was that even enough time for a quick fuck? His face shifted to a relaxed after a moment, before chuckling to himself.

Well, he could. It wasn’t a bad way to end the night off after having danced around and sweet talked his new customers and generous regulars.

It was a good gig he had. Easy money. Living in decadence. And best of all, it was all safe and secured.

He hadn’t been one to really enjoy it at first, but he’d come to love it in the end. The boss was nice, and the staff were like a tight knit family to him. They got each other’s back and took no shit from being disrespected. Their trusted twin bodyguards, Grillby and Chillby, really made sure the place didn’t have unwanted people around.

And now, here he was, close to ending his shift and thinking about doing an extra on his quota. He was one of the best after all.
Wearing a black fishnet mini dress, racy lingerie that could be seen through, and ankle boots had its perks.

The skeleton checked on his phone to see for any calls he might’ve missed and wondered if he should just go home or not. Decisions, decisions, he thought. Then he looked up, and saw a skeleton on the sidewalk across from him. The guy was looking at him.

Red smiled like cheshire. Decisions, decisions.

*Well, don’t mind if I do.* He waved, “Hey there, handsome~ See something ya like?”

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Sans blushed at being complimented, even though he knew it was probably just how the other skeleton drew in customers. Stars he wished he could afford it, or even get a meal out of the deal. Pretty thing probably pulled in a good deal of profit for the establishment.

“A-ah, perhaps. Don’t think I could afford your time, though, sorry.”

Staring like some lust-filled leech, and couldn’t even pay. Sans ducked his head, planning to keep walking once he cooled his head a bit. He’d still probably need to eat tonight, and the magic banks didn’t have enough to support all the people like Sans. Stupid rations were hardly enough to keep a vampire alive, much less healthy. Not to mention it tasted awful after being out of the body for so long.

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*Aww, how sweet.* That was good to Red in his books. “Yo, Chillbs, I’m out. Got myself a date to catch~” Red had quickly gone back inside to tell his friends at the door. “Be the best friend that you and get my shit to my place yeah?”

Red chuckled, blowing a kiss to the purple elemental when he received the finger as he left.
Running in his heels was a bitch, but Red was a master at this point. He can fucking run in heels.

“Hey, sweetheart! Wait up!”

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Sans had just continued walking when he heard the voice of the other skeleton calling out. He doubted that the call was meant for him, but still looked up despite himself. His eyes widened a bit when he met the gaze.

Wow. Still, Sans couldn’t afford it... He pulled a hand over his chest, self consciously rubbing at his humorous. He wasn’t sure how to respond to the attention. “Um...”

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Red panted a bit, thankful that the skeleton stopped. He may run, but it’s still a bitch. And just as he saw the uncomfortable look, Red held his hand up, pressing a finger on the other’s mouth.

“I know. Can’t pay me. That’s fine.” Red grinned with ease, removing his finger after. “I was hoping to still try having one night with you? If ya don’t mind.”

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Oh. Sans blinked, a little taken aback. He... hadn’t expected that.

Now the question was; does he try to see if he can feed too and run the risk of chasing the other skeleton off, or just deal with his hunger and eat tomorrow?

Decisions, decisions.

A pang of hunger made the choice clear. He already put eating off longer than he should have, he needed to be able to get through work which meant eating now. At least vampires no longer had to hide what they were as much. They just faced jail like any other monster if they killed or even ate
without consent. (Well, they just had to bury the memories so no one could tell who ate, they couldn’t just not eat.)

“Do you, um, mind biting?” Sans pointed to his mouth, and extended his fangs in a clear statement of what he meant by biting. “Gotta eat tonight so I can focus at work tomorrow.”

A vampire bite was a strong aphrodisiac, so there was still hope he’d get to eat and enjoy the company.

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Red couldn’t help but stare at those fangs and a delicious shiver ran down his spine. His soul raced fast beneath his ribcage and the skeleton found himself thinking that he hit a jackpot with this one.

Vampire. It was rare to meet one because they don’t socialize with people as much. But here was Red, managing to find one.

He’d only heard of tales, but their bite are supposedly laced with a strong aphrodisiac. Stars, if that doesn’t sound delicious already. He’d always wanted to try.

Red’s grin became sultry, eyes going half-lidded as he took steps forward to wrap his arms around the other’s neck. He purred, pressing his chest against the vampire. “Well, if ya show me a good time, you can bite and eat me up all ya want.”

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Sans let out a breathy sigh of relief. He hadn’t chased the other skeleton off. And gee if the guy didn’t know how to rile someone up. Doing all that, and out in public, too.

Sans shuddered, hesitantly resting his hands on the other’s hips. “I think you’ve got a deal. So, um, how do you wanna...?”

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Signed yourself to the devil, eh? Sure thing, lovely.

Red ported them both to the lobby of a well-known high-end hotel. After all, if he was going to shagged until he couldn’t then it better be some soft ass mattress.

“Yo, Dames, keys please~”

The male teenage human behind the counter rolled their eyes despite the cheeky smile on his face. He looked to Red, then to the other skeleton. He whistled, “Damn. Got yourself a looker here.”

“Don’t I know it. So back off, hun.” Red took the keys from the hand that dangled it. “He’s mine.”

The skeleton then ported them in front of the room, 1013. “How are you doing, sweets? Still nervous?” Red unlocked the door and opened it, before looking back at his partner. “Wanna back out?” He lifted a challenging brow, a brassy smile on his face.

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Sans hadn’t expected the teleport, but wasn’t too fazed by it. Just a touch interested at learning that he wasn’t the only one with the power. He didn’t give it too much thought.

More than one person actually thought he was ‘a looker’? He was just some grungy skeleton, nothing really to look at. People didn’t generally meet his gaze, didn’t notice his presence.

His thoughts were broken by the question. He shook his head. “A little nervous, but I’m still good. Not gonna back out.”

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“Heh, that’s what I wanna hear.” He pulled the skeleton into the room, the luxury expanse of the space with a nice view of the city, it was a perfect place to fuck.
Granted, he doesn’t take customers to this room specifically, Red wanted this one to come back to him for an encore.

“So how do you wanna start this, love?” Red seated them both on the edge of the bed. “Need a drink to ease your nerves? Gentle? Rough?”

Red put on a relaxed posture, totally at his element. Giving his partner a salacious leer. “How’d you want me?”

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Oh stars. Sans was completely out of his element. He had no idea how to react. He’d only done things like this a couple times before, seeing as his food rarely wanted to play when he was done eating. Just mess with memories and leave.

Sans collected himself with a deep breath. Well, somewhat collected himself. “I, um, not sure? I’ve, um, not really done this much.”

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Oh? Well, Red can work with that. “It’s all right.”

Red got up to seat himself on his beau’s lap, arms resting over the shoulders. “How bout we take it slow, yeah? Don’t wanna spook you too much here vamps.”

He leaned down, a breath away from a kiss. Red eye lights looked into blank ones. “Make out first?”

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Okay. Okay, Sans could do that. He leaned up just enough to meet the other skeleton in a kiss.

That felt good. Sans parted his teeth a little as he moved a hand to rest on his lover’s hip. Summoned his tongue.
Atta boy. Red summoned his own to mingle, to partake in a slow languid dance. The entanglement got him to moan, unable to help himself from grazing those fierce fangs.

How would it feel? Stars, he wanted to know.

Red winced when he rubbed a little harder on those fangs. A twinge of pain from the graze, before he could taste a bit iron. His blood.

He wanted to retract to heal himself, and started to do so.

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Sans moaned when he tasted blood. He gave a small suck on the other’s tongue, and almost whined when he pulled back.

It tasted so good. Sans’ eyes lidded as he gazed hungrily at Red.

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Heh, riled you up, huh. “Gee sweets, you look like you’re gonna eat me alive. But not too far from the truth huh.”

Red leaned in to whisper against his lover’s head. “There’s a zipper you can pull down for me.”

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Sans pushed his hunger down. He should at least earn his meal. It took him a second to find the zipper and tug it down.
Stars he was hungry now. The other skeleton (who’s name Sans didn’t know, but now felt awkward to ask) tasted so good.

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Red almost laughed, not because there was anything funny really, just the giddy excitement coursing through his bones.

And hearing the zipper, going down to stop atop of his pelvis, it was like he was a flower opening up; blooming—maturing. Just the right time to be ripe for this monster’s meal.

Red helped out in pulling down the dress a bit and tilted his head to showcase it to his ravenous lover. “Bone -appetite~?”

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Was that an invitation to eat? It was, wasn’t it? The hunger in Sans refused to see differently. He needed to eat.

Sans nuzzled against the other skeleton’s neck, giving him a moment to back away. When he didn’t, Sans’ fangs elongated and he sunk them into the bone. They shrunk back after the bite was deep enough, letting magic rich blood flow.

Sans moaned at the taste. So good! So much better than the blood bank food, or even most monsters. Something about this skeleton made him taste absolutely amazing.

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Red gasped at the stinging sensation from piercing his bones, his body jolted unexpectedly. Hands on his partner’s back latched onto the clothes, having tightened it in his grasp for a moment, before relaxing.
So this was what it felt like. It wasn’t bad at all. Kind of soothing, actually.

The more his partner kept sucking, the more heated his bones were starting to feel. A fire being lit inside, making his magic thrum with a frenzy. A different kind of hunger lighting within.

Red couldn’t help himself from becoming fidgety, rubbing against his lover as his face slowly became flushed.

His magic coalesced and formed from the shot of arousal. His cock forming beneath the dress, along with plump round bottoms; resting on the other’s lap, rubbing against their front.

He was so horny.

Red licked his mouth.

He fucking loved it.

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So good! When Sans had eaten about the same amount of blood he got from the bank when it was his turn, he sealed up the bite with his magic and pulled away. He actually felt full for once, having been able to eat as much as he needed without struggle.

The other skeleton looked pretty dang great riled up like that. Sans’ own magic snapped into place from the sight. Of course, Sans was still overly shy, much to his chagrin. He felt a little hot, though, so started by pulling off his coat. Then his shirt, because maybe that could help him feel a little more confidant.

As self-conscious as he was, Sans knew that he had nice bones. Well, by skeleton standards, at least. And he was with a skeleton.

He gave Red a look, leaning back in what he hoped was an alluring manner as if to ask ‘what are you waiting for?’
Oh shit. Such a handsome guy he managed to land himself. And such a cute look. Well, don’t mind if I do then.

Red wasted no more time and pushed his lover down on the bed, and kissed him roughly. Their tongues meshing as he ground himself.

*Hot. So hot.* Red pulled back for a breath, panting heavily as he moaned. His dress falling off in his action that it annoyed him more than he expected.

The rush of adrenaline filled arousal had Red stripping off his dress, throwing it haphazardly on the floor before going back on his lover. Feeling the nice thick bones, his hands roaming every inch he could get, nipping and lapping the neck, he kept moving his hips to rub his cock against the other’s from the bulge he could feel through the shorts.

His mind, whole being, filled with lust. It was such delirious feeling. He giggled on his lover’s chest. “Shit, I feel I just smoked a joint. Quite the drug you got in me.”

Red licked his mouth, his hungry gaze meeting the other skeleton’s.

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*Stars* that felt good. Sans’ weak composure melted, leaving him a moaning mess under the skeleton.

“Hhah, I think you have a strong re-reaction.” Sans was breathing heavy, arousal lacing his voice.

His shorts were in the way. Sans pulled back just enough to kick them off and discard them on the haphazard pile of clothing. That out of the way, he moved to grind his hips into the other skeleton’s again. He gave a long, shuddering moan at the feel.

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Reaction huh. His eyes trailed down to the dripping hard cock rubbing against his. Stars. He groaned at the sight. “Fuck, I’m gonna suck your cock.”

It was a need.

Red slithered back, a hand already stroking the hardened length, and he put his mouth over the head; his tongue tasting the precum. He gave it a swirl and a suck, before pulling off; a thin string of saliva connecting them. “Stars,” he stroked faster. “You taste good.” He pressed his tongue against the shaft, lapping from bottom to top, over and over. Eyes half-lidded, delighted in seeing the pulsing member make more pre, the fluid sliding down for him to catch.

So good.

A strong reaction indeed.

His other hand wasn’t idle. His finger began to probe on the small twitching hole, circling the entrance.

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“Aahhnn~ Oh sstars sho good!” Sans’ hands fisted in the sheets of the bed below him. His hips gave small jerks as he struggled to keep from jerking up too hard.

He wanted to do something to return the attention, but he wasn’t able to move past the amazing feel of the other’s tongue, and oh stars he was also starting to circle Sans’ entrance and that felt really good.

Inexperienced as he was, Sans wouldn’t last that long under this attention.

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Red didn’t stop. His partner’s moans encouraged him, and stars, he wanted more.
His tongue trailed down, briefly ignoring the twitching member to pay attention to the twitching hole. He licked at it, moistening, a kind of lubrication as he began to press his finger inside. Loosening that hole for him.

One became two, leaving his two fingers to start stretching, thrusting into the tight channel as his tongue went back to take care of the weeping length. His hand didn’t stop stroking, but it had been slow. Now he resumed the speed, mouth on the spongy head. Then, taking more into his mouth, to his makeshift throat. Moaning at the heavy feel of cock in his mouth.

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Sans all but writhed as the nearly overwhelming amount of stimulation. He let out a slew of moans and curses. It felt so good!

He clenched around the fingers, and gave a shallow thrust when his cock was surrounded by that wonderful heat. ‘I’m- I’m-’

He tried to give warning, but only managed to get out the first word when he came. His orgasm whited out his vision, rocking his world. It was one of the strongest he’d had.

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Red closed his eyes. Savouring the feeling, swallowing the cum. He could feel it splattering in his rib cage, a bit hitting glowing soul.

He made sure to get it all, before pulling off. Red licked the rest from his mouth, hand slowing its movement of the slightly limped member. But his fingers didn’t stop rubbing at the sweet spot.

“Tired, sweetheart?”

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Oh gosh, he wasn’t stopping. It was overstimulating, but at the same time still felt so good. “A-ah, you get a turn too. Hnn”

Sans knew that as a prostitute, the other probably didn’t always get off. This wasn’t for work though, and Sans wanted to see his lover get off, too.

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A soft low laugh slipped past smiling teeth. Red moved, lifting and parting his lover’s legs to position himself in between.

“Naturally.” Red took out his fingers, his soul waiting in anticipation as he saw it loosened for him, clenching for him.

He leaned over, a cocky smile ever present. “You don’t just get me all horny and call it quits, yeah? But,” he used his other hand to line up his cock, probing at the puckered entrance. “Can ya handle more? Or ya need to rest?”

Red, the professional that he is, was here to show his lover a good time. And consent was sexy as hell. He wasn’t about to bring pain on the table when the latter didn’t request it.

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Sans moaned, bucking up to try and take the cock he could feel teasing at his entrance. “Hnn, please.”

Overstimulated as he was, Sans was somewhat surprised to find that he actually liked the feel. His own limp cock started to perk back up. He wanted more. “P-please fuck me.”

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“Heh,” Red pushed more, feeling the head pop inside the tight heat. “Ya got it, sweets.”
He slammed his hips, hilting in the first thrust, groaning at the heat clenching and spasming around him. “Fuck. Ya feel so damn good. I almost fucking came.”

Red rested his hands on his lover’s hips, rolling and canting his own, to let his beau adjust. The sweat formed and slid down his bones. *Hot. So hot.* He licked his mouth again, tasting saltiness this time.

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Little hearts formed from Sans’ eyelights as he clenched around the length. “A-ah, so good~ sho big~”

He pushed up into the thrusts, trying to take in as much as he could. The stretching burn added to the overwhelming pleasure.

He challenged himself to last until his lover came, though he knew it would be tough. The guy did this for his job, after all.

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Red bowled over to control himself. Cheeky thing. Trying to make me come by squeezing me? Heh, so cute.

Even more so in seeing those hearts in the other’s eyes. What a pleasant honour to be gazed by such things.

Red began to increase his pace, outright pulling back almost completely, and slamming back in, deep, hitting the end of the other’s magic. The delicious undulation and sinful moans that followed, it riled him up to become wilder, rougher. And soon, he was fucking his beau like he *meant* it.

He wanted his lover to scream and come again from being fucked, from his cock. He kept pumping into the hungry hole; the slapping sound resounding in his ears.

Red smashed their teeth together, entangling their tongues, swallowing those moans. The heat in his
bones made it all so much more. It was passionate and heated, and stars, he wanted to wreck this monster.

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Oh stars that felt so good! Sans was in heaven, moaning sinfully as he was pounded into. He drooled from the side of the kiss, unable to control his reactions.

Despite his resolve, he stiffened as he could no longer hold back his peak. Magic spurted from his weeping cock, staining their bones in thick streams.

Somehow, he still wanted more. He started pushing back up as he came down from his peak.

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Receiving the cue, Red continued pounding into the quivering heat. Panting heavily as he felt himself close, he closed his eyes, his pace becoming punishing as he chased his own release.

Hot. So hot. Hips stuttering that soon, he was squirting his spunk into the writhing skeleton under him. His tongue pausing for a moment, but a twitch of it had him grazing the sharp fang, opening a cut and the blood mixed in with their saliva.

But Red didn’t care. All his focus went to his stuttered hips, eventually slowing to a stop once he filled the monster to the brim. He came so much more than he normally would. Must be the drug.

Only then did Red cared to taste the familiar copper.

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The taste of the other skeleton’s blood in the kiss had Sans’ eyelight rolling back in his skull. More blue stained their bones, though less this time. He’d never come so many times in his life.

When they were finally slowing down, Sans reached with his tongue to seal up the small cut in the
other skeleton’s tongue. Might as well, seeing as vampires could easily stop bleeding in others.

“That was amazing.” And that felt like an understatement.

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He rested on their dirty bones for a moment, then lifting himself up to pull out. His lidded eyes gleaming with satisfaction in seeing copious amount of his come drip out.

Red took a breath, ignoring his still twitching semi-hard length. Coming once wasn’t enough. His bones still warmed up, the sweat dripping from him as his chest heaved; the glowing of his red soul evident beneath, despite his bones coated in both their essences. But he already made his lover come three times in a row. He doubted the latter could do more from here.

“You did good, Vamps. By far, one of the best asses and tastiest dicks I’ve had.”

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Sans blushed at the crude words. His breathing was heavy after it all. He was worn out for all the exercise. Even just the shower for the hotel room seemed like it was forever away. Who needed to be clean? Not Sans!

“I’m beat. Not sure I’ll even be able to stand. Glad you got somethin’ outta this, too.”

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“Pfft. If ya were able to stand, I’m going to be offended. Actually.” He grinned playfully, and forcefully, unsummoned his magic. The shower would help calm the heat. Not the first time he had to do something like this.
“Now let’s hit the showers, sweets.” Red shifted his beau, hooking underneath to lift the skeleton into his arms.

He walked into the bathroom, and used his magic to start up the shower to a warm temperature. “Gotta get both of us clean at least.” Red winked at his partner who he gingerly placed on the tub, the water hitting the other’s chest below. “Wouldn’t be a good lover otherwise.”

Red grabbed a small towel to wet and lather up, before beginning to scrub their fluids off clean. He’ll clean himself after his lover was taken care of.

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Huh. So Sans did need to be clean. But hey, if the other skeleton was offering...

Sans had an easy smile as he looked up at the other skeleton. “What’s your name, anyhow? I’m Sans.”

Getting a name after they’d already fucked. Good job, Sans.

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Red snorted. But he took only a second to figure out if he wanted to tell his real name or not. “Name’s Scarlet. I know, sounds like a girl, but I gotta live with it.” He shrugged casually, before moving back to scrubbing, he was on the legs going up. Saving the pelvis last as it was the most sensitive.

“So what ya do for work, Sans?”

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Sans got the feeling he was only getting Scarlet’s stage name. Made sense, so he waved off the little bit of hurt he felt. If Scarlet didn’t want to share his real name, then he had every right to keep it secret.
Sans slumped at the mention of work. “Ugh, just do customer service. The job sucks, but folks aren’t exactly willing to hire a vampire. They’ll come up with a million excuses so they don’t get in trouble for it, but the message is pretty clear to me.”

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Red hummed, listening keenly as he got to the other leg. “Sounds rough, sweetheart.”

He was careful when he reached the pelvis as he pondered. “Well, why don’t ya work at the place I work at?”

Red grinned at Sans. “See, that establishment is well-known and hella fine. Good money, friendly peeps. Free fucks here and there. And your aphrodisiac bites will be your thing, your gig. Then, you’ll have free food!”

His smile became bigger at the prospect of it. Besides, he loved his job, why wouldn’t he gush about it. “Since ya got me, I’m your referral to get in, and I’ll teach ya the ropes. You got a fine ass and cock, and I know ya can summon a puss and breasts too if ya want, so I think you’ll do fine in the end.”

“What ya say? Not bad right?”

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If Sans had lips, he’d be biting it right now as he thought. “You think I’d be allowed to?”

Sure, he ran the risks of hunters if he let his nature be known. Just because hunting was illegal didn’t mean that there weren’t people who hunted anyways. However, Sans could teleport to get away from any attacks...

Not to mention, as Scarlet mentioned, free food. He wouldn’t have to worry about getting caught breaking the law just to eat. Wouldn’t have to try to live off of crappy blood bank food. “I mean, it’s not quite the job to call home about... but... I’m so tired of running risks just to have food in me. It’d be really nice.”
“Safety and security are our greatest assets we advocate. It’s very hush hush when it comes to information, so if at any point you feel uncomfortable or want off, just say so.”

Red stated seriously just as he finished washing Sans. “We don’t take shit in being harassed or abused in any way. And trust me sweetheart, I wouldn’t be doing this shot long if that were the case.”

“I’d... like that, then.” Sans’ voice felt small, even to him. Still, he really wanted this to work out.

Was it too much to ask for a job that wouldn’t discriminate based on what he was born as? To have food in his belly, and maybe even be able to afford something better than one of the most worn-down apartments in the city? If he had to have sex for it, then by this point, he’d take it.

Red took note of the slight hesitance. “Hey, if ya don’t want to. I ain’t forcing ya. Just a suggestion is all.” He shrugged. “I frankly liked to fuck around, but if that ain’t your thing, you actually don’t have to. We’re a strip club ya know. You can just dance and still get your money’s worth. Then, when ya need to feed, could just set up a private room and lay down your conditions to the customers. What you wanna do, what you’re not willing to. It’s free game at that point.”

It’s why Red loved it so much. The were too many perks.

Wouldn’t have gotten him to experience a lot of shit if he stayed at his old job. Heck, he wouldn’t be even able to afford the hotel room they were in if he wasn’t raking so much from it.
Well. That sold it to him. His next words were a lot more confident. “Then yeah, I’d really like that. ’M tired of being the worst employee just because of what I am.”

Tired of so much, though he wasn’t going to talk Scarlet’s head off about it. He could whine about his past later. When he wasn’t being offered the best job he’d probably ever get.

Look pretty, eat food. Maybe do some sex. He could do that.

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“That discrimination is the worst. On the same page as you there hun.” Red turned off the shower, and handed Sans a towel while he used another to dry his legs.

“Been there, done that. Glad to not deal with that shit no more.” Once the skeleton was completely dried, Red lifted Sans up to sit on the toilet lid.

“But now, you won’t gotta worry bout it. Oh, except,” he booped Sans on the nose. “I’ve reigned best employee every month and I ain’t about to let a greenhorn like you take my spot.”

Red pecked his mouth and moved back to turn the shower back on. Then, he ported out and back in, a fresh set of pajamas, courtesy of the hotel, to throw for Sans to catch easily.

“Need help with those? Or ya good?”

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“I’m good, thanks.” Sans pulled the top over his head, then scooted into the pants only a little awkwardly.

Was it hasty of him to already be relieved about the job offer? Because it really sounded like a dream come true.

Judging by Scarlet’s words, he was probably some other type of mythical. Maybe even one of the
ones that faced the real bad discrimination. And he didn’t face the same in the club.

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Getting the okay sign, Red got in the tub, and closed off the shower curtain. More of habit than decency, obviously. “Can you port yourself to the bed? I’ll be here for a while but you’re free to go on ahead and sleep.”

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“Yeah, I can do that.” Sans ported to the bed, giving the sheets a long look. They’d really made a mess. But hey, not like Sans hadn’t slept on worse. They’d not even messed with the blankets at all, so the whole of the mess was just on the top blanket. He just crawled under it all.

Worn out as he was, Sans fell asleep long before Scarlet finished in the shower.

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Hearing the affirmation, Red let out a groan he’d been holding back once Sans left. The water did nothing to calm the searing heat still in his bones. And stars, he wanted to be fucked, or he’d go mad.

Keeping the shower running, Red ported to his own house, where he knew that his friends, Chillby and Grillby will be at because he asked them to out his stuff back to his place.

They’ve been friends since they were kids, so he had given them a spare key long before. He, too, had his own set for their places.

Appearing out of thin air, the elementals, though having grown used to it, was still startled to see Red very much naked and wet.

Grillby immediately went to get towels and padded over to dry Red, while Chillby raised a brow in question. Their shifts were over, and thus, just recently got to Red’s place, specifically his room to drop off his stuff before the skeleton came in.
“What happe—”

“Vamp. Reaction to aphrodisiac strong.” He roughly grabbed onto Grillby’s lapels as he was the closest. “I need you both to fuck me.”

He didn’t wait for them to agree, already knowing they would as it wasn’t their first time doing something like this. Red simply, harshly, began making out with the elemental, keening when the latter reacted easily when warm, almost heated hands began roaming his body.

*Yes.* Red moaned when he felt another set of hands, rubbing his pelvis, stimulating his magic that easily formed. With two partners, his pussy came forth along with his ass.

“Guys, just, *please.*” He didn’t want gentle. Just fucking take him.

Grillby looked to his brother, and both nodded in sync.

“Well, since you said please.” Grillby lifted Red easily to push him against Chillby. The purple fires mixed with the orange in Red’s eyes.

Red’s breath hitched, feeling the head of Chillby’s cock poke his behind, whilst he saw Grillby undo his pants to reveal his own. The orange shaft rubbing against his quivering lips.

His grip on the other’s blazer tightened, and actual tears erupted in his sockets from desperation.

Grillby and Chillby didn’t wait any longer, and both thrusted into Red. Grillby kissed him to swallow the scream, both monsters didn’t wait for Red to adjust. They started roughly, just as Red wanted. The stimulation causing him to easily come, his juices squirting on their cocks.

