I'm Going to Change You Like a Remix

by TheMsource

Summary

You could still feel the skeleton looking at you, if not more directly than before.

(Will update tags with chapters)

Notes

Based off of Teandstars and Sterrenschijnse's AU Dancetale

I Don't own anything but the plot of this fic!
You practically squealed in excitement as you got out of your mother’s ’97 Bentley, your heart leaping with joy as you stared at the huge building before you.

The Ebott College of Magical and Fine Arts.

It had been your dream the last four years to get in; it was a rather new school that had been established six years ago, when monsters had finally come to the surface and it was already the best school in the country for acting, crafting, and most importantly dancing.

You had spent hours practicing for the admission exam to their advanced dance program and it had paid off…barely.

Your mother coughed drawing your attention to the trunk of the car where she stood waiting with your bags.

Smiling apologetically you rushed over to grab them, relieving her of their burden with a small grunt as you sat them on the sidewalk. Your mother laughed lightly as you drew her into a hug; this was going to be the first time you lived away from her and it hurt to think she’d be all by herself. Slowly you let her go and waited as she gripped your shoulders looking you over as if to commit you to memory. It almost tempted you to get back in the car and head home with her. Almost.

“You have everything?” You nodded eagerly as she softly smiled.

“Remember to—“

“I’ll call everyday. Visit on holidays!” You cut her off to reassure her. You loved this woman she had raised you alone and had somehow managed to cover the admissions test so you could come to your dream college.

She was your biggest supporter and only fan having nursed your passion for dancing as you grew, you were eternally grateful to her.

“Y/n. I want you to be safe ok?” You nodded as you gave her another tight hug.

It hurt to be leaving her like this but she had promised on the way here that if she needed you she’d call. You had a suspicion she wouldn’t, wanting you to finish your education, but all the same you had no choice but to trust her. She kissed you on your forehead causing a slight blush of embarrassment but didn’t protest, you wouldn’t see her for quite some time anyways. So it was best to take the affection while you could.

You both said goodbye and you watched as she drove away, making sure she didn’t collide with any of the other arriving cars. She'd never been the best at driving, which left you chuckling more often then not at her shenanigans.

You missed her already.

Taking a deep breath you turned back to focus on the building and proceeded forward, the excitement rushing through you as you passed some stalls where enrolled and enrolling students were mingling.

You couldn’t help but grin at the amount of monsters roaming around.
Though monsters had been around a while now they still weren’t very prevalent, at least not in the numbers you were seeing here. Compared to the cities and towns where monsters were the minority, here it was the humans on the low side.

Even your home town barely had any.

It really wasn’t surprising though seeing their numbers as this school was renowned for its magical programs, being by the underground probably helped too. To think that only a few years ago they had grown their human included classes extensively. It was also what had solidified you into coming here. Their dance program was bigger than even Julliard’s! Seeing as monsters were naturally gifted dancers it wasn't really that much of a surprise.

You felt really lucky to be here and couldn’t wait to make friends, to learn so much from the monster dance instructors, after all who better to learn from than those whose entire lives were based around the one thing you found passion in?

You brushed passed several stalls glancing here and there at the advertising clubs, ‘Magical Research Society’, ‘Baking Club’, ‘Flesh and Dust Association’. You paused. Flesh and Dust? Slowly you walked over to examine the stall and watched as a girl dressed in a graphic tee with the clubs name beautifully pressed into it spoke to a young man looking at a pamphlet. Her long blonde pigtails bounced as she spoke cheerily.

“We meet every Saturday at ten, and we primarily focus on monster human relations and activities!” The young man quirked an eyebrow as he continued to browse the pamphlet.

“So you’re a friendship club?” He drawled lamely. The cheery girl seemed to deflate a little, clearly seeing this potential member wasn’t happening. She coughed into her fist awkwardly.

“Y-yeah…pretty much.” You frowned feeling a stab of sympathy for her.

“That’s rather sad needing a club to make friends.” The man huffed tossing the pamphlet back on the table before walking away. Was that dude serious? Talk about rude! You sighed and slowly walked over to the girl as she rather sadly placed the pamphlet back onto a small pile beside her. You stopped in front of her causing her to brighten slightly before she slouched a little awkwardly again, how many times had this poor girl gotten rejected today?

“Hi, I’m Y/n.” You tried to say enthusiastically hoping to perk her up. She straightened a little as her awkward smile became more genuine.

“Hey, I’m Amalia! A-are you interested in the club?” Truth be told you weren’t but you didn’t know anyone and Amalia seemed friendly enough. You could use some friends after all this was college not high school anymore. You didn’t want to be a recluse; didn’t want to fall into old habits and never leave your dorm, awfully tempting as it was.

What the hell, looks like you just made a new friend! The thought left you grinning.

“How many members you got?” Amalia smiled and bounced excitedly as she handed you a pamphlet. It was laminated and the logo was a beautiful script of crimson red which grayed out and seemed to slowly dissolve away into the wind.

“How morbidly...cute?

Inside it detailed regular activities such as club trips to rich human and monster cultural sites, movie nights, as well as the occasional game night. All in all it didn’t sound too bad, huh they even offered to cover counseling costs for members that needed it to function socially.
This was surprisingly well thought out and considerate. You didn't expect a college club to offer such a thing as counseling! Did human college's approve of such a thing? This monster dominated university was going to be interesting you could already tell.

“We uh…” Her broken words drew your attention.

“Have three…members. You would make four.” Your eyes widened. This seemed like a really laid back and fun club, and y'know a mentally healthy one, you were slightly confused.

“So low?” She wrung her hands nervously.

“Certain members are not very liked in the school. Plus people seem to think our club wouldn’t look good on a resume.”

“Huh, don’t see why not. The name is…different, but your whole human and monster thing works. Not many clubs I've heard of are so inclusive.” She laughed making you smile, happy that you could brighten her day. There was just something about the slightly shorter girl that made you want to comfort and impress her. She casually bent down pulling out a clipboard and pen before offering it to you.

You didn't even hesitate before rather elegantly signing your name and contact information, earning a relieved looking grin from her. There you were already being a good friend; you managed to make her smile twice and now alleviated some of her stress. You felt accomplished. She glanced down at your bags curiously.

“Have you not gotten your dorm yet?” You shook your head causing Amalia to give a rather cute pout in response.

“Well since we're club partners now I just have to help you out. Hey MK!” She called over her shoulder. You watched as a surprisingly tall lizard like monster rushed over smiling brightly. You raised your eyebrows curiously; he was dressed in an armless black sweater with matching shorts and had a sharp buck tooth that looked like it could lacerate his lip at any moment. All together he looked intimidating, but the vibe he gave off was so cheerful and bright that you couldn’t help but to feel relaxed.

“MK, this is our newest member Y/n!” MK widened his eyes in surprise before jumping high off the ground several times excitedly.

“Nice to meet you Y/n! You’re going to have so much fun with us! You’re the first member we’ve had in a year! What’s your course?” You winced slightly, the way they both seemed so chipper was a bit unnerving but you held your smile.

“Advanced Dance.” MK gasped excitedly.

“Me to!” Oh boy, you could already see the hyper intensity coming off of him. Amalia sensing your awkwardness cut in.

“MK I’m going to help her find her dorm, mind the table till I get back?” A nod was all she needed as she grabbed your hand and began leading you to the main building, only letting go once you passed a large open space where students were relaxing. It so far felt just like all those Hollywood interpretations of college, lots of open spaces and excited students milling around. You just hoped the parties and gatherings wouldn't be like said movies though, you were actually adverse to drunken encounters, too much awkwardness and problems that could arise.

The main building was pristine white, a simple round oak desk at its center with several stair cases
and hallways leading away from it. A line had formed at the desk and as you waited you spoke with Amalia.

You learned her mother was a monster rights activist and her step dad was actually a monster that worked in the Dreemer embassy. Her biological father had apparently been killed in a plane crash ten years ago but she didn’t elaborate further, instead switching the topic to you and listened intently as you explained your mother’s job and how you’d been into dancing for years.

Turned out Amalia was in the crafts program, pottery specifically. When you finally got to the desk the lady, who was a lamb like monster with cotton candy pink fur, calmly handed you a piece of paper with your room number and list of classes. You perked up upon realizing you’d scored a singles dorm! fuck yeah! Three staircases and two hallways later you found your room number and smiled as you opened it.

It was essentially an efficiency apartment with a bed in the living room and a small kitchen alcove off to the right, already equipped with a fridge and microwave. Amalia whistled as she sat one of your bags on the bare mattress admiring the room.

“Lucky! It’s usually the seniors that get these rooms!” You laughed a bit giddily, as Amalia looked at your class schedule.

“Hey you’re in my creative writing class at three, that’s awesome! Looks like your first dance class is today in about an hour though. Not surprising really, according to MK it’s a strict course.” You groaned.

“Are you serious? I thought most schools didn’t start till after registration?”

“This isn’t most schools Y/n.” She giggled handing you back your schedule and you inwardly sighed, yep right there nine am, Advanced Ballet. You peered through the rest of it and wondered briefly if you’d picked too many courses; Dancing in motion, Modern Interpretive, Hip hop. Luckily these were all later in the afternoon and not til tomorrow.

You might drop one or two of these physical dancing courses though, not even monsters practiced more than three styles but you were definitely keeping Ballet as your main form of dance, you’d practically grown up in a ballet studio.

“Anyway good luck! My room is the hall before yours if you need me!” You waved goodbye and then began to unpack your bags just enough to get your tights out and change. You could decorate your room later, you only had an hour to find the classroom and it was better to be safe than sorry. Being late was something you refused to let happen no matter what, you were going to impress your teachers and become a professional so you could open your own studio--

You weren’t going to disappoint your mom or his memory.

It was ultimately a good thing you left when you did, it was a twenty minute walk from your dorm to the main court yard and another twenty to the actual building the class was in, not to mention you were now slightly lost thanks to the milling around of the newly registered students.

You hadn’t expected the campus to be this huge.

Heaving a sigh you glanced at your watch and frowned, ten minutes to go. You were going to be late after all. You grunted as you suddenly collided with what felt like a brick wall and had to struggle not to fall over. After flailing your arms rather comically you glanced up to see a grinning almost eight foot tall...skeleton? dressed in what was best described as a matador outfit.
You noticed you were staring as it registered the monster was looking at you rather curiously.

“Oh! I’m sorry!” You quickly spoke in embarrassment. The skeleton bent slightly at the waist and smiled brightly.

“IT IS FINE HUMAN! YOU SEEMED DISTRACTED, WHICH IS UNDERSTANDABLE AS IT IS REGISTRATION DAY!” His loud boisterous voice made you jump a little but his overly friendly demeanor seemed to lure you into a calm now that you knew he wasn’t upset. His eyes narrowed slightly as he cupped his chin and glanced up and down your body making you blush slightly at how blatantly he did it.

“AH! YOU MUST BE IN ADVANCED BALLET! JUDGING FROM THAT TIGHT CLOTHING!” You chuckled slightly relieved he was merely observing and not uh, checking you out.

“That obvious?”

“THAT AND IT’S THE ONLY CLASS THAT RUNS TODAY.” You awkwardly rubbed the back of your head wondering just how harsh this class would be, it obviously had a reputation. The tall skeleton placed his hands on his hips and posed dramatically.

“ALLOW ME TO ESCORT YOU HUMAN! MY NAME IS PAPYRUS BY THE WAY!” He exclaimed holding a hand out to you. You gladly shook it telling your name in the process, while you hadn’t mentioned you were lost or anything the fact he’d offered was pretty cool actually. You hadn't expected to meet someone so outgoing and friendly your first day.

As you walked he spoke about how he was in the Latin dance course, which explained his outfit, and how he was a senior this year but felt maybe he could just stay on at the school maybe as an aid once he graduated.

You found yourself enjoying listening to the friendly monster. The conversation remained light and he seemed all too eager to listen as you told him about yourself, commenting and complimenting you in various parts of your life. By the time you found your class you had barely three minutes to spare. Somehow you'd managed to arrive on time. You owed Papyrus big time you mentally noted.

“Well I will leave you here now Y/N! IT WAS NICE TO MEET YOU! WOULD YOU LIKE TO KEEP CONTACT?” You were slightly taken aback by his directness but had to admit he was certainly fun to talk with and he didn’t come across suspicious nor sketchy. Smiling you asked for his phone and typed in your number to his contacts before waving goodbye as you entered the classroom.

It was different from any studio room you had ever been in.

Your heart skipped in your chest as awe settled over you at the sight of the room. It was wider than a two bedroom apartment with a very new and slick looking cherry wood floor. The walls were pristine cotton white and the ceiling was highly vaulted with intricately curved black iron support beams giving a Victorian Gothic look to it. The balance bars were well padded and smooth with barely any give testifying to their newness. Even more stunning was the stained glass windows, uncolored but depicting still beautiful designs of ballet shoes and various monsters in poses.

It was like the Ritz of ballet studios. You sighed fully content. Glancing around the students gathered you noticed the class wasn’t particularly large, about three humans other than yourself
and six monsters.

Shocking considering the things you'd been hearing about the class, you'd expected a wider attendance.

You examined the humans noting that one was a girl with burnt red hair tied rather haphazardly in a bun, a black haired male with blue eyes which was kinda handsome you admitted, and a tall lanky blonde male who was currently stretching. Turning towards the monsters you saw two that were walking eyeballs essentially both helping each other stretch, a bird like creature with ice decorating it’s wings that happened to move oddly like hands, a bear, a cute girl made of flame the was practicing her pirouette, and finally a turtle…a very old turtle with a monocle.

You had to do everything in your power not to laugh at how his tights stretched to accommodate his shell. You didn't want to make any enemies by offending someone on your first day.

“You are cute!” The sudden proximity of the male voice made you turn sharply to see the black haired male watching you appraisingly, a smug smile on his face as he took a step closer to you making you subconsciously step back. You didn't think you'd be suddenly approached like this. It was unsettling.

Not to mention the way his eyes were slowly panning your body. Unlike Papyrus the look this stranger was giving just screamed lewd. He had player written all over him in bold and suddenly he didn't look so handsome as you'd initially thought.

In fact he was looking rather ugly.

“Thanks?” You slowly stretched the word awkwardly as you took another step back. He tilted his head curiously once he noticed you had moved. He took a long step forward closing all the distance you’d put between you. This guy clearly didn't understand the concept of personal space. Or he didn't care more likely. He leaned his head dangerously close, his breath smelling so strongly of mint you had to hold back a small gag.

“Names Brent, Brent Karthige.” You shot your gaze away from him trying to silently plead for help, a stab of anxiety making you nauseous. You did not like this man.

“Y/n.” You said curtly, your tone making him raise an eyebrow. He casually reached a hand out to rub down your arm, sending alarm bells ringing in your head and a crawling sensation where his touch lingered.

Yep you were going to be sick; you almost always vomited when some creep you didn’t know or liked touched you and you were about to embarrass yourself on your first day, great.

You hastily made to pull away but froze as he violently gripped your arm. You forced back a wince. Was he seriously doing this in front of the class!? Your heart started to pound anxiously, you didn't expect to meet a guy like him on your first day let alone get assaulted! As you tried to think of a way out of this a small feminine voice that sounded almost as if she’d been eating pop rocks spoke up indignantly.

“She clearly does’t want you touching her.” You turned to see the flame girl standing beside you, having apparently witnessed the whole thing. Brent seemed to lose any remaining charm he had as his face twisted into a disgusted sneer at the intruder who was about a head shorter than him. To her credit she didn't seemed fazed by the height difference or his glare in the slightest and for some reason that calmed you.
“Mind your own business heat bitch!” Not missing a beat she gripped the wrist of his hand still clutching you as her brilliant orange flames shifted white.

“Try me.” Her tone deepened as small streams of smoke ebbed out the sides of her mouth giving her a more flame and less human like appearance.

Nervously you slowly looked at Brent, who seemed like he was strongly debating on rather or not she could actually burn him. After a moment he finally let go and snatched his arm from her grip before going to stand by the red haired woman, mumbling under his breath the whole time. You took a deep breath as relief flooded you and you turned to the girl in gratitude.

“Thank you for that!” She watched Brent a moment more before letting her flames turn orange again and looked at you with a smile, her voice higher pitched again and pop rocky sounding. You found the quality of her voice soothing to hear.

“No problem, my name’s Roasty!” You couldn’t help but smile as you shook hands, slightly surprised she didn’t feel hot at all, if anything it was like shaking a hand underwater; the flames licked your skin without repercussion.

“Y/n…so, could you have actually burned him?” You asked in a slight whisper earning a chuckle from her.

“Nah, but he don’t need to know that.” You laughed getting a smug smile in return.

“Anyways, you excited?” She asked going to stand in front of you stretching her leg up onto the balance bar. You followed suit as you spoke.

“Yeah it’s our first day, I can’t wait!” She looked at you quizzically.

“No, I mean for the selection.” You looked back at her confused, the evident emotion on your face prompting her to continue.

“There’s a reason we have this particular class today, every year the seniors show up to pick people for the dance team. They only want the best so they go for people dedicated enough to be here on the first day. Oh and based on your evaluation score.” So the college had a dance team? You inwardly winced knowing full well you probably wouldn’t be picked for it, you had scored a five out of ten in the admissions exam. But there was always next year right? If you were honest that sounded like something you would enjoy immensely.

“What was your score?” You asked casually.

“I got a nine sadly, didn’t practice to much.” Ouch harsh.

“You?” As you debated on if you should answer or not the sound of the hall door swinging open drew the class’s attention. You almost whistled at the monster entering.

She looked about as tall as Papyrus was with shiny white fur and brilliant blue eyes. If you had to label her you’d go with a goat monster. Unlike the class who all sported cream colored tights she was dressed in black, clearly marking her as the instructor. It took but a moment for the class to stand along the balance bar in an orderly formation. The instructor slowly panning the class in a cold stare before smiling brightly.

“Good morning children! I am your dance instructor Madame Toriel.” Her voice was soothing and gentle throwing you for a slight loop. The teachers in the past you’d had were all cold and stone faced but Toriel was radiating absolute warmth. You didn’t know if you should have been scared
or happy.

As she moved from the doorway two more monsters entered. You watched curiously as a brown bunny monster entered; her eyes anime-esque with swirls making her just down right adorable. With a pink sweat band about her head and a blue colored leotard. You guessed by the odd color that she had to be in a higher year than you were.

Soon as you looked at the second monster however your blood froze. He had barely glanced around the room at everyone before locking his vision with yours.

The monster wore a faded sapphire blue hoodie, the hood of which partially casted his face into shadow. To go with it were long onyx black pants sporting stained white vertical stripes down the sides, and surprisingly new sky blue sneakers that clashed with the more worn looking clothing.

An overall casual look that some how fit perfectly together on him...

While you could tell he was a skeleton by how his clothing rested that wasn’t what chilled you; it was that his one eye socket that was visible from under the shade of his hood was focused on you. A bright white pinprick of light that seemed to shrink slightly before expanding like it was adjusting. The clear wide grin on his face shifted subtly in one corner like a twitch.

He also stood with a slouch as if he couldn’t care less that he was in front of a room full of strangers, coming across apathetic and tired.

You felt like you should've looked away but for some reason you couldn’t. Your eyes were glued to him.

You barely noticed as the bunny girl whispered to the skeletal monster, a passive but slight nod of his head earning a giggle from her.

He did not break eye contact with you.

Your face flushed under his intensity as the awkwardness of the situation settled on you.

Only when Toriel spoke did he finally break the gaze to glance at her, sending a silent sigh of solace through you as you also refocused your attention.

“Class, I have two guests here from the school dance team looking for new recruits. I would like you to individually say your evaluation score from your admissions exam, along with your main style of dance.” She...she was really going to make you say your score out loud?

Your heart slammed in your chest as she pointed towards Brent’s side, silently wishing she’d started from the longer end.

Brent raised a brow smugly.

“Ten, Hip hop.” A few mummers came from the class.

No wonder he acted the way he did, he was talented.

You glanced back to the dance team members to see the bunny whisper something. To which the skeleton didn’t even acknowledge but instead peered over at you, as if he had felt you looking at him.

You hurriedly looked away, that was a monster that your gut said you did not want to cross.
The red haired human spoke up with a score of eight and mained in Tango. You felt a light sheen of sweat start to build as the blonde male went to speak, his words slowly replaced with a dull ringing.

You could still feel the skeleton looking at you, if not more directly than before.

The room suddenly felt stifling and a little too small.

“Nine, skate dancing.” Your new friend's voice roused you from your near panic attack and slowly you looked at Toriel who was now staring at you expectantly. You took a breath and held it.

“Five…Ballet.” There were gasps down both sides of the rail, even Roasty looked concerned. You understood, after all only sevens or higher were usually allowed to attend the dance program.

It had taken countless essays about how you’d improve and recommendations on your studious character from your previous teachers to allow the school to accept you. You gulped down the rising bile in your throat.

“Excuse me.” You turned to the bunny girl that had spoken up, doing your best to avoid the skeleton whose gaze was boring into you.

“Y-yes?” You barely whispered.

“Are you serious? A five?” You nodded your head stiffly as she tilted her's curiously at you and whispered something to the skeleton before waving for the class to continue.

You stared at your feet the rest of the class trying to shrink in on yourself, trying to will the floor into swallowing you whole. You had been correct, the lowest in the class was a seven…the older monster turtle's score.

You finally looked up as the skeleton and bunny monster left barely hearing Toriel’s instructions for the next class tomorrow.

You just wanted to run very, very, far.

A gentle hand on your arm stirred you from the notion, drawing your attention to the now empty room.

When had everyone left? You looked over to Roasty who was smiling gently as she slowly lowered her hand to yours, lacing your fingers together. It was calming. You had definitely made a new friend at least.