Red wasn’t given a reprieve even so. Used as a toy, his friends fucking him to chase their own pleasure. Just as he asked for.

~~~~
Red had lost count on how many times he came, been cummed into until the heat finally left him sagging in Grillby’s embrace. Chillby was in charge of wiping Red clean for him to get back to his lover in one piece.

“Good now?”

Red hummed, “Yeah, thanks guys.”

Chillby clicked his tongue. “Strong reaction to his bite. You shouldn’t get bitten then if he wasn’t planning to take care of you.”

Red kicked his arm. “Don’t badmouthed him. That’s my beau and soon to be protégé.”

“Y-You …” Chillby looked at Red incredulously. “You offered him a job at the—why?”

Red shut his eyes, making a lazy gesture for the latter to shut and continue cleaning him.

Chillby growled but continued to keep his mouth shut and cleaned Red until he finished. Grillby was in charge of drying him up.

Once done, and Red was close to falling asleep, he waved the elementals goodbye and ported back to the hotel, this time, on the bed.

Under the covers, by Sans’ side. He used his magic to turn off the shower, and finally, closed his eyes to rest.
Sans woke to the sound of his alarm. He groused, reaching to turn it off. His eyes shot open when he realized that he wasn’t at home, only to remember where he was. Right, he’d had a pretty crazy night.

He had to wobble out of bed so he could pull his phone out of the pocket of his discarded jacket and turned off the alarm. He decided to call in sick, not sure if he would actually get the job with Scarlet or not. No point resigning if he might not even have a new job anyways.

He was told not to bother coming in again. Ever.

He really damn hoped Scarlet really did have the power to offer a job to him. Because if Sans didn’t get this job, he’d probably end up back out on the streets, unable to afford the months rent and unable to get a new job for far too long.

He leaned against the side of the bed, a frown in place and worry dimming his eyelights.

----

Red grumbled as he woke, eyes fluttering open. He saw the spot by his side already gone. “Sans?”

The skeleton yawned, slowly lifting himself up with help of putting the pillow under him.

“Did ya already leave?”

----

“Nah, I’m here.” Sans heaved himself up, moving to sit on the bed instead of next to it. “Was planning on callin’ in sick until I knew for sure I’d have the new job. Got fired instead.”

You’d think monsters would be a little more forgiving, but nope. Just because they had hope, love, and compassion in them didn’t mean they were guiltless in discrimination. Sans was so sick and tired
of it. Why should it matter that he has to eat pure magic in the form of blood if he went through legal means to do so?

He rubbed at his eyes, worn out even after just waking up.

----

Red, hearing the distress, half-asleep as he was, had his legs shift to his tail. Red scales gleaming in the morning sun, slithering to wrap Sans’ waist.

“S’fine. You’re better off comin’ with me.” He yawned again. “And don’t worry bout the job. You’ll get it.”

----

Sans was a little taken aback by the tail, but not by too much. He had suspected Red was a mythical, after all. Lamia, looked like.

The physical reassurance was nice, at least. Helped Sans calm down some. He wouldn’t... wouldn’t be seen as unhireable for being a vampire, at least. “Alright. Can ya blame a guy for being... well, my first time out on the streets was brought on by someone who pretended to give me a half-decent job. Not exactly willing to go through that again.”

----

“Won’t blame.” Red rubbed his eyes to rid of the sleep. A part of him realized he formed his tail, and another noticed that Sans wasn’t too surprised. Good reception.

Despite the casualty, there was apprehensiveness he couldn’t completely rid himself off. Must be those trauma bullshits when he had been hunted down before. Annoying sticky memories.

Red came up behind Sans to drape his body over, arms dangled at the sides on the other’s body as he rested his chin on Sans’ head.
“Will be fine, sweets. I know the boss. And she likes me~ So that’s practically a job guarantee. S’aalll bout them connections after all. Gotta know the right people.”

---

Sans leaned back, resting his weight on Scarlet’s chest. He closed his eyes, and took a deep breath. “I’ll... trust you.”

And boy if that wasn’t scary to say. Still, it wasn’t like he had much to lose now that he’d already lost his awful job. Either get the new one, or end up scrambling to find a new one before he landed in the streets.

---

“Heh, ain’t it funny to trust a snake?” Red paused, then thought about it more before blanching. “Sorry, bad joke.” Considering Sans’ circumstances at least.

Red pulled away, his tail shortening to form his legs back as he got off the bed to stretch. The cracks on his bones resounded, followed by a sigh. He almost wobbled, but being so used to getting shagged, he canCopyright (2023) Leanpub Ltd. All rights reserved strut a straight line in heels too if he wanted. Thanks.

So Red, naked as he was, walked to get his phone. He sent a text to his boss that he was going to introduce a newcomer that he deemed had potential.

“Want breakfast?”

---

Yeah, while Sans did like a good joke, that wasn’t one. Sans was already hesitant to trust Scarlet, he didn’t need that trust made fun of. He held his tongue though, not wanting to test his luck.

“Can go longer.” No need to drain Scarlet when Sans could last a couple days to maybe a week if he
tried without eating. The one nice thing about needing pure magic was that the body could last for a while on it.

----

Red shrugged. “All right. Since you’re gonna be my student soon, I can answer your questions while I get myself breakfast then.” He took his dress from the floor along his lingerie to wear and adorned his boots.

“Mind zipping up my back?”

----

Sans pulled up the zipper, before starting to get dressed himself. His clothes were ratty, and he wished he had a better set to meet his potential boss in. His old interview clothing had been ruined when some red liquid had been spilled (poured) on it. (With a quip about how it suited him, to be bathing in blood, just like he no doubt did just because he was a vampire.)

----

Red turned around to see if Sans was ready, only to eye the casual clothes. And with the rough patch the latter was having, he easily picked out what they could do today.

“Shopping.” Red turned around, the clacking of his boots on the hard floors followed as he grabbed for the keys.

“We’re gonna go buy you new clothes after breakfast. Don’t worry, it’s on me. My treat for showing me a good time, yeah?” Red turned himself halfway at the end to look at Sans with a playful grin and wink.

He added the last bit so that, he hoped, the latter wouldn’t go feeling guilty on nothing. Sans was going to be his student after all. And as his teacher, he was going to take good care of him. That’s all.

----
Oh. Geez, at least if this didn’t work out, maybe Scarlet would let him keep the nicer clothes? Or even better, the nicer clothes would help it work out.

If Scarlet expected anything in return, he’d have to wait until Sans could actually pay him back. He probably knew that, though.

If this did work out, then Sans would be more than happy to pay him back. If it worked out, Sans might finally have things go right for him.

“Okay. Thank you.”

----

*Good.* Red nodded. That’s what he wanted. “All right, sweetheart. Let’s move out.”

The two skeletons left the room, with Red locking it behind him before he teleported them to the front desk. “Checking out, Lara.”

The female, a grey wolf, looked at Red, and rolled her eyes as she took the keys from him. “Left a goddamn mess I’m sure.”

Red’s smile widened. “Thanks, you’re a darling~”

“Whatever.”

Red shrugged, looking to Sans, “She secretly loves me.” He joked, earning him another roll of Lara’s eyes, and he didn’t even need to look back to know.

The skeleton ported him and Sans once more, this time, to a grand mall. At this time of the day, it wasn’t crowded, heck some of the stores weren’t even open yet. But the restaurants were.
He took Sans’ hand, ignoring the typical looks he was getting for his attire, and headed to his typical fast food establishment to line up and order.

“Hi, welcome to Wcdonalds! How may I help you?”

“Hi, I’d a sausage wcmuffin, and a double double dark roast, please?”

“Will that be cash or debit?”

“Debit.”

Red, routinely, easily paid for his meal and took his paper lunch bag and coffee. He sat down on a two-seater, making Sans sit across from him.

Red took out his burger, and took a bite. He had to wait a bit more for his coffee to cool down. Burning his tongue was not on the agenda.

“So, what kind of rules do ya plan to make for yourself? Like, what’s allowed and whatnot, and what ya plan to do.” In a sense, despite his promise, this was screening.

Red needed to know what Sans was capable of. What he could and couldn’t handle. He needed facts so that he’ll be able to present Sans better to the owner.

----

“Oh, um, probably no sex yet, since I’m still pretty new at this whole thing. But I can wait tables, and maybe do dances? Might need some teaching for that. I mostly know more typical dances.” Sans fidgeted as he spoke. He couldn’t help feel a little nervous.

He really didn’t want to mess this up. Who knew what would happen to him if he did.

----
“Hey, easy, sweets. No need to be all nervous.” Red took a bigger bite so he can finish his meal faster.

“So, let’s take it a step down. What is allowed first. Do you have a preference for customers, are they allowed to touch you back, or touch you first? Do you prefer having multiple people or single reserving you? How often do you want to receive customers? Cuz like I said, you can just dance and still make money, but if you’re applying eating as part of it, gotta have some kind of scheduling too, and what you can handle. Those kind of things.” Red was halfway done his burger.

----

That was a lot of questions. Was Sans even cut out for this? He had to shove a rising panic down, he’d only make things worse with a panic attack. Just stay calm.

“U-um, they c-can touch back.” Stop stuttering!

----

Oh shit. Red raised up his hand to stop Sans. “Sorry. Sorry. My fault. My fault.” He crushed the wrapper in his hand, swallowing down the remaining food in his mouth.

“I overwhelmed ya. Completely my bad.” Red really felt bad. He might as well had pointed a gun at Sans’ face.

“Need a drink? Can you drink other fluids? I don’t mind offering my blood to help.”

----

Sans hunched in on himself, fearing that he might have just messed the whole thing up. Freaking out over simple questions. Now Scarlet was just going to humor him a little then wave him off, wasn’t he?
“I- i c-can drink other th-things.” STOP STUTTERING! Stop it, get your shit together! You might not have lost it yet, but you will if you keep this up.

Sans’ thoughts burned, and he was horrified to realize he was close to tears over it all.

He didn’t want to end up back out on the streets.

----

Oh stars. He’d gone and done it now. “Sweetheart, it’s okay. I’m real sorry for rattling your bones … Sorry, another bad joke.” Red handed him the tissues from the wcdonald’s bag.

“It’s really my fault. Really sorry, Sans. What do ya wanna drink?”

----

Sans had to pry one of his hands out of its deathgrip on his shorts to take the napkin. He sniffed, wiping at the tears that had welled in his sockets against his will.

Another question.

“I- um, wh-what would you s-suggest.” Sans deflected from the question with one of his own. It wasn’t like he drank much other than blood anyways, it just felt like a waste of money.

----

Oh boy. “How bout a good ol milk bottle yeah?” Red opened the little cap for his coffee before he asked. Just to get the steam out and rising.
“K-kay.” The stutter refused to go away, no matter how hard Sans tried to steady his voice. It frustrated him to no end, which only made the dang thing worse.

---

Red smiled sympathetically. “All right. Wait here.”

He headed back over to WcDonalds and quickly ordered a bottle of milk. He got back, handing Sans the drink and sat back down on his seat.

Red waited for Sans to drink, to calm himself. There wasn’t much he could do if each time he spoke would incite panic. He opened the cap to blow on his coffee.

They have plenty of time.

---

Sans took a moment to get the lid of the bottle open with shaking fingers. He took a slow sip, and found the taste... interesting. He sure wasn’t used to it, at least.

Scarlet thankfully didn’t say much else, letting Sans take a long moment to cool down. The flavor of the milk was enough of a distraction to help him distance himself from his panic.

Anxiety probably looked wonderful on a resume. Just lovely.

By the time he’d finished half of the bottle, he was feeling a lot calmer. Still not perfect, but like he could handle conversation at least.

“S-sorry about that. I’m a bit of a mess.” Just a bit.

---
Red waved a hand nonchalantly. “How are ya feeling?”

----

“Old. If I had hair, it’d surely be all white from stress.” To put it lightly, Sans hadn’t had more than a moment stress free for as long as he could remember. Perks of being a vampire.

----

Red snorted, transforming to a chuckle as he took a sip. The coffee warm. Perfect.

Since Sans could joke, Red will take it that he eased up a bit.

“Old and have white hair? That’s a classic silver fox in my book. I’d still date ya.” He grinned; maybe he meant it, maybe he didn’t.

“But getting back on the main subject, let’s take it slow. One question at a time. How’s that sound?”

----

“Okay. I can do that.” Scarlet was proving to be understanding. It gave Sans hope that he might still have a chance.

----

Red nodded, progress to the right direction. Now, let’s start with, “Can people touch you? Wait, let me rephrase. Do you prefer them to initiate the touch, or yourself?”

----

“Myself.” Sans didn’t want to go into a full panic attack because he didn’t realize someone was
reaching out to touch him.

---

Red noted it down on his phone in the pad app.

“Do you have a preference for customers?”

---

“What do you mean by that? Like how many?”

---

“Like, if you welcome both monsters and humans. Or just prefer one over the other. Or there is a specific race or species you’re not comfortable with.” Red took a sip. “We’re not perfect after all. Like me, I prefer not get involved with the dogs. Their knotting is a bitch to handle. Just nope. And cats too. Yeah, nope.” Red shuddered just remembering his experience. Curiosity killed a part of him.

---

“Well, uh, my bite doesn’t work for humans, and I can’t really feed off of them, either. So probably not humans. And if I’m going to be biting, they’ve got to be clean. Like showered this week clean.” Biting someone who hasn’t showered was like eating off of the ground. He wasn’t going to do it.

---

*Clean and no humans.* Red hummed. “How often do ya want to feed?”
“I haven’t been eating too much, so probably can only do two a day for a while. Once I get used to actually eating, I can probably do more customers in a day. As it is, the blood bank doesn’t have enough donors, so I only have a guaranteed meal every ten days. I ate more than that, but not by very much. I’d probably make myself sick trying more until I’m used to eating regularly again.” ‘I’ve been all but starving for a while now.’

----

“So, you can do two people in a day and eventually, need more once regulated. Am I getting that right?”

----

“Yeah. Can survive on less, but not healthily.” Case in point; Sans’ thin bones that looked like they’d snap under even a little pressure. That wasn’t natural in him, even if it might look nice. He’d much rather have some actual substance to his bones.

----

Red shook his head. “No surviving. Just living.” He noted down the preferred number. And made a note to increase in the future.

“So you want to dance, yeah? Just pole dance or is that with lap dances?”

----

Sans hummed, considering the question. “I can do both.”

It wasn’t like he didn’t consider even doing the stuff behind closed doors eventually. Lap dances could be fun, too! No need to hold himself back.
Red raised a brow. “I know you can do both sweetheart. I’m asking if ya want to. I rarely give lap
dances myself. Not because I can’t do it or preferred not to, it’s just not my forte.” Which meant he
suck at it. Go figure.

He took a bigger gulp to cool down the hurt ego. Kidding.

---

“I want to.” Sans’ voice was a lot firmer, this time.

---

*Look at you, there ya go. “Confidence is sexy, hun. Remember it.”*

Red put down a reference for lap dance instructor, as well as pole dance in case he wouldn’t
personally be able to on some days.

“All right, so no sex. For now? Or forever?”

---

Sans straightened, taking the advice to heart. He could do this. He could *do* this. “Just for now. I
need more practice before feeling confident with it.”

---

Red whistled. “We’ll just save the kinks talk for later then. Oh, do you prefer to bottom or top more
often?” He grinned like a cheshire. “Asking for a friend.” He wasn’t.
Heh, he clearly wasn’t ‘asking for a friend’. Not with that look. “I dunno. Never really stopped to think about it. Usually just end up bottoming.”

He said usually like he’d had sex more than three times. Still. “I guess topping could be fun, though.”

----

“Ooo~ save space for me. I mean, for my friend, of course.” His smile became as warm as his coffee. He liked that Sans was easing up.

----

“Oh? But if I save it for your friend, I won’t have time for you~” Sans teased a little, giving a small chuckle.

----

Red’s eye lights brightened. His expression softening, and showed a lovely delighted smile. _It was nice to be appreciated, even from teasing._ “Too bad for my friend then.”

----

That drew an honest laugh from Sans. “That’s all fine for me. Don’t know about you, but I’m sitting across from a fine skeleton right about now.”

----

Red blinked. Taking a while to process what was said to him. Do pardon his slow brain. And his equally slow reaction when his cheeks flushed. It wasn’t often where he receives a genuine compliment. And the kind where it wasn’t to get into his pants. Just … an honest compliment.

For once, it was Red who gave Sans a shy smile. “Thanks.”
He had to sip his coffee. Swallowing his embarrassment down to nonexistence.

He coughed, getting back into business and simply ignoring the heat still on his cheeks. It will cool down soon. “I think that’s all the questions I have. Now, for the clothes for today, we’re getting all kinds. From casual to formal to sass. Do ya have a preference for clothes?”

---

Oh man, Scarlet looked cute with a shy smile and blush like that. Sans would have to try to draw it out more often.

“Sure you wanna get me everything at once? I can buy some myself, once I’ve actually got the money to afford it.” Read; you don’t have to spend so much money on me.

---

“Oh, I know. I just mean a few outfits to get ya started. Think of it more as a beginner’s pack than anything. The basic of the basics. Then, once ya got your footing, you can do whatever ya want.”

Red was glad that he calmed down. Let’s not do that again please cheeks. Thank you coffee.

---

“You’re talkin’ to someone who’s only got a few outfits.” Clothes were expensive, and Sans could never find anything that fit him in second hand stores. He had maybe five full outfits, all of them as ratty as the last.

---

“I know I am. So we’re gonna add a few more to your collection. Maybe 2 outfits per category. You prefer suits or dresses? Pants or skirts?”
“Oh, I’m about fifty-fifty when it comes to that. Dresses and skirts can be fun, but not all the time.” Sans especially loved the skirts that flew out when he spun. They were so much fun. Though, the looks he got made it a little less fun. And the skirts getting destroyed also wasn’t fun. “... Might have to hold off on the dresses for now. Lock on my apartment is broken, and the neighbors love ruining my skirts.”

What … the fuck … did he just hear? Red blinked incredulously at Sans. Excuse me bitch? No no no, no one was about to mess with his student now that Sans was under Red’s tutelage.

“Yeeaaah, so we’re gonna look at a better place for you to stay. Aka, a house, dear. Not an apartment. Not with those kinds of … people around.” He was close to cussing them out. He deserved a gold star for behaviour.

“We’re gonna do that today too. Best to have it all done and ready.”

Sans sighed. He appreciated the thought, but... “No one wants to let a vampire rent or buy. Well, at least not for anything under at least three times the value it’s worth.”

He paid far too much for even just the crappy little place he had. It was at least a place to sleep, though. He’d need to know what his salary was going to be before looking for anything better. Needed to know what he’d be able to afford the outrageous price for.

Red nodded, as if he didn’t just hear something that twisted his soul. “You’re moving in with me then. Aptatata! I don’t wanna hear anything other than yes or okay.”
Sans opened his mouth to respond, but couldn’t even decide what to say. He just settled for a grateful ‘okay.’

Stars. He was going to owe Scarlet so much after all this. A job, clothes, and now even a place in his own home? Stars.

Sans had to actually wipe a couple tears away. “Th-thank you.”

----

Red’s heart practically felt for Sans. “You’re welcome, sweetheart.” He let out a soft smile.

When he was in Sans’ position, no one came to help. To lend a hand.

Now that Red was able, he wanted to make sure that Sans would live an easier life from now on. He didn’t want others to experience what he did. The nightmares.

No. Red won’t let it happen. Especially not to Sans.

Granted, he couldn’t help everyone, but helping who he can was enough.

He heard the clanging of metal, signalling that the stores were opening. Red moved to get up, a half-finished cooled coffee in his hand.

“Now, why don’t we go look around yeah? Just pick whichever ya want, and I’ll help out with matching. And if ya those dresses and skirts, no one’s gonna stop ya now.” He smiled, hoping to reassure Sans that there was nothing to fear.

“So, how do ya feel bout heels?”

----
Stars. Sans had to take a long moment to compose himself. He put the lid back on his milk and stood.
“Maybe in the future. Not today, though.”

Sans was honestly worried about hurting himself if he fell while trying to wear heels. He already was pretty weak, add in severe malnutrition and you’ve got a monster who had been struggling just to survive.

----

Red shrugged. “No worries. They’re good for stabbing people if anything. Kidding. Maybe~” he grinned playfully, uncaring that he was getting all kinds of looks still now that they were roaming around.

“Could just get low-heeled shoes, maybe even flat-heeled ones. Ooh! Sandals works too. Comfort is priority after all when it comes to clothing.”

----

“Something like that.” Sans decided to loop his arm with Scarlet’s. He started the motion of shy, but remembered to act confident halfway through.

He probably just ended up being awkward. Oops.

----

Red gave Sans an encouraging look, and took on a more relaxed posture. He didn’t realize he was a bit tense until Sans joined their arms together. Stronger in numbers, huh.

“Take your time, sweets. Those kind of things will come to ya. The key is, to believe in yourself. And never let yourself be put down by anyone. And I know it’s easier said than done, but that’s why I said to take your time. Baby steps, hun.”
Sans gave a small, affirming hum. He gave a nervous glance at a rowdy, loud pair of women. Humans, too. Made him nervous.

He took a couple deep breaths, trying to calm down. It was okay. Everything was-

He jumped at a loud noise, composure breaking just a little more. Stars, he was usually better than this.

Red was worried when he felt Sans get startled beside him. “What’s wrong?”

He didn’t see much in the gathering crowd in the mall that may have caused distress to his partner.

“A-ah, it’s nothing. Just a b-bit jumpy.” Sans took in another couple shaky breaths. The longer he was out in public, the more nervous he tended to get.

Some days it just seemed like vampires were a large target. He knew it wasn’t really true, but that didn’t keep the paranoia from building. The longer he was out, the more likely it was that someone would recognize him as a vampire and spread the word.

But it was okay. He could teleport, he didn’t have to worry as much about ambushes. He would be fine.

Jumpy? That wasn’t good. Red didn’t know if he could pry in wanting to know where the insecurity was coming from. “How bout we just buy two sets today to make ya look stunning for tonight, and then order everything else online?”
“O-okay.” Sans relaxed a little, feeling better knowing that he wouldn’t have to be out for so long. “Sounds good.”


Ah, I see. Red got a hint from that, and mentally noted it down before they headed to a store.

Shopping came by easy now that they only have to buy two outfits. And ported out as soon as they finished to Red’s place.

The skeleton was lucky that two elementals wasn’t around. Would just add trouble that he didn’t want to deal with.

He took off his boots, using his magic to put them on the entryway. Then, he sat his ass down on the sofa, a deep sigh of relief escaping him. “How are you handling, Sans?”

“I’m okay.” Sans sat next to Scarlet with a sigh. He leaned his head on the other’s shoulder, taking yet more deep breaths. He gradually relaxed. “Thank you.”

Scarlet really was a great guy. He’d given Sans hope for a better future. For better in general.

Red chuckled, “No problem, hun. I got you.”

He closed his eyes, shifting his legs back to his tail. Since he was at home, having his tail was more comfortable. And he was lucky to remember than he was wearing a dress. Goodbye to his
underwear though.

Red only said “whoops” when he heard the familiar tear of clothe. He honestly forgot. Meh. Sue him. Murdered another article of clothing. Quite the serial killer he was.

----

Sans chuckled a little at Scarlet’s unapologetic whoops. Figuring it safe, Sans pulled back a bit so he could shift into his own second form. A small, albino bat crawled out from the pile of clothing he left behind.

He made his way nimbly up the back of the couch so he could rest on Scarlet’s shoulder. “Mm, cozy.”

----

Red opened an eye to look to a corner down, saw an albino bat on his shoulder. He couldn’t help it. Red opened both his eyes, and gingerly took Sans into his hands. He had to coo at Sans.

“Awww, sweetheart,” the tip of his tail wagged, as if he was a happy puppy. “You’re so adorable~”

Red used a finger to pet Sans. Unable to help himself. He loved small creatures.

----

Sans gave a little chittering laugh, leaning into the pet. “Yer lucky I like you. And that pets feel so good.”

Scarlet had Sans’ trust. He was comfortable in his bat form for the first time in a while, having not felt safe in an apartment with a bad lock and awful neighbors.

----
His gaze softened just like his smile, becoming endearing and warm. “Yeah,” he admitted. “I’m lucky.”

---

Well. At least Sans’ blush wasn’t really visible under his fur. Gosh, those words alongside that look! It was too much! He gave a small whine, moving to hide his face with a wing.

---


“There’s my sweet one.” His smile widened, nothing but affection in his gaze.

He didn’t think that Sans would be more than a one night stand for me if he were to be honest. The latter hadn’t seem much interested in him. And they would part ways as any other.

But Red got to know Sans a bit better. And he just couldn’t leave him alone. Leave him to go back to suffering and enduring.

Under his care, Red was going to make sure Sans would be able to be more confident. Believing in himself, and maybe … No. Sans was his student now. He was just a temporary lover.

Because once Sans get in the business, the only rule was, you weren’t able to have relationships with your co-workers. Which wouldn’t be problem with Sans and he, because at this point, with the latter’s trust in him, it was more towards friendship. And that’s all they’ll ever be now.

His heart clenched but it didn’t affect his expression.

It was fine like this.
Red continued to pet Sans, his smile, feeling like it was a permanent fixture on his face when he saw how much Sans enjoys it.

It was a calm and relaxing morning to noon.

----

Sans found it easy to relax in Scarlet’s hold. Eventually he clambered back onto the lamia’s shoulder, starting to feel tired. A little nap wouldn’t hurt, would it? A yawn found its way past his teeth. “Mind if I get a nap?”

----

“Nap sounds good.” Red summoned up a blanket from a cabinet, and covered himself. A warm-blooded creature like him, he gets cold easily when his tail was out.

A yawn followed after. He mentally blamed Sans for it as he closed his eyes.

“Sweet dreams, sweetheart.”

----

Sleep pulled Sans under easily. He was quite comfortable in his bat form.

His nap lasted long, a habit he’d found hard to beat when food ran scarce. Made the hunger seem a little less. Meant he also slept like a log, though.

----

Sleep wasn’t so gentle with him this time. Even though Red thought he’d escaped it, maybe even conquered it … he was proven wrong the scene was brought forth.
Running and running. He was pulling a small hand, but he couldn’t look back. Had to keep running as the sounds of gun fires didn’t stop shooting behind them.

“R-Red!”


“Aah!”

The hand he was holding was pulled away. He had to stop. Had to look back.

“Fell!” Soul frantically beating as he saw the horses with people on them. Approaching fast. No time. No time.

“B-Bro!”

Red rushed to get him. His hand outstretched for his brother’s hand—

*Bang!*

His eyelights shrunk. Watching. Could only watch. As his little brother. His dearest and precious brother, disted right before his eyes.

No. No no no. The tears erupted. The stomping got close. No time. He needed to run. Needed to live.

But he couldn’t. Couldn’t move. His brother. His brother.

“F-Fell?” He clutched the dust before him. Gripping the fine grains.

No no no no no this wasn’t. He *didn’t.*
“Noooooooooooo!”

---

Red opened his eyes, before shutting them once more to take a deep breath. He felt moistness running down his cheeks, realizing slowly that he was crying.

Again.

He dreamed of that again.

Red used the blanket as his tissue to wipe away the tears. It was a good thing that he never made much of a sound or movement, or else he’d be doing the opposite; howling and bawling over at this point.

Stars. He hated that part of his past. He hated how he still kept having the dream. But at the same time, he knew he deserved it. It was the only thing Red would beat himself over. Being a failure.

He failed to protect his family. His only family.

And for that, he didn’t deserve to be happy.

Red, eyes closed, took another deep breath. Just to ease his thumping soul. It was so loud in the quiet room. At least, to him it did.

What a crappy nap.

----

Sans was jolted awake when he felt Scarlet move under him. Seeing the tears, Sans was at a bit of an impasse. To comfort, or to pretend he didn’t see? Eventually he decided he couldn’t just watch the other be sad. He hopped down from the shoulder he’d been perched on to the couch then shifted to his skeleton form.
Ignoring his nudity, Sans moved to give Scarlet a tight hug. He didn’t say anything, not knowing what would be appropriate.

----

Red almost backed away from the contact. Forgetting briefly that he wasn’t alone, before realizing that Sans was there. Just saw him cry. How unsightly.

Though he did appreciate the comfort. He leaned on Sans, moments of silence given to him as he composed himself.

“... Sorry for waking your nap, hun.” He felt guilty for it. Unable to help himself for being a bit more vulnerable than before. More into finding more faults with himself.

He usually either face his nightmares alone, or he would pop into either Chillby’s or Grillby’s bed for comfort. He’d never really cry in front of any other. Sans was the first.

----

Sans tightened his hug. “’S okay. No one should be alone after a nightmare.”

Sans knew that from experience. From the chips in his wrists he’d made when buried under a mountain of grief. He didn’t want Scarlet to do anything like Sans had done to himself.

----

Red let out a small smile. “Thank you.” He curled his tail, and turning his body to Sans so he could hug him more; the blanket falling to lap.

He just … needed a moment. Just a moment until he was back to the same old Red. Sassy, confident, a bit of a bitchy asshole with bad jokes.
Red nuzzled the crook of Sans’ neck, repeating to himself that he just needed this moment. Then never again. He wanted to be Sans’ pillar, not become his titanic.

When Red deemed that he was relatively okay, he pulled back. His smile, though a little sad, showed gratitude. “Thanks. I’m fine now.” He glanced at the clock on the wall and decided to shift to his legs to get off the couch.

“We should start getting dressed for work.” Red headed to the kitchen to wash his face by the sink. Wouldn’t do to look like a zombie. Wouldn’t attract customers that way.

He had to be cheeky, playful, desirable.

Red placed a hand on his chest to pump himself up. Just fine. He was fine.

Back to normal. Back to normal.

----

Sans wasn’t sure if Scarlet really was ‘fine now’, but he let the avoidance slip. No point rubbing salt in the wound.

He reached over for the bag with the clothing he’d been gifted. He pulled out the dress, and got dressed fairly quickly. He also gave a small twirl, because the skirt had a nice flowy skirt, and what was the point if he didn’t twirl in it?

He felt nerves trying to build, and gave another twirl, as if to just twirl the nerves right out of him. It was gonna be fine. It was going to be fucking great.

----

Back to himself, Red headed back to the living room just as Sans was twirling about. A grin came forth. “Looking good, sweets. You’re gonna do great.”
He needed to change to, so he said that he was going to be back, before porting out. He used his magic to pull the zipper down, and began looking into his closet for something to wear. His schedule today was packed, so nothing restricting.

He got himself a black babydoll chemise style intimate lingerie dress. It had a buckle in the middle where everything met, as the torso covered his ribs like a bikini bra, and the lower area was like he wore a mini skirt. Thus, showcasing space between.

He wore some jewelry, diamond necklace, one his regulars liked him wearing it. And then took on matching pair of black stilettos.

One day, he’ll stab someone with his weapon shoes. One day.

Once done, he ported back to Sans. Not forgetting to get his phone and wallet in hand. “Sorry for the wait, ya ready?”

----

Sans blushed when he saw Scarlet wearing... that. He’d have to get used to the clothing, though, if this was going to be his job.

His own dress was held up by a string that tied at the back of the neck. It had a high waistline, and panned out widely. The hem was just above the knee, leaving a tantalising view when he really got spinning.

He bounded over to Scarlet, winding his arm in the other's like before. “Ready!”

----

What a cutie, Red thought before he teleported them to the front of the establishment. He waved at his elemental friends guarding the entrance. It was their shifts at this time.

“Hey guys, boss available?”
“She said to tell you that she’s waiting for you,” Grillby helpfully supplied.

“Sweet. I’ll just port to her then.” And he did so, not giving Chillby the chance to speak. The latter was grumbling at his wake.

They landed in front of the door, a simple purple with gold borders. Just to tell it apart from the others.

He knocked three times. “It’s Red! Muffs, I brought the newcomer~”

There was a resounding click, prompting Red to open the door. He tightened his hold on Sans to reassure him that he was going to be fine as he guided him to take a seat in front of the spider monster.

“You look amazing, darling.”

“Thanks Muffs.”

“And he doesn’t look bad as well.” Muffet nodded in approval as Red remembered to send her the notes he made as text. There was a small vibration on the desk that made Muffet look at her phone and nodded to Red.

“All right, dear, you go on ahead with your work. I’ll have a talk with your friend.”

Red turned to Sans, leaning down to give him an encouraging hug, letting him know that he’ll do great, and that he’d just be downstairs on stage when Sans was done.

They’ll celebrate after.

Then, Red left the room, leaving the Sans and Muffet.
Sans took a deep breath to steel his nerves. It was going to be fine. He gave a smile that he hoped looked more confident than he actually felt.

“Heya! I’m Sans.”

Muffet smiled. That was a good start she’s seeing so far.

“Nice to meet you, Sans. I’m Muffet, the owner of this stripper bar. I’m sure you’ve heard and my dear Ruby has told you plenty about it.”

Muffet scrolled at the list Red had given her, “Hmm. Looking at the information, I just want some clarifications if you don’t mind. You’re a vampire yes?”

“Yup. Born as one.” Sans tried not to let his nerves at the question show. This was the point where most job interviews soured. He was legally required to tell employers before he was hired, which really only hurt mythicals. Since he was a type of mythical that could turn other, normal monsters, he was also required to state if he’d been born a mythical or turned, and if he’d ever turned anyone himself. “And never turned another monster, either.”

He wouldn’t wish the pain of being a vampire on anyone, even if a vampire could live for hundreds of years. It wasn’t worth it.

Muffet nodded, having confirmed what was written true, she moved on. “So you can take in two people, and this is to help with your feeding too, yes?”
It wasn’t the first time. She had another vampire in her establishment and she also used it as a chance to feed. It helped her business since the aphrodisiac effect make the customers keep coming back.

----

“Yes. I will possibly be able to take more in the future, but trying to do to many at this point would likely make me sick.” Truth is best. Lies were just setting oneself up for failure.

----

Muffet nodded. Reasonable. Monsters only, needing them to be clean, naturally. There will be no heathen in her establishment despite the business she runs. The private rooms were like luxury hotel rooms. Only the highest end.

She scrolled some more. “Experience in dance?”

----

“Oh, I’ve got ballroom, jazz, and learned some latin for the fun of it a while back. Might be rusty on the ballroom though, it’s been oh, fifty some years since I last danced it at all.” Dance was fun, but Sans hadn’t had too much reason to do it lately. Too busy trying to keep a job after the legislation went into place requiring him to tell employers who he was.

He’d still practiced the jazz and latin dances though, finding them a good way to destress.

----

Muffet hummed. “I need you to pole dance and lap dance, so you’ll have some instructors teach you that. Though knowing you do jazz and latin tells me how limbre you are. Which is always good and welcome.”

Putting the phone aside, Muffet got some documents from her drawers and began stating what was on the document.
“Sans Serif Aster, age 705, born in 1313. No living family or significant other, graduated with a degree in chemistry. One violation record from feeding on someone without consent. No notable jobs in the last 26 years, and recently fired at your job in customer service.”

Muffet tapped the papers on her desk to straighten them. She looked at Sans. “Is everything here correct?”

----

Oh boy. Yup, she had everything. “Yeah, that’s all correct.”

Hopefully that infraction wouldn’t look too bad. He’d been nearly starved, and desperate. He’d gotten pretty careless. Thus, he’d forgotten to wipe the guy’s memory.

He needed the job, having been fired as Muffet had mentioned.

----

Muffet placed the papers down and clasped her two sets of hands.

“I’m sure you can tell. I’m very strict. This bar wouldn’t be where it is without some hard rules for the staff’s safety. There will be no discrimination tolerated. No kinds of harassments as well. Cleanliness and safety, as well as comfort are our priorities. The pay is generous and schedules are flexible. A dream come true to many.”

She continued after a short pause. “And that’s why, we are a tight-knit family around here. Looking out for each other. So I have one rule, dear. There will be no romantic relationships formed with the your colleagues. I find that even the slightest rupture cause disharmony. As such, if you will be working here, I want you to adhere to this rule. Am I understood, deary?”

----
Sans’ soul sunk at the information. He couldn’t turn down the job just because he really liked Scarlet and wished to try a relationship with him, though. He needed the job.

He ducked his head, feeling almost like a child being told he couldn’t eat a cookie like he wanted to. “I understand.” He looked back up, meeting Muffet’s gaze. “I won’t form any romantic relationships with my coworkers. I promise.”

It didn’t matter if Scarlet met all of the things Sans wanted in a relationship. They could be friends with benefits, maybe, but nothing more. Nothing more.

It felt like he’d traded one opportunity for another. Traded his chance to actually find love for the first time in over a hundred years for a job that could really help him out, and get him healthy again. The choice was clear, but Sans didn’t have to like it.

----

Muffet smiled, “Good. As long as you understand.” She took out another set of papers, grabbing her pen to sign her part before turning it around and slid it over to Sans. She handed him the pen as well.

“Just sign your contract here, and you’ll start tomorrow. Today, I want you to get a feel of things, so you’re free to look around and shadow whoever you want. I’ll have the staff informed of our new member. Please wear this,” she took out a badge of a small black spider, “and wear it on your person as it indicates you’re the newcomer.”

----

Sans took a moment to read through the contract. He only signed it after he deemed that there were no unpleasant surprises. He took the badge with a smile. “Thank you for the opportunity.”

With the badge pinned to his dress, Sans left the room. He went right to where Scarlet was with a smile.

He’d gotten the job.
Red had just finished one show when he spotted Sans coming to him. Seeing the badge and smile, a grin of his own made way.

“Hey, sweetheart, looks like ya got the job.” He made his way to his new colleague and still student to give him a hug. “I knew you’d get it! Welcome aboard~!”

----

Sans happily returned the hug. “Yup! Thank you.”

It worked out. Stars, Sans could hardly believe it. He should have looked at this line of work so much sooner. He had easy ways to avoid any hate crimes, so he might as well use what he was to his advantage.

Now he just needed to eat, and learn the new dances. That’s it.

----

Red parted, and guiltily looked at Sans as he was reminded of his deceit. “Uhh, right. Ya know how I said I was Scarlett? Sorry for kind of lying. Real name’s Red. Ruby is my stage name.”

Hope Sans was okay with it. I-It was around the same colour range … That had to count right?

----

Sans just smiled. “That’s what I figured. ‘S okay, you were just bein’ careful.”

Especially knowing that Red was a mythical, safety was important. It was why stage names existed
in the first place.

----

Red let out a sigh of relief. “Thank stars. Hate to lose the trust of my favourite student~” He winked for good measure, just for fun.

“So what did the boss say about what ya need to do?”

----

“Shadow someone today, start for real tomorrow.” Sans responded with a large grin.

This was going to be great. And for today, Sans was likely just going to be shadowing Red.

----

“Nice~ All right, follow me,” Red led Sans to the backstage of the podium, behind the curtains of the performing pole dancers. “You’ll get a one-on-one session with me for the actual thing later. I have a pole in my basement for practice. But a thing to consider is while you’re dancing, obviously you’re gonna get some cat calls here and there. Try to find someone you want to single out. Make em feel special. That almost always lands ya a customer that’ll become your regular. From there, it’s best to get to know clients even at a superficial level. We’re not their therapists. We’re here to make them forget of the bad shit and give em a good time.”

As Red explained, he was pointing to one of the dancers that decided to get close to one of the customers, most likely coaxing in a sweet way to get money, a promise for privacy, and whatever was necessary.

“Gotta make them remember you. Remember your name. So they won’t ever forget to choose you.” By which Red turned to Sans to ask. “Thought of a stage name by the way?”
Sans listened carefully to Red. He didn’t want to miss any important info.

As for a stage name, that Sans did actually have an idea. “I was thinking Azure.”

It was the color of his magic, and also a little hard to forget. Should be perfect.

----

“Ooo~ That’s a nice one.” He had only seen Sans use his magic once, and that was for sex. He had to admit, it’s a really pretty colour; very matching of the name which was probably the intention like his own.