What a way to start your college career.
The Invite

Chapter Notes

Sorry if there's any misspellings please let me know if you see any! I'm happy for all the kudos as this is my first reader type fic, I hope I'm doing ok! Enjoy!

You groaned as your alarm clock sounded, your face firmly buried into your pillow as you blindly reached for it. After a moment of groping just air your arm fell limply to the mattress in resignation. It had been two days and already your body was killing you, you’d been right to assume you’d picked too many classes and had dropped hip hop the day before. Not only had that style of dance been exhausting and aggressive compared to your preferred ballet, but Brent had also been in that class.

You'd noped out of there in a heartbeat.

Heaving a sigh you sat up reluctantly, pulling your sore body from the entangled sheets to sit on the side of the bed. Lazily you dropped your hand onto your clock silencing it and allowing the aching limb to slide back to your side. Eight am was bold on the clock face, you only had an hour to get ready and be in class. Blearily you stared at a random fandom poster on your wall, zoning out as your tired mind tried to boot up.

Ring

Ring

You jumped slightly, your lungs inhaling in a nervous hiss. Oh wait, that was your phone. Feeling a slight vibration on the bed you clumsily flung blankets and sheets til finally finding the little devil. You blinked at the unknown number, Amalia had already been saved when she called yesterday for a club meeting tonight, and Roasty had texted with you back and forth enough she’d also been saved. Sighing at the fact it was an actual call and not your preferred method of texting you reluctantly answered.

“’ello?” You yawned as you went to the kitchen to get some instant coffee. The sudden loud voice of Papyrus’s greeting shot into your ear suddenly making you fumble both the cellphone and mug you’d just grabbed, you managed to retain the phone but cringed as the mug shattered on the floor. You stared at it awkwardly a moment before Papyrus spoke up again.

“IS EVERYTHING OK?” Papyrus asked in a curious tone. You shifted the phone slightly from your ear as you decided it would be too time consuming to clean the mess right now and instead headed to the bathroom.

“I’m fine, what’s up?” You placed the phone on speaker and sat it on the back of the toilet as you made to brush your teeth, sighing at the taste of bubble gum from the paste. Papyrus switched his tone back to cheery as he spoke.

“WHY I’M THROWING A PARTY THIS AFTERNOON AND WAS WONDERING IF YOU’D LIKE TO ATTEND? I KNOW YOU PROBABLY WEREN’T EXPECTING ME TO CALL THIS EARLY BUT I FIGURED YOU’D BE UP FOR CLASS BY NOW.” You winced as a pang of
guilt hit you; you’d honestly forgotten you’d given the friendly giant your number. You quickly scrubbed your molars and spit in the sink using the activity to focus your thoughts.

“Dish Aferrnoon?” You mumbled around the brush. If Papyrus could hear you brushing your teeth he gave no indication and continued.

“YES A NON-DRINKING PARTY JUST TO HELP PEOPLE MEET OTHER DANCERS IN THE COURSE.” You shrugged, it sounded more like a social gathering then a party but it worked. It also never hurt to meet more of your class. You just hoped they wouldn't be as...snobby as a certain blue eyed creep. You smiled as you finished brushing your teeth, gargled some mouth wash and then picked up the phone placing it back to your face.

“Can I bring a friend?”

“OF COURSE! MORE THE MERRIER!” You listened as he told you the time and the address while struggling to change into your tights, your poor body crying out at the material squishing your sore muscles. You spoke for a few more minutes before promising to see each other later and hanging up your phone, just as you were getting ready to head out the door. You made excellent time crossing the building and courtyard managing to make it into class with a few extra minutes to spare than you had the first time.

You were starting to get into a rhythm you thought proudly.

“Y/N!” Roasty’s popping voice called to you in greeting as she waved you over. Standing by her was the blonde human who you learned was called Russel and the older turtle Gerson who mainly attended the program to ‘keep him young’ as he put it. You waved sheepishly as you approached jumping slightly from Roasty’s abrupt hug, it still took some time adjusting to how touchy she was but you relaxed knowing there was underlying intention behind it. When she pulled back her eyes, which were two pricks of blue flame among the orange of her body, lifted in unabashed joy.

“I got in! I’m part of the dance team!” Your eyes widened in surprise and then you couldn’t help but grin happily for her.

“That’s great!” Gerson chuckled as he rubbed Roasty’s flaming hair affectionately. You stared wondrously as the flames twirled and curved from the action, fully expecting them to flicker or pop around the older monster's hand.

“To be young and so easily excited, why I remember—” Russel spoke up cutting Gerson’s train of thought, not at all tempted to hear a potential rant.

“I thought you were young?” Gerson snorted at having his own words turned on him earning a chuckle from you and Roasty. You turned fully to the flame monster.

“So when do you start?” She sheepishly pressed her index fingers together.

“After tomorrow.” You tilted your head curiously at her unusually shy behavior.

“What’s tomorrow?”

“Your dance recitals of course!” You and the rest of your class fell silent and lined up as soon as Toriel had made her presence know. Her cheery tone cutting easily though the mumbling. Brent was the first to say something.

“Dance recitals? Bit soon isn’t it?” He chuckled sarcastically earning a glare from Toriel. The look was enough to make a nervous sweat break out on your skin, how Brent was able to look unfazed
by it was awkward.

“Are you not well versed enough in dancing to be prepared in a day?” Her tone was sickeningly sweet bordering on manic. You made a silent promise not to end up on her bad side. Brent seemed taken aback, his tone incredulous.

“Of course I am—“

“Good. Then there shouldn’t be a problem.” Her tone dissolved back into cheerful as she turned her focus away from him. You had to bite your lip to stop from laughing at Brent’s silent seething, earning a playful slap from Roasty on your shoulder.

“Think of your recital similar to your admission exam,” Toriel began to explain, aware that there were some that didn't know what the recitals would entail. You couldn’t help but feel it was mostly for your benefit though, she had become really attentive towards you after that first day. You just didn’t know if it was from her pitying you over your abysmal admission score or if she genuinely took a shine to teaching you.

You prayed it was the latter.

“You will focus on your main dance style, be ranked on creativity, performance, and how well you can perform in front of audiences.” You suddenly didn’t like where this was heading, you curled your toes inside of your ballet shoes.

“Not only will a panel of judges rank you but your peers will as well, based on rather or not they were entertained. Don’t fear though my children this isn’t like what your end of year solos will be, this is merely to learn where you may need improvement.” It had been three days. Why did you suddenly need to be reevaluated? That’s when it settled on you, just how truly difficult this school would be. Monster’s with their natural inclination towards dancing, probably made more progress in the field in one day compared to what a human could. Your knuckles whitened as you gripped the balance bar, school had barely started and you were already behind.

“So now that that’s out of the way, let’s practice some lifts today.” Slowly everyone paired off and you tried to force your new dread from your mind as Roasty came to join you. You talked some more about how excited she was and how she couldn’t wait to start practice, both of you taking turns lifting the other. Suddenly you remembered Papyrus's phone call from earlier.

“Hey, I’ve got an invite to a party this afternoon. Want to come?” Roasty smiled knowingly.

“I’ve been invited to Papyrus’s party already, but sure.” She teased. You groaned as you rubbed your head awkwardly.

“I should’ve figured a good amount of people had been invited. He did say it was for people in the Dance program.” Roasty tilted her head curiously.

“Actually Papyrus tends to keep his parties rather reined in, if you know what I mean. At most it might just be maybe twelve to twenty people.” That was surprising actually.

“So people have to know him to go?”

“Typically, it’s mainly his brother though that likes the parties smaller.” Roasty said as she slowly lowered into a split and leaned forward. You followed her taking a break from your assignment. That was one thing you were liking about the classes here, they allowed you to rest often as you'd like so long as you still did some work. It was better than having yourself drilled into the ground like most ballet classes liked to do.
“I didn’t know he had a brother?” If these parties were really so tight knit you were honestly surprised you’d been invited, you’d only spoken to the friendly monster for the second time that morning. But then again you could easily see Papyrus making friends with people rather easily.

“Yeah his name is Sans, really awesome guy. Friend of my dad’s too.” You pictured another tall skeleton just like Papyrus and snickered at the image of practical twins dancing complicated Latin dances together. Honestly it was hard not to picture any brother of Papyrus’s not being cheerful and energetic as he came across to be, any attitude other than that would seem easily like a lot of conflict to live with. A friend of Roasty’s father to boot as well? She’d mentioned her father Grillby to you before in passing and he sounded very chill and gentlemanly. Now you were struggling to picture an energetic twin Papyrus hanging out with a chill bartender. It felt off somehow.

Shrugging you decided to just wait and see exactly who this Sans was at the party.

“Y/N.” Toriel’s voice drew your attention from your leg stretch. It took you a moment to stand properly before finally making your way to your teacher. Her gaze was gentle albeit a bit flustered, almost as if she was nervous. You frowned uncertain why she’d be acting this way after calling you over. You weren’t used to your instructors acting like this, it was concerning.

“Yes?”

“It’s about the recital.” Your stomach knotted but you tried to keep a straight face.

“I was wondering if you’d like to be one of the last to perform, s-so you could have some extra time to practice.” Wow she was stuttering. Even your instructor was awkward about you performing. It stung to know that she didn’t really have that much confidence in your abilities, not that you blamed her you felt the same, but at the same time it really was nice of her to offer you the opportunity of picking when you went on. You doubted the other students would be getting the same offer.

“I…I’m fine with where anyone puts me.” Your gut hurt, though a small part of you wanted to accept her offer another part of you thought it would be unfair. Besides you really wanted to prove you could be better, and no one ever improved by being coddled. Toriel seemed to automatically relax at your answer, like you had just relieved her of a burden.

“Very well.” The rest of the class was spent stretching and talking about the latest ballet’s for the week. Once class was over you and Roasty began walking back to your room so she could help dress you, because as a flame monster she ‘knew a thing or two about being hot’. You had simply snorted at her reasoning and reluctantly agreed to let her play dress up. It took almost an hour to find something decent in your closet, Roasty had insisted on you not wearing just casual clothes to your first party much to your chagrin. Ultimately you had been put into an old green dress that you’d kept stuffed in the back of your closet, even though it felt a tad snug now, but according to your friend it gave you definition.

You internally debated if this was going to be your life now, a constantly aching body and tight clothing.

“Why am I dressing up for this again?” You asked with a drawl as she tied a royal blue sash around your waist. She spun you twice examining you as she spoke.

“Think of this as your debut! Not only do you get to check out the competition but you get to show how awesome you are!” You laughed weakly.

“I’m not a debutante Roast.” Her hands stilled, you felt mild concern as the flames where her
cheeks would be turned a shade darker than her usual orange. Had you said something wrong?

“Did I do something wrong?” You asked hesitantly. She shifted her eyes off to the side as the red patches became slightly darker, her tone was shy and a tad awkward as she answered you.

“N-nicknames in monster culture…a-are usually for very close individuals. You essentially just p-put me in a category h-higher than a friend.” You blinked, when did you…? Oh you’d called her Roast forgetting the y. You suddenly blushed at your flub; though you had learned some monster traditions and history you never truly learned cultural things. You really needed to attend your club meetings. You didn't insult her did you?

“I-I’m sorry!” Roasty looked at you curiously before suddenly she laughed disarming you slightly. It took her a moment to compose herself but when she did she waved it off.

“It’s fine, you can call me Roast. I feel we’re kinda sisters anyways, you’ve been one of the easiest humans for me to relate to.” You felt several conflicting emotions at her statement; at first relief at having not offended her, then giddy at the fact she allowed it even if it was an accident, and then a small sting of sadness. The idea Roast had trouble relating to anyone was almost absurd, she was very outgoing and had a strong protective instinct.

“One of the easiest?” You ventured not wanting to pry but curious all the same. She shrugged as her flames for but a brief moment flickered blue.

“Most humans still hate us, we’ve made a lot of progress the last couple years but…y/n, when I helped you with Brent I was…terrified.” Guilt hit you as well as surprise.

“You…looked so confident.” She chuckled ironically.

“I put on a face when I need to, but I was worried you’d backlash at me for interfering. It’s happened before.” Disgust rolled through you, as well as irritation.

“Someone has snapped at you for rescuing them?” You felt slightly sick. You knew your race could be cruel but sometimes the level of cruelty and outright stupidity really, really, made you hate yourself. Roast could apparently see your thoughts on your face as she put a hand on your shoulder reassuringly. The fact she was the one doing the comforting made your stomach twist uneasily, you should be reassuring her.

“Hey! It doesn’t matter ok? You didn’t treat me that way, that’s what counts!” You smiled at her as she did a cute anime like pose with unabashed enthusiasm, one eye closed as she raised a finger as if to make a point. Quickly she changed the topic of conversation to what type of people usually came to these parties, as well as some things to expect. You barely heard any of it as you followed her out of your dorm and headed towards hers, your mind still dwelling on the fact that monsters were still being treated like crap. It really shouldn’t have shocked you like it had, humans still fought about skin color and sexuality.

But it sucked to think that monsters were still so singled out considering they weren’t the race with a volatile record, considering they were the kinder species.

“Here we are! Fair warning I haven’t gotten to clean yet.” You blinked in happy surprise as her door fully opened; she had a single just like you but literally an array of lava lamps graced every viable surface all in various colors and designs. She had a rainbow beaded curtain over the entry to the kitchen area, her bed was covered in silken red sheets, countless posters of various mugshots featuring monster bands littered her walls with the occasional human one, and much to your amusement an obviously squished hug pillow with an anime character on it half off the end of the
bed. You snickered earning a playful slap as she blushed at the obvious eyeing of the dakimakura.

It was finally eleven thirty by the time she had fully dressed herself, sporting a red dress with a single red lace sleeve. It had taken her far longer than you thought it should have to pick something but with how happy she was you couldn't find it in your heart to be too bothered by it. She spun once and you gave a thumbs up in approval receiving a curtsy in return. You could honestly say you had been anxious about this whole thing, yeah you knew Papyrus but just barely and the idea of being around so many strangers had made you nauseous. But Roast’s enthusiasm was almost contagious as she pulled you with her excitedly. You both stopped once you were outside and watched astonished as she headed to the parking lot. She felt your hesitance and turned back towards you.

“Papyrus lives off campus, we’re gonna have to take my car.”

“I though freshmen couldn’t own vehicles?” This time she pulled up short watching you in mild shock before giggling.

“Who says I’m a freshman? Y/n this is my second year!” You blushed finally understanding how she’d known so much already, about the dance team and the recitals. You’d just assumed she knew more because she…you stopped that thought abruptly. That was such a racist thing to assume her being a monster meant she’d just know things. You shook your head earning a quizzative eyebrow from her, but started to walk to the parking lot prompting her to drop the unasked concern.

Papyrus’s house…was huge. At least it was to you. It was solid wood and two stories, you’d guess it was a good few thousand feet maybe all around? Glancing over you saw two mailboxes, one slightly rusted and stuffed to the brim with aging browned letters and the other perfectly clean, empty and pristine. You wondered briefly why they had individual ones before being drug up the steps by Roast. Anxiety hit you as you as she rapped her fist against the door. You could vaguely hear chatter mixed with music playing from inside, which turned out to be practically blaring as the door sung open to show Papyrus, no longer dressed up as you’d seen him but now in a simple buttoned up white shirt and black slacks.

“Y/N! ROASTY! WELCOME, I DIDN’T KNOW YOU KNEW EACH OTHER come in, come in!” You felt your anxiety spike even further as you both entered; the living room was brimming with small clusters of monsters chatting back and forth, some were even acting rowdy with each other. You saw one human, a male in the rowdy part of the room hanging off the arm of a blue bunny girl, other than that you were alone species wise. You didn't know rather to be flattered or nervous. Papyrus made you jump slightly as he all but slammed the door happily, earning a reassuring grip from Roast. Was your anxiety that obvious?

You frustratedly wondered why your anxiety was so high the last few days.

“Now that everyone is here we can really have fun!” Papyrus announced to the room earning a bunch of cheers as he twirled on the spot and posed with his arm above his head and leg extended out. You figured it was a Latin position seeing as that was his main form of dance and giggled. Dramatic posing seemed like something he would do.

The noise from the guests grew slightly louder in excitement as you panned the room once more, everyone was dressed rather nicely and held red solo cups. In the middle of the living room behind the guests was a seventy five inch screen tv currently blasting techno music, it’s display a variety of twirling lines. A table covered in various amounts of food and drinks sat in the top left corner of the room, not really a mess but slightly disorganized. And off to the side was a worn green couch that looked like it had been moved slightly to allow room for the guests, facing towards the entryway and littered with chatting monsters.
You stopped as a shiver raced through you.

There seated by the arm, lazily leaning against it with his face resting on one curled hand, was the skeleton monster from your first day of class; his hood still up and a single socket half opened. You were amazed he apparently had eyelids, and then felt your heart nervously flutter as you recalled how intently he had stared at you.

How his eyelight had seemed to stand out like a beacon.

He hadn’t seemed to notice you, and was facing the familiar brown bunny girl seated next to him as he moved a fist in a knocking motion; one eye still closed as he earned a laugh from whatever he had said. At least you assume he had said something, his teeth hadn't opened nor had his jaw flexed. Not taking your eyes from him you leaned towards Roast who had just greeted another monster.

“Hey,” She turned towards you and then to where you were looking. “Who’s that? I remember him from class but I don’t know his name.”

“Oh that’s—“

“THAT'S MY BROTHER, SANS!” Your heart dropped to your feet at Papyrus’s loud declaration, having completely forgotten for a second he’d also been standing by you. At the sound of his name Sans turned from the girl lazily towards you, his glance was almost in slow motion as the blood in your ears practically screamed. You blinked and gone was the lazy look he had been wearing, his eyes were now wide and alert, once more boring into you. He hadn’t moved in any other capacity but that glance had been more than enough to startle you. It took all your will power to turn to Papyrus who was speaking to you.

“W-what?” You asked him to repeat himself.

“I WAS ASKING IF YOU COULD GO TO THE KITCHEN AND GRAB SOME MORE ENTREES.” You looked to Roast for help but frowned to see she was already engaging with some other party goers. It was fine you told yourself, you needed to escape for just a moment anyways. Not wanting to disappoint your host you reluctantly agreed and headed towards an entryway you spotted off to the right side in what you hoped was the kitchen.

Anything to get away from that piercing stare. It wasn't like it had anything to do with him being a monster, it was more of the fact it felt so...revealing. Like it could see directly through you to your very core. Your anxiety couldn't handle such a raw glance right now, if your slightly shaking hands were anything to go by.

You brushed the curtain that had blocked off the area to the side and sighed happily to see it was bare of people, it must be an unspoken rule here not to wander the house. You spotted a giant pan of spaghetti situated by the sink and figured that’s what Papyrus had asked for. You stopped just short of it and gripped the counter as you tried to force your brief panic to quell.

Breath in, breath out.

You repeated those words to yourself like a mantra till you felt your fluttering heart slow dully in your chest. The room had begun to spin slightly, your dress had felt a little too tight and revealing, the air to humid from all the happy bodies in the house.

You eyed the spaghetti warily, were those sprinkles? Another thing to learn about Papyrus, he loved flair! Though you doubted sprinkles would taste well with something so savory.
And then you thought of the other skeleton.

You couldn’t put your finger on it but that look Sans kept giving you had you utterly unnerved, you couldn’t read it. You didn’t see any curiosity, smirking or even a sly look that a person interested in something would normally give. The look you saw on him was simply observing and almost… predatory, as if he was waiting for you to show you were weak in some way. No! Not these thoughts again, he had done nothing towards you to feel such fear or anxiety just because he looked at you. It was wrong to assume he meant you any sort of…well anything really.

Once you felt the room had stopped shifting around you, you carefully lifted the pan and turned to take it out of the kitchen. Only to scramble to hold the dish as your anxiety came back tenfold, Sans was standing in the way staring at you.

How long had he been there? You hadn't even heard him enter the room!

You noticed he was close enough that the pan was literally all that was between you, and silently you were grateful at how large it was.

Breath in, breath out.

You looked awkwardly around the kitchen trying not to lock eyes with his intense stare. It was fine, there was no reason to be acting as you did, you were in his house and you knew his brother. You should feel safe right? Besides he wasn't giving off the feeling Brent had upon meeting him. That had to count for something. Conversation! Try talking? Maybe he didn't like people in his kitchen? You forced your mind to stop it's racing thoughts.

“P-papyrus asked me, to get this.” Smooth, first thing to pop out brain? Really? You inwardly winced at your slight stutter and cleared your throat nervously. He continued to stare at you, giving no sign he had heard you nor acknowledgement. He was like a slightly breathing skeletal statue.

Ok this was quickly getting awkward as hell.

You pushed the fact your skin began to feel clammy to the back of your mind. You tried to focus on him and observed he was dressed exactly as how you’d seen him last; his eyes you noticed were indeed completely hollow sockets and you had been correct to assume that was a pinprick of light in the center of them, though the light was round like floating orbs.

His appearance now that you were fully taking it in was unnerving in general but mostly because of the way he kept looking at you. You blinked as you noted his clothing was more fitting than you'd thought it'd been, somehow he looked like his shape was 'fleshed' out underneath it. Like he had a slight chub to his body all around like a human would.

How in the world?

Before you could ruminate on it further you saw it, something new, under his hood was a solid black wide brimmed hat, with neon pink letters ‘pun’ written on it in bold. You suddenly couldn’t help it and laughed despite your current situation, humor always helped you.

“Love your hat! It’s very punny!” You snickered slightly waiting for his reaction.

He didn’t say a word, didn’t even blink and just kept observing you.

Well, you had thought you’d been rather clever, and any slight joy you’d just gotten vanished as unease came back to take it’s place.
At this point your flight mode was kicking in, slowly you edged around him muttering an apology, his eyes following you as you retreated. Only once the cloth barrier to the kitchen swung behind you cutting off his stare did you feel a weight lift. Sighing you took the pan to the table and scooted it on carefully, trying not to knock anything off.

The idea of drawing Sans and the entire house’s attention for making a mess forcing you to be extra careful.

“Y/N! There you are.” Roast called out as she made her way to you easing your racing thoughts instantly. You tried not to think too much about the fact you’d essentially made her your security blanket. She was smiling brightly and her flames were shifting excitedly making you give a weak smile.

“We’re just about to start the dance offs!” She cried happily as she slid an arm around yours.

Your heart stopped.

There went the safe feeling, your security gone and your blanket ripped out from under you. She hadn’t mentioned anything about a dance off! Not once! Reading your face, which you imagined had paled quicker than a faucet could turn on, she squeezed you reassuringly with a tentative smile.

“It’ll be fine! All we do is show off some of our moves, it’s a great way to bond with each other.” While you felt grateful that she was trying to include you in what was obviously a monster cultural thing, your human side was screaming her lungs out in fear and potential judgement. She said your name softly in concern, and as you went to speak your worries the music suddenly stopped. You turned to see the crowd had formed a wide circle where Papyrus stood at its center, the perfect picture of confidence and joy.

“FOR THE THOSE HERE THAT DON’T KNOW,” Obviously referencing you and the other lone human. “DANCE OFFS ARE A BIG PART OF MAKING FRIENDS IN OUR SOCIETY, AS SUCH AT GATHERINGS WE TEND TO HAVE THESE DISPLAYS OF SKILL AND FORTITUDE! NO ONE IS HERE TO JUDGE BUT ONLY TO HAVE FUN! AND PLEASE…” his eyes suddenly narrowed as his tone became indignant.

“NO RESONATING ON MY FLOOR.” His statement drew outrageous laughter from the monsters around you including Roast who leaned closer to you, trying to speak through her giggles.

“Resonating is a temporary melding of souls, not anything close to a bond but enough to become closer.” Curiosity distracted you momentarily from the dread inside you. You'd heard about it before but you hadn't any details about it.

“Closer?” Roast shrugged as the crowd laughed again at Papyrus shrieking about being serious.

“Yeah basically…imagine playing one of your human bonding games like truth or dare but not really getting answers but feelings. But relax you both have to want to resonate on some level, it’s actually really difficult sometimes to do for monsters, humans well, I’ve only seen it happen a handful of times. Pretend we danced together and we resonated, we’d essentially feel closer almost perfectly understand the others intent in our movements, it makes for some really gorgeous dancing.” You literally stared at Roast speechless, it sounded so impossible but so beautiful. You had never wished you’d been born a monster instead than in that moment.

“It sounds awesome.” Roast shook her head awkwardly before sighing.

“Yeah but it can get complicated, say there’s a mutual attraction on a subconscious level…
romantically. You could go a whole friendship without realizing until you resonate, because it may not be a bond but it certainly is still a soul meld. I heard it’s stronger in monsters than humans too.” Suddenly it didn’t sound so nice and you inwardly cringed, it was like your very soul taking behind your back and without your permission.

“It sounds…intimate.”

“It is, but it isn’t always romantic intimacy, it can be entirely platonic.” You still couldn’t help but feel it was a bit much, but who were you to judge how monsters chose to interact with each other? It still stumped you to see a race so open and accepting with each other sometimes.

You watched as Papyrus left the center to come stand beside you as a tall lizard and bird monster took his place. Papyrus raised a small black remote and pressed a button as Monster by skillet started to play.

The lizard was obviously a variant of hip hop, bending and twisting his body aggressively almost like he was fighting. The bird seemed to get into a rhythm with him as she sashayed around him, she obviously was a Latin dancer.

Slowly the tension you’d been holding in began to ease as you and Roast went back and forth complimenting a perfectly timed spin here or an awesome lift there, Papyrus also commenting every now and again.

You were actually starting to enjoy yourself.

Another couple took center this time, two male frogs who both did dances similar to hakas earning cheers and laughs all around. A couple of dances in the other human at the party took center with the bunny he’d been hanging out with, you snorted as dubstep started to play and he broke into the robot dance. The bunny giggled behind her hand before proceeding to do the sprinkler, both doing some form of cheesy generational dance.

As they finished you felt a bony hand touch your shoulder drawing your attention up to Papyrus. The thought that his hand wasn’t rough like typical bone but more malleable not lost on you, you could have thought it was a human hand for a moment, just really really skinny, and warm too.

“WHY DON’T YOU GO NEXT?” Your throat closed up in protest. While it had certainly become enjoyable to watch everyone you still didn’t feel comfortable doing it, even if no one had openly booed or said a mean word in the entirety of the display happening.

“Yeah y/n! It’ll be fun!” You looked at Roast like she had betrayed you earning a sheepish grin from her. As you went to speak Papyrus suddenly had your hand and was beginning to guide you to the center. There were so many people focusing their eyes on you both as you passed, their grins wide and expecting.

Your heart jarred in your chest and you began to sweat profusely.

“P-papyrus—”

“COME WE SHALL DOMINATE THE DANCE FLOOR WITH OUR BEYOND EXCELLENT MOVES!” A small part of you was honored he wanted to dance with you but the other far louder part was screeching as you tried to slow your steps.

“P—“ You could barely even say his name and apparently you were speaking too low for him to hear. Your voice going so low it turned into a weak whimper. You couldn’t breath and the room was spinning, one or three people you could handle but there were so many. An image of younger
kids laughing and taunting you as they threw rocks flashed across your vision. Hair pulling and your mother's gentle words--

“PAPYRUS STOP!” You blindly snatched your hand away and froze in place.

The room had become deathly quiet and your vision tunneled; you were already at the center with everyone staring at you.

And Papyrus to your immense guilt looked as if you had struck him, the hurt so evident in his posture and face.

You began to cry, tears pouring down as your breathing became erratic. It was high school all over again, the ghosts of judging and bullying echoing around you. Slowly Papyrus’s face turned from hurt to confusion, then to concern.

“Y/N—“ He began but all you could do was start apologizing profusely, his words no longer registering. It looked as if a few monsters were trying to mutter reassuring words but you couldn’t hear it.

You did the only thing you could do, you blacked out.
You hacked violently, your lungs straining past the stinging of stomach acid in your esophagus. You groaned as you pushed yourself up from the cold tile floor, trying to blink away the ache in your eyes from tears. Glancing around you noticed you were in a darkened dance hall, a quick look to a window above you showed darkness. How long had you been here? How did--

Oh right, you blacked out.

You must've ran.

That was usually what you did when your mind shut down anyway.

You pushed to your feet precariously trying not to topple over from the dredges of dizziness.

Well you’d missed the rest of your classes, that was going to come back to bite you, you thought lamely. Ultimately that didn’t hurt as much as thinking back on what had lead you here; Papyrus’s hurt face, the crowd of confused and mumbling monsters.

You put your hands over your face trying to ground yourself; you hadn’t had a panic attack that bad in years.

Slowly you let your hands slide away as you took some steps trying to regain your balance.

How were you going to fix this? Could you even do anything--god what would Roast think?

You felt a shiver down your spine as your thoughts slowly began to spiral, it took you holding your breath and counting to three to stop the resurging panic.

You needed a distraction, with how dark it looked outside you had a good inkling other students were already under curfew. You were guaranteed to be alone, could use the hall without fear of getting caught. You gritted your teeth as flashes of the party shot through you; it was a struggle to ignore the thoughts as you looked around you. A few chairs here and there, some abandoned socks weirdly enough, and then your eyes found it.

A computer situated in the far corner with adjacent speakers.

You strode towards it trying not to give in to your impulse to run and practically shouted in joy to see it was in sleep mode and not password locked.

The owner probably wouldn't mind if you used it for a second right?

Numbly you clicked through several folders til you found the songs more than likely used by students for practice. Scrolling you were frowning at how it was all techno and rap based, no you needed something for how you currently felt.
You needed something grounding and expressive.

Dark and melancholy.

Finally towards the bottom you found one that you liked and hastily pressed play. You practically rushed back to the center of the room where you stopped and took a shaky breath. More panic driven flashes happened as you took a deep breath and slowly focused on calming your racing heart.

Breathe in, Breath out.

The melody slowly started and using as much concentration as you could you posed arms up with one leg hiked.

~Bring me to life~

*How can you see you see into my eyes like open doors?*

*Leading you down into my core, where I’ve become so numb?*

You leaned forward using your leg to balance you as you did a slow turn, your arms outstretched to either side of you where you rose back up into your starting position.

Breath in, breath out.

*Without a soul, my spirit sleeping somewhere cold.*

Flashes of Papyrus’s face, Roast vaguely saying something to you, Sans's unwavering stare. You did a double turn and slowly outstretched your leg going into a slight kneeling position as you curved your arms delicately.

*Until you find it there and lead it back…home.*

Your heart slammed as the slow beat became rough, the flashes slowly fading as the music flew through you.

*Wake me up!*

You shot back up onto one leg and twisted sideways, letting your legs flip you into a circular motion around the room, your toes barely grazing the floor as you used your arms to help propel you. The exertion making your heart race for an entirely different reason.

*Wake me up inside!*

*I can’t wake up!*

*Save me!*

You slid onto your knees scraping them numbly and shot your leg up as you bent backwards, your hands sprayed out behind you dramatically. You almost laughed at the pose, you always felt at some point you were bending over backwards to help people, to just be accepted.

*Call my name and save me from the dark!*

*Wake me up! Bid my blood to run before I come undone!*
You shot forward and crawled about two feet before gracefully tumbling to your left across the floor. You had wanted to be here, had wanted a new and exciting start and in one day you had ruined it.

*Save me from the nothing I’ve become!*

Using the strength of your arms you shot up and propelled yourself into a standing position before jumping up and spinning. The feeling of temporary weightlessness chilling you as the sweat forming on your skin cooled.

*Breathe into me and make me real!*

*Bring me to life!*

Your eyes shot open as the beat hit on the chorus, landing back on your toes you jerked your body to the side using your arms to pull you forward and shape your path. Your muscles began to surge with aggression as you snapped your head to the side violently, wrenching you neck painfully and practically sprained an ankle twisting your legs to follow your arms.

*I’ve been living a lie, there’s nothing inside!*

You did a jerky pirouette, allowing the weight of your body to control your movements. You wished you could have control sometimes. Then you wouldn’t have to worry about your attacks or rather or not you were lonely.

*Frozen in time without your touch, without your love.*

*Darling only you are the life among the dead.*

You jumped leading with your chest, arms and legs stretched out behind you.

*All this time I can’t believe I couldn’t see, kept in the dark, but you were there in front of me!*

*I’ve been sleeping a thousand years it seems got to open my eyes to everything!*

Suddenly you were no longer doing ballet as you landed; now you were just moving to move. You twisted your arms and legs with abandon, the urge to lose yourself dragging you from your carefully timed poses. You didn’t want to be here, not in this body, at this moment.

*Without a thought, without a voice, without a soul!*

*Don’t let me die here…*

*There must be something more!*

*Bring me to life!*

You felt your body crying out as you wreaked it in your sudden turns and hard slaps as you brought your arms back to your body after flinging them out. You hooked a thumb into your sash harshly ripping it from you, ignoring how the action made the fabric cut into your heated flesh, letting the sash spiral away in the air as you spun, moving your arms recklessly up and down in alternating patterns as you balanced from foot to foot.

*Call my name and save me from the dark!*

You weren’t even dancing anymore; you were trying to destroy yourself. The feeling of satisfaction
at a sprain forming in your wrist caused euphoria to run through you as the chorus played out.

You were going to break apart; doing the one thing you loved most, without the judgement of others to taint it. A twist in your ankle here, a twinge in your neck as you whipped it sideways. It all felt so painful, it felt so good!

Made you feel in control for once.

Slowly the song began to approach it’s conclusion, the slowing melody easing your mind back from the brink as you became slowly more aware of your bodies aches.

*Bring me to life!*

You finished the song as you went into a spin ending with—*Sans* in your face.

You yelped and hastily took a step back as you tried to register the skeleton’s presence. He was standing still with that ever present stare of his, his hands in his hoodie pockets with an indifferent slouch.

When had he come in?

You still hadn’t heard him enter. How did he keep doing that?

“You scared me.” You gasped as you straightened while watching him.

To no great surprise he didn’t say anything just remained silent.

You didn’t know if it was from the intense dancing you’d just done or what, but suddenly you weren’t so unnerved by him, if anything you were frustrated.

His sockets remained wide and unblinking, eyelights you could swear were slightly dimmed, and his smile not carrying an ounce of warmth like one should.

“Are you mute or something?” You asked with an air of uncertainty, not really wanting to offend him. At the same time though it was aggravating how he stood so still. Still enough that he very intently reminded you of how he was a skeleton. If it wasn't for the fact you could see the subtle rise and fall of his chest by staring at him, you'd truly feel as if he was something dead.

Like a depiction of the grim reaper.

It made the sweat on your body uncomfortably cold.

“You don’t help you know. Honestly I was already nervous going and then you just had to keep staring at me! Do you realize how creepy that is? Have I done something to you?” There was more bite to your words then you intended but you were almost at your wits end.

You’d possibly destroyed two newly formed friendships, embarrassed yourself to the point you'd probably never be invited to another monster function, and had essentially just wrecked your body the night before recitals trying to cope with your panic attack. Now here Sans was threatening to send you into another fit just by presence alone.

What was his deal?

“Do you realize how you’re making me feel? I don’t even know you but the stare you keep giving me makes me feel…small and…” You stared right back at him locking eyes.
“Hopeless.” You breathed.

The silence was deafening.

You both were frozen in place, his eyelights never wavering in their hold on your own orbs.

It was like time stood still as you both remained quiet, just the sounds of your breathing echoing in the hall.

It felt like an eternity was stretching between the both of you.

You stiffened as he finally moved slightly; his weight shifting as he looked to the side, eye sockets closing briefly like he was thinking.

When he looked back towards you his sockets were heavily lidded and no longer watchful, as if you no longer interested him. Still unspeaking he shifted his left hand from his pocket and held it out towards you.

Confused you carefully looked down to see your phone nestled in the outstretched appendage, your eyes though were drawn to his bones which surprisingly weren’t as thin as you’d thought they’d be but thicker. You noticed what resembled a bone like palm as his phalanges curled slightly around the device he held.

You wanted to question his anatomy but then a wave of guilt hit you.

Sans had brought you your phone.

You must have dropped it when you blacked out you realized.

Glancing back at him apologetically you hastily reached out and took it, barely brushing him as he repocketed his hand. Was he warm? As an apology formed on your tongue from how’d you’d gone off, a deep baritone rumbled from him.

“you don’t know what hopelessness is.”

Th-Thump

You stared at him in shock; his words sending a threatening warmth down your sweat soaked skin.

Your mind temporarily stalled.

“I—“ He was gone.

You blinked in confusion at his sudden absence, how had he done that? You looked around the room and back to where you though he had been.

There was no way you had imagined it, your warm phone was evidence of that.

You stared at where he had been a moment longer before looking down at the device in your hand. You had multiple missed notifications and three voicemails. Was it seriously two in the morning?

Reluctantly you opened your texts first.

**School:** You have missed the following classes—

You deleted it, you knew which ones you had missed.
Roasty: Y/N are you ok!? Where did you go?!

Roasty: I’m sorry! I shouldn’t have pushed you! Please answer!

Poor Roast, she had only tried to help you fit in and encouraged you. She didn’t know you had a problem or she might’ve prevented it. Guilt and more guilt. You scrolled through four more texts from her full of concern and worry before deleting them, you’d have to call her.

Amalia: Hey you weren’t in class are you ok?

Amalia: Are you still coming to the meeting tonight?

You chuckled weakly, you’d forgotten about the club. You were horrible at this.

Your breath hitched nervously.

Papyrus had messaged you.

Your thumb hovered for a solid two minutes over the message until you finally got the courage to click on it.

Papyrus: I WISH TO APOLOGIZE! I WAS NOT AWARE YOU HAD STAGE FRIGHT AND IT WAS VERY RUDE OF ME TO PUT YOU ON THE SPOT LIKE I DID. EVERYONE WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU SO I SENT MY BROTHER TO FIND YOU IF THAT IS ACCEPTABLE. I STILL WISH TO BE FRIENDS, PLEASE CALL ME WHEN YOU ARE ABLE.

You felt your body relax instantly at his words. You hadn’t ruined anything apparently; it was startling how understanding that skeleton was. You couldn’t help but smile.

Papyrus: ALSO I SEE YOU’VE LEFT YOUR PHONE, SANS WILL BRING IT TO YOU.

You openly laughed at the irony of the whole thing. In part Sans had been one of the factors that had sent you running, but had ultimately followed.

Though it did finally occur to you...how had he known where you were?

You glanced around the room for cameras but didn't see any. You decided to push that disturbing thought aside.

Sighing you went through your voicemails, one from Amalia about how she wanted to check on you later since you missed the meeting, the second from Toriel making you flinch as she had offered to help you with choreography before tomorrow, and the last one from Roasty which you listened to for about five seconds till she was opening crying. Promptly you deleted it and called her.

“Y/n!” Her voice cracked loudly over the line, wobbly still from tears.

“Hey…I’m sorry I—“ You began weakly only for her to cut you off.

“Don’t apologize! Y-you obviously didn’t want to do it…I-I thought you needed a friendly push is all and I—“

“You didn’t know!” You painfully groaned silencing her. “I…I have panic attacks Roast. It takes a great deal of time to prepare myself for something like that…I don’t like telling people about it. So
you’re not at fault, that was me for keeping it from you.” There was a long silence making you shift your feet as you waited for her to speak. Her tone was finally calm and gentle.

“How often do you have them?”

“When there’s crowds mostly…”

“I-i…understand why you didn’t mention them y/n. We’ve only know each other—“

“Not an excuse Roast.” You chuckled weakly.

“Where are you?” She asked quietly.

“I don’t know actually…made it back to the school at least.” You looked closer at the room and frowned, it was older looking and now that you were paying attention there were some cracks in the windows, cobwebs in the corners, and breaks in the floor like this place didn’t have much upkeep done to it.

But there was a working computer so it still had to be in use.

It was odd now that you thought about it.

“Uh it’s a dance hall, and looking at it now it’s rather old. Cracked windows, older looking chairs —“

“Does one of the windows have a crack that looks like an x?” How quickly she asked that caught you off guard. Looking closely you spotted it.

“Y-yeah…above the door.”

“I know where you are, be there in a sec.” Before you could say anything the line went dead. You decided not to question how weird that had just been. Welp, might as well get another phone call out of the way while you waited. Your thumb hovered over Papyrus’s number again as you built up the nerve to eventually press it. It rang for a while before it finally picked up.

“Y/N! I TAKE IT MY BROTHER FOUND YOU! Are…You Okay?” His usually loud and outgoing voice gradually softened as he spoke. A small irrational part of you wanted to be angry but you couldn’t help but want to make sure he wasn’t sad. His voice being so tiny was so out of place. He hadn’t known…no one had.

“I’m okay Papyrus, sorry I freaked out like that. I…I just wasn’t prepared for it honestly. M-maybe next time I’ll be able to?” You shaped the statement as a question, your nerves trying to get to you.

“I’LL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO THAT!” You silently let out the breath you’d been holding. Sounded like he wasn’t going to be banning you from future get togethers. You smiled, you were beginning to understand what kind of being the tall skeleton was.

“ARE YOU GOING TO BE OK FOR YOUR RECITAL TOMORROW?”

“Uh—“ Damn the recital!


“No classes?”
“NO! THE RECITALS RUN ALL DAY SO THEY WANT THE STUDENTS TO BE FOCUSED ON JUST THAT.” Well that was a bit of a relief, maybe your bruises and aches would have time to calm down.

“I’d be honored Papyrus.” You laughed. You spoke a moment longer before hanging up and shooting him a text with your dorm number. As you contemplated calling Amalia the sound of the dance hall door swinging open distracted you. Your fiery friend was standing there panting fretfully as her eyes briefly panned the room before zeroing in on you.

You felt so bad.

Roast literally rushed towards you and pulled you into a hug, the abrupt gesture making you wobble slightly. You barely hugged her back before she held you at arm’s length and began looking you over. She kept looking around the room anxiously while examining you, which bothered you.

“Roast I’m fine ok! Is something wrong?” She smiled awkwardly. That wasn't very reassuring.

“I was worried when you weren’t answering your phone.” She said almost nervously as she reached into her purse and pulled out something rolled up in napkins.

“Sorry I actually dropped my phone at Papyrus’s, Sans just brought it to me.” Roast seemed to stop for a second as she stared at you.

“You saw Sans?”

“Yeah right before I called, he just left here.” She visibly relaxed, which you would have asked about if she hadn’t just shoved the napkin ball into your hand. You raised an eyebrow as you unwrapped a vibrant purple donut with webbed icing.

“It’s monster food, it’ll help with those bruises and any weakness you’re feeling.” You curiously took a bite. Suddenly your aches stopped and your worst sprains dulled as you swallowed. You’d known monster food was basically just energy taken form, but never knew it could heal you so effectively. You hadn’t even realized how hungry you’d been.

“How does this work?” You mumbled around a bite. Jumping slightly as you felt a small sizzle like sensation in your stomach. Roast giggled at your reaction.

“With the excess energy your body gets it allows your body to heal wounds quicker than it normally would. Your system doesn’t have to slow down other functions to focus on healing.” That was still a confusing explanation to you but you decided to drop it. You let Roast take your hand and lead you from the room. The hallway was kind of dusty you noted as you finished off your snack. It looked like the building was almost never used and smelled kind of funny. Outside you noticed it was a smaller building, the white paint slightly chipping off of it.