Red then led Sans around the, where the washrooms were, the change rooms, how he was going to get his own locker and private room for his own customers. He also introduced Sans to the other members of the club, the bartender, and the security (bodyguards included).

“No need to memorize real names. Stage names are easier to remember since we use it here often.” Red was trying to remember what else he needed to say.

“Do you have any questions?” Figuring that if Sans asked, he’ll remember things on the way if he forgot anything important.

----

Sans followed Red around, hanging off of his every word. “No questions for now. Seems pretty straightforward.”

Now he knew what he needed to find and satisfy his customers. Starting tomorrow, all he has to do is make a couple people feel special, eat, and get paid. He could do this.
“Heh, glad you’re a quick study. Now, since you’re shadowing me, gotta see how I do it with a customer so you can get a sense of how it works.” Red hummed, walking along a corridor that led to the assigned private rooms for their customers. “Think I have one scheduled in 3 minutes. I’ll let them know that I have student and see if they’ll allow ya to watch. They probably will since everything here won’t be disclosed to anyone.”

Red turned left and a few doors down was a door with his golden plate on it, [Ruby] it stated; a maroon door with a black door frame. He knocked, just checking to see if anyone was inside yet, and hearing no answer, Red opened the door and let Sans in.

This was his private room for customers, lavished with dark grays and red hues, with some gold lining in furnitures here and there. Completely furnished: bed, sofa, tables and chairs, bathroom, bookshelves with books, and even had a goddamn kitchen. It had a more gothic style to it though. Something Red had come to appreciate, that, or he was too lazy to bother changing the interior design.

“This was from a previous worker. Got too lazy to bother changing the interior of it, and it’s not too bad on the eyes anyway. Oh, you’re able to change the interior, just so you know. And if the client requests a different from you, just let Clarence, he’s the guy with a horrible pink hair, know. He’s the one that assigns the rooms that suits the client's taste if the private room didn’t suit them.”

Red leisurely took a seat on the red sofa. There was a bed. But meh. “We just need to wait here until my client arrives. It’s best to arrive early so you can brief yourself about the client.” Red took the chart from the drawer in the study desk. “Note, that’s where we hide it. There will be some table in your private room, and the drawer in there is where you’ll find all the info bout your client.”

As Red had the chart in his hand, he told Sans everything, as in *everything* the client wants them to know, down to the specifics, are all in there.

“It’s a lot to take in, I know. But it’s simpler when ya get used to it. Like all things really.”

----

It felt a little... odd knowing Sans was there just to watch Red have sex with a customer. Still, it was in the job description. He’d be better off seeing how these things work.

Maybe he could also use it to help distance himself from Red somewhat emotionally. To remind
himself that Red was his friend and teacher, and nothing more. He signed away that chance.

Man though, knowing so much about a person’s sex interests before even meeting them made it a little awkward. He’d have to get over that.

----

Red chuckled at the subtle reaction. “Yeah, I know right? Kind of freaky. But you just gotta be good and all’s well ends well.” He shrugged nonchalantly before the gentle knocking on the door came.

“Oh, looks like they’re here.” Red sat up, fixing up his clothes before turning to look at Sans with a smirk. “How do I look?” Still decent?

----

“Stunning.” Sans winked, returning the smirk with one of his own. He could still do sexual flirting, right? Friends did that.

This was going to suck. Why did all of Sans’ potential relationships always go up in flames before he even had a chance to make them come true? You’d think a guy would manage a least one solid, long lasting relationship in seven hundred years of life, but nnnope!

----

Red giggled, eyes becoming warm that his playful flirting was returned. All right, time to show his student the good shit.

Having read today’s kinky adventure, Red first took out a blindfold from the drawers as he headed to the door. He opened it and before letting the man in, he quickly informed the latter that he’ll be taking on a student today to show him the ropes, and hoping that it would be okay for him to watch their play.

Thankfully, the man agreed, and Red let him enter in the room completely.
It was a tall skeleton monster, dressed quite handsomely, a rather formal attire. It matched what Red wore, as if they’ve just left a gala together. And the play began when Red handed the blindfold to his client.

Red’s expression shifted. Gone was the lax attitude and in came tenseness in his posture. His brows furrowed as he snarled at the monster in front of him.

“Y-You!” He pushed a finger, hard on the other’s chest. His cheeks flushing amber. “You’re a cheater! I-I saw you with her!”

A little high, but smooth voice countered with reason. “We were simply chatting.”

“Chat, my ass! She was a-all over you!” Red made an incredulous gesture, his disbelief and anger palpable. He was all riled up, imagining truly what it’d be, how he’d react if his lover had cheated on him.

He formed a fist and aimed to punch his client’s face, only to be met the large palm stopping it before it met its destination. Long fingers closed over Red’s fists, and caused his glare to intensify, sputtering expletives at his face.

However, that all changed. The mood changed.

“I don’t tolerate violence, pet.” Almost immediately, Red faltered, his expression showcasing fear and guilt at what he was about to do.

“I-I-I—”

Red was manhandled, lifted over the other’s shoulder as the skeleton headed to the bed and none too gently, drop him down. Red was only able to sit back up fast enough, but was unable to react when his vision was taken away from him.

“W-Wha—”
“Don’t touch it.”

The firm command had Red pulling his hands back just as he was planning to remove it.

His client hummed in approval. “Goodness, pet. You really need to reign your temper. Though, seeing you jealous has its fun merits, I do not appreciate the verbal cusses.”

A hand gripped his jaw, causing him to whimper at the strength. It might bruise. “Haven’t I thought you about watching your language?”

“I-I … Y-Yes, you did s-sir.”

“And? What do you think your punishment should be?”

At the mention of punishment, Red’s frame trembled, warm wetness sliding below the blindfold.

“I-I don’t hic know.”

“You don’t?”

Red’s whimpers were his only answer, making the latter sigh. “I know I taught you better, pet. Now,” he pressed Red against the front of his pants. “Surely your mouth could be put into a better use.”

The cold metal hitting his bones was the sign for Red to use his teeth to unzip the pants, and use his hands to lower them enough that he felt the hard and warm magic hit his face. Immediately, Red went on to lap at the shaft. His tongue coming out, flattening to wet the cock before him.

The groans encouraged him to go further, and took his master’s cock into his mouth, down his throat without preamble. The action caused a pleasant burn, the girth stretching his jaw, giving it a satisfying ache. His drool slid down his jaw as Red began to bob his head, sucking and slurping down the length. The large hand on the back of his skull was insistent to guide the pace, to have Red still, the whole cock inside him, and be removed completely to gasp and allow for thick strands of saliva to connect with the drenched organ.
“See, I knew I taught you well.”

Red moaned at the praise, the vibrations caused his throat to tighten and undulate, stimulating the length inside his mouth. It prompted his master to quicken the pace, outright choking Red before slamming into his mouth fully to coat the inside of Red’s ribcage his cum.

Red made sure to swallow, and kept swallowing, until his master pulled out slowly. Letting him savour the taste; to remember the spicy and salty flavour.

Red heaved, leaning into the touch as he was constantly praised by his master for doing so well.

Then, when his vision came back, and he was offered a handkerchief to dry his face from the crying and drool, the show was over. Red grinned, taking the cloth to wipe his face. His voice was hoarse when he spoke. “Damn, you really had it in ya. Bad week?”

“Something like that. Just the usual kinds of people that just doesn’t understand.”

“So, annoying.”

The tall skeleton chuckled. “You don’t have to put it that way.” Red only shrugged at him. “Are you all right?”

“Yup. Just that my voice is shot a bit. Just an ache in my throat. No worries.”

His client relaxed, assured that he didn’t hurt his partner. Then, he smiled at Red. “Thank you for taking in my request. You were very lovely.”


“And you do it well.”
Red winked at him. “Ya know it.”

That made the skeleton laugh some more before beginning to make his way to leave. He nodded to Sans and then left the room.

Red got off the bed to walk towards the couch and sit by Sans. He summoned a water bottle from the fridge to drink. “So, whatcha think?” He grinned at him, feeling quite proud of himself.

----

Hoo boy, that was something. Sans had watched with bated breath as the scene played out. He discovered... that he really liked seeing Red in a more submissive stance. It was a good thing that they could still have casual sex without breaking Muffet’s rule, because Sans really wanted to bring Red to that state himself.

“That was pretty damn hot.” Sans couldn’t be sure his dress hid his magic or not. He made sure to shift in a way that let his arousal show. “Kinda wonderin’ if I could get an encore, when we get home.”

----

Red had to laugh, pleasantly surprised and pleased at the reaction. “For a price I would, buuuuuut~ since it’s you, it’s a good maybe~” He drank some water after.

----

Sans gave a large smile, extending his fangs as an added bonus. He hadn’t missed Red’s reaction the first time he’d showed his fangs last night. “I’ll have to see what I can do to earn it, then~”

----

When Red saw the fangs, his body shuddered at the rememberance with anticipation and a little apprehension. He wondered if his strong reaction to it will eventually wane the more Sans bit him. Nevertheless, his interest never waned from it.
Red sent him an easygoing smile, but his eyes told a different story. “Already think you’re a big shot, huh. The master becomes the hunted?” he raised a brow challengingly.

----

Red would be a tough nut to crack, wouldn’t he? This was going to be fun. Sans stalked over, wrapping an arm over his mentor’s shoulder so he could whisper in his ear socket. “I don’t know, are you being hunted?”

One thing Sans had over a lot of monsters when it came to this game- he knew what spots were sensitive on a skeleton. He ran a finger lightly against the underside of Red’s clavicle, almost between where it sat over the topmost ribs. Teasingly close.

----

Just when Red was about to respond, Sans did a cheat move! But he won’t falter. He wasn’t about to become prey to a greenhorn. Though he couldn’t help breath hitching a bit shakily when he was unprepared for the move.

His smile broadened, enjoying the play still. “By a herbivore? Perish the thought.”

----

Ohh, that’s the wrong insult to use against someone with fangs as large as Sans’. “I don’t see any vegetarians here.”

Sans let his fangs grow to their full impressive four and a half centimeter length. He gently, playfully ran his fangs over Red’s clavicle. He didn’t actually bite, but he did give a strong reminder of what, exactly, it was he ate.

----
Red’s smile didn’t falter even if his body trembled slightly under the graze. “What? Aren’t you a fruit bat?”

Ooo~ That was a good one. Red would pat himself on the back if he could.

----

Not bad. Still, it was easily enough responded to. Sans made sure to pitch his voice nice and low. Doing his best ‘sexy voice’. “Wouldn’t you like to know~”

----

“Well, if ya show me, maybe I’ll know.” Red turned his face, showcasing his neck. “Maybe I’m sweet as a fruit? But,” his eyes morphed into slits. “It’s hard to say what to trust in what a snake says.”

----

“I’ll just have to show you then...” Sans pulled back at contrast to his words. His expression morphed into a slightly more innocent look. “But! Not while you’re on the clock~”

----

Red blinked to shift his eyes back, a pout made its way to his face. He whined, and pounced on Sans, making them fall back as he rested on his chest. “Why ya gotta remind me of work? This is bullying! I’m telling!”

----

Sans laughed as he was pushed back. “You’ll just have to wait until we get home~ Then we can have all the fun~~”
“Tease! I have regrets and am reflecting.” Red still chuckled even after he said that, no heat in any of his words.

It was … really nice to have someone this close to him. His childhood friends didn’t count. He didn’t have an option there. But Sans was a lucky break.

“Heh, real glad I pursued you though. Wouldn’t be able to be this happy otherwise.”

----

“I’m pretty glad for it, too. Got out of the hell that was customer service thanks to ya.” Sans hugged Red, feeling happy and light.

Sans was able to have a real job again, instead of the lowest possible crap where they didn’t care who they employed. It sucked that he’d likely not be able to go back into chemistry for a while, but at least he could get a taste of a decent income again.

----

“Retail is the killer of most dreams. Amen.” Red lifted himself to look at Sans with a warm gaze. “And it was nothin’, sweets.” He pulled away to get off. Like Sans said, he was still on the clock. “Glad that everythin’s goin to be lookin’ up for ya.” His smile was sincere this time. He was glad he could help.

----

Sans pulled himself to his own feet. “So what now?”

----

Red shrugged as he headed to the bathroom. “Like ya said, I’m on the clock. Another client will come up. Mind getting me a maid outfit from the drawers? I’m gonna take a quick shower.” He
closed the bathroom door right after.

----

It took Sans a moment to find said maid outfits. He pulled one out, walking over to the bathroom door. “Where ya want me to put it?”

----

Red opened the door and took the dress from Sans, a towel over his shoulders as he came out stark naked. He was real to shower seeing that the previous activity didn’t leave to much of a mess in him. He adorned the outfit easily after drying himself and set off after indicating for Sans to follow him.

From there on, Red had three clients; showcasing the customed room according to the client’s request in one of them. Out of the three, Red only dominated once, more towards acting like a queen than any kind of fucking. The other two was another play, a master and maid, and the last one was a little more sad. Red had to pretend he was the guy’s divorced spouse. Ouch.

It wasn’t the first, Red knew, but it always broke his heart playing these desperate roles. Still, it was part of the job, and he could handle it. A kind of disconnection as he was being ‘made love to’.

He might request to stop seeing those types of people soon. It left a bad taste in his mouth.

Red guided Sans back into the locker room to get his stuff since his shift was over, and he was famished. “Oooh! Let’s celebrate Sans~ For your new job. Any place in mind?”

----

Sans was starting to feel hungry again, but he paid it no mind. He was used to dealing with hunger, this wasn’t bad enough for him to actually worry about. He wouldn’t mind waiting a little longer to get home.

“Not really. Don’t tend to go out too much except to eat.”
“Don’t worry, sweetheart, you can eat me soon.” Red winked. “You did sort of promised after we get home. But, for now, I need to eat.” He sighed as if the entirety of the action was a cumbersome daily activity to do.

“Sometimes, I wish I didn’t need to eat. Now look what it’s doing? Making me have to wait longer til we go home.”

Sans gave a bit of a laugh at that. “If I didn’t have to eat, I wouldn’t have to worry as much about what I am. But we are what we are, and wanting to change that is just foolish.”

Wanting to change was what gave birth to multiple mythicals. A monster thinks their life will get better, so they seek out a mythical. Then, if the mythical actually agrees to turn them, their life only gets worse.

Red pouted. “I’ll toast to that. Too true. Glad you’re a vamp though, and not like, a werewolf or some werecat. I got issues with dogs and cats.” He closed his locker and took Sans’ hand.

“Plus, I do like someone who’s more ‘all bite and no bark’.”

Sans grinned at the quip. “Must not like yourself too much then. I’ve yet to see a real bite from you.”
Red brightened, outright laughing from that. “Oh stars! That was a good one!”

He might be clutching his stomach, and his cheeks hurt. “Hehe, too bad for you. Cuz sorry to say hun, I only bite when I mate. And we both know that it’ll never happen by a long shot.” He rolled his eyes in exasperation.

There was a tinge of sadness in him at the reminder, but he pushed it down. No need for one.

“Now, since ya don’t have any recs, there is this nice and quiet restaurant we can go to~ They serve really nice steaks. And their champagne is just,” Red showed him a ‘kiss of perfection’ gesture with a hand; similar to that of a chef. “Magnifique~”

----

Sans’ smile faltered a little at the reminder. Red knew the rule from the start, probably didn’t even see the potential of romance with Sans at all.

And stars if that didn’t hurt.

He shoved it down though. Gave a grin he hoped didn’t look to forced. “Sounds good.”

----


It was an Umericu restaurant, and they were pretty good with their meat.

Upon entering, Red asked for two, to which they were seated at very good location. A little secluded from the crowd, with a window view of the outside. It was cozy and the jazz amplified the relaxing atmosphere.

“You know, this place actually serve mythicals. It was hard to find, but it actually exist!” Red handed Sans the menu, and from the tabs, one can see there were sections specific to the mythical
Sans’ eyes widened a little, and he looked at the small section for ‘vampires and other blood eaters’. His gaze was drawn right to the sea-serpent blood. “Oh man, they actually have sea-serpent blood.”

Sans had only been able to find some once before in his long life. That stuff was one of the most delicious bloods, even long after it had been in the body. It also had effects on a vampire somewhat similar to what a vampire bite did to other monsters.

Heavy aphrodisiac. One of the strongest that worked on vampires.

Red didn’t know what that meant as he wasn’t a vampire. He tilted his head questioningly with interest. “Sea-serpent? I’m almost jealous I wasn’t one.” Being in the sea wasn’t his cup of tea.

“They good?” He looked through raw meats in his own section.

“Ya know how my bite makes ya feel? That’s what sea-serpent blood does to a vamp.” If he did get any, Sans probably wouldn’t be drinking it until they were almost ready to leave. So he didn’t pop a boner in the middle of a restaurant. Really made it a little odd that they sold it here, but Sans wasn’t going to complain.

Red whistled. “Daaaamm. So ya getting it?” He giggled, finding it hilarious that something like that existed. Mentally, he was debating whether he should get the beef or the ox meat.
“I dunno. Pretty expensive.” Sans shrugged. “Hard to find serpents willing to share/sell their blood. Can’t import it, either, because of the Mythical protection act.”

----

“Good thing ya have me then.” He didn’t glance up, still debating on which meat he should try getting. He needed to watch his figure too. Shit. He didn’t want to pass on the champagne.

----

Sans hummed, giving the price a second eye. It was pretty costly, but maybe it only seemed that way because he was so poor. “Did ya see the price on it?”

----

“Nope.” And not gonna. Don’t want to compare my own blood to a distant cousin, and have ya yapping on how they’re better than me.

… Is this … *Am I jealous?* Red furrowed his brows, the frown becoming evident. But only for a moment. He shook away the thoughts, deeming it insignificant.

What was the point of being jealous. Wasn’t as if Sans was his mate anyway. And he can’t be one at all because they were colleagues now. This … jealousy was irrational and unreasonable and could fuck right off.

Sans can drink whoever’s blood he wanted. Sea-serpent or not. Hmph.

He was getting the cow meat.

----
Sans put the menu down, figuring he’d just go for it. “Alright. If yer sure.”

Red was so nice to Sans. It made him wish he could actually have a relationship with him. So he could try his best to make Red happy. He’d just have to try to do it with friendship. He could do that, right? It would be okay.

----

So he’s getting it ... Go figure. Well, no point in arguing with yourself. At least Sans was enjoying himself as intended. As long as Red saw that Sans was happy, he supposed that it was fine. He’d have to ignore the ache in his heart though. It was getting annoying.

He smiled, and called for the waiter to get their orders and that champagne. Red might drink the whole bottle by the end.

----

Sans didn’t like the hint of upset Red was showing. Was it because Sans was planning to get the ser-

... The serpent’s blood.

Sans could have hit himself when he realized what was going on. No wonder Red looked a tad upset.

In the short amount of time he had before the waiter got to them, Sans took another look at the menu. He decided to go for something he didn’t recognize, but was sure wasn’t from any sort of serpent.

----

Hearing Sans change his answer, Red blinked questioningly at his partner. “Why’d ya change it? If it’s the money, I’m tellin’ ya. It’s a celebration for you, ya know? So I’m treating you. That’s how
that works yeah?"

----

“Nah.” Sans lied. “Just wanted to try something new.”

Red had seemed upset. No serpent’s blood was worth more than Red’s happiness.

----

“Are ya sure?” You looked pretty excited for it. “Not lying to me, are ya? I’ll nom on you if ya are!”

----

“I’m sure. Not changing cause it costs a lot.” Your feelings are more important than an aphrodisiac.

----

Red stared at Sans skeptically, but eased up when the latter meant the change.

“Oh … If you’re sure then.” Maybe … Maybe Sans thought otherwise of the sea-serpent blood. Like, he remembered something else about it that made him change his mind?

Red shook his head. Whatever Sans’ reasons were for the change, point was, he wasn’t going to drink it anymore!

The shallow part of himself, the serpent in Red, rattled with glee. There was something triumphant about being better than some sea-serpent.

Red looked at Sans with lightened mood. The storms passed to a calm undisturbed sea in his soul, and a small smile decorated his features. If his tail was out, it’d be wagging like a pup.
“What did you wanted to try out then?”

----

Yup, Sans made the right decision. Seeing Red perk up just cemented it.

Sans could at least be a good friend.

“Ah, I just didn’t recognize the name of it. Feeling a bit adventurous.”

Sans didn’t mention that almost all mythical bloods had different effects on Vampires, and if a vampire drank mythical blood... It was probably because they were feeling adventurous. And had someone they trusted around incase they... went a little crazy.

----

The smile on Red’s face became wider. “Wow! Look at you, becoming so wild.” He chuckled good-naturedly. “Where did my shy bean go?”

----

“He hides away when around people he really trusts.” The honest answer slipped past before Sans really thought about it. He blushed a little when he realized what exactly he’d just said.

----

It was a warm feeling beneath his chest. To be trusted this much ... “It’s an honour to meet you, Sans.”

A snake like him. Tended to lie often, betray. Red was like that before, but gradually became more himself.
Not the stereotype brought on his kind. Just Red.

It was … a real shame that he couldn’t have Sans as his mate. He … Red really liked him.

“I’m … really glad you trust me that much.” And this time, no bad snake jokes.

----

Sans gave a wide smile. “You earned it.”

----

Red chuckled as he shook his head at that. “You give me too much credit, sweets.”

Then, the waiter came with their meals along with their drinks.

That was like two glasses for Sans though, and Red almost choked on his saliva from the realization. It was a funny image to him.

His own raw cow meat looked quite appetizing. Red’s eye lights became slitted; happens everytime he sees raw meat. Makes grocery shopping a bit of a pain with sunglasses on.

“Looking good~”

----

The waiter came before Sans had a chance to respond. He let it slip, but only for now.

It made for an amusing sight, their table. Hunk of raw cow, and a glass of blood. Still, it was nice
seeing a place where they didn’t have to hide their true natures.

Now to see how much Sans would regret actually drinking his last second order. He took a sip, making a small face at the flavor. Not the best of tastes, honestly.

----

Seeing the funny expression, Red raised a questioning brow. “What did you even get?”

----

“Not even sure.” And Sans could already tell he was going to regret it. He was just waiting for the other shoe to drop. He took another sip, this time trying to taste it as little as possible.

Ohh, and it begins. He started to feel a little odd. Couldn’t place the feeling yet.

----

Just as Red was going to have a party, his hand was suddenly grabbed. It made look up to Sans and became even more confused when the latter entwined their hands together like star-crossed lovers.

He tried to tug away, but the grip was surprisingly strong.

“... While I could try to eat with a fork, an arduous task already with this slab of meat, I need that hand back to use the knife to cut it, sweetheart.”

Sans was being … off. He wondered if the blood had something to do with it.

----

“Oh.” Sans moved his hand back to his side of the table. He hadn’t quite realized what he was doing.
He took another sip of the blood. It was starting to taste better.

A foot sneaked its way across under the table, until it found Red’s and stayed there.

----

Red blinked, lifting the table mat to look down. Ah.

He put it back down. Just to confirm.

He looked back at Sans as he was cutting his meat. “Everything … all right, Sans?” Really odd. Was this a kind of flirting or some playful gesture vampires do? Red wouldn’t know.

----

“... yeah?” Sans’ response was a little odd, and he couldn’t figure out what. He tilted his head a little. Took another drink.

----

Red’s hand shot lightening quick to take Sans’ drink. “I think you’re done with this, sweets.”

He took a whiff out of curiosity and his face scrunched up a bit.

*Three-eyed flamingo blood*.

Out of all the … Red shook his head.

He called for a waiter to change the drink. More normal but still a better quality.
“Sans, dear, you need to sober up.” Red handed him his new drink, hoping it’d help.

----

Sans whined, reaching for the drink. It tasted good! He didn’t want it to be taken away. “But it’s good!”

He felt odd, but a good odd. He pouted, drinking the new stuff that had been put before him.

----

Red smiled apologetically as he took a bite of his meat. “Sorry sweetheart, this is for your own good. Them mythical flamingos, at least from what I heard, have a similar alcoholic-like effects. Best to sober up, yeah?”

There was guilt though. The hypocrisy of his actions and words. Wanting Sans to have a good time, but wasn’t he taking that away? Even though it was for Sans’ good, but is it? Who was Red to say that Sans wouldn’t enjoy himself drunk off his ass. Maybe, that’s what he wanted.

And here was Red, ruining that fun. They were both adults after all. Not children.

Wilting and wilting. Red felt like a killjoy. He really felt bad. “... Real sorry, sweets.” He mumbled under his breath. He took another bite. Not feeling up to enjoying the savoury taste anymore.

----

Sans kept up his pout, though it lessened a little when Red apologized. “...kay.”

It was okay. Red was just looking out for him. Keeping him from doing something stupid.
The small answer only disheartened Red more. “... K-Kay. Since you understand …”

He continued to eat, and started on drinking the champagne. One glass. Two glasses. Three glasses.

Red became quiet.

----

Sans started to get frustrated with Red. He moved his chair around so their chairs were next to each other. Put his head on Red’s shoulder. “Dun be sad. Dun like sad Red.”

----

Sad? Red wasn’t sad. He was … He was … sniffl e.


----

Sans slid the bottle out of Red’s reach. Then the glass. “Now you stop drinking.”

Red only seemed to get sadder with the drink. Thus, taking away the drink would fix it, right? Right. So away it goes.

----

Red hiccuped, rubbing his eyes with both hands.

----

No, no, Red wasn’t supposed to get even more sad! Sans moved to give Red a tight hug. “Don’t hate! Could never hate you, Red.”

----

Red sniffled, melting into the embrace, wrapping his arms around; hands clutching Sans’ back to nuzzle his chest. “Lying. Ruined hic everything.”

----

Sans was starting to think clearly again, having only taken a few sips. Thus, he could tell that he should probably just get Red home. “Come on, let’s pay and go home. We can talk more there, okay?”

----

Red hiccuped some more, rubbing his eyes futilely as the tears continued to erupt. Still, he managed to get the waiter to ask for the bill.

However, upon gazing into his eyes, slitted and teary, face flushed, enhancing the blush. Red carried a submissive allure that incited people’s want to protect, to love and care for. *To have.*

As if hypnotized, the waiter took Red’s hand into his own, kneeling.

Red was outright confused as he sniffled.

“Beautiful goddess, please let me take you away. I will make sure you won’t have to worry nor shed
tears anymore.” The waiter kissed his hand. “I’ll do anything and make you the happiest monster alive, please be mine.”

----

Sans gave a small growl. He exerted his magic just a little, trying to encourage the waiter to not look at Red’s eyes, and to look at him in general as little as possible. It was a trick he used to keep his food from recognizing who he was later, and now to keep the waiter from looking at what Sans assumed (he didn’t dare look just yet) were the hypnotic side of a lamia’s eyes.

Sans had to keep himself from getting too possessive. Red wasn’t his. Sans just needed to get him home, where his eyes wouldn’t be as much of an issue.

----

The waiter got himself in order, letting go as if they were burned. Coughing from their foolishness, the waiter quickly left and brought back the bill. This time, careful to keep his head down.

The whole time, Red was hurt. Look, even the waiter hated him. No one liked him.

It was funny and strange to someone else looking over and seeing a monster crying as they pay for their bill.

Once Red paid, he looked to Sans. “E-Even the w-waiter hates mee. Hic . No one likes me a-anymore. Hic.”

----

Sans took the receipt, then wrapped an arm around Red’s shoulder and teleported them back to Red’s living room. “Sit down, and take a couple deep breaths. I’ll be right back, okay?”

Sans didn’t wait for Red’s response, making his way to the kitchen area. He took a couple moments to find cups, then got some water and offered it to Red.

“Just sneak. Hic.”

----

“Hmm, I see. I’ll be right back.” Sans took the water back with him to the kitchen, and a little more scrounging turned up some food coloring. He put a little bit of red into the water and mixed it in.

“Here, now instead of sea water, it’s red water, like the color of my favorite snake.” Sans offered the dyed water to Red, hoping his little trick would work.

----

Red sniffled, perking up. “Fave sneak … me?”

His tail coiled, tightening.

Quiet.

…

Red launched himself at Sans. “Saaaaans~” he wrapped his arms around the vampire’s waist, nuzzling his chest. His tail slithering after to wrap around the skeleton’s legs.

There was a sound of glass breaking, but Red didn’t care. Teary slitted eyes gazed at Sans. “N-No lie? F-Fave me?”
Oh. Well. That works. Even if the ‘red water’ was ruined alongside the glass it was in. Sans moved a hand to lightly pet the top of Red’s skull. “Yup. And, you wanna hear a secret?”

“Sniffle.” Red liked being petted, he melted, purring. “Secret?”

“My favorite person just so happens to be a snake. So, if you’re my favorite snake, then who do you think my favorite person is?” A drunk Red was almost like a child. Sans found himself giving Red small tasks and questions to keep him happy, not unlike he would a child.

It seemed to be working. He had a happy drunk Red, instead of a crying drunk Red.

Red blinked, thinking about it, before pouting. He was already fave snek. Someone else was going to take the other spot. “Who?”

The tip of his tail wiggled by his side in anticipation for the answer.

Sans gave a small laugh, booping Red on the top of his nose ridge. “You, silly. You’re not only my favorite snek, but also my favorite person.”
Red’s slitted eyes brightened, his tongue like a snake’s, thin and bifurcated at the tip came out, as his tail rattled without a sound. He was no rattler.

“Hehe~” He licked at Sans’ cheek before rubbing it with his own. “Fave sssnek ‘n fave perssson.” Red liked that lots!

He subconsciously tightened his grip on Sans with his tail.


----

Sans’ smile turned a touch sad. It was both nice and depressing to learn that Red really did see him the same as he saw Red. “I wish so too, but I don’t want to be a burden on you. You love your job, and I need mine, too.”

If they were to have a relationship, one of them would have to quit. Sans didn’t want Red to quit just for that, and he also really didn’t want to be a financial burden on Red, like he no doubt would be if he quit just to have a relationship.

----


Heart hurt. Hurt. No want hurt.

Red loosened his coil and arms, letting Sans down, freeing him completely.

No mate. No mate ever. Alone.

Red slithered away to coil into himself, hugging his tail for comfort.
Alone.

He wished. Wishing so much. But alone.

Red was so tired of being alone. Heart always hurt.

He rested himself on his coiled tail.

----

Sans sighed, pressing a kiss to the top of Red’s skull. “We can talk about it more when you’re sober, okay? Too serious of a topic to have while yer drunk.”

Maybe if Sans was lucky, Red wouldn’t remember this come morning. Sans wouldn’t be happy about it, but there wasn’t much they could do. Maybe Sans could consider looking for other jobs, but it felt wrong to just leave so soon after Muffet was kind enough to let him work there.

It was just better this way. They could still have a sexual relationship, just not a romantic one. It would have to be enough.

Sans wiped away a couple tears.

----

Seeing the tears, Red’s own tears slid down. “Heart hurt too?”

Red placed a hand on his chest. “Always hurt. Wish have no heart. Don’t like hurt.” Sniffles.

----
Always hurt.

Heh, wasn’t that just the truth of life for mythicals, though? Life was never easy when people hated you just for being what you were.

“I know. I know. You’d think by my age I’d have found somebody, but it never seems to work out. It’s just how life is for us.”

----

Red nodded, eyes becoming lidded from tiredness of crying. He yawned, his own elongated fangs showed itself and hid just as they came.

“Sad life. Lonely. ‘M tired.” Red was closing his eyes. “Heart tired.”

Red should become a real snake. Cold-blooded. Unfeeling. He won’t hurt then.

----

“Bring it up with me later, and we can try to come up with something. Okay?”

Because Sans didn’t intend to bring it up. He’d see if Red remembered, then... If he didn’t, Sans would probably try to find some other relationship. Find someone else. He didn’t want to make Red lose the job he loved.

It would be better if they moved on. Stayed as friends, and nothing more.

----

Red hummed, and sleepily brought his hand out to Sans, pinky lifted. “Promise?”
If Red try … no more lonely?

Please … no more lonely.

----

Sans joined his pinky with Red’s. “Promise. Now let’s go get you in bed.”

If Red remembered, Sans would try to find a way for them to be together. If he didn’t… Heh, then he’d just try to help Red move on.

----

Red embraced Sans, having half the mind to port them on the bed. Immediately, he wrapped his tail around Sans, cuddling and snuggling him.

“Sans?”

----

Sans was a teddy bear now. A teddy bat? A teddy bat now. “Yeah, Red?”

----

It was as if there was a sense of limited clarity as Red’s slitted eyes gazed into Sans’ eyes.

He grabbed the other’s hand. And had his other hold onto it too. As if it were his lifeline. That might not be far from the truth.

“Don’t leave me.”
Looks like Sans was making more promises than he should tonight. Red wasn’t even asking for a promise this time, but still, Sans felt complied. “I won’t. Promise.”

He couldn’t promise he’d be there as anything other than just a friend, but he’d be there. Red was too precious to leave behind.

Red’s smiled sweetly, his gaze dreamy and loving. “Okay.” He whispered softly; if he spoke any louder, it would break the dream. Break the promise.

He closed his eyes, unable to fight the sleepiness anymore.

He never let go of Sans’ hand.

Sans didn’t think he deserved that gaze. Still, it wasn’t up to him. He was leaving it all up to Red, and up to fate.

He pressed a kiss to Red’s brow. “Goodnight, sweetheart.”

Sans followed the lamia into sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Join our discord! We only post completed works on here, but we have links to almost all of our fics on the discord channel. https://discord.gg/HrsVVMG
Chapter 4

The first thing he couldn’t ignore, was the massive migraine that woke him. Annoying. It was annoying that his head wanted to squeeze his brain.

Stars, it was a bitch. And painful.

Red whined pitifully, he pressed the hand he clutched onto his head. As if it’d ward away the migraine. It didn’t. But he only rubbed his forehead on it.

He hated headaches.

His began to wiggle in the discomfort of the annoying twinging pain in his head.

----

When Sans opened his eyes, the look of pain on Red’s face reminded him of why he’d been trying to get Red to drink water. He felt a little bad for having failed that plan now.

He didn’t say anything, figuring Red was probably overly sensitive and it’d just bring him pain. He flipped the hand Red was still holding so he could rub lightly at the lamia’s forehead. Pressed a kiss there, as if it would ward away the headache.

----

Red slowly opened his eyes when he felt the kiss. A bit disorientated from the migraine still banging his head.

It was hard to focus. “W-Water.”

How many glasses of champagne did he have? Stars, he loved the drink but he fucking hated the aftermath.
Sans slipped out of the bed, quickly grabbing Red some of the requested liquid. Made his way back to the bedroom. Kept his voice soft, barely above a whisper. “Here ya go.”

Red slowly sat up, feeling like he’d just gone to some battle and became battle worn from how weak he felt.

Still, he managed to keep himself upright, and quietly thanked Sans with a grateful glance. He gingerly took the cup with both hands and took large gulps. Drinking until he finished the whole cup.

He groaned, knowing that it’ll take a while for the pain to leave. He wanted to curl up and die. His tail was tense, coiled up to himself. Red gave the cup back to Sans to rest his head on his bent tail.

Sans gently stroked Red’s skull in a soothing manner. His healing magic was mostly good for sealing up wounds, but he decided to give it a try anyways. Let a little bit of the energy flow from his hand as he pet Red’s skull.

Sure, it was Red’s fault he drank so much, but Sans still hated to see him in pain, no matter that he’d earned it.

The ache lessened, though still there, it became more tolerable.

Sans just chuckled. “One time thing. You keep getting that drunk and I won’t keep helping.”

Maybe a bit cruel to say, but eh. He didn’t like seeing Red in pain, so the best way to avoid this would just be to keep him from doing it.


“To alcohol, yeah. To you? It’s a promise to help keep you from dealing with this pain as often.” Sans playfully booped the ridge of Red’s nose. “Just looking out for my favorite snek.”

Red’s cheeks coloured, a soft smile on his face. Being called the favourite snek. Hehe.

… The familiarity of the name had the memories from last flash before his eyes.

Stars … He might be dying. For reals.

His soul began to thump hard in his chest, and he blinked.

“… We’re not banned from that restaurant are we?”
Sans chuckled at that, though he couldn’t keep down the nerves while wondering if Red remembered or not. He wasn’t sure what outcome he’d prefer. “Nah. In fact, our waiter even proposed to you.”

Perfect time to embarrass Red for his small lack of control with his magic.

----


That part … was a bit hazy. But he did remember bawling his eyes while paying for the bill.

“O-Oh stars. That’s embarrassing.” He hid his face on Sans’ chest. “I didn’t answer right?”

----

Sans snorted, then chuckled, and had to laugh for a little bit before he could manage to answer. Let Red ruminate. “Nah. Luckily, all I had to do was use a bit of magic to get him ta stop lookin’ at yer eyes. Then you cried more because you thought he hated you.”

----

Red groaned, “Oh my staaars.” He always moderated himself when he drank, but he must’ve been upset enough to lose himself.

But he didn’t forget to look up at Sans, a gaze filled with gratitude and affection. “Thanks for the rescue though. Really vulnerable when it comes to drinking … and for the record, the waiter might actually hate me now after that stunt.”
Sans was finding Red’s suffering far too amusing. Still, he felt compelled to respond with a thanks of his own. “You stopped me from drinkin’ something I wasn’t familiar with, and once I started to sober up, I returned the favor by savin’ you from yer bad decisions.”

“And yeah, I wouldn’t be surprised if he did hate ya. Yer own fault, though.”

----

Red sputtered. “M-My fault?! W-Why?! I didn’t even do anything!”

It wasn’t like it was his fault that people get mesmerized by his eyes. Blame his great ancestor Medusha!

----

“Yer the one that decided to get too drunk ta manage your magic. Let me tell you, you’re lucky you’re alive today, and not a couple hundred years ago. Nearly got killed by a hunter the last time I got that drunk.”

It was only thanks to some help from some other mythical that Sans had gotten out in time. It left him a lot less likely to get drunk, after he’d heard that a hunter had been called in the area. Had to get pretty high up as a bat to get away from the town.

----

“Oof. Condolences.” Red kissed Sans’ cheek. “Thank goodness you’re alive then. Hehe~ Otherwise, we wouldn’t have met.”

His tail loosened up, draping its whole length on the bed, down to the floors.

Then, he snorted. “And ya may be old, but I’m old for my species too ya know. So it’s kindaaaa even.”
Sans laughed at that. “I saw Shakespeare’s plays while he was still alive. I’m just over seven hundred. Trust me, I’m old as dirt.”

Not that it really bugged Sans as much to be interested in younger monsters. If it was off putting to Red, though, then it was worth mentioning. Sans really- well, he wanted to be with Red, but it felt like such a selfish wish. He’d just be a burden.

At least it didn’t seem like Red remembered. Sans could just keep the knowledge to himself, and slowly try to get Red less interested. Get him to move on.

Red’s grin widened. “See~ my silver fox if you had white hair. How long do vamps’ lifespans even end?”

Sans shrugged at the question. “No clue. We’re pretty secretive, since hunters really like to target us. Even now, when it’s supposed to be safer. I’ve heard of a few that have lived for a couple thousand years at least, though.”

Red went limped at that. He whined pitifully. “That’s a shame. Guess we won’t even grow old together.”

He really was considered old for a lamia. At the age of 169. Lamias only live until they were around 250. He practically had less than a hundred years now.

At his age, he was already supposed to have a mate, a family. Reality sucked.
“Trust me, so called eternal life is overrated. Ya just get to go through so much more ‘orrible shit, and watch those you care about live, grow old, and die. Spreadin’ dust over their favorite things just fucking hurts.” Sans didn’t usually curse, but this was one thing he felt pretty damn powerfully about.

He might not have formed romantic relationships, but... He hated seeing kids all alone in the world. Back when he could still hide what he was from nearly everyone, Sans used to help out at a cute little orphanage. A lot of those kids were like his own. And it really sucked, seeing those you view as your own children grow old and die while you just stay the same.

Red hummed in understanding. While he wasn’t as old as Sans, haven’t experienced a lot. He still had his fair share of the same things. After all, not all mythicals live long. Some even lasts only 7 seven years.

“That’s why I said it’s a shame we won’t grow old together. Not asking for eternity. Just saying what it is.”