“Where’s the rest of the campus?” Roast let your hand free once you both reached her car on the side of the road.

“This is the old dance hall, it’s not used anymore. You’re actually a good distance from campus still.” You frowned.

“But there was a computer in there.” Roast simply shook her head and motioned for you to get into the vehicle as she entered the driver side. You wanted to push further but Roast obviously wasn’t going to say anything. You leaned back in your seat as she turned up the radio. Staring out at the trees as they passed you felt your eyes getting heavy, Sans words echoing in your ears.
you don't know what hopelessness is.

Did that mean...he did?

You don’t know when you passed out, but you woke to a fierce knocking on your door.

Rather grumpily you sat up slowly, expecting your body to protest but hesitated when you noticed you didn’t feel sore. Must have been the monster food you figured. You picked a note from your end table and glanced at it. Roast had apparently carried you up and put you to bed, surprising you at how strong the girl must’ve been to do that.

You flinched as the knocking continued.

“Coming!” You called sleepily. You got to your feet and practically toppled as your balance fought to righten itself. Cursing silently you wobbled over and swung your door open.

“Y/N! ARE YOU PREPARED FOR PRACTICE THIS MORNING?” You stared at him dumbly before your brain clicked.

“Oh-oh! What time is it?”

“IT IS SEVEN AM! THAT GIVES YOU AN HOUR TO PRACTICE WITH THE GREAT PAPYRUS AND THEN REST BEFORE YOU GO ON!” Roast peeked out from behind the tall skeleton as he spoke and waved.

“You know when I go on?” You asked absently waving back.

“ROAST WAS KIND ENOUGH TO CHECK THE SCHEDULE! YOUR RECITAL IS AT NINE, SHE SAID YOU HAD BEEN TIRED LAST NIGHT. SO WE DECIDED TO LET YOU REST AN EXTRA HOUR.”

“That soon?” The tiredness vanished instantly. You secretly wished you hadn't gotten that extra hour of rest.

Chapter End Notes

Hope the dancing was written enough for people to understand. I'm actually not good at describing it too well but this is in the Dancetale AU! Thank you for reading and comment if you can, constructive criticism helps!
“NO NO NO! THAT WON’T DO! YOU NEED TO BEND YOUR LEG MORE!” You wobbled uncertainly as Papyrus tried to adjust your leg higher.

“P-papyrus…my leg is already touching my forehead!” You struggled to remain balanced as Roast chuckled off to the side. Human bodies were not meant to stretch this far, you were sure about that! Papyrus crossed his arms and puffed out his chest.

“IT CAN ALWAYS GO HIGHER! DON’T BE LAZY LIKE MY BROTHER Y/N.” Maybe as a skeleton his leg could go further back if he tried but you were human, with muscles and fleshy bits. You held the pose a moment longer before finally giving into the soreness and dropping down to sit on the matted floor. Roast clapped her hands in exaggerated enthusiasm, making you glare slightly.

“NOW THEN, SINCE WE’RE DONE WITH THE LEG STRETCHES—“ You held up a hand pleadingly making him pause with his mouth midway open. You would've laughed at the sight but you were so tired of 'warming up'.

“Papyrus, we’ve been stretching for twenty minutes. How about some dancing?” You really couldn’t handle more balancing acts, the one before this had been a balancing handstand and you could already feel a bruise forming on your butt from how well you’d performed it. Papyrus rubbed his chin thoughtfully, orange light gracing his facial feathers. Was that...a blush? Wait bones could blush?

_Apparently they could be warm too._

“I ACTUALLY HAD A FRIEND COMING OVER TO HELP US TODAY.” You frowned as you shook away the stray thought and tried to remain calm as your heart flared and your anxiety spiked.

“Sans?” You ventured slowly earning a curious look from Roast.

“NO, MY BROTHER DOESN'T DANCE…Anymore.” He muttered sadly. You were suddenly intrigued.

“Isn’t he part of the dance team?”

“He coaches it.” Roast put in. Before you could ask more Papyrus waved a hand and continued.
“MY FRIEND I INVITED IS ACTUALLY REALLY TALENTED IN BALLET, SINCE YOU BOTH SHARE THE SAME STYLE OF DANCE I THOUGHT THEY COULD BE REALLY HELPFUL. N-NOT THAT THE GRACEFUL AND TALENTED PAPYRUS NEEDS HELP TRAINING MIND YOU!” You couldn’t help but smile as he became flustered.

“Say Papyrus, you’re a skeleton right?” He paused to look at you strangely.

"HOW OBSERVANT OF YOU, YES I WOULD SAY I AM." You snorted at the thick sarcasm in his tone.

"I was wondering, since you’re made of bone how can you blush?” He seemed slightly taken off guard by your question.

“I WASN’T BLUSHING—“ He tried to defend himself, making a new darker blush take over his face.

“Also! Your hands aren’t as thin as human bone, not as rough or hard, and you guys give off warmth though you have no blood or anything!” Papyrus seemed to visibly stiffen slightly, like the topic was awkward for him.

“W-WE HAVE…BLOOD OF A SORT.” You tilted your head curiously as Papyrus was now focusing his eyes pointedly on a part of the practice hall, avoiding your gaze. Roast shook her head in sympathy before walking over and patting the skeleton’s arm in comfort. You watched the tall monster ease a little as Roast began speaking.

“Paps isn’t too comfortable talking about his anatomy. But yeah…we monsters as you know are made of magic so we tend to have bodies that defy physics sometimes. Though what humans have a hard time understanding sometimes is we do adhere to logic…magic logic.” You tried to comprehend her words for a moment.

“Sooo…it's all magic then?” Roast giggled.

“I guess you could say that, take me for example. Remember how I told you I couldn’t actually burn Brent? Or how you are unharmed when you touch me?” You nodded.

“Well we aren’t made of actual elements. We’re mostly magic not matter based like you, so technically…” She paused in thought for a moment before speaking.

“Our forms and anatomies reflect the form our magic chooses to present itself as. And it presents, in a way that makes sense for the magic to form, Papyrus here is presented and made as a skeleton monster, because his ability's tied to bones, a more physical magic conjuring, in our culture we call this tough magic. Me and my father are in a second category known as soft magic, our abilities are merely fire like not anywhere close to the real thing. Unlike how touching my flames won't burn you, Pap's magical bone constructs will hurt if they hit you.”

“I’m surprised, I mean we weren’t taught this in school or anything.” Roast shrugged.

“Well to be fair we like to keep a lot within our community, at least until humanity is more used to us. Now Paps here, he has ‘blood’ so does Sans but it’s inside their bones. But due to what I just explained it’s not…technically blood. Looks like it, but it’s actually essence magic that looks like bone marrow. Every monster has essence magic, I mean if I were to get cut I wouldn’t bleed like Paps or Sans, my essence magic is charred and ash like.”

“Oh because you’re made of fire right?” Roast laughed and nodded in confirmation.
“So the logic behind monster anatomy is kinda similar to ours but unique? Your magic decides your body shape and then all the bits that logically fit together to make it work. Making sure those bits match the rest of you?”

“Yep!”

“Oh.” Roast clapped Papyrus on the lower part of his shoulder as he continued to blush at the conversation.

“Besides, if Papyrus and Sans were actual skeletons they wouldn’t be able to eat, blink, breath—”

“They need to breath?” Roast actually folded over in laughter as Papyrus literally looked like he had steam coming out of his ears. You tried to hold in your own giggles.

“OF COURSE WE BREATHE! HOW DO YOU THINK WE SMELL THINGS?” He asked mildly offended.

“I’m sorry it’s just you don’t have lungs!” You waved your hands apologetically through your fading laughter.

“WITHOUT OXYGEN OUR MAGIC WOULD SUFFOCATE. OF COURSE WE NEED TO BREATH! WHY DO YOU THINK WE HAD THE CORE UNDERGROUND? THE AIR WAS THIN, IT PROVIDED A THICKER ARTIFICIAL ATMOSPHERE FOR US SO WE COULD HAVE ENOUGH MAGIC FOR NOURISHMENT VIA OXYGEN AND THE CLIMATES IT PROVIDED! WHY OUR AMBASSADOR WOULD HAVE SUFFCOCATED AND STARVED OTHERWISE!” Papyrus nearly yelled worriedly, apparently shocked you didn't know this already.

“So the stories I’ve heard from people about different climates all mushed together are true?” Your question came out slightly awed.

“YES!” Papyrus's face continued to fall even as your excitement at learning something new grew.

“Wow that’s so cool! I'm sorry, I kinda figured you all got oxygen from the holes through to the surface or something.” Roast was no longer laughing, she’d grown eerily silent. You felt a bit nervous as Papyrus’s fluster vanished and he looked slightly somber.

Roast spoke quietly.

“Not everywhere in the underground had an opening to the surface, there were about two places to my knowledge, I personally had never seen sunlight till the barrier went down six years ago. Y/n, we were deep underground. Without the core we would have starved and suffocated ages ago.” You suddenly felt guilty again.

“HONESTLY, I THOUGHT THEY WOULD HAVE TAUGHT THIS TO YOU IN THE MONSTER CLASS THE HUMANS WERE REQUIRED TO TAKE.” Papyrus stated awkwardly.

“They…taught us your history…mostly our point of view on it. They never taught us the details nor culture.” Your eyes ached slightly, tears wanting to form. Had it really been that bad down there? The idea that humanity had been so cruel to let the monsters suffer that way for centuries was heartbreaking. Roasty noticed.

“Hey, it’s not your fault.” You looked at Roast who was smiling gently, an aura of comfort coming from her.

“You didn’t lock us away y/n, and you can’t help what the government or even other humans deem
is appropriate education.” You sighed, she was basically forgiving your ignorance.

“No, but I can.” A masculine voice echoed from the doorway. You stood slowly as a person approached you and your friends; they were dressed in a black leotard with their sides exposed, and a neon pink tutu. You watched as Papyrus rushed forward and gripped them in a bone crushing hug, the stranger chuckling as they patted the skeleton back. They looked male; with unruly brown hair, lazily narrowed brown eyes, and a chest flat as a board.

But something about them felt…off.

“FRISK I’M SO GLAD YOU COULD COME!” He exclaimed setting the young man down with a laugh.

Why did that name sound familiar--oh.

Oh!

Your eyes widened like disks as you realized exactly who was in the same room as you. You nervously watched as he patted Papyrus's arm in affection, gave Roast a hug and then turned towards you.

“Hey, I’m Frisk, Paps has told me a lot about you.” You went to speak but your mouth had suddenly dried and your throat felt like it was threatening to close. Frisk glanced at your friends a moment in confusion and then looked back at you, slowly raising his hands and beginning to make gestures with them.

Was…was he using sign language? Oh no he thought you were mute!

You harshly coughed into a fist to clear your throat halting his movements. A glance at Roast showed how much she was struggling not to laugh about this.

“S-sorry I’m y/n…s-sir.” He raised a brow and smiled.

“I’m actually more masculine today so I’ll allow it. But usually I prefer they/them pronouns.” You forgot your nervousness a moment, your face twisted in confusion. Frisk laughed.

“My sex is actually female, but my gender is fluid. Today I felt more masculine than normal, usually I don’t identify either way but there are days I wake up and just…am.”

“That makes sense! Like you look very male but if your…is female…I’m sorry! You’re the first person I’ve met like this. Not trying to be awkward or anything.” Frisk waved it off casually.

“Hey if those classes they gave out had actually done their jobs you would’ve known that about me, and the monster’s life underground. Seems I’ll need to speak to the governor again when I see him this weekend. Anyways, your recital is today right?” You winced, your awe and nervousness quickly turned into dread.

“Yeah, I have nothing planned.” You muttered shamefully.

“Well let’s have a small dance together and see how you do.” Frisk motioned for someone to play some music. As you went to stand beside the young ambassador you watched as they waved for you to remain in place and smoothly walked across the hall from you.

You were about to dance with the liberator of monsters.
You felt so unworthy.

You glanced at your friends anxiously receiving a smile from Roast and a thumbs up from Papyrus which eased you somewhat. And just watched curiously as Frisk stopped and took a deep breath before turning to face you, their eyes now a deep crimson.

That made you pause.

You went to say something about it but froze, as a tugging sensation on your chest made the air whoosh from your lungs.

What was happening?!

“Relax y/n! Don’t fight it!” Roast called to you, her words like a vague echo.

Don’t fight?

But it felt wrong... violating!

The feeling in your chest coalesced into a small inferno of pain and burning, your anxiety spiked.

You tried to focus on the world around you but it felt distant, almost like a shadow of something solid.

A whistle snapped your vision to Frisk, their face a cold mask of determination.

Sweat was slowly drenching you as your body struggled against this feeling. Frisk watched you a moment, observing as they seemed to recognize what was happening. And slowly closed their eyes before reopening them, one eye now back to being a light brown.

Slowly Frisk smiled.

“You’re fine, no one is going to hurt you.” You focused on their singular gentle brown eye and slowly relaxed yourself.

Frisk blinked and then their eyes were crimson once more, the gentleness gone as they raised a hand and snapped it into a fist.

The pain boarded on being unbearable for a moment before a loud popping sound shot through your ears and a calming numbness overcame your body. You gasped slowly and looked down to see a heart floating in front of you.

Was...that…?

You’d learned that souls were heart shaped but to actually see one and let alone it be yours…you were enraptured.

Light radiated from it, a pastel purple hue with just a smidgen of yellow streaking down the center of it.

You felt a swell of unfathomable emotion as you looked at everything that you were.

Everything that you would ever be floated just within inches of you.

“Pretty soul you have there, y/n.” You blushed at how sincere that compliment felt as you looked back up to Frisk, who no longer had crimson eyes and was smiling warmly.
A faint flickering caught your eyes, making them pan down to see floating golden words in front of you. You quirked a brow in question earning a laugh from Frisk.

“We’re in an encounter; it’ll be easier here to gauge your abilities and techniques. Go on, focus your Soul on selecting one of the options.” You looked briefly on the choices, something in you not wanting to even touch the fight button. You concentrated on the mercy option and saw the word spare; Frisk’s name displaying in white.

“You can’t spare me or anything; I’m not done practicing with you.” You nodded and decided to pick the check choice.

Frisk Dreemer/Chara Dreemer

Lv 1/20

Hp 20/99

Atk 1/99

Def 1/99

*The savior and condemner of the underground*

You hissed as you took a ragged breath, nothing but absolute horror shot through you.

You couldn't explain the sudden urge you had to run.

You locked eyes on Frisk who frowned in concern.

“Something wrong?” You quickly shook your head, something felt off about that check and you couldn't explain it. But the way Frisk’s eyes had turned crimson…had the other two seen that? You felt a sickening nausea for some reason but fought it, Frisk had been kind so far and you doubted they'd have any ill intentions. You glanced over to Roasty and Papyrus, they both looked so calm. They wouldn't look like that if there was an issue, a reason to be wary and afraid.

You took a steadying breath through your nose.

*Frisk/Chara is sparing you*

“Ok your turn again, go ahead and go to act.”

*ACT – Dance*

*You have challenged Frisk/Chara to a dance off*

You gasped as a grid formed under both of your feet. Watching Frisk they entered a starter pose casually and began to leap into the air, a box appearing with both your names and points displayed.

Frisk/Chara - 0 points
Y/n - 0 points

~Drop Pop Candy~

Frisk landed gracefully and twirled into a pirouette earning ten points in the box beside them.
You stared at how graceful Frisk was; it was like watching water spin and twist elegantly.

You felt sweat begin to build on the back of your neck; Frisk was a natural at ballet.

You did a somersault and landed into a delicately timed split before sliding your leg around and out, pushing yourself into a handstand; your board blinked five points.

Frisk smirked as they did a running leap from the wall behind them and cartwheeled till they stopped inches from your face; their closeness making you blush awkwardly as they spun away and back to their starting spot. You blushed even harder as they winked and blew you a kiss.

Had they just flirted with you?!

Frisk earned twenty points.

You jumped up and did a four turn spin before landing into a t pose and flipping backwards into a split. You earned ten points.

“How do these scores work?” You called out to Frisk who moved into an arabesque before turning into a ballone.

“In a dance off, the scores are measured from how you affect the other’s soul. So try not to get intimidated.” Frisk winked at you as they entered a spin and leapt around you tauntingly. Frisk earned another twenty points.

You held your breath, you had been in the wrong frame of mind this wasn’t just practice this was literally a battle of souls, you had to be more daring.

You charged towards Frisk who widened their eyes in shock, not stopping till you were practically in their face. Then you abruptly dropped into a handstand at the last second and leapt over them landing smoothly into a bow. You peered over your shoulder as you stood back up at their slightly nerve wreaked expression and stuck your tongue out playfully.

You earned thirty points.

Frisk burst into laughter before grinning smugly, it was officially on.

You watched in awe as they suddenly seemed to transform into a dancing demon, their twists and turns flowing rapidly without even a pause between their flips and poses. Not once did you see them stumble or even shake as they finished a complex twelve step move set ending with her in a dramatic split, their arm tossed over their head like a diva. How was that humanly possible?

You could only blink as they earned fifty points.

You gritted your teeth as you steadied yourself, you could do this.

You had to persevere!

You somersaulted into a handstand and then flipped forward into a roll, you tried to focus as you entered into a complicated five step set. You pushed up into a pirouette and then twirled with your arms arched and a leg extended at ninety degrees. Finally you slid into a half split, your leading leg folded in front of you as you twisted your toes forward.

You earned twenty points.

You both continued twisting and turning into endlessly seeming poses and moves till finally both
the boards flashed as the music ceased indicating the end of the challenge. Panting you watched as both the score boards floated next to each other. Your hands clutching at you knees as you bent over trying to recover.

*Frisk/Chara – 85 points

*Y/n – 70 points

“Well that was impressive; I think it’s time for a break.” How was Frisk breathing so evenly? You felt like you’d ran almost two miles nonstop! Suddenly it became clear to you why Frisk was the ambassador to monsters, their dancing was insane! Your breathing finally calmed as text appeared before you.

*Frisk/Chara is sparing you.

*Mercy – Spare

The text vanished in a flash of white and you watched as your soul drifted back into your chest, a burst of warmth flushing your body. Tiredly you looked up as Roast handed you a dripping cold bottle of water, it didn’t last five seconds as you guzzled it.

“THAT WAS AN EXCELLENT DISPLAY OF SKILL!” Papyrus exclaimed as he slapped a hand onto your back, your lungs emptying from the impact.

“T-thanks Papyrus…” You grunted. Frisk accepted a bottle from Roasty as well, their smile bright and thoughtful as they drank and stared at you curiously.

“So, you did very well for your first dance off. Seventy Points too! I noticed you're very into spins and twirls, why’s that?” You stopped for a moment as you thought back to the dance.

“I don’t know honestly my body just flows that way.” Frisk looked away a moment before grinning mischievously.

“I think I know a good routine for you to do.” You blinked. That look Frisk was giving was not reassuring in the slightest.

“Yeah before we get into that though, quick question.” Frisk folded their arms with a soft smile as they waited.

“Y-you don’t—“ Frisk waved you off.

“It’s fine, I can tell just from how you interact with my friends you’re a good person. So I’ll tell you, but y/n if anyone outside of the monster community learns about this my rep as ambassador will be under fire and that puts the whole monster race at risk. So just keep this to yourself and we’ll be fine.” They motioned for you to come sit by them as they sat taking another drink.
You weren't sure you wanted to know anymore, but from how insistent Frisk was gesturing to you it was obviously not your choice anymore. You nervously moved to where they were indicating, letting Frisk observe you for a quiet moment before they started to speak.

“You noticed how I had you choose act during our fight right?” You nodded taking another bottle from Roast as she sat on the other side of you. Papyrus remained standing but was now by Frisk. You honestly felt a little boxed in. You tried your best to ignore it as you focused on the young leader.

“Well…monster’s haven’t always been passive.” You frowned.

“But isn’t that one of the strongly argued points that was used for their rights?” You looked to Papyrus for confirmation but he only glanced towards the door, a sad look in his eyes. Frisk touched your shoulder drawing back your attention.

“Which is why I’m telling you to keep this between us.” You nodded in hesitantly but in acceptance.

“When I landed in the underground, they tried to kill me.” You felt your body lock up and a chill run down your spine. You couldn’t honestly imagine monster’s being hostile like that.

“In order to break the barrier they needed…souls…human ones. When I landed they only needed one more so naturally they were hunting me.”

“Why did they need seven souls?” You focused on Frisk as you felt Roast’s hand on your shoulder in comfort, the usual feeling of security currently riddled with anxiety but you pushed it down. None of this had been mentioned at all in that ridiculous excuse of a class. It hadn't even been mentioned on any of the political debates, but suddenly you were understanding why Frisk was making you keep this secret.

If humanity suspected monster's had for an instant any bad intentions, dust would rain from the skies.

Your race was brutal and harsh like that.

“One for each aspect of the human existence. Our souls, everyone’s are made up of seven key traits; Justice, Kindness, Perseverance, Integrity, Bravery, Patience, and Ambition. A soul has one dominating trait uniquely determined by individuality. That’s why there were seven mages that sealed them eons ago, if the human mages had used one trait less than the key seven the barrier would have degraded with time. But with seven? It was to last as long as there was still at least a single human in existence, their soul traits resonating and therefore keeping the barrier erected.” You blinked as you thought over Frisk's words. From what you had learned Frisk had been the only human underground, and though soul research was still new, you did know that a soul couldn't be taken far from a person's body.

They'd die.

You swallowed as you glanced at Roasty and Papyrus, both decidedly looking anywhere but at you. The information sunk into your chest heavily as your mind put the pieces into place.