Sans sighed, letting the bitterness drain away. He moved to lean on Red a little. “I was considerin’ turning my significant other if they wanted, but... Well, fate just doesn’t think I deserve that sort of love, or something. Seven hundred years old, and can you guess how many times I’ve even had sex? Three. And one of those wasn’t even romantic in nature.”

Red jolted, body stiffening a bit. One not even romantic in nature … Probably them right? Hehe. Even though it was supposed to be a one night stand, and it made sense, saying it like that. The vampire made it sound like it was rape or something.
His enthusiasm and good mood soured. Even more so when he didn’t know if it was possible to even be turned by a vampire.

Maybe … last night was just Sans trying to calm his crying. None of the he said being true … but he promised.

Would … Sans mind if he brought it up?

His memories were hazy at some parts, but he remembered a good amount. Sorry waiter.

“M-Maybe we could come up with something together?”

----


Sans forced himself to relax, once he realized that he’d tensed up. “I-I did promise.”

Oh look, there’s the blush. Sans’ soul was racing. Still, to prove that he did return the feelings and since he could barely manage words, Sans pressed a kiss to Red’s teeth. He then rested his head on Red’s shoulder.

----

When Red felt Sans freeze up, his soul dropped to the pit of his stomach. Already thinking that it was mistake and it was just a joke.

His heart breaking further when Sans mentioned the promise. But it sounded forced to Red. Like he was just doing it because of a promise. He didn’t really want him.

But then, he saw the blush on Sans, and heard the fast beating of Sans’ soul.
He was confused. Getting mixed signals from the vampire.

He was still trying to comprehend when he was kissed. Stopping his thoughts.

And then Sans pulled away and rested against his shoulder.

The lamia blinked a few times, before relaxing his entire body.

“That was a rollercoaster, Sans. You were giving me mixed signals there …” he petted Sans’ skull, rubbing his back with the other. “Ya sure?” He asked quietly, as if not wanting to know the answer even when he felt the opposite.

----

Sans sighed, closing his eyes with a slightly pained expression. “I just... I don’t want to be a burden. Nor do I wanna make you leave the job you love.”

“I’m feeling pretty mixed feelings. I really want ta be with you, but I honestly think you’d be better off not pursuing anythin’ with me.”

There. He said it. He kept his eyes screwed shut, trying to hide the tears that were welling.

----

“Oh …”

A part of him … was mad.

Because Sans promised him that they would think of something together. And here he was, thinking everything all by himself.
The other part of him felt betrayed. His heart was really tired of hurting. Tired of being alone. And Sans … what he was saying, it was like he was already set to leave him. Breaking his other promise.

Were they just really lies after all.

Maybe this was Sans gently telling him that it was a mistake. Giving him an out. Because Red was drunk and Sans probably thought he wouldn’t even remember.

Careless. Red had grown careless.

Of course. Of course it was like this.

Who would really love a snake? No. It didn’t matter.

He deserved to be alone anyway.

There was an icy chill that coursed through his entire being, making him feel cold. Cold-blooded like the reptilian he was.

His soul closed. Heart clambered up. It turned into stone.

Unfeeling. Just like a statue. Stop beating.

Red shed no tears. Last night would be his last.

Maybe … if he looked at himself in the mirror long enough, he’ll just end his misery and turn himself into stone like his ancestor did.

“I … understand.” His eye lights became dull. Almost as if there was no soul inside.
Sans... he couldn’t just watch Red clam up like that. It wasn’t fair of him to try to make the choice for Red. Red’s input was just as important.

Sans picked his head up so he could lean his forehead on Red’s. “Hey. I’ve told you what I think. But I promised we could talk this out, figure something out. If you really... if you still want to try this, even knowing I’m gonna pretty much be deadweight, then we can have that talk. Not gonna take the choice away from you without at least giving it a chance.”

----

Talk?

... No.

Red wasn’t going to force Sans.

He understood.

It’s okay.

No need.

Red’s eye lights became duller. He was tired.

----

Stars, Sans really screwed up. Red... wasn’t even really responding. Just slowly looking worse and worse. Sans gave a small sniffle, raising a hand up to cup Red’s cheek. “Hey, come on. I just wanna see you happy. If you think bein’ with someone like me really will make ya happy... If you think I’ll be more than deadweight... Then I’ll do my best by ya.”
Sans pressed a kiss to Red’s forehead. “I really like ya. Just wanna see ya happy.”

----

Red didn’t say a word. But he closed his eyes. Warm wetness sliding down his cheeks.

He was quiet.

He didn’t want to feel … but he still did.

“... Don’t … lie.” Red can’t take any more lies.

Only snakes like him could lie. Because they can’t handle being lied to.

----

Sans gently wiped at the tears. It felt miserable, knowing he’d caused this amazing monster this much grief. He took one of Red’s hands, spreading it on Sans’ own chest, above his soul. “I may think you deserve better than I can give you. I may say stupid things, said stupid things just moments ago to try to protect you from weighing yourself down with me. But I will not, I refuse, to lie to you.”

“You decided to give me a chance, give me something most people have to pay for. You didn’t stop there, though. You offered me a job that could lift me out of the poverty I’ve been stuck in. You didn’t stop there, either, though. You offered me a place in yer own home, just so I could be a little safer. If I rewarded that with lies, then I’d really deserve to rot in the lowest pits of hell.”

----

The warmth radiating on his palm. Beating. Sans’ beating soul.

Red fluttered his eyes open. Almost unwilling; just so he couldn’t look anymore. Understanding a bit of why Medusha had a blindfold on.
More tears erupted, but his eye lights brightened a little.

“I …” his voice cracked. Mouth quivering slightly, as if he was about to crack under pressure. “I … want you.”

He sniffled. Expression shifting slowly, contorting to a sobbing mess. As if someone asked for an encore of last night’s performance.

“To be … happy.”

----

“Then you have me. Well, once we figure out how to do this without breaking our contract. Then you’ll have me.” Sans gave a small, slightly watery chuckle. He pulled Red into a tight hug. “If it’ll make you happy, then you can have me fer as long as you’d like.”

Sans couldn’t even be ashamed of his happy tears. He just- he’d made it pretty clear that he would be dead weight, in the beginning. That Red still wanted him, well. With a small sob, Sans tightened his hold on Red. “H-heh. Yer one hell of a person. First in s-seven hundred years th-that’s actually wanted s-someone like me.”

----

Red sobbed into Sans’ shoulder, clutching onto his back as tightly as can. As if he let go, he was going to lose Sans for good.

With the lights coming back, bring him back to life, he spoke. “... I’ll quit.”

----

“You sure? Really seems like you love the job. We can just say it’s not the job for me, that I don’t think I can do the whole fuck and move on. I mean, look at me. Fallin’ in love with ya already. It’d
only partially be a lie.”

Sans might not be willing to lie to Red, but he’d lie to others if it protected Red’s happiness. He’d probably do just about anything to protect Red’s happiness, at this point.

----

Red considered it for a moment. “Do you not like the job?” He was asking for real. Because Sans had been desperate at the time. But this was different.

He wanted to know what Sans really wanted to do.

----

Sans had to take a long moment to consider it. “It’s... Well, it’s not the worst I’ve had since the law that makes us disclose our nature to employers. It’s just... heh, I know I don’t have hope of getting use out of my degree again, but man if I’d love to have a lab again.”

Life just sucked that way. Even when things were starting to look up for mythicals, something always came to knock away that happiness. Sure, they didn’t have nearly as much need to fear hunters, but now they had no hope of hiding their nature anymore. Hate crimes were normal, and jobs were scarce.

Sans wasn’t going to get another chemistry job.

----

Red moved back, having calmed after hearing Sans’ story.

Then, he looked up at him. “... You’re stupid.” He sighed, as if the fact really depressed him before kissing Sans. “Should’ve told me. Didn’t I say, connections was everything?”

Red leaned his head on Sans’ chest. “Have a friend. Alphys. Looking for a lab partner.” He looked
up at his … soon-to-be mate in the eyes. “Need to freshen up your resumé a bit though. And don’t worry ‘bout Muffs. I’ll tell her ya found your calling elsewhere.”

----

“... okay. Okay.” Oh this hope has to be dangerous. Had to be. “I can pull out a few of my older records. Got a few things like that stored on the last bit of property I haven’t sold, just in case. My apartment, nor the past few I had before it, wasn’t safe for that sort of stuff.”

----

“Good.” Red hummed, moving to nuzzle the crook of Sans’ neck.

He’ll give both his boss and Alphys a call then a visit to both.

Right now, he just wanted to be in the comfort of his would-be mate. He sighed deeply. “Only got less than a hundred years though, sweets. Sorry that it’s gonna be a short one for ya.” If anything, Red would be the deadweight from all this. He was old.

----

“We- well, I don’t think I can turn other mythicals? But we can try? And even if it doesn’t work… Well, then I’ll just have to enjoy what time we’ve got. Heh, while humans have all their quips about life bein’ too short, I’ve found that just saying ‘Life’s too long’ fer whatever works just as well. Life’s too long to let fear keep ya from enjoying the good you’ve got while ya still have it.”

As if to make his point, Sans went in for a kiss. Gave Red’s cheek a couple strokes with his thumb. “No matter how long I’ve got ya, I’ll still give you all I can.”

----

A genuine smile bloomed on Red’s face. His eyes brightening back to their normal hues. His body began to warm, thawing the cold, the numbness.
He could feel, hear his own soul, thumping beneath his ribs.

“Heh. Look at ya, bein’ so determined, still being so sweet. Is this where my Sans has been?” He purred, then his tongue came out; a blep.

----

Sans chuckled, lightly flicking Red’s tongue. “M not Sans anymore. Not the old Sans, the sorry lump who was barely surviving when ya met him. I’m a new Sans, one you’re helping make.”

Maybe it was a little odd to see yourself as being slightly separate people, one per each part of your life. But, when you lived as long as Sans, it was a great way to define yourself over the years.

And this was going to be a new part of Sans’ life. The part where either he finally found love, or he was destroyed for it forever.

----

The rumbling in his chest became louder, pleased. Red leaned closer, nuzzling the crook of Sans’ neck. His thin tongue licking parts of it.

“‘M happy.”

Red was going to get a mate! Stars. Even if it was late in his lifetime, even if Sans wasn’t able to turn him, the now was more important.

His soul glowed beneath his chest. The joy overflowing.

He won’t be alone anymore.

----
Sans leaned his head back, exposing his neck a little so Red could keep up his affections. It felt nice. His own soul shone with joy. “I’m happy, too.”

Even if he only got this happiness for a few decades, it was still something he looked forward to. A good turn in an otherwise kinda miserable life. He didn’t even have to hide what he was to get this relationship!

----

With Sans’ neck presented to him, his own fangs, normally long and sharp, grazed against the bones gently.

“You know, we missed a lot of promises because we got silly last night.”

----

Sans shuddered, remembering exactly what Red was hinting at. “Sure did. You gonna prove that you do have a bite, after all? That you aren’t all bark as a tree?”

----

Red snorted in his laugh. “Thought you were gonna earn it?” Lids half-massed, though he carried a seductive allure, his eyes were honest and sincere with his love when he met Sans’ gaze.

Sans was everything—became his everything. Only one that mattered. This was … going to be his precious mate. And he wanted to cherish him.

----

Sans gave a cheeky grin. He went for the same move as yesterday, trailing a finger just along the edge of where it’d be sensitive. His fangs grew in anticipation. “I’m feeling pretty hungry... and there’s a tasty morsel Right. Here.”
Red’s body trembled, shuddering with delight. His tail began to curl around both of them. In turn, he presented his neck to his lover. “Hehe, you sounded like Vraculae there. Read his book? He your idol?”

---

Sans pressed his teeth to Red’s neck, speaking so his breath blew on the bone. “Who needs an idol when I’ve got you?”

Sans lapped his tongue over Red’s neck, before finally sinking his teeth in. He gave a moan at the taste of Red’s blood. It was still some of the best he’d ever tasted.

---

“Oh, so you read the book. Bad taste in book— ngh!” His body jolted at the pierce, tail tensing until it slowly relaxed, but still twitched about.

*Good taste in lovers*, Red didn’t manage to say, as he clutched onto Sans while he drank his blood.

The familiar rising heat was coming back; coursing in his bones. He let out a soft moan when his magic reacted, showcasing his cloaca. With his face slowly becoming more flushed, Red managed to keep as still as possible for Sans.

---

Oh stars. Maybe it was because Sans was developing strong affection for Red, but this time Red’s blood seemed to have a greater effect on Sans. Even while he drank, he could feel a rising heat.

Lamias were serpents, after all.
Sans reached back a little awkwardly, trying to get at the ties of his dress while he continued to drink. He wanted it off!

----

Feeling what Sans was trying to do, Red was more than happy to help, and used his magic to unzip his dress. He pulled it down, not wanting to disturb Sans’ drinking, and had to use his magic again to get the dress completely off of him; dropping to the floor from his tail.

----

Once there was no longer any clothing in the way, Sans started teasing his fingers around Red’s entrance. He slipped two in, scissoring them to help prepare him.

His own magic had formed to a weeping cock, and his movements caused it to rub against Red’s tail. The sensation drew a long moan from Sans.

----

A plethora of gasps and whines, as well as short moans filtered out of Red’s mouth. He hadn’t had sex in his lamia form before. Saving himself for his mate if he ever had one.

And that was Sans now.

The wiggling fingers, stretching him, were making him wet. And there was an embarrassing squelching noise that was heard easily.

His tail moved on its own, crowding around them a little tighter. The tip of it became active, slithering beneath Sans’ skirt to cop feels on the bones.

Red had half the mind to find the zipper to pull down Sans’ dress. His fangs, stars he wanted it, grazed against his lover’s neck.
Without anymore preamble, sunk the entire length into the bones.

Claimed.

Mate.

Red made his mark, and quickly removed his teeth. He licked at the punctures, tasting his mate’s blood.

It was … really good. He lapped at it a bit more. The discovery of it made it all the more difficult to part with.

Unable to help himself, he began sucking and drinking the blood that welled up from his bite.

Sans tasted really good. Red made a drawn out moan. The fires becoming more intense in him; stirring him up—boiling him.

Red had to part lest he lose himself completely. Watching with lidded eyes as the wound sealed, and licked his mouth when saw his mark on Sans blooming.

A black intricate design decorating the bones on and around the area he bit. A tasteful rose tattoo. His lamia mark.

----

When Red’s fangs dug into Sans’ bone, he only just managed to seal up his own bite before gasping and pulling away just a little. He moaned when Red started to suck on his blood.

Well. If it was possible for Sans to turn Red, it’d have just happened. A vampire’s blood was all that was needed for the change. The thought was a short one though, there were too many feelings at once to have cohesive thoughts.

Sans nearly tore his dress as he used his magic to get it off. It was just in the way. Sans couldn’t wait
longer, he had to find relief. He lined his cock up with Red’s cloaca, teasing at the entrance to give Red time to brace himself before sinking in slowly, careful not to hurt his mate.

----

“Aaahh-aaah! S-Sssssaanssss~! Nggaaahh!” The feeling of being stretched open gave a delicious burn, an ache he didn’t want to forget.

_More. More_.

Red felt insatiable, his insides clenching uselessly at the length. It was big. And Sans kept going. Deep. _Deeper._

Red writhed beneath his mate, his tail almost uncontrollable, twitching and squirming about.

His slitted eyes seemed to shine, enhanced with a flushed face. “Sssaanss~ Sssoo goood-mmgh~”

----

Sans shuddered as he hilted. He waited just a bit, so Red could properly adjust. When he did move, he started at a loving pace.

Sure they were both drunk on each other’s magic, but this? This felt important. Besides, Sans wanted to show his new mate his growing love.

This was about making love, not some quick fuck.

----

The pace was slow and gentle, but it had Red shuddering and keening, tightening and wrapping like the snake he was.
Mouth hang open as the moans came out. His eyes glistening with tears. *So good.* “I-I mmgh-aaah~! Love you! Haaah~”

His tip of his tail was restless as his body writhed. *So good. More. Please more.*

“Ssssaansss~” He was drowning. From the aphrodisiac. From the love and affection. From the knowledge that he found his love. That Sans was staying—for good.

He was drowning.

----

“Ststars, I l-hha- love you too!” Sans’ pace sped up a little, and he latched onto one of Red’s bones with his teeth again. This time his fangs were only barely out, feeling slightly different from when he’d normally bite.

He didn’t bite out of hunger, but instead because he felt compelled to. Like a burning need to make sure that while he didn’t mind Red sleeping around for his job, or even just pleasure, Red was still his.

When he pulled back and saw the faint iris left behind, he felt a well of *satisfaction*. He was Red’s and Red was his.

He could feel his peak creeping up, coming only as slow as the pace he set.

----

“I-In me, pl-please.” Red’s tail moved behind, pressing Sans closer to him. Loving that he was reaching deep.

His insides spasmed, and the lamia arched his back. Fingers digging into Sans’ back. Latching on for his dear life. He was cumming. And he was releasing so much.
His whole tail wiggled with the intense orgasm. Chest heaving, fast. It took Red time to get his vision back, to get oriented. His body twitched and trembled at the aftermath, still feeling like he was cumming still.

Stars. He’d never felt anything like it.

----

When he finished, Sans’ peak was intense. His vision whited out, and his arms encircled Red in a tight, tight embrace. Even after he came down, he still felt like he was floating.

He’d come at the exact same time as Red, and it had felt amazing.

The heat in him wasn’t gone, but he felt so drained. He breathed heavy, taking a long moment to gather himself. He felt weak, despite having just eaten.

----

Red purred, feeling so so warm from being filled. It was the most intense experience he’s had. And he’d fucked around with a lot of shit.

His soul soared with delight, thrumming beneath his chest.

He couldn’t help but laugh breathlessly, the sweat sliding from his bones onto the mattress.

“S-Stars … The wait was fucking worth it, sweetheart. D-Damn.”

----

Sans gave his own breathy laugh. “I’m not sure I can even move. A-an’ if it’s possible fer us ta turn each other, then I thin’ it jus’ happened.”
Red had drank some of his blood. Not much, but enough. And Sans had managed to leave a mating mark on Red. “I guess it’ll be fun ta see what changes.”

----

Just happened? “Oh, ya mean I’ve turned? … Huh. Explains why your blood was delish, sweets. And while I eat raw meat, it’s not really for the blood.”

He was slowly coming down from the high of everything, letting out a deep breath. “It’s fine to just … stay like this for a while.” It was comfy, and the snake in him didn’t want to let Sans go at all. His insides clenched as his tail wrapped close, unbidden.

The lamia was so giddy with having a mate, he nuzzled Sans’ face, and licked his mark on his lover’s neck. “Did good, love. It was amazing~”

----

“You’re pretty amazin’ yerself.” Red’s clenching around Sans’ length felt good, but he lacked any of the energy to do anything about it.

Sans moved a heavy hand up, stroking at the faint mark He’d left of Red. It looked like a nice blue color, though deeper than Sans’ magic. More like those blue pens. “Looks like I managed ta give ya a faint mark of my own.”

----

“Yeah? Equivalent exchange then.” Red hummed, “I got you a black rose. What ya get me?” Since he couldn’t and hadn’t seen it yet.

----

“Dark blue iris.” Sans nuzzled the side of Red’s skull with a slightly sleepy hum. “Startin’ ta fall asleep. Think ya should call Muffs before we crash?”
Iris, huh. Classy and soft. “Got a point.” He should.

Red wasn’t moving. But he really should.

“You work tonight?”

Sans hummed, giving it a little consideration. “We’ll have ta tell Muffet at some point. The marks’re probably a dead giveaway. Mebbie leave it up ta her?”

Red snorted. Calling her then.

Using his magic to get his phone, the lamia quickly dialed up his boss’ number.

“Muffs, mind cancelling your contract with Sans?”

Muffet sighed on the other side. “You fucked with feelings?”

“Youp.”

Another sigh. “All right. Are you still coming to work? I’d hate to lose one of my very best.”

“Hehe, no worries, still comin.”
“Good. Your partner is all right with it?”

“I think so.”

“Very well. Same time.”

“Thanks Muffs~”

“You’re welcome, deary.”

Red hung up and texted his friend this time. Too Lazy to give another call and promptly put his phone somewhere.

Don’t care.

Let him cuddle-snuggle and sleep with mate. “You’re fired. And hired. Let’s sleep.”

----

Sans chuckled at that. “Just so it’s clear, I really don’t mind ya staying at the job. You enjoy it, and that’s what’s important.”

Sans nuzzled into Red’s embrace. He felt warm and happy, and like he finally belonged somewhere. He fell asleep, too worn out to even pull out. It would just desummon at some point anyways.

----

“Heh, roger that. I’m yours anyway.” That won’t change.
Red closed his eyes to follow after his mate in the dream world. Not minding one bit that they stayed connected.

There were no nightmares this time. Just a smile on his face, and a mate in his embrace.

This was all he wanted.
Sans woke groggily, nuzzling into the warm arms surrounding him. He gave a tired groan when he spotted the time. He shook Red lightly. “Time ta wrap up our nap, love. You gotta get ta work.”

Ugh. Sans didn’t want to get up. He was so tired, and sore to boot.

---

Red groaned, not wanting to let go. “5 more minutes.” As if to emphasize his point, he wrapped around Sans’ legs.

They were like a sushi roll on the bed.

---

“Nuuu. S already hard ta wake up. If we fall back asleep, you’ll be late. Come on, Love.” Sans gave Red a few more weak, half hearted shake. “I’ll even be good and get up with ya.”

---

“Mwwweeeeeeieee. Meeaniee.” But Red still got up. Yawning as he let go his hold on Sans to rub his eyes. His tail followed after, uncoiling Sans.

Tempted. So tempted to just hit his head on the pillow again.

“Time ’sit anyway?”

---

Sans gave the clock another glance. It had taken them a little while with their slow movements to
even get to this state. “Five thirty three.”

----

Welp. Fine.

Red slithered out of the bed to head to the closet. He chose something at random. He looks good in any of them anyway.

“Going going.” He yawned widely, grabbing a towel with his tail as he went inside the bathroom to freshen up.

----

Sans had to try very hard to resist the urge to go back to sleep. He pushed himself off the bed with effort.

He knees wobbled, but he managed to stay standing.

Might as well be a good mate. Sans made his way to the kitchen on shaky feet. Opened the fridge, and pulled out one of the chunks of meat. If he remembered correctly, lamias liked raw meat, but with maybe some good seasonings.

It was moments like this Sans really wished he could actually afford a smartphone. Who knows, though, maybe with this lab job he’d be able to get one. For now, though, He’d just have to go off of memory.

A couple dashes of seasonings later, and it actually looked pretty appealing. Sans decided to humor his body’s urge to try a bite.

He’d never had much of a taste for raw meat before, but this tasted pretty good. Hopefully Red wouldn’t mind the little bit cut off the edge.
As Red showered, at first he thought that he was just tired when he couldn’t unsummon his tail. That was fine. He didn’t mind washing tail, making his scales look stunning.

But jokes aside, he can’t head off to work as a lamia. It’ll make it hard to move around, let alone try pole dancing.

Red concentrated a bit more this time to summon his legs.

He couldn’t.

Then, the realization had him sputtering in disbelief, eyes widening in surprise.

What.

What?!

Oh stars. No no no no. It was too soon! They literally just started last night. Body. Please.

Red tried and tried again. But he really couldn’t.

And that meant one thing.

He was pregnant.

Oh lordy lord. Red would bite his lips if he had some.

He should tell Sans. Yeah. Stars.
Red dried himself, feeling a little absent minded. He changed his clothes to home clothes. A comfy knitted long sleeve shirt.

And texted Muffet that he needed the day off. Something came up.

Something big.

And it was inside Red.

His magic working on them.

The lamia came downstairs than teleport. He was kind of … still in a shock.

Red spotted his mate in the kitchen, and had to hug him tight.

----

Sans turned back to Red, giving him a smile and a kiss. “Hey love. I got some food ready for ya.”

----

“O-Oh.” Red looked to the chunk of meat. Some parts nibbled on. It still looked appetizing.

Maybe eating would calm him down. Wait wait. He needed to tell Sans. But but, he wasn’t sure. Oh fucking hell of course he was sure. He wouldn’t be having this issue otherwise!

Okay okay.

“Looks good, love. Thanks.” He lifted the meat up with both hands to start munching on it.
His eyes brightened, really liking the taste of it. He licked his mouth, getting the spice flavours he missed.

“Oh wow, this is really good.” Red was starting to eat it with fervour; biting more and more off. A little bit more animalistic than how he usually dined.

----

Heh, looks like Sans did actually manage to prep the meat to Red’s liking. Gold star to him. “Glad ya like it. Was kinda taking a shot in the dark there.”

Sans did notice how nervous Red seemed to be. He didn’t say anything yet, opting to let Red at least try to bring up whatever was bugging him with Sans. Instead, he just gently rubbed his mate’s back. Giving him support and time.

----

Red let out a burp when he was finished. “‘Scuse me.” That was really good meat.

Sans was a real keeper.

… Okay.

Red took a deep breath, turning to face Sans. “Sooo. I called off work … for a while … like 2 months.”

Good start, good start.

He watched nervously for Sans’ reaction. Was that enough of a hint?

----
Sans cocked his head, confused. Why would...?

He took a long moment to try to piece everything together. Red, who’d been getting ready for work, but was still in lamia form. Why would a monster not only request, but get two months off?

His soul raced a little at the picture he was putting together. They really must have gone at it before their nap, because...

Oh stars. Oh stars.

“You mean...?”

---

Red smiled, still a little crooked from nervousness. “I think so … yeah.”

He clutched lower than his stomach, where he knew that he’ll have a small clutch of large eggs soon. Thank stars he was a lamia and not an ordinary snake. An 80-100 clutch was too much.

He might have 2-4 at best.

“Think you got me knocked up, sweets. Can’t unsummon my tail.”

---

Sans’ eyes widened almost comically, a couple tears trying to well in his eyes. Oh man. “Oh stars. Ohh stars.”

Was this really happening? Was this really, actually happening? “We... we’re gonna be parents?”

---
Red nodded. “Mhm. At least to 2 to 4. Depending on how many eggs I lay. It’ll take time for them to mature before I pop em outta me.”

He was just a little bit worried on what his mate thought about it. Just a bit. “H-How do you feel?”

----

“I- I- oh wow.” The tears finally fell as Sans moved to give his mate a tight hug. “’M excited. Really. Kids of our own. Um, if you want me to help carry at some point, I’m even willing. Lamias do that, right? I’m- wow.”

Sans was floored. Kids. They were gonna have kids.

----

Well, not many were willing to share the burden. He heard that they were heavy and uncomfortable. The larger the clutch, the more tired and more incapacitated the lamia is.

But Sans was willing? Stars. Red felt so lucky. Though he hoped they don’t have too many in the clutch so that Sans wouldn’t need to, the assurance, the choice was appreciated.

He was relieved. “’M glad you’re excited, love. Was thinking you might think otherwise. Since it happened so fast.”

----

“ Took long enough to find you. But if ya want this too, then I’m all for it. Used to help with orphans, ages ago. It’ll be nice ta have some kiddos that we won’t have ta be afraid of losing, with all the laws to protect us. Even if some said laws suck, we’re still so much safer.”

If it had been even a hundred years ago, Sans would have been more hesitant. But now? Life would be rough, but it wouldn’t be miserable as it might have been.
Red felt more assured. A grin making its way to his face. “I liked kids too. Wanted some for myself … Hehe.”

He looked at Sans, and punched his shoulder lightly. “Took ya long enough. Sweetheart, you had me waiting. And I’m getting any younger.”

“Eh, we’re monsters. While it’s possible for accident babies, it’s much more likely we wanted them in the first place.” Sans had no doubt their little ones would be loved. Stars, and Red was a lamia, so they could probably have upwards of four or five in a clutch.

“And as for keeping you waiting… I’ve been alone longer.” Sans stuck his tongue out in a teasing manner. He was a little taken aback to notice that it was now a lot more snakelike, but dismissed that as not being important.

Red chuckled, “In the second place. Sure as hell wasn’t thinking of having kids with the first time.” He winked.

He lifted his hands in surrender; however, when Sans brought age into the equation. “Old man. Please. Your age is showing.”

He stuck out his tongue after Sans had. Hmm? Were they so similar in length?

Red shrugged it off. Maybe they have been. “With that outta the way, how bout you?” Red tilted his head. “Hungry?”
Sans raised a brow. “What, you offering?”

Of course, Sans was still pretty worn out from the session that lead to their newest development. Maybe he could test his theory that he could eat meats now.

----

“Always, sweets.” He poked Sans on the chest. “I’m your fave snek after all. What kind of mate would I be, depriving you of me?”


“But speaking of, can ya eat meats? Saw the nibbles.”

----

“I’m still a little worn out, not as used to the activity as you are. As for meats- well, doesn’t taste as bad as it used to. Worth a try, don’t cha think?”

Stars, it was going to take some getting used to Red’s stamina. Of course, with a better diet as he had now, at least he’d be able to get back in shape. Vampires were supposed to be strong, not slightly weaker than a human. Yeesh.

----

Red whistled. “Sweets, for reals? I definitely wouldn’t mind chowing down on some slab of meat with ya. Quite the romantic date, I know. Peeps would be jelly of us.”

Had he mentioned Sans was the perfect mate for him?

Because Sans is the perfect mate for him.
Sans chuckled at that. “Sounds like a date.”

Seeing Red so happy about something so little was amazing for Sans. He was already so much in love. Both of them were. “Love ya, my wonderful snek.”

----

“Oh no. We’re so old. Is this the honeymoon phase? The lovey dovey shit? I mean, yes. I love ya too my hunnybunch. Love of my life. When’s the wedding?”

----

Sans snorted, giving Red a quick peck. “Whenever ya want, sweetcheeks.”

----

“I want it on the day the humans call Jesus Christ was born. What is that? Christmas? I’ll scream hallelujah on our wedding. And blessed be the holy.” Red was joking, of course. Like he would have his wedding on the busiest time of the year. What is he, stupid?

Everyone knows that a quiet and private wedding was better. Heck, they could just sign their names on a certificate and call it a day. Done deal.

Not like monsters were religious in the first place.

----

Sans’ laughter only worsened at that. He had to clutch at his lower ribs a little he was laughing so hard. “Oh stars I love you. Yer perfect.”
Once he was finally able to calm down a little, Sans got the urge to place a hand over where the eggs were no doubt growing. “I’m so excited.”

----

Red looked down, sarcastic remarks gone as his expression softened. “... Me too. Ya think they’ll be white snakes with wings? Red like mine? A mixed with patches? Stars. Not pink. I’m divorcing you if ya give me pink kids.”

----

Sans chuckled. “I’m an albino, but my family had more of a orangeish brown color. We might have some dark reds, and maybe even an albino like me.”

Thinking about it got Sans excited again. Even more excited. They were going to be so cute! “I imagine they’ll be more likely to show one trait over another, kinda like how we seem to have effected each other some, but are still separate mythicals. Hopefully they’ll all have the same lifespan though. But imagine an albino snake! They’d be so cute!”

----

Red nodded solemnly, patting his stomach. “No flying snakes then to reign terror on society. Looks like the plan for world domination would have to be for another time. Well, at least they won’t be pink. Bless.”

----

“I wouldn’t blame them for hating us if they were pink.” Sans gave a solemn nod of his own. The expression broke though, a large grin taking its place.

He was just so happy. His life had changed so much in just the past couple days, and he was loving every second of it. “Couch. Wanna cuddle.”
“They’ll hate us and we’ll be divorced.” Red better not get pink kids. He swore he’ll stab a bitch. Yes, he had something against pink. Sue him.

Taking Sans’ advice, Red hooked his arm around his mate’s as they walked/slithered to the couch. The days were going to stretch for a while because of Red’s pregnancy. And oh boy, the lamia was looking forward to it (not really. He was going to be fat and it’s going to be terrible)

“By the way, tomorrow,” because it was night now. “You’re gonna meet your colleague. A female lizard named Alphys. She’s a nervous gal. Don’t mind her when she stutters. But do stop her when she starts talking about anime. It’s cute, but she doesn’t stop.” Red rolled his slitted eyes.

“You should probably prepare that portfolio while we still have time. It’s early morning by the way. Around 7.” Morning shifts were a pain.

“Alright. I should probably grab the few things I care about from my apartment, too. It’ll probably be better if I do that sooner. Hopefully not everything is messed up.” That was going to be a pain. And Sans was not going to let Red get anywhere near the place. Not while carrying their eggs.

Red wasn’t sure if it’ll be all right for Sans to go back alone. That place sounded awful. And with the lock broken, he remembered it was, these neighbours of Sans might do something.

“I’ll come with you.” Greater strength in numbers.

Red moved off the couch to ready himself for the teleportation as he held Sans’ hand. Waiting for him.
“No. I don’t want you there in yer state. You’ve got some pretty precious cargo.” This was something Sans wouldn’t budge on. He hadn’t felt safe there himself, and he definitely didn’t feel safe taking Red there. “Ya can come with fer the shed, but not the apartment.”

----

The firmness in Sans’ statement didn’t dissuade his worries, but he couldn’t find it in himself to argue. Sans was right, and he’ll only become a liability because of his tail.

“O-Okay.” He squeezed his mate’s hand. Hoping that nothing bad happens to him. “Don’t forget to get me for the shed. I’ll wait for you here.”

----

Sans returned the squeeze. “I’ll be fine. Just in and out.”

To hopefully reassure his worried mate, Sans pressed a kiss to his forehead before standing. “Just sit tight, and I’ll be back in a moment.”

----

Then Sans was gone. Leaving Red alone in the living room.

The lamia slowly sat back down. “Sit tight he said.”

Stars. Red played with the hem of his shirt to calm his nerves. “He’ll be back. Just in and out.”

Nothing would go wrong.

Oh shit. He jinxed it. Red’s soul raced as his anxiety spiked.
Something should go wrong, he thought, just to counter the jinx. He really didn’t want anything to happen to his mate.

Red grabbed onto his tail hug for the some comfort.

He already wanted Sans to be with him.

The clock ticked.

----

Sans had two indicators he set up before he left the apartment. Little bits of putty set up so they’d show if anyone had entered a place. He first warped into the little crawlspace he’d set up under the bed, eye glowing. The putty was in tact. Good. He opened the makeshift door to the crawlspace, and glanced at the front door to the apartment.

The putty there was gone.

Instantly on high alert, Sans exerted some magic to sense for souls within the apartment.

He was barely in time to dodge a metal bat aimed at his head. Great. His apartment had been booby trapped. Again.

The bat was picked up, used as a tool to scout out other traps. He sprang a couple on the way to the spot he hid most of the things he cared about and had wanted near him. The charger for his phone wasn’t as important, but he also had a few over the counter medicines he used to manage some of his hunger and sleep issues. He also grabbed the copies of the papers he knew to keep handy.

He wrote a quick note, and teleported to the office to leave it on the desk of the property manager. That done, he was finally able to pop back to Red. “Sorry ‘bout that. Had to dodge a few bobbie traps, so it took me a minute to grab everything. Also wrote the landlord a note informing him I’m no longer a resident.”
Red jolted into action once Sans was back. Like a snake, he sprung forth and wrapped Sans in his arms. “Are you okay? Did they hurt you? What boobie traps? You can only be trapped in my boobies. Fuck your landlord.”

The worried lamia inspected his mate carefully for any injuries. Relieved that he didn’t find any, he went on to pepper Sans kisses on the face.

Not hurt. That’s a relief. He managed to counter his jinx. Stars blessed.

Still embracing Sans, he brought both on the couch to cuddle for a bit. His tail wrapped around Sans’ legs, treating him like a teddy bear.

“Did ya really get everything? No need to go back anymore? Good riddance?”

Sans easily let himself be a ‘teddy bat’ again. If it made Red feel better, then it was fine. “I’m fine. This was just a few guys being annoying turds, they don’t have any actual skill in setting these things up. And yeah, no need to go back anymore. Everything left behind was at least halfway to trash. Not worth trying to figure out all the traps just to grab stuff that’ll probably get thrown away anyways.”

“Good. Good.” Red petted Sans’ head like in that dramatically long ass movie where he saw this weird creature the humans conjured from their imaginations calling some ring ‘precious’. So he did just that. “Precious. My precious.”

His precious was safe now.
Sans laughed, settling in for what he suspected would be a good long cuddle session if Red was calling him that. Serpents were very protective of their treasures.

“Yup. Your precious.”

----

Red hummed, pleased that Sans agreed. He kept petting his mate, cuddling him for a few hours. His nerves eased up, but the lamia really like cuddling. He was very affection-starved.

Maybe even more so now that he was pregnant.

“So, to the shed? Watcha gonna get there, precious?”

----

Sans really didn’t mind being Red’s treasure. He fell into a near trance like state while Red continued to hold and pet him. It was nice.

He gave a groggy noise when Red finally spoke up. “Shed? Oh, yeah, right. Some of my proofs that show I helped a lot in a few different parts of the chemistry field. Always been interested in it, seemed kinda like a magic of its own to me for the longest time. Basically, I helped show people that the world operates by set laws, and not magic like was once thought. Ya know, anyone could get the same reactions, so long as they kept everything contained properly. Doesn’t require magic of yer own.”

----

Red blinked. He wasn’t a science nerd, but that sounded like a pretty big deal. He was excited to see it!

He loosened up so that Sans could stand once they both got off the couch. “I wanna see! Sounds really interesting.”
“Alright, alright. The shed is a decent bit away, and takes a bit of magic to port that far. Should probably try to see how well that meat’ll work out for me before we go.” Sans pulled Red in the direction of the kitchen. He really did want to see how he’d react to eating a good amount of meat in any case. The bite he’d eaten before didn’t seem to disagree with him, so it was time to try a larger portion size.

Red followed after Sans, and watched as his mate took half a portion of a good slab of meat, and began to munch on it. He took a seat across to wait for his lover to finish.

“... How are ya finding it so far? Feeling okay?”

Sans had to hold himself back just so he could answer. “‘S really good to me now. ‘N not making me nauseous at all. We’ll have ta see if we see the other end of it, but seems good for now. Might be able to process it all without havin’ ta use the toilet like a human. Blech.”

If there was one thing that grossed Sans out without fail, it was the human digestive system. He felt kinda bad for them, honestly. Having ta crap must be so annoying, and constantly replacing yer water content. No thanks.

Red snickered, relaxing since Sans was feeling fine. “Gotta admit though. If they didn’t, words like shit or piss wouldn’t exist. And I like my large vocab list of expletives.”
Sans laughed, making a face. “Okay, but maybe not talk about that while I’m eating. Gross.”

----

“Whoops. But ya started it. I was just gonna wait quietly and watch you like a creep til ya finished.” Red shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

----

“Okay, sure, I started it. I’m also ending it.” Sans pointedly went back to eating. The taste of the meat quickly drew him back in, and he was all but scarfing it down.

----

Red blinked. Watching like a creep as promised, and witnessed the rare sight of his lover wolfin
down the food like a starved beast.

*Stars.*

It was like Sans hadn’t eaten in *decades*.

Boy, he wished he was that meat.

----

Sans was almost disappointed when the meat was all gone. He gave a slightly embarrassed laugh as he recognized how odd his behaviour was. “Heh. Guess suddenly discovering a new taste that’s pretty good makes one hungry. That, or I’m going to need to eat more now.”

----
“Well, ya only ate half to try it out. Might as well finish the rest, and then eat me out.” He slipped that in casually with a shrug. Just a dirty joke he couldn’t help make. Wouldn’t be Red otherwise.

----

Sans rolled his eyes. “Half’ll do for now. Only make me half as sick if I do prove to still be intolerant.”

A shame, too. Maybe he could still just skip to dessert. “Though I would still love some dessert.” Cue licking over the teeth.

----

Red snorted. “Wow, so sexy. You missed a spot of meat between your teeth, hun.” He got off the chair, and took Sans’ hand.

“Can have dessert later after we got your stuff. If ya still have the energy after anyway.”

----

Oops. Sans picked at the bit of meat, swallowing it down. “All right, all right. Let’s go look at my few valuables that I kept and didn’t sell off to feed myself.”

One teleport later, and they were in a small but well built space. Had some really good natural climate controls built in to protect everything, and was also located in a place with very mild temperature. Sans kept the things most important to him there, so it was worth the cost.

There wasn’t any electricity, as Sans hadn’t been able to afford it for a while. However, a little bit of magic into a homemade lantern took advantage of Sans’ natural magics to change the composition inside just enough to reignite a decent glow. Gotta love magical/chemical reactions. Always fun to mess with.

Maybe Alphys would have enough resources that Sans could finally build his sustainable energy idea that used a mix between just a little magic and geothermal heat to produce even more magic that
could then be turned into conventional electricity. It could provide so many people with affordable energy.

That thought aside, Sans made his way over to some of his carefully preserved records. “Glad I still have a few copies of these here. Not the best, since I haven’t been able to afford one of the nicer printers, but enough. I can bring Alphys here if she needs to see the originals.”

Of course, the shed was one of Sans’ better ideas. “We’re actually a decent bit underground right now. You’ll notice no doors, either. I own just a small patch of land, and it’s so out in the middle of nowhere I don’t have to worry about people realizing this is here. My little time capsule, only accessible by me, and now you.”

----

Red was impressed. Very impressed. He doesn’t know a lot of science, not needed when it came to getting into people’s head. But from the looks of the drawings and documents, it looked very interesting and detailed.

He appreciated the aesthetics of these things.

Looking around, as Sans said, there were no doors. “Undergound, huh.”

It’s been a while since he’d been underground. Most lamias start in burrows and caves. And then it was survival from there on out.

It was … nostalgic he supposed.

Regardless, it was a decent place. Quite the hideout.

“Well. And all these are your works?” He picked some up, trying to understand the scientific jargon with calculations. But no cigar.

----
“Yup. These here reference some of my earliest work, back in the late 1700’s. Went by the name Parker Terrison Sans back then. I try to keep Sans somewhere in my name, and when I can, also Aster. The name I’m using today is actually my original one, though.”

When you lived longer than even most monsters, sometimes it was best to rename yourself. The longer you looked like you were younger than you should, the more likely some was to try to stake you. Go figure.

“It’s kinda funny, really. This’ll probably be the first time I actually admit to being all of these people. I wonder what people’s reactions are gonna be if this goes public. Since I keep Sans in my name, and made a set of typefaces that detail initials or just plain my names, I’ve got a pretty good way to prove it. Man, my days as Comic Sans were fun. Really messed with people’s heads. Never knew when I was joking or not.” This was Sans’ last ditch effort to get back into his field. He was pulling all the stops, this time.

By the time he’d gathered everything he needed to really come clean about multiple of history’s favorite scientists were actually one guy of one of the most hated races, he had a pretty decent pile. He started packing it all into a filing box for safe transport.

----

Red didn’t know what the appropriate words to say. What he heard was a more of a sad tale.

He slithered behind Sans to embrace him as he was packing, and stayed quiet.

He felt that no words could really deliver the things he wanted to say. He means to say.

He hoped silence was able to deliver that message.

----

Sans stilled for a moment, and turned to give Red a full on hug. “If anything, I’ll at least be stirring up a fuss in the scientific community. It’ll be fun to watch them running about like a chicken with it’s head cut off.”
It was fine. Even if Sans couldn’t get back into his dream profession, he still knew he’d made a large impact, and possibly even saved thousands if not millions of lives with some of his inventions and discoveries.

---

Red smiled at that. The imagery was funny. “You’ll knock em dead where they stand, sweetheart.” He kissed him on the teeth. “Everything will work out. I believe in you.”

Sans will get the job. Maybe he’ll even become an idol in the science field. There was only greatness that awaits his love. Red just knows it.

---

“Heh. Well, I’ve got all the things I need here. We can see about showing off the originals if we have to, if just to get people to believe it. But hey, I’ve been preparing this over the course of centuries. Never quite saw the right time to reveal it all until now.” Sans put the lid on the container with a resounding pair of clicks.

Who knows, maybe his kids will be proud to call him their dad.

---

“Don’t sell yourself short, hun. You’re a wonderful monster, a handsome mate.” Red rubbed below his stomach. “You’ll also be a great father.”

Red gave Sans a bright smile. “I couldn’t ask for anyone else. You’re my precious now, after all.”

---

“Geez I’m starting to think you’re a mind reader. Always seem ta know what I’m thinkin’.” Sans poked Red’s forehead playfully, while his other arm snaked around his snake’s waist so his hand
could rest right over the eggs.

It was hard to believe. Soon, there’d be a clutch of vampire/lamia crossbreeds running around, causing chaos.

----

Red chuckled. “Well, it’s not sex for sure. Or will be fucking already.” He nuzzled the crook of his mate’s neck affectionately. He might’ve purred a bit too.

And noticing where Sans’ hand was filled him with warmth. “I know. My psychic abilities tells me plenty. I’m pretty excited to meet them too. I should start putting aside money for a savings account. Prepare them for college already. Tuitions still reek.”

----

Sans chuckled, Lifting the box over to him with his magic. His pool still had plenty of extra magic, so he ported them back home. “Maybe I’ll manage to get one of my big ideas to work, and we can use the money from that to give them the very best education they choose. Or the local community college, if that’s what they want. Just as long as they’ll have a more secure future than I had, just a week ago.”

----

“Oh please, sweets. We are their parents. And we’re probably gonna smother em to death. Their futures are practically secured. I’ve made my fair share too. We’ll be rich enough by the time they actually need to go to college or whatever it is they wish to pursue.”

Since both Sans and him knew the hardships of financial insecurities, then they would make damn sure that their kids won’t end up the same way.

As if they’ll be able to stand it.

----
“Heh, no kidding. Bed cuddles?” Call him lazy, but after setting the box of important documents down, Sans wanted nothing more than to curl up in bed and lavish love on his mate and just barely created eggs. Who cares if the eggs can’t perceive anything about it yet? They’re his and Red’s eggs, and they were going to get all the love.

----

Red liked cuddles, he always have. So he didn’t even need to give a thought before agreeing. It was pretty late now after all. And Sans will have work starting tomorrow.

Shame. What’s Red to do all by his lonesome self? Start up knitting again he supposed.

Red tried porting them up, wondering if he could still do it. And to his delight, he managed! He got them to land on the bed.

*Phew. So I can still port. That’s reassuring.*

He couldn’t help giggling a bit for it. Just feeling a sense of accomplishment in doing so.

----

Sans maybe should have gotten at Red for using his magic like that, but he knew by now that if it was bad for the kids, his magic just wouldn’t have done it if Red cared at all about them. And he clearly did.

This time, Sans was the one petting his mate. And his mate’s belly. And overall lavishing him with love and affection. Honeymoon stage for the win.

----

Red appreciated it. He really did. In fact, he loved it.
But, he was a horny snake. It’s why he loved being a prostitute. His sex drive was high. And all this petting, lavishing him with it, it was fucking turning him on.

“Sans, you’re making me horny.” Direct was the best approach. “And you have work early morning. So as much as I love it, ya best stop.”

----

Sans sighed, knowing Red had a good point. “I can’t wait till I’ve got a better stamina. Yer right though, sadly. Let’s get some sleep then.”

Sans moved to be level with Red, instead of down by his belly. Wrapped his arms around his lover, and closed his eyes.

Sleep would probably be easy after the emotion rollercoaster of a day they’d just had.

----

Red inwardly whined, but steeled himself. You’re doing the right thing. Even though it sucked.

He wrapped his arms around Sans, and used his tail to pull the bed sheets up and covered them. If Sans was going to wake up early, it was also best not to wrap his tail around him too.

He closed his eyes as he spoke, “Honestly, if ya have the same sex drive as me, hun, then we’ll never get anything done. So take that as a good thing instead.”

----

Sans chuckled, pulling his phone over so he could set an alarm. No sleeping in for him. He got to be the breadwinner until the kids hatched, so he needed to take it seriously.

“Good night, love.”
Red yawned widely, before he hummed out his reply, “Night, sweetheart.” *Good luck tomorrow.*

Though he may not see Sans when he woke up, he had feeling that everything was going to be just fine.
Chapter Notes

So, talking about it, Fish and I decided that We could make Red be from a different universe, one that doesn't really have much content. He'll make appearance in the future under his new name, Rose from Lustfell.

When his alarm went off, Sans quickly reached over to his flip phone to shut it off before Red also woke up. Red hadn’t firmly wrapped his tail around Sans like the past couple time sleeping together, so Sans was able to slip out of bed fairly easily.

Time to get ready. On goes the decent suit he’d gotten, higher quality than the dress Red had bought for him. Dressing to impress. He really wanted this job.

He made sure to eat the other half of that meat slab, since he’d yet to feel any unpleasant side effects from the added food to his diet. Convenient that he no longer had to drink blood, but could also eat from things that weren’t alive anymore. That weren’t people.

He left Red a cute little note, just letting him know he was headed out, and since he’d neglected to tell Red before, left his phone number there, too.

Once he was ready, he set out. He teleported to the nearest place he knew to the lab, ending up close enough to enjoy a bit of an early morning walk. He got to the building just a few minutes early, box of papers in hand.

Showtime.

He was directed to Alphys’ personal labs, which would be shared with Sans should he get the job. He knocked on the door, entering after hearing the timid ‘c-come i-in.’

“Hello. I’m Sans.” He used a nice even tone, keeping his accent down to seem more professional. “I believe Red let you know I was coming?”

“O-oh, hello S-sans. S-so, if I’m g-going to w-work with you, I-I need t-to know your q-
qualifications.” The slouched figure seemed to straighten a little, and her voice grew a measure more confidant. “The records I was able to find showed that your degree is a good number of years old. I need to know if you are willing to learn everything that has changed since your last job in the field.”

“Can do. Most of what I’ve got here are copies of the original, but I can make that available if necessary. Not all of my work is credited in the info available to potential employers, as I did not wish to incorporate some of my other identities over the years into this current one. However, even if I do not get this job, I think it’s time for the world to know.” Sans moved over to one of the few available places in the lab to set down the box.

He started spreading the papers out in a set few piles of loose organization onto the space. Getting the message, Alphys started to read.

It took a while. Even just sorting out all of the documents took Sans a good few minutes, and then they were cast into silence as Alphys started going through all the information in front of her.

She started a pile off to the side of what she deemed the most important papers. She also used a magnet to put the papers with all of the fonts in the Sans typeset, and the patents for them. Compared them to the names on the documents before her.

After a point, she deemed this to be something above just her standing.

“I’ll need to call in a few people, validate the papers, and rule out any forgeries. Could you write your number on that board? I’ll contact you when we need to see any of the original documents. I’ll direct you to a building with much higher safety protocols than this one to prevent any sabotage from the team that will likely have to work on this. In the meantime, I can set you up with access to multiple libraries, both physical and digital and sign you up for a few classes to catch up with the latest changes. You will be paid for your study time, so please dedicate your time to it. Is there anything in these documents you do not wish to leave with me?” Alphys’ stutter all but disappeared as she seemed to fall into the zone where anxiety didn’t even apply. Sans was a little impressed, and thankful she was taking him quite seriously, despite his nature as a vampire.

“Nope, you’re good to keep all of this.” Sans strode over to the board indicated, writing his number down neatly. At the same time, Alphys had pulled a clean sheet of paper, and was writing down the resources for Sans to start studying.

It took about another two hours for everything to get settled. Sans was signed up for classes, was loaned a laptop (though if he was hired, it would become his) and given access to multiple libraries
and databases.

“O-okay, that’s a-all I have f-for you today. P-please start studying, and I’ll contact you as th-things progress.”

And with that, Sans was sent home. It felt a little surreal, to be taken so seriously for the first time in years. Alphys didn’t seem to hold a single ounce of care over his race. She just considered the things that really mattered, and was even being kind enough to lead the effort to prove Sans’ different identities were all connected.

Sans would enjoy working with her.

He took a shortcut home at around eleven. It was time to start digging into things. “I’m home!”

----

When Red woke, it was about ten in the morning. And obviously, no mate by his side. He grumbled a bit at that.

And despite not wanting to move, he needed to eat. Needed to eat for more people than just himself. Ugh. Responsibilities.

Red shifted slowly in lifting himself up, rubbing his sockets to rid of the sleep.

He spotted a note on the bedside table and reached to take a look.

A small smile etched his features, followed by a snort. *True. I never did ask for his number.*

Sweet of his mate to leave him a note though. He appreciated the gesture.

Lazily, Red got himself ready with washing up so he could function better, adorning a tank top this time before downstairs to feast.
And after making sure he was full, stuck with nothing to do, Red shrugged and made do with his promise to himself on that knitting plan.

As such, he was seated on the couch, quarterway in knitting a scarf when Sans came home.

Red greeted his mate with a bright smile, setting his project aside to get up to hug and kiss his lover. “Welcome home. How did it go, sweetheart?”

----

Sans set his new laptop aside for now, sitting to give his love some love. “Went pretty well, all things considered. Alphys basically gave me access to some libraries and stuff, and signed me up for a few classes and told me to study while she validates all the crap I just dumped on her. Getting paid to learn fer now, so not too bad.”

----

“That’s good news! Good job, hun! I knew you were gonna be fine.”

He curled his around Sans to pull him closer. “And your gonna ace those classes no problem. Hope they hold your interests though. Seeing as you lived through it, practically founded the basics of it.”

It was kind of funny to imagine it.

‘Do you guys know who invented this theory?’

‘That’s me. Right here. In your class. Teaching my stuff.’

Red snickered at that.

----
“Yeah, but I can’t wait to see how things have changed in the past twenty or so years. New machines, new theories, it’s gonna be so much fun.” Sans was practically bouncing where he sat. He was really excited to see all the new things.

“Ohh, I wonder how they’ve compacted on a few of my favorite theories. Like, man, it’s been fifty years since I had a current degree in physics, but I hear they’ve made so much progress. I can’t wait to dig into quantum mechanics some.”

----

Red didn’t understand the mumbo jumbo but seeing Sans already so excited … Red was thankful that he knew so many people.

He was thankful for a lot of things.

His soul warmed, glowing a bit from the unbound joy he was feeling from his partner’s enthusiasm. He was looking forward to all kinds of stories his mate would tell him whenever he came home.

“Sounds like it’s gonna be a lot of fun.”

----

Sans nodded with a big grin. He moved forward to give Red an energetic kiss. “I’m so excited. Getting back into my passion, and have so many great things to look forward to, now.”

The hand that went to rest on its favorite spot showed exactly what Sans had to look forward to. He felt so impatient.

----

A breathless laugh slipped past his teeth when they parted. “So eager. Rome wasn’t built in a day, ya know.” Not that he minded. He liked how Sans was really looking forward to not only the job, but
also to meet their kids.

“I thought you’d be more patient considering that science takes time to develop.”

---

“Yes, but that’s why scientists are so scrambled. You just can’t wait for one project to progress, so you just start another! Keeping busy keeps ya sane, I’m tellin’ ya.” Sans laughed. He must have been glowing.

---

“Ah … Makes sense. No wonder those guys drinks so much coffee and barely gets enough sleep. But you, mister, are not gonna follow that kind of shitty routine, capiche? I want you back home when you’re done and spend time with me. Work is work. Family is family. Ya get?”

Red pressed a finger on Sans’ glowing chest.

He wasn’t about to be part of those dramas he’d seen in movies and television. Or in those stupid romance novels.

---

Sans responded with another tight hug. “You and the lives you hold are the most important things I’ve had in my life. I’m not going to neglect that for any job.”

And Sans was serious. He’d been through a lot, had nearly a hundred different identities over his live, and never once found real love. After seven hundred years without, Sans was going to treat this opportunity as what it was- a chance for happiness.

---

Red was thrilled, “Good.” He purred, nuzzling his mate. Now he won’t have to worry so much. He
trusted Sans to keep his word anyway.

From there onward, there was system of sorts they fell into. With Sans taking classes now, Red was practically the housewife in his time of pregnancy. And without much to do, not like he could leave his place often, he called on his childhood friends to let them know the good news.

It was a riot. Or, Red was having a riot. Grillby and Chillby barged in just as Sans came home one day, and boy, did they grilled his mate about responsibilities, and Red himself about it too. Still, he was laughing the whole time.

That was certainly one way to get your mate and best friends to get to know each other. Could’ve been better … Naaaaah. It was perfect.

The elementals soon came to accept them, and promised to visit often enough as they plan to be great uncles and amazing godfathers.

After that, life became more or less peaceful. Sans would come home, they’d have dinner, chatting about what happened with their day. Mostly Sans did the speaking, since Red doubted he’d have much to say on his end. Watch television. Eat. Sleep. Knit. Gossip.

Stars, he was getting fatter by the day. His figure was being ruined.

No troubles so far with the classes, in fact, Sans was faring really well. If being on top of his classes wasn’t proof enough. He’d also, finally, been credited for his works as the original! Sans easily got the job right after, and stars, did they celebrate that night.

A nice good old fashioned date from their favourite restaurant, followed by passionate lovemaking once they got home. Red was really impressed with Sans’ stamina that time. Gave him a run for money. The power of science maybe.

And soon, a month had passed. Red’s womb bulged, having to carry four large eggs inside him. It wasn’t time yet. Still maturing.

With Sans also getting steady pay for his effective work ethics and large contribution to the field, Red couldn’t afford to complain about some backache. All mothers experienced backache.
Thankfully, Grillby and Chillby would drop by to keep him company when Sans was gone. Their massages were divine. It really helped.

But oof. So heavy. Red, like most mothers, felt like a whale.

Thus, when Sans came home that one evening, Red, due to increase in emotional hormones, was crying his out after watching a teledrama series. “I’m sooo faaat. And you’re gonna leave meeeeee.”

----

Sans chuckled, setting his bag down and made his way over to his mate. “How could I leave you when you look so beautiful swollen with our eggs?”

Corny as the line may be, Sans honestly meant it. Just like he meant it every time he complimented Red. “I guess we haven’t fully talked it out yet, but what do you want to do when the eggs are finally starting to form their soft-shells?”

Sans had done so much research into lamia eggs, and cross breeds, and everything he felt he needed to know about so they could have the healthiest clutch possible. “Just like I offered when you first told me about them, I’m willing to help carry them, now that they’re getting too large for you to carry all four. Our chunky little beans. If you want to try laying them and protecting them, I’ll also support you fully with that. In either case, I’ve talked with Alphys and our bosses, and I can get the time off for the last chunk of incubation and the start of their lives. If you want me to help carrying, since it does seem to be safer for them, I can also get moved from any projects with dangers to them, once we move them.”

----

Stars. Red sniffled, wiping away his tears. “If it won’t affect your work one bit, I’d like help carrying em. Can ya let me know when you’re available? I think they just need one more day to complete the soft shell. I want ya to carry two … if that’s okay?”

Sans was offering still. So it was fine. Wasn’t like the other lamia mates where they were just sweet nothings, or that they didn’t want to help at all. His Sans was much better than them.
But it was generations of that kind of treatment with his kind, so the snake in him couldn’t help but be a little hesitant in taking the offer.

Even if Red trusted Sans completely.

----

“I should be able to have everything set up day after tomorrow. From what I read, I’ll probably be a bit tender for a day or so, so I need to get the time off ahead of time. Also need to make sure all my projects that deal with anything even remotely linked to issues in pregnancy are put on hold or passed off to other scientists.” Sans moved to help give Red a bit of a backrub, knowing this was probably one of the toughest points in the pregnancy for Red. His body was going through changes to prepare the eggs for potential laying or transfer.

“It’s gonna be okay. We’re doing everything we can to make sure our little clutch will hatch healthy.”

----


Red was just so happy and thankful. “My old man forever.”

----

“My little grasshopper forever. Heh.”

Sans was so happy. A family. He finally had a family. “And of course, our little batsnakes. All five of you have so much love from me. So much.”

----
Red sputtered. “G-Grasshopper?” He was almost offended. Because he was no *insect*.

But he was also Red. “This young grasshopper thanks master. I shall work to hone my patience, and find my inner peace. The young ones will also be trained in the practice. And soon, we all learn kung fu and true meaning … of the heart of the cards.”

----

Sans laughed at Red’s response. “You goofball. While we’re getting the important talk outta the way, anything else you feel we should talk about?”

----

Red stuck his tongue out to Sans, before pushing his lover on the couch to rest on his chest. He had to do it on his side though, because of his bump.

“Don’t know. Maybe get wedding certificates? I don’t mind not having a real wedding. Saves us the time and money.” He hummed, thinking more on the subject of importance.

“I think, just like how you can eat meat now, I can drink blood and be full from it? Haven’t tried it though. Been only drinking from you before we have sex. And frankly, I prefer to keep it that way. Don’t wanna actually experiment in trying out who tasted like what. Because what if they *don’t* taste good? Then we can’t be friends anymore.” Red waved a lazy hand. “They gotta be tasty if you’re gonna be friends, right? No point otherwise.”

And can you imagine trying to bite elementals? Red liked to live, and long enough to witness his kids get married and have their own kids. Thanks.

----

“Sorry to disappoint, but most people just taste pretty plain. It’s really only mythics that have different tastes and effects on ya. We could go to that restaurant, and this time get somethin’ that’s not gonna get us drunk, though. Maybe do a quick check to make sure it’s fine on the eggies first, though.” Sans chuckled, then remembered the first bit Red had said. “Can do it as a celebration for going an’ connectin’ our lives legally.”
Red was shocked. Shocked! So he could only much on other mythicals? Good thing he had Sans then. He was safe for the kids too. And a delicious mythical. “Good thing you’re delicious, love. And while I’m not really into drinking other mythicals, it might be best to try out ones that won’t make me horny or drunk. I wanna try acting like those typical vampire classic bitches. Swirling a wine glass with blood and go, ah ah ah ah.”

He turned himself so that he was on his back now. He spoke of the celebration bit. “You mean, celebrate by making love to each other? Cuz wasn’t that how we connected and started? Hehe. The most romantic meetings of romance. We deserve a Temmie Award.”

“I mean, going out to go, ah ah ah ah.” Sans teased, mocking Red’s mocking. “An’ I mean hey, could meet worse ways. Could just be somethin’ borin’. Naw, this is one we can tell the kids... once they know what sex is. So in twenty years.”

“Pffft. You teach em that then. I’d be too crude ... ah ah ah ah. No, but seriously, who started that shit and ruined the elegance of your kind? Bet the guy’s name was Bob.”

Sans laughed at that. “Oh please, their mom is a prostitute. They’ll learn young. Oh, just imagine those days in like tv and stuff where the kids take their parents to school, and their parents talk about their jobs. I’ll ohh and ahh them by saying I’m some crazy scientist... then you start talking and the teacher just ‘as ta cut ya off.”

Red burst out laughing. Oh stars. There was a tear in his eye. His stomach. His stomach! Oooof.
“So rude. I’m not the hoes kind. I’m the classy bitch kind. I think people need to learn the difference. Cuz I’m not trying to get into their pants, they’re tryin to get into mine. You’re an exception of course, sweets. Too damn fine to pass off the chance.”

“But hey, ya didn’t answer my question. Seriously, who fucked you guys over with that ah ah ah ah bullshit?”

He was so curious. Because of that, vampires are taken as jokes to some people. And honestly, who speaks like that? Red was totally judging.

----

“’Ell if I know. I doubt I was even in the same country when that started. Nah, true medieval vampires either hid like me, or were brutes like Vracula. Geez. Talk about slow, painful death. Didn’t even bleed ‘em, just drew a stake threw ‘em and let ‘em rot ta death just like they did ta us. Might’a been a brute, but he kinda exposed just how cruel staking is. Not fun, let me tell ya.” Sans tugged at his collar, revealing one of his scars. They didn’t last all that long on a vampire unless there was real pain involved. “Late fifteenth century. Staked an’ left ta rot. Was lucky my pops found me before it was too late. Damn near one of the worst couple days of my life.”

----

Red blinked, twisting himself to look at Sans. “I… I’m sorry to hear it happen to ya.”

His gaze went to the faint scar when he tugged Sans’ collar to see it himself. A horrible reminder. A frown showed itself on his face.

----

Sans rubbed at the corner of the frown. “It’s okay. That was a long time ago, and nowadays if someone tried that they’d end up in prison for the rest of their life.”

It wasn’t really known what exactly caused staking to be so painful for mythicals, and not for other monsters. Just that even a small stake could paralyse for as long as it was disrupting a manaline even
slightly, and brought unbearable pain. Pain to the point even the most racist of judges would give life, or even death sentences for staking. Sans wholeheartedly was for such harsh punishments, even when staking didn’t even always lead to death. It should be clear why.

It meant, at least, that their children shouldn’t have to worry about it. They wouldn’t have to fear seeing their children like Gaster had found him.

----

Right. That’s true. It was all in the past now.

Red let out a soft smile. “You’re right. Those days are over now.” He relaxed his body, not realizing they tensed.

He gazed into Sans’ eyes, the tip of his tail moved to caress his mate’s cheek. “Moving on to things to do. Wedding certificates, let’s do that before I get ya preggs. Trust me, if we’re gonna celebrate and go, ah ah ah ah, ya don’t wanna be pregnant for it. Enjoy the freedom while ya can.”

“Then, the transfer. Just two eggs. But if ya can’t handle it, let me know. I’ll take back one or both. Your comfort matters too as much as I appreciate the help.” Red kissed his mate on the mouth for that. It was already enough that Sans was willing, so he didn’t want him to push himself too hard.

“As for tasting blood, no rush. We can even do it after the kids are born so we don’t gotta worry about the implications. Can still eat chunks of meat just fine.” It wasn’t gonna kill him to not drink blood, so it wasn’t top priority.

Red hummed after, thinking a bit more before coming up with nothing. “I think that’s all. Anything else ya think we need to do, sweetheart?”

----

Sans shook his head. “Nah, I think that’s everything. Wanna do the certificate tomorrow then?”

The legal marriage was mostly just for simplicity's sake. The two of them were already mated and
bearing each other’s mark. By mythical standards they were already married, through lamia means.

Still, it’d be nice.

---

“Aren’t ya gonna inform your colleagues of the preparations? Then again, it’s not gonna take that long. Just some papers to sign and boom.” Red snapped his fingers. “Married.”

He huffed through his nose. “It’s like the human’s equivalent of Das Begas marriage. Fast and practical.”

He looked to Sans with a grin. “Except we ain’t gonna be drunk and wake up on the bed wondering how a ring got on my finger.”

---

Sans laughed at that. “Yeah, I was thinking of just getting it done when I get back from work. I mean, it’s not like we aren’t already mated. So the legal side of it is just that- the legal side of something we already have.”

Sans leaned to press a kiss to the faint mark he’d left on Red. Their equivalent of rings.

---

“Yeah.” His smile softened as he looked at his own mark on Sans. Theirs, monsters’ way to bond, was on deeper level. More than papers and signatures. Even more than materialistic things like rings. Maybe their markings counted as such, but it was just much more.

There was a label, sure. But there was no such thing as divorce. Just mate. Marriage. It was for life.

The only thing the humans may have gotten right; however, was the phrase, “Til death do we part.”
Red didn’t think about it anymore. He just needed to focus on the now.

“Since that’s gonna be taken care of, what say we eat?” He licked his mouth. “I’m starving!” Eating for five does that to you.
Chapter 7

Two days of preparation passed, and then Sans had a week out of the lab lined up. He’d have to come in for around two weeks after that, before he got a couple months parental leave. He came home with a large but slightly nervous grin.

“I’m home. They gave me a full week off, boss was in a good mood.”

Oh boy, though. This was going to be... interesting. Typical childbirth was painful enough, but even while the eggs were still smaller than an infant, it was still going to be going backwards. It might end up being arousing, or it might be painful. Sans did have some lamia traits now, so he had hope it wouldn’t be too awful.

----

Red perked up from his spot on the couch. He finished up a full scarf by now. Just needed to end it all off. “Welcome home, sweetheart. Sounds like good news.” He set the stuff aside to get off the couch.

“Are you ready for it?” He moved to wrap his arms around his mate and kissed him. “Just two. And if you can’t, one will be good too.”

----

Sans gave Red a bit of a cuddle. He had to make an effort to keep too much of his anxiety from showing. “Yeah, I’m ready. Not gonna let you bear all the burden of carrying the eggs alone. Stronger together, right?”

----

Red smiled sympathetically. “Thank you, love. I really appreciate the help. And everything will be fine. I’ll make sure of it.” He pecked his lover on the mouth.

“Why don’t we eat first? Just to calm the nerves. Then we’ll head to bed to get started. Okay?”
“Okay.” Sans headed towards the kitchen, soul pounding. Oh stars, this was really about to happen.

But nervous as he was, Sans wasn’t going to back out now. He knew it would be safer for the eggs to be protected in a womb, but it was already getting clear that carrying all four was going to be too much for Red to do safely. This was the best way to keep their little ones safe until they were ready to hatch.

They took their time to eat dinner. Red wanted to really ease Sans’ nerves for it. Knowing that vampires don’t really carry eggs nor do ovipositors like lamias can.

But even then, Sans didn’t eat much as they finished. Instead of teleporting, Red took Sans’ hand, and led him upstairs to their room.

He seated them both on the bed, before Red turned to face Sans. “Hey, sweets, I think it’ll be easier if you drink my blood. Not just for your mental state to relax, but your body as well.”

“Y-yeah, okay. Okay.” Sans hugged Red, taking a moment to steady himself. Stars he was so nervous, and of course Red picked up on it.

Not trusting his voice, he just ran his tongue over Red’s neck a couple times before biting down.

Just as Red had predicted, Sans was able to relax a fair deal when he ate. The slight shaking he hadn’t realized he was even doing quieted.

It was okay. It was okay.
Red petted his mate’s skull, “There you go, sweets. There you go.” He moved back when Sans sealed the wound and kissed him, opening his mouth for his tongue to play with Sans’.

He maneuvered them, carrying to lie Sans down on the bed.

Pressing kisses, trailing down ivory bones as Red began to undress his mate. He wanted him to enjoy it. So he began stimulating the sensitive spots that always had his mate keening and letting him hear those sinful moans.

*That’s it. Let me take care of you.*

Red kept moving downward, removing the rest of Sans’ clothes and began licking the symphysis. “Form your pussy for me, love.”

Sans let himself get lost in the good feelings, in Red’s love. He was still constantly remembering what was about to happen, but he was perfectly happy to give all of his control to Red. Let Red lead the situation.

When he was told to form his pussy, Sans focused to make not only that, but also the womb that the eggs were going to be housed until they were ready. It took him an extra moment, as even while he’d practiced it a few times, he was still fairly unused to summoning that equipment.

Red’s eyes became half massed, using his thumbs to part plump lips, and began lapping at it. Tasting his lover’s juices before putting his tongue inside.

He moaned at the clenching heat as he pushed his tongue deeper, wiggling around to loosen his mate as he tasted and slurped the juices leaking.
Sans squirmed a little at the sensation of Red’s tongue. He gripped at the sheets, letting loose long moans.

His nerves only seemed to make it feel more intense. “Aahh, hhaann~”

Red kept thrusting his tongue, stabbing into the sensitive bundle of nerves as he thickened it with magic. Only when he felt Sans loosened enough, he pulled out.

His own magic had long since reacted when he saw Sans’ cunt, and he stroked his cock to rub against the slick lips. His own precum coating, mixing, both helping in lubricating for a smooth access.

Usually, lamias would form two, being that of the snake species. But not when it came to transferring. Thankfully, there were no spikes or hooks like real snakes have.

Red lined the head against Sans’ entrance, and looked down at his mate. “Ready, sweetheart?”

No. “As ready as I can be.”

He really, really hoped he had enough lamia traits that this wouldn’t be painful. “L-let’s just get i-it done.”

Red couldn’t help but chuckle. “Geez. You make it sound like I’m gonna kill ya.”
He slowly pushed inside, groaning at the tightness. Kept going and going, until he reached the end. Reached Sans’ womb.

Red canted his hips, hoping it’d help in loosening his mate a bit. Before he went to embrace Sans, and waited for him to adjust.

“‘M all in. You’re doin’ good, love.”

----

There was a slight twinge when Red’s cock pushed past Sans’ cervix to rest right in the opening of the womb. After that, though, Sans went a little limp. Looks like he was snake enough now, as he was having the reaction so far needed to help this move without pain.

Like a cat whose neck was scruffed, once Red’s longer, specialized cock pierced to the womb, Sans relaxed. He gave a small moan as he clenched Red’s length. He started to loosen up, dilating to better accommodate the eggs and decrease pressure on them. “O-okay. Ready.”

----

Red let out a small breathless laugh, “Okay.” He figured to follow, feeling that if he paused to ask more questions, Sans would lose the nerve.

Slowly, Red took deep breaths and began pushing the eggs. He embraced Sans tight, panting as he felt them moving, travelling from his womb to his cock, pushing and pushing to press into Sans’ own.

He felt a brief relief when he managed to push one through. “T-That’s hah one. How are ya holdin’ up?”

----
Oh stars. Sans could feel the egg from the moment it got far enough down Red’s cock to where it rested now in his womb. He’d relaxed enough that it didn’t give more than an unpleasant stretch. Not enough to really hurt all that much. “Ahh, hah, feels weird, but not too bad. Can take the other.”

----

Red kissed his cheek. “You’re doin’ good. Better than I thought to be honest.”

He rested his head down on Sans’ shoulder, and began pushing the other one. He was panting and probably sweating too. It was taking a lot in him as well. As if he was giving birth prematurely.

Red had to close his eyes, concentrating on the strange and uncomfortable sensation. Groaning in feeling the stretch of his cock as the egg pushed through.

He took a deep breath to begin pushing one more into Sans’ womb. Pushing and pushing, until Red sighed in relief.

It was in. That makes two.

Red pushed himself up to see his mate’s stomach. And lo and behold. The two eggs rested. Their children made it safely.

He laughed, slowing his breathing as he gently began to pull out to unsummon his cock. The transfer was complete and successful.

Red had to kiss Sans, thankful and just feeling so wonderful to have him as his mate. “You did it, love. Now we’re both pregnant.” His slitted gleamed, maybe even sparkled. He was so happy.

----

Sans shuddered when he shifted even just a little. He could feel them shifting in him as they were finding the best place to rest. “Yeah. Oh this feels odd. Said it’s supposed to be better to move some right away, to help settle them, but ugh. It’s so uncomfortable.”
Sans made a face when he felt them shifting around as he pulled himself up to a sitting position. He slid himself off the bed. “Just gonna walk a couple circles, then lay down and not moved for half a day. How’re you feeling?”

----

Red snorted, using his magic to grab a towel to wipe away the sweat from his bones. He rested on the bed, tail draping out of the mattress to the floor. “Fine. Like I just gave birth.”

He placed the towel on the laundry hamper by bunching it up and throwing it. It landed on the floor. Meh. Not a basketball player.

He rested himself as he watched his mate move around, and smiled in seeing the bulging stomach.

His own bulge lessened, less uncomfortable as his womb didn’t stretch so much to the point of aches. It was nice.

----

Sans just kept moving around until the eggs weren’t shifting nearly as much. Then, tired and grossed out by the feelings, he finally got back into bed. “That was one of the most unpleasant of feelings. At least you had time to adjust to them as they grew.”

----

The lamia chuckled as he wrapped his arms around his now pregnant mate. “You were the one that wanted to share the burden. Not even other lamias who’s not carrying would volunteer.” He kissed Sans’ cheek.

“I really really appreciate you doing it though. For me, and for our kids.”
“I’m the one who got you pregnant. Only fair I help bear the clutch, since it’s possible with lamias. Not gonna make ya lay ‘em early just because I couldn’t stand the idea of bein’ pregnant for half the time you are.” Sans sagged into Red’s hold.

“Those other lamias are just piles of cow dung that don’t deserve mates. If there’s nothing substantial stopping them from helping bear the clutch, then they have no excuse.”

----

Red smiled, not saying more than nuzzling his wonderful mate. He didn’t know if it was because they were of different species, or it was just Sans being himself, but no one thought of it like that.

Just like snakes, there was barely any attachments. So once a clutch was made, it was up to the ‘mother’ to care for them. Nothing more. Didn’t matter how many were in the clutch, how uncomfortable it was. Just had to deal with it.

Red shuddered to imagine having more than 100 in his clutch. Though large because he was a lamia, Red could barely handle four.

He was so damn lucky and thankful to have Sans. Really, precious.

The couple soon fell into sleep’s embrace from the fatigue of the activity. But at least now, their children will be safer here on out.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Mind the tags and warnings! This chapter's a doozy.

Sans really took advantage of his time off to cuddle with his mate... and go crazy reading more research papers. Once a scientist, always a scientist. He could only hope even one of their clutch would grow up to like science. It would be nice to share his passion with his kids.

For now though, the laptop and papers were all put up so he could get some quality snuggle time. “What genders do you think they’ll be?”

---

Red had his tail curled around Sans whenever they cuddle on the couch. Makes for an interesting sushi everytime.

“Gender huh. Don’t really have much opinion on it. But I think, for normalcy sake, it’d be best to have girls. Just cuz it’s not too accepted for males to wear dresses like us. And as much as I want them to have their freedom, I don’t want them to be bullied in school for it.”

---

“Yeah, I suppose that makes sense. Non-skeletons don’t seem to be able to understand that gender doesn’t really matter as much to us.” Sans lightly rubbed at his belly, feeling the eggs that lie within.

He loved their little beans so much, and couldn’t wait to meet them.

---

“Stupid bunch really.” Red had to shake his head. He had short temper when it came to debating.
“But that’s a long time coming. These eggs,” he pointed to his and Sans’ wombs. “Need to come out first and hatch. We’ll face the problems then.”

And speaking of dealing with the current issues. “We should start preparing by finding a bigger place. It’ll have to be real big though. One that’ll have five bedrooms. Maybe even five bathrooms. I refused to fight for my me time in the showers. Maybe a big enough backyard so we can teach em to fly or for them to freely slither about.” Lots to consider really.

“And we only have less than a month.”

----

“Yeah. I mean, We can take a little longer than that, since we’ll probably keep them together for at least the first stretch of time. I think it might depend on how we feel, moving while pregnant might be a pain.” Sans pointed out his logic.

“At least with all of my work getting credited back to me, some of the things I’ve invented still haven’t really passed the first phase of patenting and copywriting. I’ve started getting the money from that again. If I pushed, I might be able to get the stuff from when I wasn’t credited, but that’d be too much work.” Sans had been pretty happy to learn that he could still get royalties and such from his inventions, even after so long had passed. He’d thought the window for all that had passed.

Their kids wouldn’t have to worry about money. Wouldn’t have to settle for crap jobs just to have a roof over their heads. “I’m so glad we can give them a good start in the world.”

----

Sans was right. He was rushing. Maybe it was a innate snake in him. Bah.

“You’re right. For all of em. Just got a bit anxious I suppose. Blame the snake. And being old. Ugh.”

He sagged his body on the couch, his weight sinking. They’ll need a new couch eventually.
Red sighed, “Being so inactive though. I’m gonna have to put a lot of effort to get back into shape.” Pole dancing felt so foreign. Uggghhh.

---