“So they’d already killed six people?” You whispered, doubting. You didn’t want it to be true, it went against everything you had thought you'd known about the species.

It would show that they weren't that different from humans after all.
The thought made you sick.

“Six children.” You blinked back tears, looking at Roast and Papyrus from your peripheral vision you saw them both close their eyes. There was regret etched on their faces. You felt nauseous, and faintly betrayed.

Children.

“But honestly y/n, could you say for sure, that you wouldn’t do something just as horrific? If you thought it was the only way for you to escape a glorified prison? Wouldn’t you want to see the sun and feel the wind on your face?” You swallowed as you contemplated their words, if you were fair you would admit you couldn't imagine such a thing.

It wasn't a life.

"But kids?" You croaked. Frisk closed their eyes.

"Children were the only ones that ever fell into the underground." It made sense even though you didn't want it to. Adults were typically more cautious and simply wiser, more experienced with life when it came to haphazardness situations. It was a bitter truth.

"No monster would ever want to hurt someone carelessly, not if they have a choice. Trust me, they regret the methods they had to use.” Frisk whispered passionately, reassuringly. You didn't know what to say or how to take it. So you simply nodded, unable to speak. The four of you sat in silence for a moment, not a one of you daring to speak. It was like a harrowed feeling had come over the room.

Papyrus and Roasty wouldn't be so quiet, so sad and broken looking if there wasn't an immense well of regret. It made you calm, considerate. You chose to accept what they had been forced to go through. You placed a hand gently on Roast's shoulder drawing everyone's attention. It hurt to see her eyes so...afraid. Like you might condemn her.

"I don't blame you guys." You whispered. The relief on her face was quickly reflected in the others as she pulled you into a desperate hug. Frisk let you hug it out, didn't say a word till you separated and exchanged a smile with an overjoyed looking Papyrus before continuing.

“Anyway, why I’m so practiced is because instead of challenging me to dance offs the monsters would always choose fight. In order to survive those confrontations I had to either dodge their attacks or resonate with them by copying their moves to the letter. Sometimes I’d convince them I wasn’t actually a threat and then they’d switch to a dance challenge, which was loads easier.” You looked at them with concern.

“So it was life or death literally.” Frisk remained silent, their face awash in lost nostalgia. You felt sorry for them. To imagine a little kid at the time facing down death on a constant basis. You closed your eyes.

Breathe in, Breathe out.

“So they’d come at you with a knife, then just start dancing once they liked you?” You asked jokingly, trying to lighten the mood and earning a small giggle from Frisk.

“No, when monsters attack they still dance, but they have their attacks shooting out at you in tandem with their rhythm.” You absorbed that bit of information for a moment as Frisk stood and looked down at you gently.
“Hey, don’t let this conversation change your view. No one should ever be bound and held to the shadows of their past, if they’re trying to do better. Just remember…at their core monsters are made of compassion, hope and love. It’s not natural for them to act against those principles.” You stared at their offered hand a solid minute in thought before smiling and taking it. Frisk was right they were in a bad place and if it had been you? You didn’t want to think about it.

You chose to change the topic.

“Hey before we get started on my routine, what’s my soul trait?” Frisk snorted alongside Roast who was blushing. Papyrus back to his energetic self answered.

“YOUR FULL OF PERSEVERANCE AND A SMIDGEN OF JUSTICE. REALLY BEAUTIFUL I’D SAY, NOT AS PRETTY AS FRISK’S AMBITION BUT STILL BEAUTIFUL ON IT’S OWN!”

"I thought there was only one dominant trait per soul?” You asked.

"It’s rare but a soul can change traits, only when there is a higher concentration of another. Means you have potential to be inclined more towards justice." Frisk explained. You hummed and smiled warmly towards Frisk.

“Ambition huh?” Frisk rolled their eyes.

“You could say I’m full of…determination!” They said as they struck a star studded pose.
You yawned as you tried to eat the donut Roast had given you for energy, said fire elemental slowly taking to the stage.

Your eyes panned all of the assembled students who were muttering and commenting to each other. Honestly you had thought only the dance students would’ve been attending but apparently this was popular enough to draw more than half the campus or there were just that many people bored.

The ache in your body from practicing with Frisk slowly vanished as you finished the surgery treat; you had spent more than half the morning practicing and were running on about a twenty minute nap.

You doubted all the practice in the world was going to help you.

Watching as Roast stood in the center of the stage you looked toward the judges; a bunny teacher wearing a sun hat, Madame Toriel, and a goat monster you hadn’t met before with really long horns and a gentle smile plastered on his face. Two unbiased strangers that you knew nothing about. So comforting, you thought sarcastically.

You gulped, then again the fact you knew Toriel only made you more anxious.

She couldn’t be biased you knew that but she had knowledge of your less than spectacular dancing. Too bad you couldn’t be scored on a curve.

You let your eyes pan the stage as they brought out a series of ramps and a pair of skates to Roast. You raised an eyebrow, where you about to see what skate dancing actually looked like? A hand on your shoulder made you jump and turn to see Amalia standing beside you, a blush of embarrassment hit you.

“H-hey…” You stuttered awkwardly.

“Hey. Jumpy huh? So…are you still in our club?” She asked playfully making you fluster, she laughed softly.

“It’s fine y/n, you can make it up to us later. I know you’ve probably been tied up with this whole recital thing.” You breathed a sigh of relief; her possible anger didn’t need to be added to your stress currently. You were grateful for small favors.

“You here to catch the show?” She shrugged.

“I was here to support MK, he did really well with his tap performance.”

“He taps?” You asked incredulously as a small pang of guilt hit you. MK had probably gone on early in the day while you had been practicing. She nodded in confirmation.

“If you’re worried about having missed it, they do offer dvd copies of the performances. Anyways I thought I’d hang around to support you too.” You smiled.

“Also got to see that prodigy kid MK kept mentioning, Brent was it?” And just like that the smile fell from your face as you felt a pit form in your stomach.

“You mean tragedy right? He’s a jerk really, you and MK shouldn’t get too close to him.” Amalia
frowned in contemplation.

“I’m guessing he did something.” You nodded not really wanting to get into it right this second, you were already nervous and didn’t need to be angry to. You were grateful as Amalia dropped it and continued to stand next to you as you turned your attention back towards Roast.

Roast quickly tied on the skates and then spun once as if getting a feel for them before addressing the judges table, a calm smile on her face.

“I, will be performing my signature dance to the music of Santana.” The lights of the auditorium dimmed as the lights on the stage refocused and the music slowly started to play.

~Into the Night~

Roast pushed her skates back and forth sparking flames to ignite and cover them, she began.

Like a gift from the heavens it was easy to tell

It was love from above that could save me from hell

Roast spun around the stage circling the ramps, a trail of fire following her movements as if she were a shooting star. You smiled at how the fire seemed to shimmer under the stage lights.

She had fire in her soul it was easy to see,

How the devil himself could be pulled out of me.

The fiery girl glided back to where she had started, leaping into the air and landing in a slow spin on her skates, the fire on them making a twisting circle up to her waist.

There were drums in the air as she started to dance

Every soul in the room keeping time with their hands!

Roast swung her arms out moving them like a wave at her sides and in front of her while her feet tilted into various ballet positions. She fluttered them, making fire break off and fade away. Then suddenly the gentle and graceful actions she was performing stopped as she violently twisted into a crouch like she was about to run a race as the music slammed into the chorus.

And we sang…Ay oh ay oh ay oh ay

Roast shot forward, her flaming wheels carrying her onto the first ramp. She was moving so quickly that her flames were a blur as they billowed around her.

And the voices rang like the angles sang!

She reached the height of it and kicked off, spun once before twisting into a somersault causing the fire to form a ball around her.

We’re singing…ay oh ay oh ay oh ay!

Drifting through the air towards the top of the next ramp the fireball burst outwards into a red wave of energy, Roast’s form upside down, as she slowly shifted up and connected with her target. The skates didn't make a sound as she glided down the ramp doing pirouettes. She was stunning in her grace and timing. It had you transfixed.
And we danced on into the night!

The elemental slid into a figure eight and broke away towards the back ramp, her arms balancing her easily as she started to glide on one foot, the other stretched out behind her. You could only watched mystified as your friend glided and danced so easily, the whole performance almost seemed effortless to her. Amalia gasped in awe as she shared your sentiments, her eyes glittering in admiration.

Ay oh ay oh
Ay oh ay oh
And we danced on into the night!

She took the ramp at dizzying speed as she twirled her body, her feet expertly turning her circular as she ascended and then launched into the air at the top. Her flaming hair seemed to extend like a whip forming a passionate flaming vortex around her. She landed with a flash of burning light as the vortex dissipated and she posed. You laughed inwardly at the joy on her face but jumped slightly as the lights dimmed faintly and the monitors on the walls turned on displaying an over the top view of the stage.

Like a piece to the puzzle that falls into place

You could tell how we felt from the look on our faces!

You gasped along with the crowd, as she pushed forward and glided rapidly, her arms and legs twinging and lifting as she used her trailing flames to shape a puzzle piece on the stage. Then quickly she leaned as far sideways as she could while circling around her burning creation, her hand waving in and out of the flame to change the shape to two smaller faces looking lovingly at each other.

She wasn’t only dancing, she was story telling…and she’d only gotten a nine before? Your anxiety spiked and your breathing hitched, this was going to be awful for you.

We were spinning in circles with the moon in our eyes,

No room left to move in between you and I!

Roast flung her arms up, the fire from them shooting skyward to form a moon to the camera before twisting from her dancing to form the picture of a couple embraced.

We forgot where we were and we lost track of time,

She etched a clock into the ground as she switched from foot to foot rapidly, her movements failing to falter for even a moment as her eyes narrowed in concentration.

And we sang to the wind as we danced through the night!

Roast somersaulted into the air and back flipped into a crouch, gliding backwards towards the ramps once more. The chorus picked up in volume and you felt a chill of excitement as you noticed the crowd start to sing along with it, Roast’s performance had charmed the audience. You watched as she seemed to gain energy and burn brighter from the praise of her peers as she bounced between ramps, her body loose and smooth as it twisted and posed every time it took to the air.

As the song turned into instrumentals you could no longer tell Roasts clothes and skates separately
from her, her whole body had become a dancing and flickering flame moving in tandem to the songs rhythm. It was as if she had become one with the song, her body moving in precise directions. You almost felt jealous but in truth you could only feel admiration for her. You wondered if you’d ever be able to move like that.

The song’s pitch slowed and Roast glided to the center of the stage.

*Like a gift from the heaven it was easy to tell*

*It was love from above that could save me from hell…*

Roast turned abruptly left, causing flames to shoot out behind her.

*She had fire in her soul it was easy to see,*

*How the devil himself could be pulled out of me!*

She turned violently this time to her right, garnering the same amount of flames quickly. You gasped as she lifted her arms almost as if in praise, the flames behind her hovering like a pair of beautiful phoenix wings.

*There were drums in the air as she started to dance,*

*Every soul in the room keeping time with their hands!*

Roast rushed towards the front of the stage, her flaming wings twisting gracefully behind her as the song pushed through the last of the chorus.

*And we danced on into the night!*

Right as the song finished Roast slid onto her knees, her wings shooting outward and exploding into various colored flamed that rained down on her like fading embers.

You watched in quiet awe as she breathed rapidly, the audience silent for only a moment before erupting into wild cheers. Roasty jumped to her feet and bowed as the judges held up their cards, her face anxious and hands clasped in hopeful suspense.

It was 10s, all across the board.

“WHOOO! GO ROASTY!” You shouted with the deafening noise of the crowd, Amalia jumping up and down excitedly at the show she’d just seen. You watched as Roast hurried off the stage and over to you, pulling you into a tight hug. You didn't think fire elementals could sweat, but she had faint white wisps of steam coming off of her suspiciously. And the flames that were essentially her hair seemed to droop off to one side.

“You did great Roast! I’m so happy for you!” You cried into her shoulder joyfully. The look on her face when you finally pulled back was one of tiredness, but most of all dazed elation.

“Thanks y/n! Oh you have no idea how nerve wracking that was!” She laughed weakly. You had a faint clue seeing as you’d be going next but merely smiled at her.

“Wow you’re so talented!” Roast turned to Amalia in slight hesitation.

“Oh…uh thanks.” She looked at you cautiously. Was she scared?

“This is Amalia, I’m in a club with her.” You explained, the caution disappearing instantly from
Roast as her smile became genuine. Her shift in demeanor hinted that she’d probably trust anyone you’d associate with. It only mildly concerned you, as you didn’t have a good record of reading people but you had bigger problems to face currently. But that was a talk you both should probably have. Then again you’d more than likely act the same way if she introduced you to a monster.

“I’m Roasty, nice to meet you.” They exchanged a handshake and muttered a few things to each other before the auditorium once again became silent.

“L/n, Y/n!” You felt your chest tighten as Madame Toriel called you to the stage, the ramps having already been cleared in preparation for you.

You kind of hated how efficient the stagehands were in that moment.

“Hey! You’ll be great y/n!” Roast said encouragingly as she pulled you into a hug, allowing Amalia to do the same after her.

They let go way to soon. You were still a ball of raw nerves.

Taking a deep breath and holding their support close to your heart, you made your way to the front of the room. Each step up to the stage made your heart pound louder and quicker in your ears, the stage lights blinding in their intensity. Carefully as if you might fall apart you turned to the judges…well where you thought they were.

Suddenly you were grateful at how blind the lights made you. You went to speak but stopped as your throat tried to contract.

Breath…in and out, in and out.

“I’ll be performing my main style of dance to Katy Perry.” You took the scant few seconds that it took the song to load to steady yourself. Slowly the song started to play and you willed your mind to drift, to tune out anything other than the flow of the music.

~Firework~

_Do you ever feel like a plastic bag drifting through the wind, wanting to start again?_

_Do you ever feel, feel so paper thin like a house of cards one blow from caving in?_

You lifted your arms and began to act out the lyrics, your arms moving like a wave as you did a small twirl and then brought your hands to your chest indicating feelings as you slid into a split and leaned backwards like you had fallen.

_Do you ever feel already buried deep, six feet under screams but no one seems to hear a thing._

_Do you know that there’s still a chance for you, cause there’s a spark in you?_

You rolled out of the split and rose to your feet, your hands tangling in your hair before shooting outwards and doing a pirouette. You landed gracefully and skipped towards the back of the stage, turning back towards the front when you hit the edge.

_You just gotta ignite the light and let it shine._

_Just own the night like the fourth of July!_

You slowly began to race forward., adrenaline beginning to pump through your veins.
Cause baby you’re a firework, come on show them what you’re worth!

Make’um go ‘ah ah ah’ as you shoot across the sky!

You somersaulted into the air and flipped sideways into a handstand, your body moving itself with your weight as you flipped back towards the front of the stage and landed in a five turn spin. The stage lights going dark and then lighting brilliantly as projected fireworks lit the area around you.

Baby you’re a firework! Come on let your colors burst!

Make’um go ‘ah ah ah’ You’re gonna leave them all in ‘awe awe awe’!

You threw your arms back and slid into a kneel rolling sideways back to your feet. You couldn’t help but to jerk your body to the ‘ah’s’ and then twirled into a flip before stomping the stage in time to the ‘awe’s’ in the lyrics. Your body twisting and weaving to the rhythm as your feet slid you across the stage—

And you slipped.

You had been so in tune to the music you had missed a wet spot on the stage and grunted as your body slapped harshly against the hard wood. The music came to a sudden halt and gasps echoed from the crowd as you tried to get your bearings. A sharp stab of pain coursed through your hip and shoulder as you moved making you wince.

What had just happened?

Then it hit you and you stilled.

Only a minute in and you had messed up.

Slowly you rose to your feet, ignoring the burning in your hip and shoulder from the impact. You felt your heart stop as the lighting returned to normal and the judges became visible. You felt yourself pale as you realized your performance was done, and your heart almost stopped as the three judges muttered among themselves.

It was tense, not even the crowd was making a single sound. They all looked just as confused and nervous as you were.

It was one mistake…they had to let you continue right?

You held your breath as Toriel stood. It was like time was moving at 1/5th the speed as she spoke.

“Thank you for your time Y/N.” Her tone was sympathetic.

You felt as if your soul had been crushed.
An Angel's Dance

You pulled your blanket tighter around you, trying to hide from the incessant knocking at your door.

You had messed up so bad…

What if they lowered your rank? Could a four even stay in the school? Oh God…what if they expelled you!? You took a deep shuddering breath, trying to focus on keeping the room from spinning as you felt nausea trying to settle in your gut.

You didn’t want to be here, you wanted this all to be just a bad dream.

“Y/N it’s going to be okay! Mistakes happen!” Roast’s muffled voice shot through the door.

Mistakes happen…but not in such a prestigious school as this.

Would the headmaster consider you a mistake? Normally you would feel guilty at the sound of defeat and desperation in Roast’s voice as she weakly called your name, but all you could feel currently was a sense of dread and emptiness.

All your hopes and dreams…you just wanted to sleep.

You barely heard Roast calling for you as your eyes drifted closed.

“Y/n.” Your breathing hitched and became rapid as your eyes shot open.

You glanced around your room frantically before spotting Amalia sitting at the foot of your bed, a cup held out to you with a worried frown.

Had you passed out? When did she enter your room?

Slowly you sat up, your head still spinning as you hesitantly took the offered cup from her hand. She was silent as you stared at the drink you clutched like a lifeline, it’s slightly green hue indicating it was tea. Tentatively you took a sip and looked up at her blearily as she prodded your leg.

“Sorry I kinda broke into your room like this…Roast was frantic the whole day and so was her friend, Papyrus, I think? You made everyone really nervous with how you ran from the stage like that.” Did you run? You didn’t really remember much besides wanting your bed, and you couldn’t really bring yourself to care that Amalia had violated your privacy.

All you cared about was how your career was already over before you could even start it.

“I have some good news.” Amalia began softly, as if her voice raised any higher it might scare you. You stared at her numbly.

“Madame Toriel, is currently having your performance investigated. Depending on what they find…well you might get a do over.” Your eyes widened as you felt a small hopeful tug in your chest.

“R-really?” You rasped, your voice sore and haggard from disuse.

How long had you been sleeping?
Amalia's frown deepened as she indicated for you to drink more, the hot liquid soothing your throat and any nausea you still felt.

“Yeah, actually the dance student body vote for you didn’t even go through. Harsh as this sounds it looks like your fellow classmates didn’t even believe for a second you could be naturally that ba--clumsy.” She laughed weakly earning a small chuckle from you at her catch. You both sat in silence as you finished your tea, your body gradually warming up as your spirits slowly lifted.

It didn’t sound like you were being expelled, didn’t look like anyone truly blamed you. You tried not to get your hopes up, letting Amalia take the now empty cup to your sink and waited as she rinsed it before returning to you, her disposition slightly more cheery. She looked satisfied now that you had drank something.

“So what are you going to do tonight?” She asked twirling a strand of her blonde hair.

“I was planning on just ceasing to exist.” You bit back a laugh as she deadpanned, the atmosphere in the room becoming less gloomy.

“Seriously though, MK and I were planning on going downtown tonight.”

“What’s downtown?” Amalia’s eyes lit up excitedly making you smile despite your depression.

“According to MK that’s where the underground is!” You got slightly confused.

“The underground?”

“Not the underground the monster’s came from,” She clarified. “It’s where the monsters in the city go to really cut loose and relax; apparently it’s basically one constant giant party. MK was also saying that’s where they hold the annual Delta Dance off!” You blinked. The Delta Dance off was a very popular competition, it was so big it was televised by none other than Mettaton, the monster’s biggest celebrity. You’d watched it all the way back in your home town before you’d even moved here.

“I thought humans weren’t allowed anywhere near the place?” Amalia frowned.

“Well, technically no human has been able to perform there…yet. But we can still go to the underground and hang out at least.” You sighed, if it was any other time you would’ve happily gone.

Honesty though you couldn’t bring yourself to be in public right now, and you didn’t even want to think about going to such a popular dancing scene. Not after how badly you had flopped, and not after how Papyrus’s party had gone.

In fact, you wouldn’t have been surprised if all the monsters in the city already knew how badly you sucked.

“I think I’ll have to pass tonight. I’m grateful you invited me though, rain check?” You tried not to cringe as Amalia looked at you sadly and with resignation. Slowly she forced a smile and stood, made her way next to you and put a hand on your shoulder.

“When you’re ready then. Try to keep hydrated okay? I can't pull a ninja all the time, locks are tricky.” You simply nodded and watched as Amalia slowly left your dorm, the door clicking softly into place. You looked around your bed and found your phone tucked away in some of the twisted sheets.
No missed calls or anything.

Amalia probably kept Roast updated then. Though you felt a twinge better on the whole thing there was still this black cloud in your mind trying to tell you this might be your last few days here.

You didn’t want to think like that.

But if it was a realistic possibility that it was going to end soon…

You panned your eyes over your room taking in its comfort and warmth, this would technically be the first home you ever had to yourself.

And you faced losing it soon, you didn’t think it would be through eviction though.

You sighed and walked over to your closet, pulling on a change of clothes. You were going to explore the school while you could, memorize it. Carefully you locked your dorm behind you and began to roam the halls, stopping every now and again to look into display cases or to read posters that had been put up.

It was eerily quiet in the halls, but you silently enjoyed it.

You had been lucky, you thought as you stopped at a particular case displaying a human woman pictured among countless monsters. Humans while accepted into the school now, were still finding it difficult to even get in.

It had felt like your chances were a shot in a million when you'd applied.

You could still vaguely recall times when your father was alive…before he couldn't be around anymore.