“We can start looking at places, and if there’s one that your instincts say we need to have the kiddos there we can try moving early. If worse comes to worse, we end up halfway moved. Sound like a good plan?” It seemed like a good compromise. Even if they didn’t find a place, looking should help sate Red’s instincts some.

Being a mythical himself, Sans could understand needing to listen to instincts lest you go a little crazy from the stress ignoring them gave.

---

Red hummed, his serpent self appeased; purring as he nuzzled his mate. “Mmm. Sounds good. We still got Grillby and Chillby to bother. They can go in our place for negotiations. And trust me, they haggle good for a price down.”

“We can hire a real estate to help us too. Know a guy. Fucked the guy. Owes me.”

---

Sans laughed at that. “Heh, okay. We’ll look, find someone who can prevent people from trying to lose us the house just because we’re mythicals, and possibly move in either before or after the little ones hatch.”

---

Red hummed. “Could make a list of requirements.”

He took out his phone to set on voice record, lest they forget. “Good neighbourhood, quiet and preferably with other mythicals. Near a school, also for mythicals. Optional though. A big house for five. Bedrooms and bathrooms, medium to large backyard. What am I missing?”
“Hmm, we can just teleport to work, but we might want to get a place with a low percentage of hate crimes. Kiddos won’t be able to consistently teleport away from any danger for a bit.”

Call him paranoid, but Sans didn’t want to take any risks. He loved his family far too much to lose them.

“Good call. You’ll have morning shifts, and I have the night shifts. So it’s best to have a safer area.”

Though, realistically, it was a lot to ask for. What they wanted and needed. Red could already feel an oncoming headache in needing to compromise even though they hadn’t even started.

Stars. It was like this parenthood thing was making him more paranoid than he wanted.

A flash of memory from the past reminded him of why. Ah. That’s right.

He didn’t want to lose another family anymore. Not when it was getting big.

His mood and energy seemed to drain away all of a sudden. It was always made him depressed to remember. To recall his faults.

He hoped … He dearly hoped, nothing like that would happen to their kids.

Sans could feel Red suddenly wilting, good mood running off like oil on water. “Hey, what’s wrong, love?”
Sans hated seeing Red like this. He felt the overwhelming need to comfort and soothe his mate.

----

“It’s …” Red didn’t want to say nothing. So he took a deep breath. “Had a little brother. Felt like centuries ago, but lamias don’t even live that long. Maybe I was just a few decades then.”

Red fell into a trance, recalling the event. “We were being hunted down and I was holding his hand. We couldn’t form our legs yet, but we were ‘running’ as we could. But then he tripped. I didn’t feel his hand in mine.”

He lifted his own hand, “He called out to me when I turned around. And I …” His vision was blurring but the memory was still so clear. “I reached out to him. But I was … too late.”

He clenched his hand to a fist. “Just one shot. That was all it took. And then, I was staring at his dust.” The tears slid down his cheeks. His frame trembling. “ Couldn’t even collect his dust. Had to run away to survive. Always … Always blamed myself for it. If only I was fast enough. Looked back to check so he didn’t trip.”

“I’ve never lived it down.”

----

Sans’ soul ached for his mate. “It’s not your fault. Did you call the hunters? Did you shoot him?”

He shook his head. “It’s not your fault. You did your best, I’m sure.”

It was hard to lose those you love. Even harder to not be able to give them a proper funeral. Sans had lost so many people in his life. “Blaming yourself doesn’t help. Just keep them in your memory, so that they may live on in our souls. And learn from their deaths that others might not follow.”

His voice had the lilt of something that had been said so many times, of wordings that were
memorised and cited time and time again.

----

“... You tell yourself often don’t ya.” Red didn’t bother to wipe his tears, but he did curl himself tighter around Sans. Holding him in his embrace.

“I know what ya mean. It's been years after all. But that memory … was the only thing I remember about my brother now. His scared tearful face flashing before my eyes. It’s hard not to blame yourself, but I know.”

He rubbed Sans’ back, consoling him as well. “Can’t imagine what you’ve been through yourself. Living that long. Longer. Sorry, sweetheart.” Compared to Sans, his was just a pebble. He has no right to complain.

----

“Sadly, over time it ends up being the worse points in your life you remember. You’ll remember some good, but mostly the simple times, where yer happy but nothing’s really wrong or super well just... fade away.”

It was the bad memories that built a person. Told them what they don’t want to be, what goes wrong, the like. It meant that the positive things didn’t really matter as much to remember.

----

Red didn’t say anything to that. Simply humming as he continued to rub his mate’s back to comfort him.

He wished he could remember the good and simple times with his little brother. But he couldn’t. He just … couldn’t.

That didn’t mean he’d let it take over his life. He’d done well for himself, all thing considered. But having kids.
Red closed his eyes.

Hunters didn’t lurk in the city. They were laws now. They weren’t in a forest anymore.

Their little ones would be fine. Their future was bright. They’ll be fine.

----

Sans kept up with his soothing, just being there for Red. “It’s okay. It’s not going to be the same. We’re pretty safe here, and plan on moving somewhere even safer.”

Sans hated seeing his mate upset.

----

“Y-Yeah.” He hoped not. “Somewhere safer.” He huddled himself, his tail still shaking slightly. “Not gonna be the same.”

He took deep breaths. A good exercise to calm the fuck down. It helped that Sans was there. Otherwise, he’ll feel like he was suffocating.

“Okay. Okay.” Red opened his eyes and smiled, even if a little shaky. It was the best he could do. “S-Sorry, love. My inexperience and lack of wisdom is showing. Hehe.”

----

“It’s okay to be worried, even a little afraid. That’s what prompts us to be safer. We just can’t let fear rule us.” Sans couldn’t claim that he wasn’t afraid. So many things could happen. But there was a fine line between using that fear to push to be better, safer, and letting the fear keep you from living your life.
“It’s okay to worry. That’s why we’re making sure to move someplace safer. We just can’t get so obsessed with safety we forget how to live our lives and be happy.”

----

“Mmm. I know. I know.” He whispered the last bit. Red hated that it depressed him whenever he talked about that particular memory.

He needed to get back to being himself. Quirky. Sassy. Weird. A bitch.

He needed to be back to being Red and not be this.

It then clicked to him. “Oh.” He reached for his phone with his magic. Click. The whole thing was recorded. Oops.

Welp, time to delete that then.

“Wanna go out for dinner? Same restaurant?” It may help brighten up his mood. Besides, the staff knew them now. So it was fine being a lamia.

----

“Sure. Could use a nice date right now.” Sans gave Red a peck on the forehead.

Things were okay. They might not always be perfect, but they could make it.

For now, getting Red out of the house, and giving him something else to think about would be good. The past hurt, and it hurt to remember it.
With both of them agreeing, the couple freshened up before porting to the restaurant and simply enjoy their date. It actually helped greatly. Red felt like himself by the end of it. He even flirted with the waiter that Sans had pointed before that proposed to him.

From there on, they relayed their plans with the elementals. And Red called up their real estate agent. A nice lad named Papyrus. It had Red howling with laughter when he saw Sans’ expression being that it was the same client his mate saw that day when Sans shadowed him.

In any case, they got down to business. Requirements, preparations and considerations, money for down payments, the limit on how much to bid, bank details. Since they were married, the process went smoother than expected. And soon, both Red and Sans were getting calls from Papyrus and checking out plenty of houses and their locations.

Granted, not all of their criteria fit in, but nothing renovations couldn’t fix. The community and location of the house was more important than anything else.

Many were hits and misses, but Red was very impressed at how good Papyrus was at finding places. Guess he wasn’t a professional for nothing.

Finally, several houses later, Red really believed that this was going to be the one. It was a safe and quiet neighborhood, a community of other mythicals, and their house had almost everything he wanted. There were only four bathrooms though. So one of the kids were sharing.

Red practically lost his mind at how perfect it was that he was squealing and became super giddy when he hugged his mate. “Sans. Sans! This one! I want this one! What do you think?!?”

----

Sans smiled widely, happy to see Red so excited. “Looks great! I like it. And, the master is further away from the rest of the bedrooms, so we can still have our fun.”

Cue eye-ridge wiggling.

The house really was perfect, though. The kids wouldn’t have to share bedrooms, there was a nicely sized backyard, the neighbors were either mythicals or tolerant of mythicals. It would be an amazing place. “I think we should go for it.”
Red chuckled, close to a giggle at the insinuation. “Yeah, but we’re definitely using a condom next time.”

The tip of his tail wiggled with glee. And with both of them onboard, Red went to Papyrus to tell him that they wanted it!

Thus, it was Chillby and Grillby that took their place for the bidding and haggling with Papyrus, while Sans and Red would be back at home, leaving it up to their friends.

And to think, it only took close to two weeks! It was unbelievable. All they would need to do now is pack their stuff and sell their house, but that could after the kids were born.

So far, things were looking up, and Red was filled with so much hope and excitement, he was extra affectionate to Sans since.

---

On his last day of work before his parental leave, Sans was so distracted he could hardly even get anything done. For one, he was so excited to get everything moved. For two, the eggs were shifting a decent bit today, and that was always so uncomfortable. Seriously.

But eventually he got back on track, working with some of the more mechanical experiments and avoiding the chemicals. Less likely to hurt the kiddos that way.

He was starting to get to the point in the shared pregnancy in which he most hated being away from his mate. Vampires didn’t have kids very often, and protected their young fiercely. His instincts were screaming at him to get home, where it was safe and where he could watch over all four of their eggs and not just the two he carried.

He glanced over at the clock often, counting down the minutes until he could go home.
Red hummed as he sat on his spot on the couch. The television was on, and here was, halfway through knitting a blanket. He had so much time in his hands, a blanket was bound to happen.

No wonder most housewives do is gossip and do wild shit. If he wasn’t a lamia, and still became a housewife, he was definitely going to do the same.

Just as Red put down his project to stretch, he was greatly started by the loud slam on his door. *Breaking* his door open.

There were *strangers* that barged in. *Guns*.

Red instinctively curled on himself to protect his young. The fear and panic screamed in him.

Maybe they were just as surprised to see someone in the house, because one of them shouted, and fired at Red.

He couldn’t react. Couldn’t move away. All Red could do was get struck down.

*Twice. Right at his tail.*

*Tranquilizer darts*.

They had a different effect on mythicals like him. Not make them go unconsciousness. But drugged all the same.

The lamia dropped to floor, body spasming from the effects. Couldn’t move. Couldn’t speak.

The fear and panic, anxiety and horror, all mixed together.
He wanted Sans. Wanted his mate.

Scared. *Red was so scared.*

“Shit. That was a close one.”

“Quickly, take everything you can!”

“Fucking hell.” The stranger, a wolf, who shot Red down neared the lamia. He couldn’t help but whistle in appreciation in seeing the beautiful red scales. “You’re a fine one, aren’t you.”

The tears welled up, the fear shaking his core. But that only increased his allure to the monster, as his red slitted eyes became glossy, more *enticing.*

*No. No no nononono!!*

He tried to move. To summon his magic. To even *teleport* away! But he couldn’t! Nothing was responding to him. All disconnected.

The wolf licked his mouth, most of his face covered, as he crouched down to pick Red up. The lamia being deadweight didn’t hinder the monster one bit.

“I might as well have fun with you.”

*Nooo! Please! Please don’t!*

The kids! His babies! Please spare them!

But all that came out were choked sobs.

The sound of things getting smashed. Torn apart. The rushing steps as their place was getting raided.
Then, the familiar clink sound of the belt being removed, and soon, Red felt something hard press against his cloaca.

No. Please. Please no. The tears kept pouring. His body trembling. Wanting to move. To protect—

The cock slammed into him deep. And his body jolted.

Crack.

Red could only close his eyes. Hoping it just ended already. Hoping it was just a horrible nightmare to wake up from.

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Sans. I couldn't protect them.

Crack. Crack.

Red only felt disgust when he felt the wolf cum inside him.

He didn’t look. Didn’t move.

Just let it be over.

They said some words. Red didn’t bother to hear it.

Gone.

The sob wracked his frame as the effect of the drugs lessened.

I couldn’t protect them. Again.
I failed again.

“S-S-Sorry. Hic I-I’m s-sorry. Hic”

He was a failure.

----

The moment he could, Sans clocked out. He was excited for the last part of their pregnancies and getting to meet all four of their little ones.

He nearly screamed when he was greeted by the ruined house and-

He rushed to Red’s side, checking first if Red was hurt, then looking at the eggs. Even with Red’s partially translucent skin, it was hard to be sure. He could be confident that at least one shell had popped.

“Just stay still, love. I don’t know if both are gone, can’t quite tell. I’m going to call in the paramedics, and we can see if there’s hope for one of our little eggs, okay?”

Sans did visit the hospital at one point, so when he called 911, he managed to just teleport the paramedics and enough equipment directly to the house. He suspected time was of the essence here. ‘Please, let there be hope for at least one of them. Please.’

----

They’re gone. Red already knew. He heard it. He felt it.

There were people around him. Touching him. Trying to save nothing.

He didn’t move. There was no point.
He only looked at a spot blankly. The tears continuing to pour down. He failed.

Just like his little brother.

Now his own children.

… Did he even deserve to be a parent? Happiness?

No. No he didn’t.

The paramedics cleaned him up, gently using a device to probe and take out the eggs—broken shells and dusts from his womb.

He knows. He already knew.

There was nothing to save.

----

Sans wanted to be with his mate, to soothe him if they were both gone. His body couldn’t handle the stress though, and he was whisked away to a nursery. They wanted to get the eggs out of him so his distress didn’t hurt them. It was far enough into it all that it was just safer to leave them outside of the womb while Sans was so stressed.

They could still continue to grow inside their eggs, even outside the womb. They had enough magic inside the eggs to do so, in most cases. They had been kept in the womb in case they didn’t have large enough magic supplies inside the egg, as magic from the carrier was passed in the egg from the womb.

But that very same magic could poison the eggs with Sans’ stress levels so high. His labor was induced, and soon the eggs were laid. Sans refused to leave them, he couldn’t lose them too. It meant, however, he couldn’t visit Red and be there with him.
Then he got the news. Gone. Two of their babies were gone. Not only that, but Red... Red was treading the line, and they were concerned he might Fall Down.

Sans needed to go to him, but at the same time he couldn’t leave the eggs they still had.

It was decided that with Sans’ brooding behavior, Red would have to be brought to him instead of the other way around.

Sans also made another request, this one to do with the dust. He wanted them melted down with the newer technology, and the glass the dust made cast into a little winged snake. So they’d always have that much with them.

Tears fell from Sans’ sockets freely while he waited for Red to be brought to him.

----

When they were finished with him just as he was finished with himself, they put him on some mattress. When was he even? Maybe time passed faster than he thought. But did that even matter?

*They were gone. All gone.*

He curled up, coiling himself. *Because of him. Because of him.*

Red had lost sense of orientation. He didn’t know where he was. Didn’t care to answer questions. Didn’t bother to even give a single response more than just the tears he continued to shed.

He didn’t see anything more. *He lost them.*

The nurses used a wheelchair to bring Red to where his spouse was upon request. They made sure that his tail didn’t hit the floors, only doing so gently once they got to the room.
Red felt nothing.

----

Sans reached out for his mate. “Red!”

Stars. Red looked as empty as when he thought Sans wouldn’t mate with him. And it hurt so much to see. He was Sans’ beloved.

Sans was on a bed too large, the eggs carefully held in his lap. He motioned for Red to sit with him, hoping Red would at least respond that much.

----

Blankly, Red saw Sans. Red didn’t see Sans.

It was hard to tell. Hard to tell what his mate wanted with him. bother to want anything to do with him now. He failed him too. Failed his mate.

Didn’t deserve. He didn’t deserve Sans too.

Deserved nothing. Got nothing.

And yet, despite the inner destruction, Red, as if a doll, followed the order. He slithered over to sit beside Sans. Seeing nothing. Doing nothing more than silently crying.

----

Sans pulled Red into his side, then took his hand. He held it to one of the eggs, so Red could feel the life still in the shell. “It’s hard. It’s going to remain hard. It will never be easy to know we should have had two more eggs. But I need you to stay strong, Red.”
Sans took Red’s other hand, placing this one on the other egg. “I can’t do this alone. I need you to stay with me, so we can raise these two.”

---

Red looked down, droplets landing on his lap.

He held the two eggs, gently, pulling them in his embrace. He felt their little pulses. Life within.

Red cried even harder.


“L-Lost them. Hic Gone.”

---

Sans gently wiped at the tears, even as more flowed from both of them. “Blaming yourself doesn’t help. Just keep them in your memory, so that they may live on in our souls. And learn from their deaths that others might not follow.”

The words felt hollow. Forced. Because how could he tell Red not to blame himself, when Sans felt he should also be blamed? For having not been there, for taking so long to get to Red, and for having been unable to save those little lights?

“S-so they-y c-can live o-o-on in our souls.” Sans sobbed, hugging Red tightly, their eggs held firmly between them.

---

“W-what.” Red recoiled, he looked at his mate, as if he was just betrayed. “W-Why did you—Don’t!” Red was breathing too hard. “Don’t treat em like that!”
They were *their* kids!

What was Sans saying? He didn’t understand. Why was he saying that?

Red was losing himself. Maybe he was becoming hysterical. But his cracked composure wasn’t helping in the situation.

----

“They are our kids, but so are these two. We can’t- we can’t neglect them while we grieve. So, while we love them, so, so much, we *have* to move forward.”

It hurt. It hurt so much. Why? What did they do to deserve this? To be murdered before they were even born?

“It hurts. I know that. I had to lay these two, lest my stress and grief hurt them. We’ve got to protect them, Red! I- I can’t lose- *we* can’t lose them, too!”

----

*Can’t lose them.* Red looked at the little ones in his embrace.

*Can’t lose them.*

Sans was right. He was right.

Red slithered back, laying the eggs down on Sans’ hands.

*Have to protect.*
“I’m gonna … call the doctor.” He left the room. Needed to.

*Can’t lose them.*

Red did call up the doctor to check on his mate and the kids.

… But he didn’t follow.

Instead, he headed for the exit.

Because their kids weren’t safe in his hands. How could they be, when he couldn’t protect.

Red left … To where? Even *he* didn’t know.

---

Sans held the eggs close to him as he waited for Red to return with the doctor. His brow furrowed when the doctor came back alone. “Where’s Red?”

---

“Oh, I believe Mr. Red stayed at the lobby. That was the last I saw him before he told me to check up on you and your children. May I, sir?”

---

“Oh-oh. Um, okay.” Sans gazed at the door blankly, wondering why Red hadn’t come back.

Where did his precious mate go?
Red ported in front of a familiar place. The one where he knew he could stay for while.

He knocked on the door, and it promptly opened. As if the latter knew he would come. But they didn’t. Not when they showed a look of surprise, before annoyance. It was always followed by annoyance.

“I thought I told you to call when you’re v—”

“Can I come in Chillbz?”

The purple elemental shut his mouth. This time, appraising Red before he noticed quickly that the bump was gone.

Something must’ve happened.

So he stepped aside for Red to come in.

“And … Don’t tell Sans … It’s for the best.”

Chillby locked the door shut. “That’s bullshit and ya know it. Now tell me what happened, before I take your stupid ass back to your spouse.”

Heh. This was why they were best friends.
Red seated himself, thanking Chillby for the hot drink, one of his favourite blends, before he started.

----

Sans glowered at the door to the room. He wanted to leave, to search for Red, but he’d been told to rest. Apparently he’d managed to tear his magic while laying the eggs. While it wasn’t as serious as it would be in humans, or even other monsters, they were keeping him in for observation overnight while his magic slowly healed and desummoned.

What a pain.

He’d been told that Red left the building, but not where he’d gone. By seven, he’d had enough, and pulled his phone out.

‘So help me, if he doesn’t pick up...’

Sans wanted his mate.

----

After Red told his story, he was a sobbing broken mess. And Chillby was left the honour to handing him tissues. The trashcan was becoming full. That was the third time.

“Are ya done? Can I take ya home now?”

Red hiccuped. “S-So mean. I just got raped. And lost two kids.” He sniffled, blowing his nose.

“I know you did. But I ain’t Grillby. If ya wanted empathy, you wouldn’t come to me.” The elemental poked Red on the forehead. “Ya came to me to set you straight. Well, let me tell ya. You have two more kids out there, and a good husband. You are not— not! Leaving them behind just because you’re trying to rake up pity points for yourself and winning alone.”

Red sniffled, wiping his eyes, the frown evident.
“So shut up. Make up, and get your mopey ass outta my house.”

It was at that moment, Red’s phone rang, startling the lamia in his spot. He gingerly took his phone out … debating.

It made Chillby groan and roll his eyes. This dramatic ass. For the love of—“Give it to me!”

Click.

“Yo, Sans. You’re husband’s with me. I’ll bring him to ya.” Chillby pressed a hand on Red’s face, pushing him away from trying to get the phone from him.

----

“Thank you, Chillby.” Sans gave a sigh, leaning back in the bed. “See you in a bit, then.”

Sans pulled the eggs closer to him with a yawn. What a dramatic day. He just wanted Red. He knew he’d just have nightmares without him.

----

Chillby hanged up to throw it back to Red who almost failed to catch it.

“Now that’s done. Shoo. Shoo.”

Seeing his best friend make a shoo-ing motion with his hands, it had Red laughing slightly. “Not even gonna bring me back?”

“You can port yourself back. Now be a magician, and show me a disappearing act.”
“Ehehehe.” So rude. “... Thanks, Chillbz.”

“Yeah yeah. Whatever.”

Red took one more moment to wipe his eyes, gaining more strength and courage in him before he ported to the hospital, he slithered his way to the room where his mate and kids were resting, and made his way to the bed.

“Sans?”

----

Sans held out an arm, asking for a hug. “Red!”

To his shame, a couple more tears fell from his sockets. “I don’ wanna be alone. Please don’t leave.”

----

Red really felt stupid. Didn’t they make a promise to never leave each other? And yet, he almost considered.

He reached over, laying himself down and took Sans into his arms. Their precious eggs resting between them. His tail coiled protectively around his mate and children. Sighing as he pressed a kiss on Sans’ forehead, cheeks, then mouth. “Sorry, precious. ’M sorry for leavin’ you. Leaving them too.”

His thumb wiped the tears. “’M not leavin anymore. Promise.”

----

Sans sniffled some, relaxing into the hold. He felt heavy. He curled up around the eggs, wishing they could have stayed in him longer. They felt so vulnerable like this. “I was going to ask if you agreed to what I wanted done with the dust. Gotta tell them tonight, while it’s still possible. There’s a way to
turn it into glass. Wanted to have them melted together into a winged snake. Since there’s still a little magic in dust for about a day, it’ll be the colors their magic would have been.”

----

Red’s soul stuttered. He swallowed loudly. Closing his eyes to prevent the tears from coming up again. It was still a fresh wound. Even when he bawled his eyes out already, he still had more tears left to spare.

“Y-Yeah. That’s …” he breathed. “A good idea.”

He wondered … what their magic colours would’ve been.

His smile became crooked. Swallowing again to hold back. Stay strong. He needed to stay strong.

----

Oops. More tears. Sans sent a text to the place that would do the job, letting them know that the other parent had agreed. They’d get the glass in a few days. He’d have to try and figure out where to put them.

Stars, it hurt. Sans’ eyelights dimmed. “They want to keep me overnight, tore something while in labor. Stay here with me? I don’t think we’ll be as likely to have nightmares together.”

----

Red hoped so. “Of course. Not leaving right?”

He curled on them tighter. “Are you all right, love?” He caressed his mate’s cheek. Worried and guilty for neglecting him.

----
“'M okay. Just being careful to avoid any complications. They want me here in case something goes wrong while my magic starts to unsummon.”

Since Sans had been carrying young, his magic would take a few hours to unsummon. It was a protective measure, just in case the body thought they had been born sooner than they actually were. It was thought to be something similar as to why most newborn animals still had the umbilical cord attached to them for a while until it finally fell off.

----

Red nodded, sockets soon closing from both physical and emotional fatigue. A new mother like him, losing two kids. It was such a big loss. A big hole in his heart that’ll take time to heal.

He just … He just wanted to sleep.

He was thankful that he dreamt of nothing. Nothing.

He cried, unbidden, in his sleep. No longer feeling the warmth and small pulses in his womb.

----

Sans, curled around their eggs and held close to his mate, drifted off quickly.

He dreamed of two little lights flickering around him. He tried to hold them close, and pressed a kiss to each. ‘Goodbye, papa. Don’t let mama be too sad. We love you.’

They faded away, leaving an empty void. Sans felt maybe a little more peace in his soul, even as yet more tears slipped from his eyes.

Even as he started to wake, he wondered if that was really them. A little royal blue flame, and a beautiful, sunset orange flame.
Sans held onto the two little lights he still held. He’d woken up pretty early, a sense of peace filling his soul.

It might have just been his imagination, trying to lessen his pain. But maybe, just maybe, their little ones knew their parents, and knew they were loved.

----

Red, honestly, didn’t want to wake up. To open his eyes to reality. But he could already feel the emptiness in him. It was unavoidable.

Reluctantly, he fluttered them open. The tears sliding down, leftover from crying in his sleep. He gazed at mate, then to their little ones. “Mornin’.”

----

“Morning. Did you dream?” Sans wiped at the tears he could see. He wondered if he should share his own dream.

----

“No.” He dreamt of nothing. Just as he asked for.

----

“I did. It might have just been my mind, trying to help move on, but I’d like to think it was real. Two little flames, one a royal blue, and one the color of the most beautiful sunset orange. Wanna know what they said?” Sans pressed a kiss to Red’s teeth.

“They said goodbye, papa. To not let mama be too sad. And that-” Sans’ breath hitched. “And that they love us.”

----
Red just woke up. Seriously. And here came the waterfalls.

Stars. He wasn’t ready. He wasn’t ready to let go.

He loved them too. Loved them so much.

Wanted to meet them. *Hic*

Red sobbed; sniffling, hiccupsing, small whines making their way out of his throat.

His frame trembled, curling his family closer to him. All he has left.

----

“What do you think? Could it... actually have been them?” Sans’ voice held a small bit of hope. He wanted to think that they might have been forgiven for failing their two little ones.

That their children loved them. Wasn’t that what every parent wanted?

----

“M-M-Maybe. H-Hehe.” He’d liked to think it to be true too. Because *stars*, he wanted to let them know that he tried. Tried to protect them. Didn’t want them gone. Wanted them to be born. To see them hatch. See them use magic, what forms they’ll have—

He wanted to tell them so many things. But most of all.

He wanted to tell them he was so *so sorry.*
Sans hoped that if those lights were their children, then they saw this. Saw the message their mama wanted them to see. And... Sans hadn’t said anything of his own in the dream. He’d add his own part.

It was a miracle his voice held steady as he spoke. “If you can actually hear this, our dearest little ones, know that mama and papa love you both so very much. We have to stay here, to look after your siblings, so you two take care of each other, okay? Please forgive us, for letting this happen. We love you so much, and will never forget you.”

It was possible for a spirit to stay around. Never forever, but it was possible. If their little ones were strong, then they might actually be hearing this. While nothing was known about where spirits went after they faded away for good, Sans could only try to do his best to help his little ones even as they moved on. “Try to find your grandpa Gaster, okay? He’ll take care of you.”

Following after Sans, Red piped up. “P-P-Please befriend your l-little uncle F-Fell too.” He sniffled, doing his best to wipe away his tears.

“G-Geez, sweets. Y-You’re so strong.” He sniffed. Taking deep breaths to calm himself. And here he was, breaking at every second.

“H-heh, I just hope they could actually hear that. I know it’s possible, if they were strong for their age. If they did manage to become spirits, then they could be around for I think just a few days before they move on. Even still, that’s at least enough time to show them we love them.” Sans took Red’s hand, his other still resting on one of their eggs.
Red wasn’t superstitious. But for once. He wanted to be. Wanted to believe that their kids managed to hear them, watching over them, letting them know that they were already missing them so much.

“Me too. I … I hope they know just … how much we looked forward to watching them grow up. And … live a happy life with a bright future.”

Red took uneasy breaths. Calm calm. No more tears. He didn’t want to cry anymore. It’d only make him more tired. Depressed.

And he … needed to keep being strong. To take that step to move forward. Hard. So hard.

He wished now that he dreamt. If it meant seeing them, at least once.

----

“I think, thanks to the technology that they’re using on the dust to preserve them, we might be able to know for sure. I’ll have to try finding the colors, and we can compare them when we get the glass.” Sans closed his eyes, picturing the colors again.

They were so beautiful. Just as their little ones would have been.

“I’ve seen one other spirit in my life. He was from an old, powerful mythic. A dragon, even. He’d been a spirit long enough to know a few things about them. Since our little ones were so young, they’ll only be able to defy the pull for so long. That’s okay, though. While I’m glad for the chance to have told them goodbye, I want them to be able to move on. We can see them again, some day.”

----

Red nodded slowly, humming thickly from all the crying previously. He had to swallow. Just like how he believed what his mate said, having no experience in the matter.

“In a couple of days right?” Stars, his voice was hoarse. “We can wait for that. How are ya feeling?” His mate was still recovering.
“I’m feeling okay. Magic unsummoned just fine, so we should be able to go home soon. How about you?”

As home as that place was now. Thinking about it, they might not even be allowed to go back yet. The police might still be processing everything. Might have to go to the new place, instead.

A place that would have two extra rooms.

Red wasn’t sure. “Hanging on. I … I still have to talk the doctors and the police. I … refused to cooperate, so …” he sighed heavily right after. He didn’t want to deal with it.

One of them mentioned something about therapy in his dazed state. And he did need it. Coping with the loss. Being raped. All that shit. But was he going to?

Only Red knew the answer to that question.

“Best to get it over it. But they’re not gonna get much from a raped victim.” Not when he wasn’t paying attention after he lost his kids.

Sans sighed, giving Red another kiss. “Just tell them what you can. I’m sure they can understand if you can’t remember all too much.”

Red had been so still, when Sans had gotten there. Sans had feared the worst- that he was going to lose Red alongside their eggs. But no. It had just been because Red hadn’t moved after the tranquilizer wore off.
Sans couldn’t blame him. He’d felt the eggs break under pressure. Even if Red was in any mindset to think, it still would have been best for him to lay still. If one of the little ones had survived the shell breaking, it would have been crucial for Red not to move and risk the broken shell injuring the little one.

But Sans had come home too late. The doctors told him there would have only been a very short window of time to get the little ones stable, and it had already passed by the time the tranquilizer wore off.

----

Red nodded. That was exactly what he was going to do. And when the doctor came in to greet them along with a police officer, he decided to untangle himself from his mate.

“I’ll … see you in a couple of hours, sweetheart.” He could turn to kiss Sans on the forehead before getting up to follow the cop to different room.

He really … didn’t want to do this.

----

“I’ll be here. It’ll be okay, love.” Sans gave Red a comforting smile. He shifted around the eggs, as if to assure Red that he’d take care of them while he was gone.

Once they were out of the room, Sans laid back down. He rubbed the sides of the shells. They’d hardened fully from the half solid state they’d been in the womb. Sans had always found it ironic that the eggs of a lamia hardened like this, unlike normal snakes.

He surrounded the two eggs with blankets, making a bit of a nest. That done, he shifted to his bat state, laying over the eggs protectively.

----

Red would’ve made some remarks about being impressed to be taken in some really hidden and
isolated room. If his heart was in it.

All he found himself doing was answering, “I didn’t see”, “I don’t know”. And then actual facts of what he witnessed.

“A wolf raped me. Shot me twice with a tranquilizer. I only saw two before I went down. Could’ve been more. I don’t know. I was busy getting raped on the floor. And then I lose two of my kids. And they were gone. And I don’t remember what happened after that.”

Are they done? Because Red was.

The officer seemed to wince, the dirty job of the duty. “Thank you for your cooperation, sir. We’ll do our best to find the culprits and put them behind bars for good.”

Red wanted to say that they should die. But didn’t.

He signed some papers. Confidentiality shit. Then they were gone.

Next, it was the doctor this time. Telling him shit about coping, programs of mothers losing their children. Consoling him. Holy fuck. Red felt like he was suffocating.

He was prescribed medications, a pamphlet for the programs and therapy sessions.

He signed more shit too.

Just as he was about to be led to where his family was, he gets a phone call. With his irritation rising, he was going to snap, only to see that it was a text from Papyrus.

They got the house.

… Well, ain’t that convenient. They needed one now.
He was admittedly, a little disheartened now. The excitement he felt in wanting that house. For the whole family.

And now there were going to be extra rooms.

Red wanted to puke. His stomach rumbled in hunger, but all he wanted to do was puke.

He managed to make his way back to the room. Looking worse for wear. But the sight before him warmed his soul. Simmering his rising temper.

He slithered closer, gazing at the endearing site of his mate in his bat form, protecting their eggs.

It was adorable. He took a picture to make it his wallpaper.

----

Sans was woken from a light sleep by the sound of a clicking of a phone camera. He gaze at Red with a sleepy smile. “Hey, love. How’d it go? You okay?”

----

Red took another picture. That one was for the lockscreen. “It went as lovely as it could get.”

He sat by their side, hand moving to pet his mate. “Told the police all I could, then signed some stuff. Got prescribed with meds from the doc. Suggested programs and therapy. Oh, Paps texted that we got the house, so we’ll need to finalize stuff for that too.”

As for how we was feeling? “And I don’t know how I’m feeling. Maybe getting annoyed by the whole thing after crying for what felt centuries.”

He sighed deeply, just as deep as the frown he made. “I’m a mess. Moreso when I was pregnant. Getting angrier and annoyed with things faster. Hoping it’s just some phase though. Hate to actually change to something ugly. What will my regulars say back at the club?” He’d lose customers fast.
“I’m sure it’ll pass. If not, we can try to find you some hobby to channel the anger into. Maybe some sort of martial arts or something. All things considered though, I think it’s okay to be angry. Maybe you can write a letter to the guy who... and when they catch him, let him enjoy reading just what he did.” Sans wouldn’t tell Red not to be angry. He’d just help him find a way to express that anger so he didn’t take it out on anyone who didn’t deserve it.

“A doctor stopped by while you were out to check up on the eggs. They’re nice and healthy, and they doc left us with a present.” Sans pointed to a couple pieces of paper that rested on the bedside table.

“I didn’t look, was waiting for you. The doc took a scan of the eggs, so we have pictures of the little ones now.”

Red moved to get up as he spoke. “Maybe I’ll take kung fu like the young grasshopper that I was meant to be. Or do some boxing. Maybe both.”

He was inwardly relieved and grateful his mate understood.

And, nah. He’ll pass on writing that guy a letter. Wanted to forget and move on, so best not to bother with it. He might write a book, but he wasn’t so carefree. He’ll be busy with other things. Like Sans. The kids. His job. And boxing and kung fu. He was booked.

Red didn’t look at the pictures, keeping them faced down as he took them from the table to return to Sans’ side. He laid down, tail still on the floors, so he looked at them at his mate’s level when he got comfortable. Then, he gingerly picked his partner up to place him below his head.

Only then, did he flip the pictures to see.

… Wow. “Aliens.”
Sans snickered. “I suppose they look a little like it now. But look-” Sans pointed with his wing at the long, straight mass in one, and the pair of large darker spots in the other. “A tail and wings. Looks like we have one of each. And it makes sense now why this egg is smaller than the other. They’re growing as a bat, so they’re just smaller right now.”

Red grinned, his soul brimming with affection. “Yeah, an alien bat.” He pointed to the other one. It looked like a worm. “Alien snake over here.”

There were both so beautiful and weird. Beautifully weird. Their kids were perfect.

Sans wiggled out of Red’s hold so he could go nuzzle the eggs. “I love them so much~ Our wonderful little beans.”

The eggs felt a little cool, even if he’d only been off them for a moment. He spread himself back over the eggs to warm them back up. He put his ear over one of them, closing his eyes and listening to the slight soulbeat.

It was an amazing sound.

His mate was adorable. Red leaned down close to their clutch. “You hear them?”

Snakes don’t hear as good as bats do. So even if Red tried, he wouldn’t hear anything pass the hardened shell.
“Yeah. It’s not much more than a little shwo-shwo noise right now, but it’s so nice. And our little snake has a thoum-thoum noise.” Sans did his best to mimic the noise so Red could hear it. It was a poor mimic, honestly.

“I’m not good at the noises, but they’re so endearing.”
“Alright. He has my number, right? I’ll go get everything taken care of so I can head out when he gets here.” Sans moved to the side a bit so he could shift back to skeleton form and throw the scrubs back on. He plucked the eggs up into his arms.

He wouldn’t let them leave his sight.

----

“Nope. But he knows the place. So he’ll just wait for ya in the lobby.” Red promptly did not look at Sans and the clutch. He needed to steal himself and see the wreckage that he once called ‘home sweet home’.

“I’ll see ya. Call me if something comes up.”

And then he ported.

----

“... See ya, love.” Sans stood, ready to go do everything he needed so he could go home.

It felt like it took forever to get everything signed and taken care of. He was given a few pamphlets, and recommended some therapy to help move on from the loss of the two Red had been carrying.

It was exhausting.

Sans sat down in one of the chairs in the lobby, holding the eggs close.

The little voices he’d heard in his dream came back to him in that moment. He closed his eyes for a long moment, a couple more tears slipping from his sockets. He would miss them so much. Didn’t even get to know them. What would they have been? Snakes? Bats? Maybe one of each, like Sans had in his arms.

Sans was jolted out of his thoughts by a soft voice. “Are those people eggs, mister?”
Sans opened his eyes, and nearly cooed at the little monster who was looking at his eggs. She was a skeleton, a somewhat rare sight. Even rarer were her little fangs. Another vampire, like him. Probably unable to control her fangs yet.

“They sure are. This one is going to hatch into a lamia, like my mate. And this one will be a vampire, like I am. Cool, isn’t it?” The girl’s eyes widened at hearing Sans was a vampire. She reached out a hand to hesitantly feel the smaller egg.

“Wow.”

It was humbling to see her so awed by just the eggs. Not to mention adorable. Sans could imagine the same situation, except the little one in the egg feeling that of their little sibling. Well, if they decided to have more in the future.

“If you put your ear holes up close, you can even hear their souls. Wanna try?” The girl nodded, then moved to ever so carefully listen. Sans could tell the moment she heard it, as her eyes shot open.

“Wow, it’s so small.”

“Yeah. They’ll get bigger and louder, though.”

Stars this little girl was cute. Her interactions with the eggs helped soothe the ache in Sans’ soul.

----

It was wreck … Duh.

The sight kind of pissed him off. Despite his rising fury, Red pointedly did not look at the spot where he’d lost his children.

He went around it. Avoided it like a plague.
Red got himself an empty box from the basement, and started to pack what he could. From Sans’ documents, some of their clothes and shoes, some photo albums (nobody steals those), and the like.

It was a good thing they were planning to move elsewhere, or else it would’ve taken longer for them to find a house.

After hours of packing, stretching to crack aching bones … Red finally looked to the place of bad memories, then around everywhere else.

… He’ll still miss this house. Because he worked really hard to buy it with his own money that he’d saved up at the time. Hell, he never even got to teach Sans how to pole dance in the basement.

Yeah ……

It’s goodbye.