How he had tried to encourage you just as much as your mother had. You felt a smile form on your lips as you thought about how his version of dancing went; to have you stand on his toes as he walked you around the room, or to constantly play music whenever you came home to tempt you into practice.

And then the fire had happened.

You frowned and continued walking the halls before finally coming to a staircase leading upwards, a sign blocking the path saying employees only.

A roof access?

Glancing at your phone you read the time as ten thirty at night, a bit pass curfew.

Everyone would either be in bed or off campus right now. You noted briefly you had never seen the city at night. Would you be able to even see it from the roof of the building?

You eyed the sign of the blocked stairs.

You had never been a rule breaker, or even what others would call adventurous. But right now all you could think was how you may be leaving soon, how you may never get the opportunity to be here again. You’d just met Roast and Papyrus but already felt pretty close to them, Amalia too.

Would they even speak to you anymore once you left? Sure people said all the time they'd keep contact but...rarely did.
You took a deep breath and pushed passed the sign.

You’d almost forgotten the pain in your hip from your fall, but the stairs were set on reminding you with an annoying ache the higher you climbed. By the time you reached the top you had to stand still a moment and lean slightly against the door to breathe, your leg and hip burning from the exercise.

You panted gently as you slowly opened the metal door and were pleasantly surprised to see it didn’t make any noise as you pulled it.

You hissed quietly as the night air hit you, its chilly embrace overpowering the sweater you’d put on and alleviating the ache in your body. You felt like you should have worn a jacket.

You froze.

There off to your left was the city in the distance. Its tall spires and buildings aglow in the darkness, almost inviting in it’s light. You had never seen such a large city before, especially not one lit up at night as this one was now. You took a deep breath and took it in, your feeling of dread slowly numbing. You had yet to step into that city but already you were going to miss it.

You began to drift as you got lost in its color and wonder, but then a noise drew your attention.

It was a dragging sound…and stomping?

You weren’t alone?

You anxiously panned the rooftop, afraid of being caught and stopped.

There was someone behind one of the smoke stacks.

Slowly you went over to it and peered around, your heart hammering in your chest at the thought an employee might be up here.

Your eyes widened.

Was that…Sans?

The hooded skeleton was twisting and sliding across the gravel of the roof, his arms moving fluidly. What was he doing up here at night? He didn't live near the campus. You frowned as you thought back on how Papyrus had said he didn’t dance anymore. Yet here he was, moving and bending like it was going out of style--

He spun, and your heart slammed in your chest.

His face looked peaceful and relaxed...you had never seen him look like that before...

**Th-Thump**

You focused on his movements, a song slowly building in your mind as you watched transfixed. You didn't need music...his dance made a song on it's own.

**~Dancing in the Dark~**

*Come on*

*I wanna dance in the dark*
Come on

We gonna light up the night

He moved with such ease, his arms which should have jerked and twisted harshly moved more in tandem with the wind that whipped around you. You felt your face flush at how in tune his body was with his intended movements, how the breeze ruffled his clothing in a billowing random motion.

Come on

I wanna dance in the dark

Come on

We gonna light up the night

You stared as he smoothly slid into a split and then pushed up with his hands to glide sideways back up to his feet. He lacked any of those hesitating movements that the human body would require under the strain of muscle and tissue working together. His hips swayed, guided his legs in a determined direction as his feet shuffled.

Underdogs dance in the middle of the night

Can see the night skys in the mirror of your eyes

He rolled his shoulders as his hands shot out, his feet spinning him abruptly and allowing you to view his expression.

Your breath silently hitched.

It was soft, and unguarded. His eyelights were slightly larger than you'd seen them, his sockets crinkled in the corners as his smile relaxed around the edges. You would say it was sleepy, vulnerable almost.

If you’re gon’ dance, make sure you got the rhythm!

Make sure that your heartbeat beats with the rhythm!

You were literally lost in a daze as he casually ran against a smoke stack next to him and flipped, not a single sign of strain on his body as he landed on his feet and drug them back and forth.

I wanna run wild in the middle of the night

Right under the moon, bodies glowing in the light

You brought your hand up subconsciously and gripped your sweater as he did a cartwheel and then somersaulted into a twist.

Nothing in between our skins but the rhythm!

Make sure that your heartbeat beats with the rhythm!

You didn’t understand it, you couldn’t comprehend it. He danced like an angel. There was no hesitance or thoughtfulness to his body, he just moved so naturally, so eloquently.
The night time...is the right time...

You gasped as he leapt up onto the edge of the roof and pushed off it into a handstand that petered down into a backspin. There was no fear, only overwhelming confidence at how he performed.

I wanna dance in the dark and never stop!

He pushed up into a handstand, his hoodie sliding up enough that moonlight shone off his lower ribs, spine and tips of his lilac crests, revealing a slight shimmer to his bones. You blushed as he landed back onto his feet, the cloth sliding back down to cover him. You tried not to focus on the fact you'd essentially peeped on him.

We gon' light up the night like shooting stars!

Whenever you hear the sound don’t be alarmed!

Oh oh oh...

Dancing in the dark!

He spun and then suddenly halted; your breath caught in your throat as he slowly pocketed his hands and postured into a casual slouch before slowly turning to face you.

You realized with dawning embarrassment that you were practically right next to him.

When had you wondered over? You couldn’t recall moving.

You had been so transfixed and memorized by him, like a moth to a flame!

His dancing, the way he did it...was what you always dreamed of accomplishing.

His eyelights locked with your eyes, wide and observant, his face measured and hard to read, but you couldn’t help yourself as the words you’d been thinking came tumbling out.

“That...was beautiful...” Sans continued to stare at you as those words left your lips. Their quality slightly breathless and awed.

Slowly his eyes went from calm watchfulness to heavily lidded, sending a dark chill down your back, prickling your skin.

His footsteps echoed against the roof top, gravel crunching beneath the sole's of his shoes, and the already chilly night air only grew colder as he methodically drew nearer.

Like a hunter.

You were frozen in place, the feeling of awe from having watched his graceful moves mixing with a nauseating fear as he stopped in front of you. He was close enough you could feel the heat from his body and slightly smell the sweat from his exertion; it was sweet and chalky.

Th-Thump

Sans's eyelights flickered like a flashlight making you jolt.

You locked up and your heart raced almost painfully as he slowly leaned down, his warm breath brushing your ear and causing a cascade of electrifying shivers to race through you.
He spoke in a deep baritone, a slight growl lacing his words.

“you **reek**.” Your body shook as your muddled mind attempted to register his words.

Reek?

You drew a blank on how to respond and just remained in place as he slowly leaned away from you.

You looked into his eyelight in disbelief, unsure if what you'd heard had been correct. But saw nothing in his gaze, his emotions well hidden beneath a cold mask of neutrality.

Your chest oddly ached as he then proceeded to walk around you and towards the roof exit. You couldn’t even bring yourself to look as the roof door creaked open and then slammed shut, the noise echoing around you like a gunshot.

You stared at where he had been standing, your body slowly growing numb. He had been so amazing, so **regal**. You wondered how could he dance like *that* one minute and then be so harsh the next like the flip of a dime.

You didn’t want to leave despite how hurt Sans's words had made you.

So you continued to stare, imagining him still dancing as you slowly looked back up to the city lights.

Tears rolled down your face as your thoughts steadily became more negative. But you found yourself asking...how would you ever get anything near that? How could you even begin to hope to?

Deep down you sobbed because you knew you could have lifetimes to practice and still be nowhere close to what you’d just witnessed.

But still you prayed.

*You wanted to stay.*

And you wanted to be good enough to stand on his level.
Aftermath

You twisted your body sideways as you shot a leg skyward and slid into a split, the muscles in your body straining as you rolled into a handstand.

*His eyes were cold and unfeeling...*

You flipped upwards and turned into a six turn spin, your arms and legs lifting and jutting out at each full 360.

*You could feel his warm breath on your ear, your skin tingling...*

With a sigh and burst of energy you leapt and flew across the stage. Every leap was a twist, a turn, a tuck, or a somersault gracefully carried out without fault.

*His body was a melody in motion...a dark melody that now surrounded you.*

You tripped and fell, your body skidding painfully across the slick wooded floor.

*His words were hostile and full of malice.*

Gasping you weakly raised your head, the skin on your body burning and aching. You tried to push yourself up but faltered. Your legs refused to move. You looked over at them and your eyes shot wide at the horror of them twisted and mangled. The world tilted and spiraled as the voices and laughter of your peers echoed around you, taunting and condemning you. You laid back into the position you’d fallen in, your face pressing hard into the stage to hide your sobs.

*you reek*

You shot up gasping for air, your lungs burning as if you hadn’t been breathing. Your eyes manically searched the area around you as your world slowly stopped tilting sideways. You forced your breathing to slow as you registered you were in your dorm.

One final gasp slipped out and you rubbed the heels of your palms in your eyes, trying to stop the feeling of nausea that assaulted you.

The dream had been so vivid, you had literally felt like your legs had broken and Sans's voice had been so clear...

Slowly you pulled back your covers and moved to the side of your bed. Your heart was still pounding rather quickly but not as harshly as when you’d woken.

You chanced a glance at your clock and groaned as it displayed six am.

It was too early to be up and too late to get more rest. You had a meeting with Madame Toriel at eight. Reluctantly you dragged your body to its feet and moved towards the bathroom. Might as well get ready now you figured as you pulled your sweat soaked shirt over your head; tossing it absently towards the hamper as you passed it.

You didn't care as it landed on the brim, half in and out of the basket.

You blinked the sleepiness from your vision as you turned on the bathroom light, frowning with a wince as you glimpsed yourself in the mirror.
You looked horrible.

Thick black bags under your eyes highlighted how pale you looked and your pale lips were chapped from thirst. You chuckled weakly. It was surprising how three nights of restless sleep and forced class suspension could affect a person.

You stared at yourself a moment longer before finally turning towards your shower and flipping the water on. The steam from the hot water quickly turning the bathroom damp as you finished stripping, grimacing as your wet clothes literally peeled off of you.

Man you hated night sweats.

So gross.

Numbly you stepped in and stood still as you let the water fall over you, the ghost aches and stiffness in your body slowly relaxing to the heat. You raised a hand lazily to look at it, watching as the water collected and then poured through your fingers.

you reek

You tsked as you flung the collected water in your hand at the shower wall with a splash. It was obvious how beneath your peers you were, did you need to be reminded of it? You stood under the water till you started to prune and then robotically went through the motions of cleaning yourself. Your thoughts drifting and stewing as you thought back to the recital.

Who would respect you or take you seriously now? The thought of everyone’s smug judgment making you shiver. For some reason it felt like the water had suddenly gone cold and you rushed to finish washing.

By the time you’d finished and brushed your teeth your clock read seven thirty. You knew you should probably eat something even though you weren’t hungry, you hadn’t been hungry in days, but just couldn’t bring yourself to care. You threw on your sweater and a pair of pants before going out the door.

The walk to the offices building was quick but it felt so slow. Dread and panic threatened to overwhelm you the closer you got to your teacher, the closer to your expul—You stopped and took a deep breath. Nothing was set in stone yet you calmly reminded yourself. No one had decided you were officially a lost cause.

Sans sockets flashed across your vision and you felt yourself harden, your face set with stubbornness. You weren’t going anywhere, you could do this. With renewed purpose you strode purposefully all the way to Toriel’s office…and stopped short of her door.

You felt yourself still as you reached for the handle. Out of all the regrets you felt you would have, not being able to continue dancing surprisingly wasn’t the worst. It would be your poor mother’s face. The disappointment and sadness of years of work and hard earned money down the drain.

You hadn’t called her. You didn’t want to worry her about the situation. You sent a silent prayer that this meeting ended well, because no matter the outcome you were going to dial that poor woman’s number. You wanted happy news for her. You took a deep breath and opened the door.

The smell of cinnamon with a hint of butterscotch hit you and made your nose twitch. You hadn’t been expecting that. Glancing around the office gave you the impression of homey and welcoming. The rug on the floor was thick and plush, there was a bookcase filled with various tomes and snail curios, and there was even a fireplace currently lit warming the space.
“Y/N, we finished our investigation. Sadly we were unable to find any evidence of tampering or possible neglect with cleaning the stage. While there was staff back stage claiming the stage had suspiciously become wet somewhere between the changes in set up for your performance, no one could reach a solid conclusion on how the stage would have gotten that way. No staff carried any bottles or cleaning supplies when they were searched.” You frowned.

“But that doesn’t make any—“ Toriel held her hand up silencing you. You felt your heart slow as a grim look came over your instructors face.

“In light of all of this…your application has been called into question.” You shot to your feet, anger and disbelief unconsciously moving you.

“What!? You can’t be serious! Madame Tor—“

“Sit. Down.” You flinched at the male goat monster's dangerous tone. Slowly remembering yourself you retook your seat and stared blankly at the desk. Calling your application into question…that meant there was doubt that you’d legitimately performed.

They were basically accusing you of having lied on it.

You took a steady breath and looked calmly back to your instructor, obvious guilt and worry on her face.

“Madame Toriel, I performed honestly in my audition. I took no enhancing drugs or magical supplements. Do you honestly think I’m so bad that I’d only have earned a five under enhancements?” Your voice was weak and broken. Please believe me. Toriel went to speak but the bunny woman spoke first.

“It doesn’t matter if she believes you or not, it’s the rest of us that doubt you.” You felt your throat go dry. You licked your lips nervously and twisted your hands harshly.

“I…don’t know how to prove myself to you.”

“You can’t.” The other monster spoke up, his words like a blanket of defeat falling over you.

“Asgore is right y/n…“ Toriel said sadly. You numbly looked over to her knowing what was coming, her eyes full of regret.

“I’m afraid—“

SLAM

The four of you jumped as Toriel’s office door shot open and whipped your heads over to the tall skeletal intruder standing in the doorway. You were bewildered as Papyrus strode forward, his face set in a look of indifference and annoyance. You didn’t even know he could look so serious.

You were almost tempted to rush over and hug him but froze as his brother Sans carelessly walked in behind him, his tired and lazily hooded sockets glancing over to you briefly before flickering back to the three monsters situated at Toriel’s desk. Toriel frowned in confusion as the brothers
stopped before her.

“Papyrus, Sans, what is the meaning of this?”

“AS THE HEAD OF CAMPUS SECURITY AND AS THE AMBASSADOR’S RIGHT HAND WE’VE COME HERE WITH OFFICIAL BUSINESS.” Asgore and the bunny judge looked at each other in confusion as Toriel tried to get a handle on the sudden turn of events.

“Can’t this wa—“

“Y/N’S INVESTIGATION WAS TAMPERED WITH.” You felt the air leave your lungs.

Was…was Papyrus about to save you? Wait…tampered with? The taller skeleton looked towards Sans and nodded. Sans shrugged as he stepped forward and pulled an envelope from his hoodie pocket depositing it on the desk in front of Toriel before retaking his spot next to his brother.

You stared at Sans a moment before looking back towards the letter Toriel picked up and was now opening.

“AS YOU STILL HOLD THE POSITION OF QUEEN YOU ARE OBLIGATED TO ACCEPT THE EVIDENCE PROVIDED BY THE AMBASSADOR OVER THE EVIDENCE PROVIDED BY THE SCHOOL STAFF. YOU WILL FIND IN THIS LETTER THAT NOT ONLY WAS Y/N’S TAMPERED WITH—”

“All the human recitals were…” Toriel echoed numbly with wide eyes as she lowered the letter. Asgore frowned.

“How is that—“ Toriel held up a hand and looked towards you, your confusion and shock evident on your face.

“I’m afraid I must ask you to leave y/n, and to please keep this whole thing to yourself.” You slowly stood; your mind in a daze.

“About my application…”

“It is not a concern. Your attendance to this school is no longer at risk, I promise you.” Were you dreaming right now?

You looked at Papyrus and Sans who were still looking towards the queen patently, their timing couldn’t have been better. Noticing your staring Papyrus glanced at you briefly offering a soft smile in comfort before turning his sockets back to Toriel seriously.

You nodded farewell to the judges and waved at Papyrus as you passed. Your eyes lingering on Sans as you made your way to the door.

One glance from him in return was enough to make you break your eyes away and rush through the door, hastily closing it behind you. You leaned against it as you felt your heart fit to burst from your chest. You laughed disbelievingly as you ran your hands over your face and through your hair.

You were staying! You were safe!

Your euphoria was short lived as you remembered Toriel’s words…all of the human recitals. You frowned and shook your head. It wasn’t any of your business, what mattered was that you’d survived your own educational execution. You let your thoughts linger on the glance Sans had
thrown at you for but a moment before you pushed them away and pulled out your phone. Slowly you made your way back towards your dorm as you dialed and pressed call.

“Hello?” You smiled giddily.

“Hey mom!”

“Y/n? How are you sweetie?” She greeted warmly.

“I’m good! I was calling to update you on everything.”

“Do tell.” You chuckled as you imagined her pouring a cup of coffee and taking a seat, her eyes amused at your excitement. You hadn’t realized how much you missed seeing her.

“Well, we had recitals recently. Didn’t go too well but looks like it’ll be fine.” You chirped as you exited the building.

“Oh honey, I’m sure you’ll do better next time.”

“Here’s hoping.”

“Make any new friends?” She inquired playfully.

“A few! You should visit and meet them, Roast is literally a walking fire and Papyrus is all bones.” You grinned as she chuckled.

“Monsters then?”

“Mostly, oh and Amalia she’s human.”

“Meet any boys yet?” She asked innocently. Nothing innocent about that question you thought. You paused. A flash of San’s unwavering stare flashing across your vision sent a chill through you. You coughed awkwardly.

“Mooooom…” You did your classic groan signaling you wanted a new subject. She ignored you and continued.

“Is he cute?” You blushed. Was he cute? You honestly couldn’t form an opinion. But when he danced…he was gorgeous.

you reek

You choked on air. Why were you thinking of that guy?!

“I don’t know, is your boyfriend cute?” You asked flipping the tables on her. You heard her stutter slightly making you smirk triumphantly.

“J-jerry is just a friend.”

“Uh huh, sure mom. You do realize I saw you two kiss before I left right?”

“Y/n!” Her stern tone made you flinch. But you couldn’t bring yourself to regret making her fluster. Your mom said something to you but your attention was suddenly drawn away. There was an obvious crowd of students gathered. You knew what that kind of crowd meant.

“Mom can I call you back?”
“Oh, sure hun. Love you.”

“Love you too.” You answered automatically before clicking and stuffing your phone in your pocket. Shouts and cheering flew across the court yard. You’d viewed enough gatherings throughout your school career to know when a fight was taking place.

Where were the teachers?

Your eyes went wide as you spotted MK yelling at Brent who had a smug sneer on his face. When had this started?

Why wasn’t anyone doing anything? All it would take would be Brent hitting MK with bad intent once to dust him.

You suddenly felt awful, you had only met MK once but he had been so outgoing and cheerful. You felt your stomach knot at the flustered and tear stained face of the young monster. He didn’t deserve this. You stiffened as you saw two people come forward to stand next to Brent, obviously his goons. What a coward, of course he’d have back up bullying a single monster.

“Yeah you’re gonna be a great dancer being armless,” Brent cockily said as he shrugged. “Though you’d probably be more fluid blowing in the wind if you catch my drift.” Both of his goons snickered as half the gathered crowd laughed. MK bit his lip in anger.

“I don’t need arms to be great at dancing!”

“Please…even tap dancing requires arms, honestly how else to look appealing performing. You’d just look like a robot going through motions otherwise.” Brent said casually to more laughing. Your blood boiled and without hesitation your feet moved on their own carrying you to stand between Brent and MK. The young monster looking at you in bewilderment.

The laughing slowly faded as the gathered crowd grew silent, their curiosity peeked. Brent even seemed slightly curious, one eye brow shooting up in challenge. MK called your name trying to draw your attention anxiously, but your rage wouldn’t allow you to turn from the bully before you.

“The hell is your problem Brent?!” Your tone was outraged, your words surprisingly loud. Brent grinned in amusement.

“Problem? I don’t have a problem, just telling him his place is all.” Your hand clenched at your side. You knew what he was doing and you weren’t afraid to call him on it.

“You’re being a racist is what you’re doing!” A few gasps and chuckles from the gathered students echoed as Brent casually shrugged.

“So what if I am?” The crowd fell silent, watching as the drama unfolded. Your eyes widened at how easily he admitted it, had he no shame or remorse? It had been six years since the monster community had joined humanity on the surface and so much progress had been made. To think someone could still feel like this behavior was acceptable, made your stomach knot.

And why weren’t any of the gathered monsters protesting at his words?

“Are you serious right now? You’re attending a school founded and ran by monsters! And you think this is perfectly fine? Are you really so entitled!?” Brent openly laughed earning some snickering from his two goons beside him.

“Of course I am! When you’re good as I am why wouldn’t you be? I deserve to be here. Unlike
some people I know.” His words went from amused to smug. Mummers from the crowd at his words only seemed to agree with his statement; he was in the top ten best performing in the school. Madame Toriel had proven that when she'd ranked everyone the second day of class.

You glanced over your shoulder to MK, he openly had tears pouring down his face and defeat in his eyes. Screw Brent, he may be good but he was an undeserving asshole. And there were others better than him, you'd seen it. You steeled your nerves as Brent spoke up, his tone dark and playful.

“What are you going to do? Dance me to death? I'd believe it. I mean, we’ve all seen your embarrassing recital, you have two left feet.” Your heart ached and slammed in your chest, his brash words slicing through your anger and causing a deep sadness, a surge of anxiety to rush through you.

Your emotions must have flickered across your face as Brent snickered.

“You know what, I’m not going to waste my talent or time on you.” It was like a kick to the gut making a pang of nausea rise in your stomach.

“I have better things to do.” You watched as Brent and his goons nonchalantly turned and forced their way through the crowd, disappearing from view. Now that the drama was over the crowd itself slowly broke up and left, your heart still heavy with panic and embarrassment as you stared at the ground.

Your recital hadn’t been your fault…right? All your doubt and self-hatred reared its ugly head in vengeance making your breathing become ragged and your blood run cold. Brent’s words had hit home, made your gut twist sickeningly. You wanted to deny it, say he was wrong. But he wasn’t was he? Sans words continued to echo in your mind.

If an absolute god of dance could give you one look and condemn you…how could you deny Brent’s words? A fiery pit of rage overwhelmed your sadness. No you were better than that! You gripped your chest as you remembered fluid movement, graceful leaps and turns in the moonlight…you remembered how dancing made you feel. A sniffle behind you brought you out of your thoughts.

Breath in, Breathe out.

You took a deep breath trying to steel yourself, MK needed you. As you went to turn to him you halted.

There standing a ways back among the dissolving crowd was an all too familiar skeleton watching, his hood pulled up so only one visible socket's eyelight peered out from the darkness beneath it. It's luminescence observing you.

Had Sans been watching?

His gaze was intense as it watched you, a heavy feeling settling in your chest as you both stared at each other. The wandering students seemingly ignorant to Sans's presence.

**Th-Thump**

Then for the briefest second his smile twisted into a *damning sneer*.

You blinked in shock and then he was gone.

Your eyes lingered on where he’d been before turning to comfort MK as best you could.
As much as your racing heart would allow.
You and MK stood waiting for Amalia and the elusive fourth member of your club to show up, your foot restlessly tapping. You gave a sideways look to MK, he had really dark bags under his eyes and his normally pressed shirt was rumpled and crooked.

He had obviously not slept since the fight yesterday. You smiled weakly, trying to look warm and encouraging.

“How are you holding up MK?” The lizard monster huffed.

“Tired.” You tried not to wince at how short his reply was. He was usually so talkative.

“Look I may not’ve been the best help yesterday, but I meant it when I said Brent doesn’t know anything.”

“That’s just it though!” MK stomped his foot in agitation.

“Everyone may say he’s a jerk, but really? He’s a better dancer as a human than I am as a monster! He’s top ten y/n! Top ten!” MK sighed sadly.

“He’s a god of the dance floor, and if he says I’m not worthy? Then really what chance do I have?” You suppressed a groan. That statement rang a little too close to home for you. You knew what he was feeling in that moment.

“MK, he’s just one opinion. And really a better dancer? Please, he may have the technique down pat but there’s something you have that he doesn’t.” MK looked at you warily. You smiled earnestly.

“A soul full of compassion and love. Without that, what’s the point of dancing in the first place?” He stared at you quietly before finally forming a small smile.

“Thanks y/n, that’s nice to think about.” You gave him a pat on the back carefully avoiding his plates, your mood increasing alongside his.

“Hey!” You both looked up to see Amalia approaching with a taller goat monster beside her similar in appearance to your instructor and Asgore. The only differences you could see was how much younger he obviously was, and two black marks that donned both sides of his cheeks. You didn’t get a chance to be surprised at the newcomer long as the chipper blonde pulled you into a hug.

“About time you came to a meeting!” She shouted as she held you out at arm’s length. You couldn’t think of what to say but nodded awkwardly as the goat monster stepped closer.

“Oh this is Asriel! Asriel, Y/n!” He smiled brilliantly as he held a hand out to you.

“Nice to meet you Y/n.” You blushed. If prince charming had a voice it would’ve been his. Nervously you took his hand and shook it, glancing down to see it nearly engulfed yours perfectly. It was at times like these when you were reminded how small you were to others half the time. You let his hand go and quickly shoved yours into the pocket of your pants, suddenly self-conscious at the size difference between you.
You tired not to read too hard into Asriel's curious glance or how he smiled rather smugly.

“So where are we going today?” MK asked with renewed excitement. Asriel smirked as he turned his attention away from you.

“I got permission for us to go to the trail.” You stared dumbly as the others gave a small cheer.

“The Trail?” Asriel raised an eyebrow in question to which Amalia shook her head.

“Y/n isn’t from here.” Asriel gave a small pout, as if he was disappointed he hadn’t managed to impress everyone present. It made him look far younger than he was.

It was kinda cute.

“The Trail is the walk connecting the entrance to the underground within the edges of Ebott. Technically students aren’t allowed to go; there’s been a lot of gang attacks over there.” MK informed you.

“Gang attacks...” You weren’t very interested in getting jumped by anyone.

“Just jealous humans who couldn’t get admission to the college.” Asriel commented dismissively.

“I’m not reassured.” You replied with a deadpan.

“It’ll be fine, my mom increased security for us to go today.” You really didn’t see the relevance involving his mother, but so long as it meant everyone would be safe you decided not to push the issue further.

And somehow found yourselves all crowded into Asriel’s car on your way to the site. The sunlight beating down as the wind whipped past your head, twirling and twisting your hair. It was… actually a nice day out. When was the last time you’d had a stress free day?

“You’re going to love this y/n! The Trail is just littered with stands and magic shops all the way up to the underground, you’re going to see so much monster stuff you’ll lose your head!” MK ranted happily much to Amalia and Asriel’s amusement. MK then proceeded to talk about how the trail was initially set up as a historical walk before the vendors all but converted it to a magical flea market.

Apparently you could find just about anything from the markets there, no matter the item or need. You continued to listen even as your group pulled off onto a dirt path through a sea of trees. The sky dimming beneath the thick foliage.

Eventually the trees thinned and the dirt road widened into a large parking zone, several monsters and humans all milling about in groups. It was kinda crowded. You reluctantly exited the car and found yourself subconsciously stepping closer to Amalia as Asriel led everyone to the gate.

“IDs my dude.” A heavily armored guard asked pointedly as you all approached. He scanned each of the IDs thoroughly before handing them back, your attention heavily focused on a dog monster that was currently going on a spiel about walking to a friend of theirs. You weren’t used to being around so many monsters, it was happily drawing your attention.

“Madame Toriel stated you like, have an hour.” He said sternly as he moved aside. Asriel scoffed in annoyance.

“Of course there’d be a catch.” You grinned sheepishly at Amalia as she tugged your sleeve.
The road was wide enough for everyone to walk side by side, stalls lining the sides with barely inches between them. You literally had to blink your eyes several times at how colorful everything was, from the very monsters milling about to the oddly painted and decorated signs and advertisements. It was like crayola was sponsoring the whole thing.

There were stalls for beauty magics, magical antiques, monster food, and even monster themed comic book stands! It was all almost overwhelming, the possible choices and purchases.

“See anything you like?” Amalia asked eyeing a small trinket stand.

“A lot of things!” You laughed. “Hey how did you guys manage to classify this as a club trip?”

“Simply said we were exposing our human members to our culture.” Asriel gloated proudly, like he had tricked whoever he had talked to with his cunning. Well technically that wasn't a lie or anything, you had never been to something like this before.

“Asriel look at this!” You watched as MK dragged Asriel over to a stall selling monster drinks and various foods, the goat monster yelping in surprise as MK snagged the back of his shirt unexpectedly. You chuckled until you felt a tug from Amaila, and you were equally dragged over to a stall she’d been eyeing.

“Whoa…” You whispered as you approached it. The table was covered in multiple pins, broaches, and bracelets in different shades and gems. Your eyes landed on a green gem encrusted caterpillar shaped bracelet and gasped as it wiggled subtly. Amalia followed your eyes and smirked.

“That’s a Moodpillar.” She stated as she lifted it for you to see. It didn’t seem to react as she held it.

“Moodpillar?” You didn’t fight as she lifted your arm and clasped it around your wrist, the caterpillar slowly changing color and lifting up as if in joy. Soon it settled back down with an adorable squeal, it’s color pulsing gently. Then it clicked.

“Is this a live mood ring?” Amalia nodded as she removed it and placed it back on the stand.

“They even have recorder pins!” She exclaimed lifting a white rose enamel pin. You watched as she stroked the side lovingly and a small audio advertising it’s price played. You chuckled completely enamored with the items in front of you. You didn’t think your mind would’ve ever been able to conjure from fantasy half of the things you were currently eyeing.

“Hey.” You looked at Amalia as she sat the pin down and lifted a flame designed one. A small blush peaking up on her cheeks.

“What would you think…If I asked Roasty out?” You startled slightly.

“You and Roast? I wasn’t aware you both swung that way.” She giggled shyly.

“Yeah I wasn’t either. But it’s not like Roasty would have an issue with my sex, monsters do tend to acclimate to their partners after all.” You raised a brow as a slow teasing smile slowly crept on your face. Amalia flushed a vibrant pink.

"A-at least that's what I've heard! I’m just…I'm nervous.” That was an interesting fact you weren’t aware of you had to admit. You decided to be nice and not tease her.

“I say go for it, even if she turned you down I think she’d do it as gently as she could. That girl doesn’t have a vicious bone in her…or a…bone…at all?” Amalia burst into laughter, the sound so
contagious you joined along. After a moment she simply shook her head and bought the pin. MK called out to you both as he made his way over, a bag dangling from his mouth. Asriel following with his own bag, and a devious smirk on his face. Amalia narrowed her eyes at him.

“What did you buy?” He pulled a white box from his bag dramatically.

“A new suit!” He opened the box and you bit the inside of you cheek. To keep from laughing. It was a suit…decorated in tons of sequins with thick shoulder pads. It reminded you of Mettaton a little.

MK raised a brow as he smiled.

“Still going for the god of hyper death vibe?” You had no idea what he was referencing but it was enough for Asriel to turn tomato red as he stuffed the suit back into the bag. He rounded furiously on MK, a vague pink blush shining through his facial fur.

“SECRETS DUDE!” MK shrugged unfazed by his friends anger.

You spent the rest of the trip being dragged to stalls with MK and talking about Roast with Amalia, how close they’d gotten while you weren’t feeling well and such. It made you feel bad how you had ended up neglecting them but you were happy it allowed them to bond. Asriel seemed not that big into talking about himself, however you did learn he made the club, as well as sponsored it personally.

Between the talking and joking you would occasionally scan a stand of your choosing, and actually stopped at one. It was a ribbon stand, all plain but magically decorated with exotic trinkets. The one that caught your eye was a simple plain blue, untouched by accessories or designs.

“Can I help you?” Asked a yellow rabbit woman manning the stand. You pointed at the ribbon and she smiled as she picked it up.

“Ah, a calming ribbon.”

“Calming?” She smiled.

“It’s made to soothe the anxiety when you wear it. Very plain though, wouldn’t you like one with a pair of dance shoes on it or an animal design?”

“Dance shoes?” You snorted.

“It’s obvious you’re from the dance college, Prince Asriel is with you and so is MK.” Prince? You glanced at Asriel who merely shrugged. You’d have to ask about that later. MK however just puffed his chest out proudly. You smiled at the monster’s pridefulness as you turned back to the shop keep.

“No I’d like that one, I’m sorta simple like that.” She smiled as she accepted your money and packaged it before passing it over. How ironic was it you’d buy of all things a calming ribbon? At the end of your trip as you all readied to head back MK mentioned wanting a bite to eat to which Asriel and Amalia both agreed. You went along with it even though you were more tired than hungry; this was the most energy you’d spent in a while that wasn’t focused on dance practice.

“So you think Roasty will like it?” Amalia asked waving her box with the pin inside it.

“Sure! What are you going to say in it though?” She shrugged and slowly twined a loose lock of hair around her finger as she contemplated.
“I was think of saying ‘you light up my heart’…or something like that.” You rolled your eyes playfully.

“Wow Amalia, that’s kinda funny.”

“Too cliché?”

“A bit.”

“Hey, the hot dog stand! Let’s get food there.” Asriel exclaimed leading your group over to it. You were too busy laughing at Amalia’s comments on her and Roast that you didn’t notice a familiar monster till you were standing right in front of the food stand.

You stiffened.

Sans was lounging casually with his chin in his hand, one socket cracked open and focused on you. You forced yourself to remain calm as his eyelight panned from you to the others. He stood tiredly, yawning with a relaxed grin as he addressed your club.

“hey there kids. on a trip again?” Sans inquired with a level of casualness you didn't know his voice possessed as he automatically began putting together some of the food. Absolutely drowning a hot dog in ketchup with various other condiments.

“Sure are!” Asriel said enthusiastically as he took the smothered hot dog and hastily bit into it.

Sans chuckled as Asriel pulled back, a beard of relish and condiments on his face and mixing into his fur. You swallowed at how that chuckle seemed to make your ears burn.

He then turned back to retrieve another one lacking everything but mustered before placing it on MK's head. You were a little shocked. He was acting so relaxed and easy going. Even joking and playing around like it was the easiest thing in the world.

Maybe, you had imagined his hostility? You shook your head. No not with how he’d spoken to you on the roof. What was going on? He was like a completely different person.

“and one for the little tap champion.” MK’s eyes grew huge and began to water in gratitude, a soft smile on Sans's face at the monster’s reaction.

“T-thank you Sans!” He shrugged good naturedly as he handed Amalia a dog absently, one lacking toppings with no greeting or acknowledgement otherwise. Did that seem a little detached? You looked at Amalia, she didn’t seem bothered by him not speaking to her so maybe they just didn’t know each other well. He obviously knew the others with how he'd seemed to make their food to their standards without asking.

MK tapped you with his tail and directed your attention back towards the skeleton.

Sans casually held out a dog for you, his eyes heavily hooded and expression unreadable. He was offering you food? You tried to force your hand to remain steady as you hesitantly reached for it. The tips of your fingers brushed his as you took it uncertainly, his phalanges warm against your chilled skin. A blush forced itself onto your face as you thought back on how those hands had lifted him, twisted just right to balance his shimmering body.

Th-Thump

You tensed. Slowly you looked back up to Sans; his expression had become twisted, hard and dark.
His eyelights now tiny pinpricks as the small corner of his grin turned downwards.

All sound drowned out around you as the entire world stopped in its movement.

His hostility was palatable and was that…disgust? You didn’t move, didn’t dare breath as he glared. While dancing he’d looked so angelic and serene. But now?

He looked demonic and frightening.

_Breathe in, Breathe out!

You felt your throat clench anxiously for air before suddenly his expression became indifferent, his eyelights shifting back to their normal size. The world normalized again and you had to struggle not to start hyperventilating. That would be a tad humiliating to do in front of your club.

As if nothing was out of the ordinary Sans turned back towards Asriel.

“don’t forget to tell your parents about game night tomorrow. paps is making a new dance challenge for you and frisk to try.” Asriel blushed.

“Do we have too? Last time I ended up doing the tango for hours!” Sans grinned mischievously.

“aw, what’s up? not up to the _cha-cha_ challenge? goat got your _tango_?” You calmed yourself enough to give a small smile as the whole group seemed to groan at the older monster’s puns. Asriel glared.

“Those didn’t even make sense!” Sans crossed his hands over his chest in false hurt.

“you’re _breaking_ my heart, really _waltzing_ all over it.” You couldn’t help the giggle that slipped out as Asriel raged, his face turning a bright shade of pink as he stomped his feet. Sans glanced over at you dully, your mouth instinctively clicking shut under his patronizing look. He turned once more to Asriel with a serious expression as he retook his seat and rested his skull in his hand again.

“paps also said to bring y/n.” Asriel’s eyebrows rose high on his forehead as he glanced towards you and back to Sans with mild confusion.

“Papyrus knows y/n?” You blushed and avoided the stare from Sans.

“apparently.” The skeleton shrugged.

"now beat it, i have more customers to see.” Sans teased playfully as he rubbed Asriel’s head, displacing the younger monsters fur. Asriel batted his hand away and grumbled a goodbye as he led your group away.

You fought to not look back as you felt a pair of eyes on you, already suspecting who it might be, but your curiosity won out as you glanced over your shoulder.

Sans was once more lounging like when you’d first seen him, but had kept one socket lazily opened in your direction. The eyelight locked on you intense in its stare as it flickered. You tried to identify the feeling it elected in you and frowned.

Ominous, Sans's stare felt ominous.

You flinched and hurried to follow everyone, his vision burning into your back as you refused to look back again.

“So you know Papyrus and Sans?” Asriel asked with a raised brow as you caught up. You smiled.
“Met Papyrus my first day, I even know Frisk…don’t really know Sans though.” You felt a small stab of pain but ignored it. You’d been practicing, you were going to prove you were more than he thought you were.

You hoped so at least.

You bit into your hot dog and frowned. That wasn't meat. Just what had that skeleton tried to feed you?

“Well surprised.” Asriel grumbled. You tilted your head curiously at the statement but were disappointed that he didn’t elaborate. The ride back felt awkward to you. Though everyone was talking and joking you felt out of it.

Slowly you pulled out your ribbon and tied it around your wrist. A cool wave passing over you making you sigh as your body relaxed.

You were glad you’d bought this ribbon, tomorrow was going to be stressful as hell.

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter will be WAY better I promise! ;3
Today was just not your morning.

First of all you’d torn your leotard in your mad scramble to make it to class on time so that was going to be another 50 dollars, which you’d have to ask your mother for. Which you seriously weren’t looking forward to, your mother had already sunk enough money into you at this point especially since she barely ever had the cash to begin with. You really didn't want to burden her.

Secondly you’d been plagued with nothing but nightmares all last night. A lot of them having to do with a certain skeleton that you’d be seeing later today.

That thought didn’t help any.

And Thirdly, the final nail in the coffin that said today was just going to straight up suck…was Brent…who was currently dancing with that red headed girl Margret. That wasn’t the issue here though; no it was the song they’d chosen for their practice.

You watched as Brent lifted his partner and twirled her above his head, right as the chorus to Katy Perry’s Firework played. It was spiteful how he shot you a grin while spinning his partner.

You were pretty sure you hated him.

A small nudge against your elbow drew your attention to Roast who smiled at you and made a face, her lava like tongue shooting out and the part of her face where a nose would be wiggling comically like she’d eaten something rotten. You had to bite your lip to keep from laughing. Not soon enough the song finally faded out and Brent finished his practice, more like narcissistic performance, dipping and lifting Margret to her feet. Madame Toriel gave a small clap as they returned to the balance bar, everyone else clapping along with her politely.

“Thank you Brent and Margret for that lovely display.” You had to stop from cringing as Brent puffed out his chest smugly from the praise, Margret touching his arm in the way a girl with a crush would. You felt sorry for her if that was indeed how she felt about him. You doubted
someone like Brent even knew what love was.

“I have an announcement, starting next week the Underground will be starting their annual dance competition. The Delta Dance off.” Toriel smiled as your class began murmuring in excitement. Roast inhaled excitedly and shook your arm a bit too enthusiastically, your whole body wiggling dizzyly. You smiled awkwardly as she let you go and bounced on her feet, a dismissive snort making you look towards Brent. The jerk looked absolutely disinterested. Your instructor motioned for silence to which the room responded quickly.

“As you all know the school has no problem with students participating, so long as you keep up your studies. But I will inform any of you that may enter that this is a brutal competition, a total of six performances over the course of three selected days, with days between each one allowing for personal practice. Which if you do enter I suggest you take full advantage of. This is an industry standard performance venue. So how you handle entering and performing could affect how the professional field may or may not accept you.” You swallowed dryly.

That sounded…intimidating. You glanced at your friend but she didn’t seem worried at all, if anything she looked even more excited. Good thing the competition was optional, and they didn’t really accept humans. You didn’t think…no you knew you wouldn’t be able to handle something that big.

Not yet at least.

Toriel’s smile grew at the classes enthusiasm.

“Also some news in relation to that, they have accepted their first human participant.” The class quickly broke out into shocked exclamations and noises before quickly falling quiet for Madame Toriel to continue. For some reason you had a feeling of dread crawl along your shoulders.

“Let’s give a round of applause for your fellow classmate Brent Karthige. Who was offered the slot based on his recital performance.” Brent really didn’t seem to care as the class cheered for him and congratulated him, waving it off like it wasn’t anything special. Like he wasn’t the first human to ever be accepted into a monster competition. You rolled your eyes in irritation; of course it would be him. Said man watched your reaction and smirked almost gleefully.

“What, no congrats from you y/n?” He called to you putting you at the center of attention. You stiffened as the class looked at you as well as Madame Toriel, their gazes a mix of curiosity and expectancy. You remained silent, too scared to protest at him and too stubborn to promote a racist. You let your eyes fall to the floor as the moment turned awkward under your class's silence. He was intentionally isolating you further, you knew he was, you wouldn't doubt if anyone thought of you as jealous or rude based on your refusal to acknowledge him.

Breath in, Breath out.

Brent laughed.

“It’s fine either way, can’t expect someone with no talent to acknowledge or recognize it.” There were some gasps as Toriel looked at Brent sternly, to which he casually shrugged, as if his words were an unavoidable fact. The room suddenly became much smaller and you felt your lungs begin to struggle for air under the other monster's scrutiny. A calming hand touching your shoulder was the only thing to ground you from just straight up losing it. You gave a concerned Roasty a weak smile, you hoped it was reassuring. You weren't aware that Toriel noticed your distress.

“I think that’s enough for today. Class you are dismissed, Karthige my office.” Toriel’s tone held
no room for excuses or escape, it was stern and reproachful. Brent merely rolled his eyes as the class slowly filtered out, grabbing his bag and following Madame Toriel.

You remained still as your panic slowly calmed and faded, Roast holding you gently the whole time with only a passing nod to those that were concerned as they left. Soon your breathing evened and you sighed. Embarrassment and shame making your face flush. It felt like since the moment you’d started coming here your panic attacks had gotten worse, you considered that you might seriously need a therapist. You hadn’t last need to go to one since...a long time ago.