~~~~

Grillby came into the hospital’s lobby and immediately spotted Sans with a kid. He didn’t want to disturb, but still waved to get his attention.

----

Sans gave Grillby a nod before turning back to the kiddo. “You stay strong, okay? My ride is here, so I’ve got ta go.”

He booped her in the noseridge, earning a giggle. “Okay! Thanks for talking with me, mister.”

Sans stood, and noticed a cat monster approaching. The girl moved to hug him, so Sans assumed he was her guardian. He was proven right when the guy handed him a slip of paper. “I overheard that you are a vampire like my girl here. She’s adopted, so I don’t know as much about vampires as I would like. If you would be willing to help me out, please give me a call.”

Sans took the slip of paper awkwardly while holding the eggs. “I will. Thank you for giving her a
chance, despite her heritage.”

It was nice to see that the world was getting to a point where monsters would adopt, even knowing that the child was a vampire. Sans would have to help the guy out, if just as a thanks.

He made his way over to Grillby. “Thanks for waiting.”

----

“It was nothing, Sans. I’m sorry about your losses. How are you feeling?” They began walking out of the hospital to the car.

----

“As well as I can be, I suppose. Would probably be worse, but we’ve gotta be here for these two, you know? So I’m pushing forward.” Sans gave the eggs a long look. As if reminding himself what he was living for.

----

Grillby nodded. Sans was an admirable monster. “That’s a good way of thinking things. Is Red … doing okay?” Hard to imagine that his childhood friend would become such a victim. And losing two of his kids at the same time.

He was greatly worried. Ever since Chillby texted him about it.

----

Sans heaved a large sigh. “No. Not really. But I think he’s starting to be. We... talked to them, in a way. Not sure if they were actually able to hear us, but it helped to say it all. We’ll probably have some sort of funeral for them, to get closure. Until then, as long as he’s here and we’re able to care for the eggs we still have, I think it’s alright to not be okay.”
They could worry about moving on later. For now though, they just needed to take care of the eggs, and grieve the ones they lost. The time was a luxury, as Sans had learned in his long life. They had the time to mourn. They should use it. When the eggs hatched, they’d need to be able to care for them without breaking down everytime they thought about the other two children who should be there.

----

Grillby hummed, feeling his own anxiety lessened. More secured with Sans having such a healthy outlook on things.

“That’s good. But do watch over Red carefully. He’s impulsive. So he might do something regrettable.”

Snakes didn’t care much about families. But lamias did. They were protective and territorial when it came to their treasures.

He can’t imagine what Red must be going through, fighting with, in order to act normal.

They got into the car, and Grillby began to drive them to his place.

----

Sans filed the information away for later. He’d have to have another talk with Red about instincts. He needed to know what to expect while they grieved.

And, of course, he needed Red to know that he was allowed to grieve, so long as the eggs were okay and they didn’t hurt each other in their mourning.

It hurt. That was normal, expected.

----
Red took his time roaming around the place. There wasn’t much to see anymore than the ruins left in its wake.

This time, he was back to his legs. His steps crunching the glass and wood. He crouched down, nothing in particular. Just grabbing a shard, examining it. Dropping it. Watching it smash onto the ground. Tiny pieces.

He reached for the glittering shards. Grabbing a handful. Tight.

It hurt. That was normal, expected.

_Tighter._

Drip. Drip.

His hand bled. Red. Red.

Then he let go. Dropping them all back on the floor. He wore gloves after, pocketing that bloodied hand before he began teleporting the boxes back and forth in Grillby’s basement.


~~~

They reached the place soon enough. The elemental parking properly before they got out and headed to the door to unlock and welcome Sans in; showing him the guestroom.

~~~

Sans hurried his way to the guest bedroom, so he could get back to brooding over the eggs. A fair deal of tension left him once he had them settled down.

Seems he’d picked up some of those instincts.
“Thank you for the help. It’s greatly appreciated.”

Ever polite, respectful. After he’d tanked Grillby, Sans sort of... shut down a little. He curled around the eggs. More interaction seemed too hard. He just wanted to be with the eggs and Red.

He didn’t want to have to think.

----

Grillby simply nodded and left Sans quietly. If anything, he needed to find Red, or at least let him know that he brought his mate already.

Just as he was walking downstairs, he heard noises in his basement. Quickly, Grillby opened the door to head down.

Red. He was there and seemed to have transferred the boxes from his place. There were at least five of them.

“Oh, you’re … legs are back.”

Red hummed, just fixing up the arrangement of the items.

“How … Sans is in the guestroom with the clutch.”

“Okay … Thanks, Grillbz.” Red passed by him without another word, and the elemental only watched him leave. Grillby sighed after, turning to look at the packages.

… Hmm? He neared them, and when he saw what it was he noticed, he shook his head in dismay. There was blood on the edges. Must’ve had a scuffle somewhere during the incident.

The fire monster headed out then.
Red stood in front of the guestroom for a while. Not really building up any nerve. But just … thinking.

It was incoherent. He was quiet.

Red opened and closed the door quietly behind him, and moved towards his family.

----

Sans looked up form his slight daze when he heard the door open and close. He held an arm out in silent invitation.

His eyes were glazed with tears.

Couldn’t stop thinking of those haunting words. The only words he’d hear from two of their little beans.

----

Beckoned, Red moved forward, walking until he stood at the edge of the bed. He didn’t want to soil the bed. He was dirty. So he kneeled down and used his good hand to clasp his mate’s with his to show his support.

“It’s okay, love. Like ya said, we can move forward with this. Have two more eggs to worry and care for.”

----

Sans sniffled, and somehow managed to smell blood on Red even through his clogged nose. He looked closely at Red, and snatched up the bloodied hand.
He pulled off the soiled glove, giving a whine when he saw Red’s hand.

Seeing the small wounds was painful for Sans. It pushed him past the edge of just shedding a few tears to all out bawling. He couldn’t manage any words.

Had they not felt enough pain already?

----

“Sans.” Red pulled to hug him. “Sans, it’s okay. Shhhh. It’s okay. We’ll get through this. I’m here. The kids are still here. It’s okay.” He rubbed his mate’s back with his good hand. The dried bloodied hand clenched to a fist, as to not dirty anything.

----

Sans didn’t say anything, couldn’t say anything. Instead, he stubbornly turned in the hug to grab Red’s bloodied hand.

He had to actually pull a couple small shards of glass out before he could heal it.

He could tell Red had done it to himself. He gave Red a powerful, accusing glare. “No. More.”

----

Red nodded. “Won’t fail anymore.” Not this time.

He stared at his bloodied hand. Not enough. Not enough.

----

Sans’ glare grew darker. “Not what I mean. No more of this.” Sans jabbed a finger on Red’s hand.
“We already hurt enough. Don’t add to it. Please, Red. Don’t do this.”

----

Red was hearing but wasn’t comprehending. “Not enough. But that’s okay. I will take both our pain. So you don’t hurt with me.”

He patted Sans’ hand, the one that jabbed his bloodied one, with his clean one. “It’s okay. It’s okay. We can do this.”

----

Sans grabbed Red’s chin, looking his mate dead in the eyes. “All hurting yourself is going to do is make me hurt more. Destroying yourself isn’t the answer, Red.”

----


----

Stars this hurt to see, to hear. “I can’t answer that, love. You need to find that yourself. Though I do know what isn’t. You don’t hurt yourself. You don’t hurt me. And you don’t hurt our eggs. Find a way to cope that doesn’t just make more hurt.”

----

“Wouldn’t ever hurt you or the eggs.” Red felt incredulous. As if his mate was expecting him to.

He felt despondent, gaze blanking.
Then, out of nowhere, his stomach rumbled.

Oh. He pressed his clean hand to his stomach.

Empty stomach.

Empty.

Nothing.

Oh.

----

“If you wouldn’t ever hurt me or the eggs, then don’t hurt yourself, either. I love you, and seeing you hurt tears daggers in my soul.” Sans pressed a kiss to Red’s teeth. “No one blames you, love. You don’t need to hurt yourself.”

“I’ll stay here and guard the eggs. Could you get us some food to share?”

----

Red hummed. He could do that. Could do it.

He slowly got up and headed out. Down the stairs. “Grillbz. Food.”

The elemental had a feeling already, and stood up to present a lunch bag. Giving it to Red. “There’s blood cups and chunks of meat in there.”
“Thanks.” Red took it without trouble and headed back up.

Could do it. Did it. He did it.

He opened and closed the door behind him. “Food. I got the food.”

Red went back to his original position of kneeling by the bed before giving the bag to Sans.

He did it.

----

Sans opened the bag, taking out some blood for himself, and meat for Red. He passed the meat to his mate. “Eat.”

If Red was going to be in a state like this, Sans would have to keep a close eye on him. Give him simple tasks, including ones to make sure he takes care of himself. It would have to do.

Mental health had improved over the years. Sans couldn’t help but wonder if maybe it might actually be good to send Red somewhere to get help. Would they actually be able to help him, and not make it worse?

----


He somehow … Felt really tired.

He wanted to sleep.

Sleep.


----

Why did despair have to be potentially deadly to monsters and mythicals? Sans wanted to let Red have the time, let him feel so... empty. Let him mourn. But no. If he did that, he could very well lose his mate.

Once both of them were done eating, Sans pat the bed next to him. “Sit with me.”

----

Red easily obeyed. “... Sleepy.” He said. Eyes already at half massed.

----

Sans was, to be quite honest, terrified. He was so afraid that if he let Red sleep, he’d never wake up.

So he had to try to keep Red awake, and go get help. How could he do that without leaving the eggs, though? Hmm, that might work.

“I need you to stay awake for me, love. I need you to watch the eggs, keep them warm so I can go do some things. I’d feel much better if I knew you were awake for it, okay?” Something to keep Red busy, a request to keep him awake, and a way to keep the eggs protected.

----
Keep awake. Watch the eggs. Can he do it?

He wasn’t sure. Eggs.

Children aren’t safe with him.

They’re not.

Tired.

“Eggs are not safe with me. Can’t. Sorry. Can’t.”

----

What are you supposed to do when you’re afraid your mate is Falling Down, but your instincts refuse to let you leave your eggs?

Sans’ voice shook with pain and tears and fear and a myriad of other negative emotions. “C-could you go get Grillby for me, then?”

‘Please, I can’t lose you, too.’

----

Grillby.

He could do that. Get Grillby. Anything for his mate.

Red almost stumbled when he got up. He was tired. Sleepy.
But he could get Grillby.

Red headed out. Felt like the umpteenth time.

Headed downstairs. Looked around for his friend.

Vision blurred. The room spun.

Huh?

He was losing strength. Sleep.

Red dropped to the floor and curled in on himself.

Sleep on the floor. He’ll do that.

Then, when he has more energy …

Red closed his eyes.

He’ll go get Grillby.

It was unfortunate. But the elemental monster had gone out to meet with his twin. Thinking the couple would’ve been fine.

Oh how wrong.
Sans nervously waited for Red to come back.

And waited. And waited.

He wouldn’t wait forever, though. He couldn’t leave the eggs alone, but he needed to find Red. Compromise.

Sans put together a makeshift baby sling with a couple blankets. Once he had the eggs securely against him, he went on a search for his mate.

He swore when he saw Red curled up on the ground. “Shit, damn it, please don’t be too late.”

Shaking his mate’s shoulder with panic in his voice, Sans did his best to wake Red. “Red, dearest, you can’t do this to me, wake up! Please wake up!”

----

Red groaned, being shaken so roughly. Trying to sleep.

He would find Grillby for Sans. But he was just … tired.

Just a little bit.

He needed energy.

Sleep. Sleep.

----

Sans’ voice was quiet, full with emotion. “You promised you wouldn’t leave me. Please, you can’t Fall on me like this.”
Tears spilled at Sans’ eyes. If Red didn’t respond, he’d have to call 911 or something, anything to try to save Red.

He couldn’t lose his mate so soon after losing two of their eggs. It would destroy him.

----

Red furrowed his brows. Eyes fluttering open.

He wasn’t going to leave Sans.

How was sleeping going to do that?

“Just … Needed rest … Find Grillbz … For you.”

Red tried to sit up better, back slumping. No energy.

“Not leaving.” Sans was being weird.

----

Sans struggled to hold his voice steady. “You can sleep when I know you’ll wake up. Yer Falling, and I can’t lose you.”

It was amazing Sans still had tears to shed. He made a show of wiping at them, trying to draw a reaction with at least that.

He couldn’t lose his mate.
Falling? … Was he?

Red looked at his mate, wiping their tears, crying.

*No. Don’t cry.*

Instinctively, Red’s tail formed. Formed to wrap around his mate. *Comfort him.* He wrapped his arms around him. *Comfort him.*

Red nuzzled the crook of Sans’ neck, where he could see his mark on him.

*Don’t cry. Don’t cry.*

*I’m here.*

*I’m still here.*

He made rumbling noises with his chest—purring. He hoped it helped comfort his mate.

----

Crying. Crying was getting a reaction. And oh boy did Sans have a lot to cry about. He didn’t want to worry Red, but right now it was just better to let it all out.

Letting his guard down even a little left Sans a shaking, sobbing mess. He lost two children before even getting to meet them. His mate was on the border of Falling Down.

Yeah. He had more than enough things to cry about.
Red frowned. Mate was still crying. Why?

Why was Sans crying?

He didn’t understand.

“Why are you crying, my precious?”

---

Ah. Well. Turns out when you let your tears start, it’s hard to stop them. Sans had to struggle to actually get anything resembling words out of his mouth. “I-if you s-sleep n-now you-ou m-might not w-wake up-p and I’m s-scared.”

---

Okay. “Okay.”

Red began wiping the tears himself. “Won’t sleep. So you won’t get scared.” Don’t cry.

Awake. “I’ll stay awake.”

He wanted his precious mate to be happy.

---

Sans buried his head in Red’s chest, forcing his tears to slow. He’d gotten what he needed. Now he
needs to help Red see why he needed to stay. Why he couldn’t fall.

“Th-thank you, l-love. Let’s go b-back to the room.”

----

Red nodded, humming. He ported them back to the room, with him settling his lover down on the bed with their kids. Then, he wrapped himself around them as he laid himself down as well.

----

Now... how does Sans give Red a better reason to live? Or, at least, try to soothe whatever hurt that was hurting Red so much.

Sans wasn’t completely sure, but he felt it was probably because Red blamed himself for the loss of the eggs he’d been carrying. Now he just needed to figure out how to handle this so he didn’t lose his mate.

“You still blame yourself, don’t you?” Sorrow showed strong in Sans’ words. He didn’t blame Red at all, but... he couldn’t manage to stop Red from blaming himself.

----

“Yes.” He admitted easily. Felt like he was admitting to a crime.

Red knew he had a guilty verdict on that one.

“Yes I do.”
“How long was it between them breaking down the door, and tranquilizing you?” Sans needed to know the answer to the question anyways. Because it was hard to know your spouse didn’t just teleport away when he had the power.

If it was only a moment, though, then Sans wouldn’t blame him for it. Element of surprise and all.

---

“They … barged in. Startled me so much. Then I saw their guns, and froze for a moment.” Red’s frame trembled a bit from the memory.

“It was … enough time for them to shoot me. Shot me twice on my tail … Then I went down.”

Pathetic.

He was so pathetic.

He could’ve teleported. But he let fear stop him.

And now … Well, he paid the price for it, dearly.

---

A moment. It had just been a moment. Sans couldn’t blame him for that. For freezing for just a moment when in so much fear.

He pressed a kiss to Red’s brow. “It’s instinct, love. Long before guns were a thing, we were already mostly as we are now. And a moment could save you from accidentally running towards danger. It was only because they had guns and tranquilizers that they were able to catch you.”

“... It was just a moment. I don’t think you can be blamed for that. You didn’t kill them. You didn’t ask for this. It was the monster who... did that to you. He was the one that killed our babies.”
“B-But if I didn’t freeze.” His mouth quivered, eyes brimming with tears. “If I j-just teleported hic t-they would still be …” He couldn’t finish his sentence as the lamia sobbed.

----

“They would. It wasn’t your fault, though. I don’t blame you. I... I love you very much. And if my dream was real, they do too. You’ll get nowhere blaming yourself for one moment. Just a single moment. It hurts, but you can’t obsess over it.”

Sans pressed another, longer kiss to Red’s brow. “You can’t let yourself Fall. Make up for the moment by living, and caring for the siblings of the two we lost.”

----

The sniffling, and whining. Red thought he was done with that, but apparently not.

“I know. I know. J-Just … Really attached. Felt like a failure. F-Family is all we lamias t-treasure deeply. S-So I ... “ He snifflled again, wiping his face with the back of his hand.

“Y-You already know that, even now, still couldn’t forget my lil bro … Now it’s my kids. Stars.”

----

“I know, dearest. I know. If we give up after failing some, though, we can never save the rest. If there’s even one person who needs us, then we’ve got to keep trying.”

Sans had lost children before. Granted, they were his only because he was helping at the orphanage, but he’d... Those deaths had been his fault. But there had been a few survivors, and if Sans had given up, they would have died. Enough of them were mythicals that it was a given.
He knew a thing or two about pushing forward, even when there seems to only be bad coming from existing.

---

Got to keep trying …

Stars.


He needed to take that to heart. Be able to more forward.

Stars.

Red was just … He was about to Fall, huh … So close to leaving Sans and the clutch. Leaving his family.

His eyes were no longer clouded and dull. Instead, they were brightening, just as they should’ve been.

“S-Sorry sweets. I-I … “ He looked down in shame, riddled with guilt. “I took the loss too hard … Wasn’t thinking right.”

---

Sans sagged a little, relief flooding him. He slumped, feeling drained. “Just … try not to scare me like that again.”

Sans adjusted their positions so he was laying parallel to Red, the eggs cradled safely between them.
He was feeling pretty tired, but after the whole ordeal, he didn’t want to sleep.

The image of Red collapsed on the floor would haunt him, he was sure.

---

“Mmm. I won’t … Well, try at least. M-May still have some effect on me. But this time, smack me or somethin.”

Red was sure to do something stupid again. As to what? He didn’t know. But smack him anyway.

---

“Mhm. Not likely to. Love you, even if you can be real stupid.” Sans couldn’t bear the thought of hurting Red. He just couldn’t.

Trying to push his exhaustion aside, Sans started rubbing the eggs gently. Distracting himself from how tired he was. He wouldn’t fall if he slept, but he’d likely have nightmares. So he pushed the sleepiness away.

---

Red wholeheartedly agreed to that. He just wasn’t himself.

Time. He just need time.

Then, he’ll be fine. Fine to love his family without anymore hesitation or self-doubt.

Honestly, Red cringed at what he had done. Where was he in that mess?

He practically broke down and threw his confidence and bitchy sarcastic self somewhere. And
frankly, he needed that back.

Apologetic, Red lavished Sans with attention, peppering him with kisses of affection and gratitude. His amazing and strong mate. Without him, stars, Red didn’t know what’d happen to him.


----

Sans’ breath hitched. Tears welled back up in his eyes. He’d nearly lost this. Nearly had to struggle as a single parent.

It left him so, so tired. Normal but heavy tired. “Do me a favor? I’m real tired. Could you wake me if it looks like I’m having a nightmare?”

----

Red hummed, “Of course. Wouldn’t want ya suffering from this, sweets.” He kissed him on the mouth, gentle and unhurried. Hoping to reassure his fatigued mate.

“Goodnight, love.” One more peck on the skull. “I really hope you’ll get sweet dreams.”

----

Sans closed his eyes, resting his head against Red’s chest. One arm lay over the eggs, reassuring that they were still there.

He drifted to sleep easily.
A few days passed by. A few busy days.

First was moving into the new house once it had been finalized that they were the owners for it.

Next was renovating the old house to put up for sale. The couple left it to the twin elementals and Papyrus to handle.

Then, after settling down for a bit, Sans got the call for the cremation of their young.

There were called to head on over to the building and see for themselves. And with both sorrow, and maybe a tinge of excitement, they did.

----

Sans had so much trepidation and hope when the nice, fancy box the glass rested in was handed over to him. He rested one hand on the lid while he signed the paperwork to set up payment for the process. It would be pricey, but oh so worth it to know for real if the little ones had really managed to hang on long enough to say goodbye.

That taken care of, Sans decided to get home before opening it. He didn’t like leaving the eggs alone for more than a few moments anyhow. He grabbed Red’s hand and teleported to their room, where the eggs were resting in an incubator.

“Ready, love?”

----

His heart beated loud and hard against his chest. He had this feeling … like he was going to
breakdown again.

He gave Sans a nervous smile. “Ready as I’ll ever be.” He nodded. “Do it.”

----

Soul racing, Sans lifted the lid on the tiny little box. Tears welled in his eyes at the little glass inside.

It was beautiful, a swirling mixture of blue and orange. Later, Sans was sure he’d write the people who worked on it a nice letter, for the shape of the glass clearly had a lot of work put into it.

Right now though, he was filled with an overwhelming sense of relief. The colors were right. Their babies had gotten to hear their message, and to say goodbye.

Sans turned to hug Red tightly. “They’re the right colors. Oh stars, they’re the right colors.”

----

Red returned the hug a bit absentmindedly as he stared at the colours. But not just that.

Red blinked. And two pairs of eyes blinked back at him.

Their silhouettes were hazy to his eyes, but from the colour of glowing in their chests, the magic in their eyes, and their shape, he knew … this were his little ones.

‘Mama, okay now?’

‘No more sad?’

Red placed a hand to his mouth, as if hiding the watery smile that bloomed beneath. The tears welled up, and he just … Red couldn’t believe it.
‘Mama! No cry!’

‘We love you and papa!’

‘We know. We know you try!’

Red laughed breathlessly, a little choked as he wiped his tears. “M-Mama not crying anymore. S-See?” He did his best to showcase a bright smile. It may been still a little crooked, trembling even. But can you blame him?

‘Mama lie!’ one of them giggled.

‘Still crying!’ the other pointed.

Oh. “O-Oops?”

The littles laughed with glee, and Red’s heart squeeze tight in his chest. The most beautiful sounds—music in his ears. He never want to forget it.

‘Mama mama!’

“Y-Yeah?”

“Before we go and meet uncle Fell and granpa Gas, you forgot something!”

Red took a while to think about it before his smile became wider, he chuckled. “I did.”

“Yeah!”
They had yet to name them.

Red turned to Sans, a shaky smile ever present. “One of them is a boy, our precious lil bat. He’s the sunset orange. Our lil snake is a girl, the royal blue.” Stars, he was crying again. But this time, he was sure it was from happiness.

“They want their names … before they go.”

----

Sans could only see the little flames from before, but he didn’t doubt Red. He’d heard the faint whispers, though he couldn’t make out the words. It probably took the little ones a lot of focus to speak to even one of them. Probably saved most of their energy for this, even.

They’re little girl was the albino snake Sans had wanted to see. He would have to wait until they met again to see how beautiful she was. And their little boy was the same color as his grandfather. Gaster would be happy to meet him.

“For our little girl, Sapphire. For our boy, Carnelian.” Little gems. Their little gems. “Do you two like the names?”

----

Red nodded, “Our precious gems. Fitting.”

‘We do!’

‘Like em!’

‘I’m Saph!’

‘I’m Carn!’
‘Thank you papa!’

‘Papa make pretty names.’

‘For us!’

‘Yeah!’

Stars. They were so happy. Red was really moved and ever so grateful.

It was … He can move forward from this.

“T-Take good care of yourselves. And each other!”

They giggled.

‘Silly mama!’

‘Protect family!’

“Yeah … Yeah.” Red waved at them as they were slowly fading away.

‘Love you and papa!’

‘And eggies!’

‘Eggies!’
‘Bye bye~!’ They said their farewells in unison. Both so happy. Such a cheerful bunch. It was a relief to know.

Red placed a hand on his calming heart. Forgiven … They forgave him. They knew he didn’t mean to.

Carnalia and Sapphire …

Red wiped his face, no longer feeling so sad. Instead, he was smiling. Soft and jovial.

“They’re gone now … But our gems are going to be fine.” Red turned to his mate and kissed him. “And we will be too.”

It was a closure he needed. They needed.

They were going to be just fine.

----

“Yeah. I’m so proud of them. Heh, I think they really wanted you to know they don’t blame you. That they love us. It takes strong wishes like that to allow people to come back like that. They’re so strong.” Sans had a look of pride to match his words.

He pulled out the little sheet of paper he’d printed before going to get the glass. He’d actually gotten it almost exactly right, despite having taken a couple days to finally be able to look for their colors online.

He left it in the box with the glass. A reminder that they’d gotten to say goodbye. That they’d loved and been loved by the adorable little pair, even though they’d never managed to be born.

“The blue meant Saph was albino, like me. And Carn was the same color as his grandfather. Hope they don’t get too impatient waiting for us. Gotta raise their siblings and all.”
Sans felt so light. The sorrow over losing them would still stick with him, but... Stars, they’d hung around long enough to tell Red he was forgiven. Sans would always love them, and he was glad they loved their parents.

Everything was alright.

Chapter End Notes

I could be mean and keep trolling by giving a one line preview of the next chapter... but I think instead I'll just post much sooner then this one came. Sorry bout that =w="
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Okay, maybe everything wasn’t alright. Sans had pulled the eggs out of the incubator for a little more personal time with them before they hatched. He’d decided to switch over to his bat form with its better healing to listen to their soulbeats.

They sounded off. Irregular and fast.

Sans was possibly overreacting, but... He couldn’t stand to lose the rest of the clutch.

“H-hey love? I think we might wanna take the eggs in for a checkup. Something sounds off with their souls.” Sans voice shook with a hint of panic.

---

It was only a few days after that closure that Red was finally getting back into being himself again.

Then his mate was panicking. And here comes the panic welling up.

Red mentally shook his head as he headed over. He has to be the voice of calm reasoning. Wouldn’t do if they were both panicking.

“Okay, we’ll take them there.” Red took the sling to put the eggs in before taking Sans’ hand to head to the hospital for another checkup.

Red talked to the nurse as he let Sans hold the eggs; figuring the panic in his mate might calm a bit.

They were guided to a room where the eggs were going to be scanned, and as the parents, they could only watch with anxiousness.
When the examination was over, they were given their clutch back and was taken to another room. Wasn’t that just reassuring? Why not just tell them already?

Regardless, they obediently did just that, and here they were, sitting side by side with the doctor across them.

The doctor held pictures in his hands, looking at them carefully as he flipped through them.

Were those the results? What is it? What is it?!

Red was mentally screaming, in contrast to his calm appearance. He held onto Sans’ hand and gave a squeeze for comfort.

“I see.” The doctor finished with looking and took one from the bunch to give to us. Sans took the picture.

“There are no problems with your clutch, and—”

And?!

—you’ll be having twins in the egg that showed more of the snake-like features.”

... Hmm? I’m sorry. Can you repeat that?

The doctor continued to explain as if he read the prompting of Red’s thoughts.

“As you look in the picture, there are two distinct bodies in the egg. Curling around each other.”

Red leaned to Sans and took a look … Oh. He saw two worms.

They were having twins.
… Red was so happy, he fainted.

----

Sans caught Red awkwardly, careful of the eggs. “Oh dear.”

Twins. “I guess that’s why the egg is larger. Okay. Twins.”

Twins.

Twins.

Twins.

A grin slowly spread over Sans’ features. They were having twins. He’d have to come up with more names.

At least they wouldn’t have to share a room.

Twins. Twins!

----

When Red woke again, they were already back at home, and he was the bed.

He slowly sat up, almost wanting to question what just happened when he remembered.

Oh. Right.

They were going to have twins.
Stars.

Red laid back down with a thump. “... Twins.” Twin snakes at that.

A small smile etched on his face. “Wow.”

It was good surprise. The more the merrier.

---

Sans laughed at his mate. “Yup. Two little worms for the price of one. They’re gonna be so cute. I can’t wait to see if they’re the same color or not.”

Sans almost hoped they’d be different colors. It would make naming easier. Well, make it so they could stick to the same naming scheme as with Saph and Carn easier.

“I’m so glad it was such a good result. Had me real worried.”

---

“You had me worried there, sweets. Wouldn’t have known otherwise since I can’t hear em.” Red crawled to lay on his lover.

“Now there is one room left. Maybe we should turn that into a sex dungeon or something.” He snickered at the thought before busting out a laugh. “Oh stars! I just thought of calling it a baby maker room. Pffit!”

---

“Pff, of course that’d be your first thought. Horny are we?” Sans couldn’t help but snicker. He loved his mate so much.
“On a serious note though, we should go get a third crib. Or maybe return one of the ones we already got and get one of those cute twin cribs.”

----

Red snorted at getting to the technical part of things. “Up to you? I second getting a third crib instead. Cuz if they fight, maybe some distance would do em good. But if we get the twin crib, it’d be more interesting to see them trying to cross to each other’s cribs easily … Hmmm. Tough choice. So I’ll leave that to you.”

Red wore a cheeky grin. “This power came with too many responsibilities. I am not worthy.”

----

Sans had missed this side of Red. The cheeky bastard. “We can see if there’s one that can be separated if it needs ta be. I mean, they’ll probably be in kid beds by the time they have lasting arguments, but it’s still a good point.”

Sans’ gaze drifted over to the incubator. (Which he’d built himself to help cope with the loss of two of their little beans) “We’ve got how long, a week? Before they’ll be ready. We’ll have to keep an eye on our lil bat, they might not have a eggtooth.”

----

“The wise has spoken.” He glanced to the incubator himself.

A week left, less than now, actually.

“Gotta prepare for them arriving. Get shit like baby bottles. You donating? Can I even donate my own blood for our lil batty? I know the lil snakes just eat what we eat.”

----
“Yeah, and I can donate. Probably best to stick to blood for the bat and meat from the twins until we know how many traits they share. When they’re a little older we can try mixing. Or if one of the snakes tries to bite.” Sans didn’t really know too much about crossbreeds. Didn’t know if their little ones would be able to eat the same foods, or if they’d have two lamia and a vampire.

Considering he hadn’t really seen any mythicals that clearly showed as crossbreeds, he figured they’d be fully separate.

---

“Oh shit. Almost forgot they might crossbreed. Huh.” Red let the idea simmer in his head.

“They’ll still be so cute. I can just imagine our lil’ batty trying to munch on chunks of meat and our twin snakes drinking blood in a cup like a classy blood sucking vamp.” Red was swooning, “So cute.”

Their children we’re going to be perfect.

---

Sans couldn’t help but laugh at that. “I doubt it’ll happen, since you don’t really see many crossbreeds, but it is possible.”

Sans couldn’t help but remember the little girl he’d seen in the hospital. “By the way, did I tell you about the girl I met while waiting for Grillby to pick me up from the hospital?”

---

“Nope.” Red shook his head for emphasis. “Was kinda out of it, and you were still worried about our clutch, taking care of me after, and then we met our ghost babies.”

Red clapped his hands twice. “I’m ready for my bedtime story. Lay it on me. Thick please.”
“Oh gosh, she was so cute.” (“Our kids are gonna be cuter” Red piped up in the background)

Cue small snort from Sans. “She was still pretty cute. Not only was she a vampire, but also a skeleton. Came up and asked if I was holding people eggs. When I let her listen to the soulbeat of the bat, she had the most adorable expression of awe. If our little ones are cuter, then we’re screwed. They’ll have us wrapped around their little fingers so fast.”

“Talked with her adoptive parent for a moment, he was wondering if I’d be willing to share some information about vampires, since he’s not a mythical. I was planning on calling up the number he gave me. Might be nice for our little beans to have a friend.”

Red rolled his eyes. “Sans dear, you poor thing. Stating the obvious about our kids. Of course we’re screwed.” It was a given. Duh.

But the next bit about his mate meeting this adoptive parent guy had his brows wiggling. “Sweetheart, you sure that’s not a pickup line? Sounds like a pickup line. And he gave you his number.” He wiggled his brows some more; skeptical.

“I’ll come with ya.” There was no debating about that.

“Mean, it’s a possibility. That’s why I was going to ask you to come along. Vampires are rare though, so I kinda doubt a cat would end up adopting a vampire.” Sans gave Red a kiss, to reassure his mate he was anything but unfaithful. He loved Red too much for that.

Mythicals mated for life. Once you were mated, you stuck together, or you lived the rest of your life alone.
Red went to hug Sans’ waist, nuzzling him. “Mmm. I know. I doubt he didn’t see the huge tattoo I gave ya. But can’t blame me for being a bit protective.” If Sans had worked back at the bar, he wouldn’t mind. But outside of work was a no. And scientists don’t need to flirt and fuck around to get their job done.

So yeah. Nope. His precious mate. His tail summoned, and curled to wrap around his lover.

_His._

Red’s possessiveness was endearing. As if Sans was anything but Red’s. “Mhm, I don’t blame ya. Still, I’m yours. No one else’s.”

If it was just for work, Sans really didn’t mind that Red had sex with others. But Sans had no reason to be with anyone but Red. Some might try to say that it was hypocritical to let Red do that while Sans couldn’t, but...

Sans really didn’t mind. Red was his important person.

Red purred, “Hehe, shucks, sweets. You’re makin’ me blush.” He moved up to kiss Sans’ cheek. “I’m yours too. My heart _and_ blood is all yours.”


Sans laughed at that. “Same here, hehe. Gotta share our love for our little gems.”
“But that’s it! Friends don’t count.” Red went back laying on Sans’ lap. “They just *friendship*. No love. That’s paperview. I accept credit, debit, and cash.” he should text Grillby, Chillby that.

Sans gave his mate an affectionate smile. He ran his fingers over the warm bone of Red’s skull. “Might have ta pull them out of the incubator soon. My instincts are drivin’ me nuts. My bat nature wantin’ to keep my whole family close, and the bit of snake nature I picked up from ya is tellin’ me ta wrap around ‘em till they hatch.”

Red snickered, the end of his tail moved up to caressed his mate’s cheek. “It’ll only be a couple more days. Patience is a virtue o’ young one.”

Just a few more, and then they’ll hatch. He’ll be able to finally all three of their babies. His tail flickered back and forth out of excitement. Accidentally smacking Sans a few times on the cheek before moving it away. “Oops. My bad, sweets.”

Sans laughed at that, jabbing a finger into Red’s side. “Careful there. Have ta put a rattle on that tail, then everyone’d run when ya were happy.”

Red burst out laughing, clutching his stomach. The imagery got him. “More like I’d become the best babysitter ever. Practically a live rattler to calm and play with the babies.”

He laid on his back, still on his lover’s lap to look up at Sans. His smile wide. “Wonder how much
they’ll pay me for the hour. I don’t come cheap though. Heh.”

----


----

“Sssaaaansss~” he playfully hit Sans lightly on the chest. Unable to help the whine to hide the giddy feeling of embarrassment for a moment, before Red chuckled.

“That was top notch, sweetheart. Ooooh shiiiiit. Got myself some legendary ultra rare card here. Only 1 made in the entire world. Banned to be used in *any* game.” Red hummed, nodding sagely. All wise and stupid. “Limited edition indeed.” A grin made its way to his face after.

----

“Well, it’s only good when paired with a certain other card... though there are three more comin’ out that’ll also do.” Sans gave another glance at the eggs, smile softening.

“Got a little deck of five. We’ll rock the world together.”

----

Oh hot damn. They did! Red raised his arm forward, “With all the five cards in my hands, I can now summon TOBY the Ultimate Forbidden Dog!” It was only the rarest card set in some actual card game he happened to chance upon some school kids play. It was called Yi-Gu-Ho or something.

His arm dropped to his side. “Ugh. I’ll have to get back to work soon too. Good thing I have the night shift and you have a morning one. Else we’ll have to hire some babysitter and ew. Cooties.”
“Heh, yeah. We’ll even have some time with both of us home every day. I’ve got time off for a little while longer though. Get in the swing of things. Hope the little gems don’t keep us up too much though.” Crying babies weren’t something you could ignore. You had to get out of bed and take care of them.

It would be worth it, though. So very worth it.

----

“Pffft. You should worry bout me keeping you up~” he was joking of course. They were newborns, and they’ll take most of their attention. And Red was honestly looking forward to it.

Their twin little worms. And then their cute bat. Red’s heart would need constant resuscitation.

----

Sans made it three more days until he pulled the eggs out of the incubator and made a nest on the bed. He rarely moved far from it for the next three days. Then he refused to move as he anxiously waited for them to hatch.

He didn’t want to miss a moment of it. He even had a camera to record it.

“I think we can wait up to two days after the twins hatch to try to help our little bat. I can’t wait for all three to be out of the egg. Our little gems.” Sans leaned against Red as he spoke.

----

To be fair, excited as he was as well, he didn’t think it compared to his mate’s. He was almost exasperated by it. Not like he could tell him to calm down though. Wouldn’t do any good. Plus, it was good kind of anxiety anyway.

He hummed in agreement. “Got a little hammer? … Kidding.” Peck peck. Could just use either of
their fangs to prick a hole and start picking at it with their claws to crack the shells and let their babies out.

“Just poke a hole. And pick at it.” Red had his arm around Sans’ shoulder. “2 more days huh. Then we’ll finally see em. Stars …” Officially. Becoming parents.

Huh. Though he dreamed of it. He didn’t think, with him being a prostitute and all, he can actually have a family of his own. Not that it wasn’t possible, but just … unlikely. All kinds of people around the world that weren’t a fan of his job. Made it really hard to even find a serious relationship.

And now … a whole fucking family. Mate and kids.

… Stars.

Red was humbled and honoured.

----

Sans smiled, pressing a kiss to Red’s teeth. “I’ve always wanted ta have kids. I mean, working at the orphanage was nice and all, but I wanted… I wanted to have kids that were mine from the start.”

He rubbed at the mark Red had given him, the rose. “You’ve given me that. Thank you, love. ‘N I love you very much.”

Seven hundred and five years, and Sans was finally getting kids of his own.

----

Red couldn’t help but snort. “Don’t look at me. You did all the work.” He leaned to kiss the top of his mate’s head. “But you’re welcome. Love ya too, sweets.”
“You accepted me as your mate. That’s more than anyone had given me before.” Sans couldn’t let Red think he was anything less than amazing. “No normal monster wanted to be with a mythical. No normal mythical wanted to be with a vampire. And no other vampire wanted to put up with a vampire who didn’t kill.”

---

Red blinked. Maybe his mouth opened in surprise. He was shook. “What?”

Are you fucking kidding him?! “What the fuck? Sweetheart, that’s fucking insane. You’re gorgeous, sweet, loyal and devoted. Not to mention smart, cute as hell, and fuck, even rich now.”

“The people you met are fucking stupid. They don’t know what hitting the jackpot means. Pah!” Red waved a nonchalant hand to lessen his irritation.

“Doesn’t matter. I struck gold. All these treasures are mine. For good.”

---

Sans gave Red a weak smile. “It wasn’t so much how kind or whatever I was. It was safety. The past century or so has been okay, but... Before, it wouldn’t matter that I didn’t kill, that I was kind, that I helped orphans even. It mattered that stayin’ around a vampire was dangerous, and a vampire that didn’t kill their prey even more so. If they live, then everyone knows a vampire was in the area. If ya did kill, then all they knew was that someone had been dusted.”

Sans’ isolation was partially his own fault. However, he’d never wanted to kill just to survive. Even when his pacifism left him a nomad, and left his friends in danger of being hurt because they were his friends, he didn’t want to kill.

---

Red snapped his mouth shut at that. Not because he understood though. He didn’t live that far back to know. But because the words he’ll say are biased to his own values and beliefs. And he wasn’t about to push that kind of shit on his mate.
Instead, Red simply hugged him. “I love you. And I’m happy, really happy, that you’re my mate.” It was all he could say that would carry its weight.

He wasn’t them. He was Red. And Sans was Red’s now. Only looking forward. To their future. To their kids. That’s all.

That was all.

----


Crack.

Sans jolted at the noise, and spun in Red’s arms. He let out a choked but unmistakably happy noise. One of the twins had started breaking their shell. It would probably be a decently long process, as it really was best to let them work their way out of the shell on their own. Still, even that little crack was enough to send Sans’ soul racing.

“Oh, they’re coming! Our little snakes!”

----

Oh damn! Red found himself moving towards their clutch, lowering himself to lean as close as he could to see the small damage made.

Naturally, nothing happened yet for their other egg, but he wasn’t sure if they needed to help now or wait longer.

Red was so tempted.
Crack.

Aaaaaaaaahh. The twins were really trying their best.

----

Sans gripped Red’s hand tightly with one of his own. The twins were working hard, probably made easier by there being two of them in the egg. They might not take long at all!

Sure enough, another little crack and Sans could see a tiny little finger sticking out of a little hole they’d made. He made a little cooing noise at the sight of it. “So cute. They’re so cute. Such a tiny little finger.”

----

“Oh my stars.” Red grabbed Sans shoulders, his whole body turning except his head that continued to look at their young. “Sans. Sans they’re coming!” He was shaking his lover frantically.

They were coming! Aaaaaaaaah!

“W-What do we do with the other one? Do we help now? Wait a bit more?” He then pushed Sans to it. “Try listening to it! Maybe they’ll let us know! Quick! Quick! Before I die.”

----

Sans snickered a little at that, doing as ordered and moving to listen to the egg. ‘Pat pat.’

Little noises, like the little one was trying to break the shell, but couldn’t quite manage it. “Sounds like they’re tryin’ ta crack it. I’ll give them a small bit to start, and we can wait a bit ta see if it’s enough.”

Sans summoned a sharp bone, and started to lightly chip at the egg a little. He only shaved off the tiniest little bit with each movement, not wanting to accidentally hurt his little one. He stopped the
moment he finally broke through the egg. “Alright. Let’s let them try with this for now, dear.”

----

“I’m hurting Sans. 
Hurting. ’” He grabbed onto his lover, wrapping his tail around the legs as he hooked an arm to Sans. He was his safety line. The sane to his insanity.

Slitted eyes watched the egg, waiting with bated breath.

………………… Crack.

Red lost his mind.

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

“S-Sans! Hold me!” He was already holding Sans.

They were here! Their kids!

----

Sans felt surprisingly calm. He deemed it a good thing, as it let him watch things with a more rational mind. Seeing that their little bat had managed to crack the shell some around the hole Sans had given, he deemed that they would be able to do the rest just fine. If it took them a little longer than the twins, that was fine.

Another crack sounded, and now there was a whole little hand sticking out of the shell. It pulled back enough to push against the side of the hole. Another little crack and the hole grew even bigger. “They’re going so fast. Our smart little beans.”

----
Red hyperventilated for a few moments. Curled himself around Sans more, leaning closer for comfort. A hand pressed to his chest, hearing the loud thumping of his soul.

“So smart. They— Crack —Oh my stars. I might faint. I have a weak heart.” He doesn’t. “I can’t handle this. Sans. Sans. Sweets. I’m hurting. Comfort me!”

Eyes trained keenly on their clutch, Red watched them with rapture.

He was inwardly cheering them on. Each time he heard the cracking sounds, he would flinch. Leaning closer and closer.

*Come on. You can do it!* He was rooting so hard! If he could, he’d be those sport fans. Waving their number one foam fingers about.

“She! Oh my stars! Are you seeing this?!” Red clearly lost his mind somewhere.

----

Well, Red was being adorable. Not as adorable as those little hands pushing at the eggs, though. Even their little bat was making good progress.

Sans held back a squeal when a large chunk of the shell peeled away with a push of those tiny little hands. He could now see the twins through the hole. One of them met his gaze, and their tiny little smile dang near brought tears to his eyes.

They reached forwards to him, managing to tip the egg a little in the process. The weight of their little bodies tore the shell far enough open for the both of them to come spilling out. Sans reached with shaking hands to pick up one of the twins.

He then passed the twin gently to Red. He carefully showed his mate how to hold them, before picking up the other twin. “Looks like we’ve got two little boys. This one’s white like his sister. Did you know white snakes were thought to be messengers of the gods? His magic will probably be blue, too. We can choose between blue or white gems if we stick to that naming theme.”
His hands were shaking. Or maybe the little one was. He wasn't sure.

Tiny hands. Tiny tail. Tiny body. Every about them was so small. So precious.

Red’s heart skipped a beat, and he might have died for a short moment when he heard the squeak. The squeak.

Look at that little tongue. And eyes that were still closed, slowly opened to meet his.

It was dark red just like their magic. A deeper colour than Red’s own. The name stroke him then. “Pyrope.” A kind of garnet. Fitting for the theme Sans started.

His finger gently caressed the trembling frame of his young one. Pyrope leaning into the touch, a soft and small smile. A small blep for his effort.

Red almost lost strength in his legs, but he had his tail out. So he lowered himself to sit on it. His age was showing.

Though he returned the small gesture with his own. Sticking out his then forked tongue.

His little worm open their mouth, their smile looked like it widening; like he wanted to laugh but it was coming out as small and short breathy coughs.

He was like the wicked wizard of the waste. He was melting.

“Pyrope, huh? Yeah, I like it. An honest gem, always showing its true color.” Sans then turned his eyes back to the twin he held. He took a long moment to consider a name.
He gave the little one a bit closer of a gaze, and his brow furrowed. “Hmm, that’s a little odd. I assumed they were both boys, but... This one looks to be... I’m not sure. The hips are a bit wide for a boy, but narrow for a girl. You’re the snake, can you tell from the tail?”

While human, and even other monsters had genitals that made gender pretty clear, skeletons were different. They were technically hermaphrodites, as they could summon both genders genitals. However, things like hip size and shape could give a clearer picture as to what gender they were.

----

Red peered over, moving to Sans and around to inspect their little one. His eyes brightened in seeing the little tail. It was thinner, tapering to a finer tip. Making their little one appear smaller than they already were.

“Got ourselves a girl, sweets.”

Pyrope yawned and curled on his palm— Crack.

Red’s head shot up and immediately headed to their precious bat. “You can do it, sweetling. Come on. Come to mama.” He urged, hoping that his encouragements were being understood even the slightest.

He heard the softest and smallest cry and Red swooned. He kept cooing and encouraging as the cracks on the egg were becoming more frequent.

----

A little wingtip poked out, followed by a little skeletal hand. They pushed at the edges of the egg, knocking another few shards of shell away.

Sans had to hold back laughter as the little one tried climbing out just a little too early and got stuck by the wings that were sticking out of their back. When they flailed with a tiny cry, Sans moved to gently pry just enough eggshell away so the little one could get out. “There ya go, sweetie. Welcome to the world, our little gems.”
Their little bat was a beautiful purple. Sans came up with a name for her easily. “Our little bat can be Amethyst, and our little snake girl can be Moonstone, or just Moon. What do you think, love?”

----

Red smiled warmly at their children. “Yeah … Just perfect.”

He gingerly had their little bat on his other hand. The little squeaks coming forth were just tugging his heartstrings. A vocal girl.

“Hey, amy. You did good there. A real trooper.” He could only use his thumb in the attempt to pet her. She latched on and started nipping. Adorable.

“Stars.” He teared up, feeling so moved. “They’re here. Official parents … Stars.” The feeling was indescribable.

----

“Yeah, they are. Our little gems.” Sans held Moon to his chest, and bit his thumb lightly to get a little bit of blood flowing. Amy already looked like she was hungry.

When Sans offered the bleeding digit, Amethyst latched on. The little suckling noises were just adorable. “Yup, someone worked herself... to the bone getting out of her shell. Worked up an appetite, didn’t cha?”

----

Red chuckled at the pun, the action of Amethyst feeding was endearing in his eyes. He gently shifted about so that their little bat would feed on Sans easier if the latter was on his hand than his.

With Pyrope still resting, Red figured he should still get food ready for them. “Let’s head down. I’ll cut up small cubes of meat for them—ow!”
It didn’t really hurt, but there was a tiny smidgeon of a prick in his bone.

Well, would ya look at that. Pyrope bit the side of his finger, the middle one, to feed on. “... Huh. Give mama a warnin’ next time ya little worm.” He was smiling though.

“I’m still making some though.”

----

Oh good. If Pyrope was trying to get blood, then Amy might be able to eat meat. It would make her life a heck of a lot easier.

Moon was asleep, so thankfully she didn’t decide to take a bite from papa.

“I’ll get the three of them in some clothing while ya do.” Sans had to be very careful so he didn’t wake Moon as he set her down. Amy finished eating, and Sans was pleased to note she’d managed to seal up the bite herself. Sign of a strong little vampire there.

----

Red was careful not to jostle the little one feasting on him with aplomb. Geez, think they starved him or something.

He headed to the kitchen. Needing his magic to aid him in order to actually get the equipment and meat. Then, with one hand, he slowly began cutting small chunks of meat. It was proving really slow since his other hand was occupied. But that didn’t stop the lamia from hacking at it like a saw.

Couldn’t even make good chops as the sound would startle his worm. Ugh.

By the time he was done. It looked like a bloody mess of murder. Weren’t the small cubes he wanted. In fact, they look so bad that Red used his claws instead to shred them smaller. Because fuck it.
Now when that was done, there were, admittedly better. Not mush. But …

Red decided to do the best thing and shape them to look nice. Meat is soft. And goddamn, he was making them look like small marbled meat.

Now, before him were small marble meats. Good. He packaged them into a tupperware for safekeeping, and for the heck of it. He started to munch on the leftovers.

He waited for Sans with the clothes. “Hey, Pyrs, you’re not yet done?” What a beast.

----

Moon was easy enough to dress. Just put on a cute little baby shirt. Amethyst wasn’t so easy. Even with the clothes they’d bought, it was a struggle to get her arms and the wings attached to them into the little onesie.

He figured it out eventually though, and bundled both little ones in blankets. He grabbed a shirt and blanket for Pyrope and headed downstairs with a child in each arm.

“Hey love. Hey little gem.”

----

“Rrhey, dear.” He was chewing.

Red presented their worm in his hand to his mate. Only then did Pyrope finished. Burping lightly. All satisfied and comfy. A trickle of Red’s blood slid down as it wasn’t healed.

“Looks like he’s full. Time to dress him up.”

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“Here, trade me children. Or take the shirt and blanket. Up to you.” Sans’ hands were a little full with two sleepy babies. Moon was probably getting hungry though.

Even still, the little ones were so adorable.

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“Ah, wait.” Red went to the sink to wash his messy hand. After hurriedly drying it, he went to Sans to trade kids.

He held the little one in his arms. Looking down at them being so sleepy. A soft smile adorned his face in adoration.

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Now with a free hand, Sans slipped the shirt on Pyrope and bundled him into a sleepy little worm burrito. He rocked the little one gently in his arms.

“Moon is probably getting hungry.” Sans’ words were proven true when Moon’s adorable little face scrunched up with a little upset. Sans grabbed one of the little chunks of meat that hadn’t been put away already and offered it to the hungry baby.

She looked much happier once she’d eaten it, though Sans offered her a second piece that was also taken happily.

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“Don’t feed her too much, sweets. Since she’s eating physical food and not blood, it’ll take a while to digest in her stomach.” Since snakes swallow and don’t really chew them much.

----

“Yeah, she’s probably good now. All three of them look tuckered out from the hard work getting out
of their shells. I think it’s time for their first nap.” Sans grabbed one more chunk of meat, eating it himself this time.

----

A small laugh left him when Sans ate the piece for himself.

“Yeah … The start of everything huh.” Three kids, five kids actually, and a wonderful mate. Living in a new and bigger home. Their lives just laid out for them.

“Let’s go and rest up ourselves, love. Get our own shuteye while we can. Obedient and quiet now. But they were monsters in the making. Made. Technicalities.”

He moved to peck his mate’s mouth, and started heading up to their room. He wanted them all to be close.

----

“Heh, sounds about right. Who knows how long it’ll be until we get ta sleep the night.”

The cribs had been set up in the master bedroom, neither of the new parents wanting their little ones far from them just yet. Besides, they needed to be woken up if any of their little ones were crying for something. “At least we aren’t humans and don’t have ta worry about diapers too much. Just if one of ‘em have issues processing their food.”

----

Red laid their little ones in the cribs, chuckling at the comment. “That’s true. My condolences to human hardships.” He caressed their cheeks, heart warming in seeing them yawn and close their eyes. All snuggled up and falling asleep.

Stars, he could actually stay up just watching them sleep like a creep. They were just so cute. The tip of his tail tilted side to side. “Aww man. They’re just argh. I don’t want them to grow up, but I do. Argh.”
Sans had to muffle his laughter so he wouldn’t wake the little ones. “They’ll grow up at their own pace, whatever we say. Just gotta enjoy the time we’ve got, and be there for them when they grow up.”

He pulled out the camera, thankfully remembering to take advantage of the technology to take pictures. These would probably be crammed in an album, lovingly dubbed first day or something. He’d worry about that later. For now, he just put the camera away and pulled Red to the bed. “Let’s get that sleep now.”

Red was practically reluctant to leave, even though the cribs were by their bed. “R-Right. Sleep. Right.”

Still, he followed his mate and laid down on the bed. A pout as worry etched on his face.

“Sleep …” It was going to be hard. He wasn’t sleepy at all. Red yawned, rubbing his eyes. See, not sleepy at all. The excitement of the whole event finished their climax and dipped to a crescendo.

“Can’t.” But his eyes were dropping. Red yawned once more.

Sans shook his head, and made his way back to the cribs. It wasn’t suggested that people actually sleep in the same space as their babies for some reason that Sans didn’t care about. Red obviously didn’t want to be far from their babies, Sans didn’t want to be far from their babies, so it was fine.
Who needs some sciency saying that Sans still couldn’t find any logic to? And he was one of the *fathers* of science. Babies did best near their parents.

Thus, Sans picked up the twins and laid them down at Red’s side before grabbing Amy and laying down on the bed with his mate and their newly hatched clutch.

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Red purred with delight, his tail moving on instinct to circle around Sans’ legs so that they acted as walls to safekeep their clutch. He tucked his arms under him, watching their kids sleep before looking to Sans sleepily though with affection in his gaze. “Thank you, love.”

He brought out enough strength to lift himself up for moment to kiss him. Then laid back down, eyes finally shutting from the tiredness that now made itself known to his body.

He yawned, “Nighty night, sweets.”

----

“Night, love.” Sans watched his family fall asleep with affection. He loved them all so much. So, so much.

He glanced up at the nice frame that hung on the wall. He’d dished out a fair deal of money to have it made just right.

The little glass that was all they had of two of their little ones hung within. He remembered their words to him.

While he knew that they’d moved on, he would still talk to them. Who knows, maybe some of his sentiment reached them. He turned his gaze back to Red, giving his cheek a small caress. “Momma’s doing better now. Not too sad anymore.”

Their new lives as a family began, and he was more than looking forward to it just as Red was.
Just the epilogue left. Coming soon!
The years went by in a blink of an eye that Red found himself lamenting as he sat on the couch, a large bulky book on his lap. It was a photo album, and he couldn’t help himself in looking through them.

He recalled the days when their clutch were still just worms, when they just started using their magic, started walking and talking, becoming little mischiefs that continued to bring colour into their lives.

The house that used to be so noisy, was now so quiet. A sad smile adorned his face at the fact. He was happy though, proud even. But he also couldn’t help miss the old days.

Their kids were off in their own adventures now. Left the nest.

They all already graduated from their respective universities. All now working, and even have their own families. Giving them grandkids and in-laws. Geez, talk about a big family now.

Amethyst was a healer, having learned how to use her natural vampiric healing to help any nature of wounds. Her mate was a stunning female individual that worked in the same field as her, and they hit it off immediately. Their daughter-in-law, Elize, was a very proper but strong independent individual as well. She was a mythical, a unicorn.

It took Red by surprise. But they welcomed her easily. They adopted five children, now grandchildren.

Moonstone had become one of the first mythical supermodels. She made a killing, and spent it all on helping bring awareness of mythicals and the pains they faced. She’d never married, too focused on work and her charity work to realize that her best friend was totally crushing on her. The girl, that same girl Sans had met in the hospital all those years ago, had somehow convinced everyone not to tell.

Pyrope was a scientist too, just like Sans. Those nerds were all about the maths and theories. It was hard to keep up with them to be honest. But they were his lovely dorks.
That little worm of his got himself married to an ordinary monster, a canary named Tia. Lovely gal really. They gave him four grandkids. They were a lively bunch. Alas, still no winged snakes. And most likely, it was for the best.

Even the elementals, his best friends, more than he wanted to admit, stuck around. Had their own families as well, and it just makes you feel that time really flew by.

Red shed tears he couldn’t stop. Feeling so old whenever he reminisced. He retired from his job at the club for years now, and when you have a lot of time, you really just can’t help yourself from feeling some sense of loss laced with fulfillment. He really blamed it on age that had surprisingly surpassed his expectations. He was supposed to have already passed away, but having been bound to Sans, his lifespan lengthened. And he was thankful for it.

Red closed the book and leaned back on the couch. Feeling a bit fatigued as he wiped his tears. He was reaching the 600’s and for a lamia, that was already more than he could ask for.

His scales were no longer brilliant reds, but now faded and dull maroons. His bones looked bleached, thin lines etched permanently. Really showcasing his age.

It made him realize that it probably wouldn’t be long until he’d meet his other kids on the other side. Having never forgotten them. He’d also be hopefully meeting his brother again, and Sans’ father too. Heh. Somehow, he looked forward to it. Strange, isn’t it?

… What a life … But a happy one. He was one lucky monster, he thought to himself.

----

Sans stared at his aging bones. It hadn’t been too apparent at first, that he was aging. But as the kids grew older, so did he. Red’s aging slowed, so Sans knew what had caused his sudden aging.

He loved it. He was oh so very glad that he had started to age, because it meant he wouldn’t live on long after his mate died. That had been a pretty big fear of his, until he realized Red was making it near to a lamia’s life expectancy without even appearing all that old.

Sans had traded some of his long lifespan (now known to be around two thousand years or so) away to Red. It was so very worth it to him. He hadn’t wanted to live so long without his mate.
It was a little sad that he would be leaving his amazing children behind, but that was how it works, wasn’t it? Pyrope was starting to show his own age, having given some of his life to his mate much the way Sans had. He still had a while left to live, though.

Sans was so proud of each and every one of his kids. Amy, who saved lives on a regular basis. Moon, who made life a lot more fair to mythicals. And Pyrope, who helped pioneer the beginning of real space travel. They all did so much good in the world.

Sans could hardly wait to see how their other two little ones faired, in the next world. It would likely be only another hundred or so years until that day. It would also be nice to say hi to his father, and meet Red’s brother. Grandchildren had been named after each, which had been so heartwarming.

Sans could say without a doubt that he’d lived a good, long life. Maybe a little shorter than it might have been, but that was okay. Red was worth it.

Sans’ love for his family had only grown. He’d get to see his great-grandchildren soon, too!

And to think, such a family only happened because Sans had decided to stop when Red called out to him. And because Red had given his then grimy self a chance. They’d move on from this life soon, but for now?

For now, it was time to cuddle his lovely snake some more.

----

Red leaned his head on Sans’ shoulder, the bit of tail just curled around a leg. He closed his eyes, feeling so at peace. “It’s nice day, isn’t it sweets. Too bad we aren’t so young anymore.” He chuckled. “It’s a good day to have sex too. Shame.”

Even after all these years, he had yet to lose his crudeness.

----
“Heh, it’s not impossible, even now. Just... difficult and unsatisfying. So maybe not. Whatever.” Sans teased a bit, though it fell flat. “Good thing I love you for more than just the sex, eh?”

----

Red snorted, “Pfft. You’re such an ass.” His smile was wide, soul warming and filled to the brim affection and love. “I love you too … *Maybe* just a *bit* more than sex. Just a bit.”

He teased back as he entwined their hands together. Stars. It was practically a crime to be so goddamn happy. Ah, he was being such an emotional sap. So old.

----

Sans was more than happy to twine his fingers with Red’s. He felt old, but in a good way. Like he’d earned this peace. “I’m glad I got to spend this part of my life with you. So very glad.”

It had taken a long time to find Red, but Sans no longer minded. How could he, when Red had still given him so many years of joy?

----

“Geez. You fuckin sap.” Not like he wasn’t one himself. “You’re gonna make me cry. And I really don’t wanna.” He just cried like, a minute ago, looking at the album. He was going to tire himself out too fast again.

“... ‘M glad too.” Yup, here was his sappy self. Coming out of the closet. Hello again world. Sappy Red did not miss you.

Red smiled at the remembrance, back down memory lane to when they first met. “Glad I caught your eye. Checkin’ me out. And you were hungry. I was too.” The insinuation was there. Hehe. Can't go without those.
“Well, even from the moment I first saw ya, I thought ya were beautiful. ‘M sure more than a few people agree. Well, agreed. Not many find old people attractive. I jus’ do because I could never see any different. Not gonna stop believing yer amazing just cause we’re old, heh.” Sans punctuated his words with a lazy kiss.

He loved Red. The true kind of love, where the outside didn’t matter. Sure, Red had been more attractive when he was younger, but that was in an objective sense. There was no way Sans could ever see Red as anything but beautiful when he was still so kind and loving, and everything Sans had fallen in love with.

----

Red returned the lazy kiss, his cheeks reddening from the sincere compliment. Even now, Sans still managed to find words that made him feel like a blushing virgin. He let out a small gentle smile. Truly his precious treasure. “T-Thank you. Hehe.”

He nuzzled the crook of his mate’s neck. “My sweet and precious mate.” His tail curled a bit more on Sans’ leg, and Red let out a low purr in content. “Thank you.” *For everything.*

For the chance. Not giving up on him, in believing in him. For sticking around for so long. For loving him still so strongly. Giving him kids—a family.

Everything had been made possible because of Sans.

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“Thank you too, love. My story became ours, and now we get such a wonderful ending. Well, in another few decades. Still.” Sans chuckled a little, closing his eyes. “I’m glad to have shared these years with someone as amazing as you.”

Sans had been a lonely vampire, hungry for both blood and company. Red had been kind enough to lift him out of that life, to one worth living. He’d given Sans hundreds of years of joy. He knew that Red saw the same in Sans, too.
Even with their lives together started with just bites and lust, they emerged with a love that was eternal.

And the couple enjoyed their time with each other as another day passes by. Quietly. Peacefully.

Chapter End Notes

Aaaand that's it. This was a ton of fun writing, and boy it flashed by fast. Can't say for sure when we'll have the next story ready. Might take a bit, as Fish has been super busy with school. But it'll come. And, of course, you can always join our discord for sneak previews ;D

End Notes

Join our Discord! While we only post completed works here, you can find links to most our rps and watch us write from our Discord. https://discord.gg/9jjxWe3

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!