“You ok?” Roast asked softly, like you were an easily frightened bird that might take off at the slightest sign of aggression. At this point you felt that assumption might be right. You’d thought about using your ribbon today but you’d wanted to save it, you didn’t know how long it would hold its magic anyways, if it was even permanent. You were regretting that. You forced another smile.

“Yeah, all better.” Roast gave you a once over before accepting your answer and grabbing her bag.

“So, I heard you got invited to game night at the skeleton house.” You snorted.

“Yeah, are you going to be there?” You asked hopefully. You really didn’t know if you could handle being there without backup at the mercy of Sans's endless stares and dark glares. You shivered slightly, wondering just what it was you'd done to warrant them. You didn't see him looking at anyone else like that. Roast gave a sympathetic smile.

“Sorry, those are super private. I was shocked to even hear Paps invited you. Besides…I kinda have a date tonight.” Roast muttered as the fire on her cheeks turned redder and she brushed a hand through her flaming hair. You giggled.

“Wouldn’t happen to be with a certain blonde human I know would it?” Roast's blush intensified as she avoided your gaze making you laugh. Well, it was disappointing that Roast couldn’t be with you, but at least you could distract yourself tonight imaging just how cute they were going to be on said date. You were willing to bet Amalia was going to give Roast that pin too.

You frowned. You had been so depressed you’d missed the whole 'attractive tension' part of their relationship, it sucked. But you were determined to not miss more.

“Don’t forget to text me details, unless you kiss. Don’t kiss and tell.” Roast snorted and swatted you playfully, a false stern look on her face.

“Now what kind of best friend would I be if I didn’t tell you?” You both snorted. The walk back to your dorms was filled with jokes about entitled prats and teasing about fire human hybrid babies, and it was nice to feel normal for once. This was what you’d been expecting your college experience to be like.

“I hope they have monster drinks where we’re going! I love Rainbow Bursts!” Roast exclaimed as you both climbed the stairs.


“Have you not had one?! They literally switch between colors in the glass, each one a different flavor. Its great for switching up the taste buds!” That sounded really cool.

“I have to try one now. I actually haven’t had much monster food, just the small amount I’ve had since moving to the college. Monster products are expensive back home.” Roast smirked mischievously.
“Well we’ll just have to fix that won’t we?” You narrowed your eyes and broke into a chuckle. You waved as Roast broke off and headed to her room, the good humor from your talk making you giddy as you rounded the corner to your hallway.

You pulled up short.

All the joy you’d been feeling vanished instantly when you saw who was waiting for you, leaned casually against the wall beside your room.

Brent.

The hell:

“What are you doing here?” You asked uncaring of how accusatory you sounded. Brent smirked.

“Not happy to see me?” He teased.

“Why would I be?” You responded in disgust. He hummed, clearly enjoying your withheld rage. Then he stood to his full height and approached you, stopping uncomfortably close. You became seriously uncomfortable as Brent eyed you like a piece of meat and narrowed his eyes, a predatory expression on his face. It made you nauseous and you had to force your gag reflex not to trigger.

“Thought a date would cheer you up.” Ok, you were definitely going to lose the nonexistent breakfast you’d missed this morning. You raised a brow.

“Oh? Is it with a man? Because I’m not into dogs…unless it’s the monster kind. Might make an exception.” For a brief second Brent’s face slipped into an offended glare, his eyes voided of light into cold icy orbs that threatened to eat you alive. You felt yourself withdraw and take a step back but he was quick to grab your wrist and yank you back to him. His face slipping back under a mask of smugness as you fell against him. You felt your heart pound in your chest nervously, his cold grip sending goosebumps along your arm and turning your skin clammy.

You were scared, and suddenly all those articles you’d ever read about college murder and rape statistics flashed across your vision. You pulled away from him as far as you could, quickly looked up and held your ground as you spotted a camera, it’s slowly blinking red light steeling you.

“You’re ungrateful you know that?” He spat drawing your attention back to how smothering, how invading his stance was.

“You’re ungrateful you know that?” He spat drawing your attention back to how smothering, how invading his stance was.

“I’m ungrateful?” You asked incredulously.

“When your superiors give you attention, you should take it. It’s the only way someone as pathetic as you makes it in this world.” You winced as his grip tightened, the pressure threatening to pop the bones underneath. You remained silent, trying to will the tears gathering behind your eyes from his cruelty not to fall.

You wouldn't give him the satisfaction, you couldn't. But Brent seemed to take your silence for submission. He smirked in victory and released you, taking joy in the dark mark that had formed on your wrist. You hated how easily you bruised sometimes. You fought not to strike at him as he harshly yanked your face up to look at him.

“You’ll give in, eventually.” He stated with a self-assured tone that made you frown.

You would rather die.
You glared as he released you and walked away, his stride confidant and happy as he whistled. You didn't dare move or to even breathe until he was gone from sight.

Once he was you yanked out your key and rushed to get your door open, your breathing going ragged. Yep you had a panic attack threatening to come on, you needed to get into your room. You needed something, even if it was a false sense of security!

You made a noise as it finally opened and quickly rushed in slamming it behind you. You let your breathing pick up and moved to collapse on your bed, thick sobs starting to fall from your lips. You felt the room start to spin, a thick feeling of claustrophobia flaring. Your hands curled into the sheets as you dry heaved, pressed your forehead into your pillow. It was too much, you let yourself pass out.

You woke up stiffly gasping as your alarm sounded for your next class.

The day was a blur, your dances kept faltering and you could barely think of any routines, Brent’s blue eyes haunting you like a ghost.

What was wrong with you?

First it was Sans who had been harsh to you, for reasons you couldn’t even think of, if he had any at all.

Now Brent with his harsh touch and dark promise in his eyes.

Both were great dancers—No Sans was a great dancer, you didn't know what Brent was. His dancing didn’t feel real, didn’t inspire. Unlike that mysterious skeleton.

And ironically they both seemed to share a distaste for you... well an interested distaste?

You groaned into your palms...why did they hate you so much? Were talented people just all so heartless? But you’d seen Sans joking and relaxed, it had surprised you. Brent though, he was always cold, always mean. You wished you hadn’t stopped at your room, you should’ve just stayed with Roast.

Your final class let out a little after five and you tiredly made your way back to your dorm, shrugging out of your dance clothes numbly on your way to the shower. You sighed as the hot water poured down. You were starting to notice hot showers were a comfort for you. After about an hour of just soaking you stepped out and started getting dressed, deciding to wear simple jeans and a t-shirt with ‘legalize marinara’ sprawled across it, a small picture of a tomato underneath.

There you looked decent, casual enough to play some games.

And then you looked in the mirror.

Your eyes had heavy purple bags underneath, and your face was paler than normal almost gaunt.

You looked awful.

You wondered if it was too late to start practicing make up with the bag your mother had gotten you, as it was you didn't look like one to be up for games of any kind. Your thoughts were interrupted as a slow heavy knock sounded at your door. Frowning you walked over and opened it not expecting the monster that greeted your eyes.

You bit your tongue to keep from jumping and winced.
Sans was standing in his usual slouch, sockets lidded and eyelights trained on you. Their usual intensity slightly dulled and hazed, as if he was tired. He gave you a once over, pausing at your shirt. His eyelights seemed to brighten a fraction before returning to their dullness as he looked at your face.

Great just what you needed, another person who obviously hated you stopping by for another confrontation. What, he couldn't wait til you showed up to intimidate you? But you couldn’t help it as you blushed under his stare, a bit of remorse hitting you for thinking so bitterly about him due to another's actions. It was unnerving how that look of his seemed to make you think, almost aware of your repercussions and choices.

And he wasn't even trying. You coughed awkwardly.

“S-sans…what’s up?” You stuttered as you opened your door wider to let him enter. He glanced at the gesture and looked at you carefully for a moment before crossing the threshold.

You quietly shut your door as he shifted his sockets around your room, like he was memorizing the details of it. You didn't know why you let him in so easily, if it had been Brent you would've slammed the door in his face. But for some reason Sans didn't give you the same feeling that he did, even if he was just as cold.

Slowly Sans turned back towards you and locked his eyelights onto your wrist, his sockets widening fractionally in observance. You subconsciously covered it with your shirt sleeve. He let his eyelights slowly pan back up to your face, rested them there a moment before lidding them again lazily.

“Paps asked me to pick you up.” His was monotone as he spoke, his sockets drifting away from you to stare at one of your posters. You nearly smacked yourself.

“Oh crap! That’s right I forgot you lived off campus. Guess it’s a good thing he sent you.” You smiled. Sans frowned at you.

“Yeah.” He drawled, his tone almost becoming annoyed.

A long moment stretched threatening to become awkward until you finally waltzed over to your nightstand, Sans's eyelights trailing you like a hawk. Did he...really have to watch you so closely? You could already feel your panic building, today had been stressful and you didn’t need to break down. Especially in front of the monster currently in your dorm. Quickly you pulled out your ribbon and tied it securely around your bruise. You sighed as its magic hit you and felt slightly more confident as you turned back around.

To have Sans right in your face. Again.

Your breath hitched and you fell backwards into your night stand, the hard edge biting into your lower back. You hissed. Just as you were about to say something you paused, eyes widening.

Sans had lifted up your hand and was focused on the ribbon and the bruise underneath it. His eyelights flickering as they roamed the blemished skin. You swallowed dryly and your eyes automatically looked at his hand, your face flushing with heat under his probing sockets. If he could look at you why couldn't you look back? You reasoned.

His touch was indeed warm like you'd been thinking, the bones of his hand not quite as rough as you’d thought they’d be though. They were really smooth like polished stone with only a hint of texture, probably for gripping...things. Curiously he had skin like bone linking between his
metacarpals, forming the palm that you'd seen before, that your hand now rested against.

That was...getting warm from his hold.

**Th-Thump**

His eyelights shifted back up to your face, his sockets narrowing. You looked away guiltily.

"hold your breath." Sans muttered dully. You instinctively did as he said right as the world blinked out and back into existence. You blinked, barely registering what had happened as Sans threw your hand from him, as if it’s very touch had burned. You stared at him in confusion just as a pair of bony arms wrapped around you and lifted you up into a bone breaking hug.

“Y/N! SO GLAD YOU MADE IT!”

“H-hey Papyrus!” You wheezed, watching as Sans walked passed the both of you towards the kitchen. You gasped as Papyrus finally let you back down, a shaky breath inflating your flattened lungs as you turned to face him.

“FRISK AND ASRIEL ARE ALREADY HERE WITH TORIEL AND ASGORE, I’M EXCITED TO—“ His smile fell into a frown as he narrowed his eyes at you. You were confused at his quick mood shift. You knew you looked bad but didn't think it was *that* bad.

“THAT…IS A HORRIBLE SHIRT.” You fought not to laugh. No one liked this shirt when you wore it, duly noted Papyrus also was not a fan of puns.

“Is it?” You asked innocently. Papyrus deadpanned and turned to go into the kitchen, leaving you to snicker behind him. Your humor slowly died but the smile stayed on your face as you looked down at your ribbon, it really was helping to keep you relaxed already. It also had been quick to alleviate your panic around Sans. Best purchase ever! Maybe you wouldn't need a therapist after all. A door opened and shut upstairs making you jump just as Frisk descended the stairs.

“Y/n!” You were stupefied. Frisk was wearing a mini skirt and a rather flattering, snugly fit, gray off shoulder t-shirt over a shocking display of bountiful assets where it had once been flat. Had they worn a binder before? And their face, their face had makeup on it, simple makeup just enough to highlight their cheeks and eyes but still makeup. They looked absolutely female, a hot female. It was almost scary how they pulled off the switch between sex’s so well and effortlessly. You vaguely wished you could do that. A small cough made you look up to see them smiling broadly at you.

“See something you like?” They said with a wink. You blushed furiously.

“N-no I was…uh…” They waved you off.

“It’s okay, most people are shocked the first time.” Their smile fell away and they frowned. “I’m sorry about your performance, it was unfortunate that happened.” You internally cringed.

“Yeah, I’d rather not talk about it.” Frisk looked as if they wanted to say more but Papyrus’s shout from the kitchen stopped them. Settling on a look of sympathy they wrapped an arm around your shoulders and smirked.

“You ready to make some monsters cry?” You snorted as they led you to the others, all seated and surrounding a table littered with various types of playing cards and boxes of board games. You and Frisk took the last two free seats between Asriel and Papyrus. Madame Toriel and the judge Asgore seated across from you with Sans to their right, said skeleton had his head down currently
with loud snores coming from him.

He fell asleep rather fast.

You briefly wondered why Toriel and Asgore were there when you noticed Toriel reaching over and wiping a small smudge from Asriel’s face, much to the younger goat’s annoyance. Then it clicked. Toriel was addressed as the Queen, Asriel had been called a prince, and judging by how close Asgore was to Toriel he was obviously the king and her husband.

Oh shit.

You could've smacked yourself at how obvious it all was. You toyed with the ends of your ribbon beneath the table, seeking its comfort in your moment of silent humiliation. Seriously how had you missed that? Papyrus stood and held up a box that he waved rather dramatically as he spoke.

“NOW THAT WE ARE ALL HERE, I’M EXCITED TO PRESENT A NEW GAME! CARDS AGAINST MONSTERS!” Looking closely at the box he emphasized you noticed humanity had been crossed out with monsters written underneath it in a goofy looking font. Papyrus looked at his sleeping brother and rolled his sockets.

“SANS! WAKE UP YOU LAZY BONES, WE’RE STARTING!” The snoring grew obnoxiously louder. Oh maybe Sans hadn't been sleeping after all. Papyrus sighed, taking his seat in defeat. He looked at you apologetically as if his sibling’s 'sleeping' somehow offended you. It didn't, in fact you found it rather funny how Sans purposefully egged him on.

“I SWEAR HE DOES THIS EVERY GAME NIGHT.” Madame Toriel raised an eyebrow as she looked over at Sans and then to you, her tone playful and conspiratory.

“You could say he bishops pretty badly, it’s apawning really.” You raised your brows high at the word play and snorted with Frisk while everyone else either rolled their eyes or sighed. Sans's snoring even seemed to choke for a moment. Yep definitely not asleep. Papyrus glared as an orange glow spread along his face.

“YOUR MAJESTY, QUEEN OR NOT I WILL KICK YOU FROM THIS HOUSE.” Sans tilted his head up, his chin now resting on the table as his wide grin turned smug at Papyrus’s deepening blush.

“c’mon bro, no need to platzer. It’s supposed to be a fun knight after all.” You stared at how easily Sans threw out the puns, he didn't even hesitate before he’d responded. Frisk laughed again this time in tandem with Toriel while Asriel and Asgore groaned. Sans though looked absolutely jovial as Papyrus threw up his arms in exasperation, like the sight of his aggravated brother was the best thing in the world.

“YOU HAVE RUINED GAME NIGHT, CONGRATULATIONS WE HAVE NOW MADE A BAD IMPRESSION ON OUR GUEST!” Sans’s smugness faded as his eyelights panned over to you, their joy falling away as they dimmed. Damn, Papyrus had drawn attention to you and subsequently had Sans staring at you again. You focused on the table feeling displaced. Sans looked at you a bit longer, his sockets lidding heavily before sitting up and slouching backwards in his chair with a yawn.

“my bad bro.” The shorter monster commented as he casually slid his hands into his hoodie pockets. You were grateful Papyrus was quick to get the game started and began passing out cards. You learned it wasn’t that much different from the regular game, just with certain lingo or phrases you didn’t understand. At one point you thought you were going to just die when you’d
haphazardly thrown out a particularly offensive combo.

“WHO SAID, ‘DUST’ TO THE QUESTION OF ‘WHAT THE KING LIKES IN HIS TEA’?” They all seemed to look around at one another quickly assessing and dismissing the person before suddenly all eyes landed on you. You felt your heart quicken and breath shorten even under the ribbon’s effects, the pressure from everyone's expectant looks making you sweat slightly. That had probably been a bit too daring.

“I-I...did.” They all regarded you quietly and you imagined an anime-esque sweat drop run down the side of your head under their stares. You thought you were going to feint. Until much to your shock you heard a snort off to the side. Sans was grinning like a fool, his eyelight bright as he looked at you. You...didn’t know how to feel about that. About how Sans was looking at you in amusement. It was nice seeing emotion on his face, directed at you. Frisk and Toriel traded grins as Sans looked back at his brother.

“sounds real humerus to me.” Frisk and Toriel laughed as Asgore and Papyrus glared. Asriel turned to look at you, a brow quirked impressively.

“Nice one.” You blushed. Asriel definitely had a nice voice. Wait you’d already thought that yesterday. Sans looked between the both of you, his humored expression replaced with perusal. You tired not to feel examined as you responded to Asriel's praise.

“Thanks?” Papyrus rolled his eyes.

“FINE THIS ROUND GOES TO Y/N. DESPITE HOW MORBID THAT WAS.” You decided not to question it. You glanced back at Sans who has his eyelight once more locked onto his hand. As if feeling your gaze he glanced up, a small strained tug at the corner of his mouth happening before looking back down. Had he just...smiled at you? Your blush deepened as you gripped your cards like a lifeline. You were right, this night was definitely stressful.

But it was more confusing than anything else.

The game finished with Sans winning six hands more than Frisk who pulled in second. You’d won three and came in last...you weren’t very good at the game. Papyrus was quick to put away the cards and stood up quickly.

“I SHALL GO PREPARE THE NEXT ACTIVITY!” He made to turn but stopped to glance back at you uncertainly.

“The next game is a dance challenge.” He stated.

You stared as his unasked question registered. You slowly looked at everyone present to see they were all looking at you warily. You had really made an impression when it came to your anxiety hadn't you. Still you were pretty sure everyone present had seen you dance before so it didn’t really feel as nerve wracking as it probably would’ve been otherwise. Asriel you were sure hadn’t seen you dance but he was rather kind, albeit sarcastic so he didn’t bother you. Your eyes landed on Sans, who was staring at you with widened sockets quietly, his face neutral. You hadn’t seen that particular stare since the night of your panic attack, like he was judging and weighing how you’d react, not a hint of emotion on his face.

You forced yourself to look at Papyrus.

“Is everyone dancing?” His sockets quickly moved over to his brother. Everyone shifted their eyes cautiously to the shorter skeleton who had closed one of his sockets at your question.
“I don’t dance.” he said simply. Frisk smiled at him invitingly.

“Come on Uncle Sans, we’re all friends here. Besides, you don’t use it you’ll lose it right?” They teased. Sans's eyelights had constricted for a second, upon hearing the term uncle you noticed, but quickly re-expanded as he shrugged lazily at them.

“That’s not the saying for dancing kid.” Frisk rolled their eyes at how he avoided their point.

“I’ll dance if you do.” The words slipped out before you could stop them. You clamped a hand over your mouth as the room fell deathly still. Why had you said that?

Sans glared, hard.

Everyone became noticeably uncomfortable as the air thickened, the smell of petrichor hitting your nose. You didn't notice how Asgore and Papyrus both stiffened, your eyes locked on the monster across the table from you. Sans looked livid, his hands stuffed into his hoodie pocket bunching the fabric, as if he had clenched them.

“And what makes you think, that is a motivator for me?” Honestly you didn’t. You'd figured he might be shy like you, reserved about it. Figured maybe an equally shy partner might help reassure him? But the longer he glared the more you began to think that that wasn’t the issue. Your eyes widened. Partner? Where did that come from? Where were these thoughts sprouting from? You couldn’t dance with someone as good as him…right? You thought back to the roof, and couldn’t stop your heart from flipping in your chest.

**Th-thump**

Sans looked like he was about to murder you.

Despite his open hostility though...was it sad that it felt like an addiction? Wanting to see someone-Sans dance? The mere idea made you flush even as you shivered coldly. You looked down at the table, an idea coming to you as your eyes landed on a deck of regular playing cards. Maybe you couldn’t motivate him exactly, but you could incite him to. Your mother had been a master of card games at one point, so you knew a few to be decent.

“H-how about this…a game of black jack, I win you dance with us.” Frisk and Asriel tilted their heads curiously. Papyrus looked as if you had made a rather poor decision but relaxed as Sans slowly smirked. He looked at you innocently, not a drop of his rage remaining in his eyelights.

“Tempting, but what if I win?” You felt oddly brave for a moment.

“Who says you will?” Everyone's eyes widened even as Asriel and Frisk made 'oh'ing noises, but your eyes were firmly locked on the suddenly smug skeleton watching you in amusement.

“Who says I won’t? I’ve been known to be quite the hands on monster.” His pun threw you for a loop. You wanted to laugh, but the way he said it had been foreboding. Had you bitten off more than you could chew? You panned everyone's faces but they merely wore inquisitive looks, nothing given away in their glances. No, You could do this. He might be a master of the dance floor but there was no way he was also a master of cards.

He wasn’t that perfect.

You had **years** of experience playing black jack with your mother, you were set.

“What would you want?” He watched you curiously, a bit of surprise widening his sockets when it
became apparent you weren’t backing down. Whatever that ribbon was, it was helping you. Frisk even noted how less timid you were being from normal. He looked at the ceiling in thought and slowly looked back down to you.

“you don’t get to ask me to dance again…ever.” Your heart nearly stopped. Toriel and Papyrus literally shot looks of offence at Sans who ignored them, waiting patiently to hear your answer.

You licked your dry lips anxiously.

Was it worth it? Risking the chance that if he ever did start to see you like a friend that you’d be unable to ask him to dance, to even demonstrate a simple flip or spin. It unreasonably terrified you, the thought of him barring you from something so inherent to his being it manifested in a glorious display of passion and euphoria. He was taking away the chance to see something from him other than his glares and crass expressions. It hurt...because dancing like his shouldn’t be hidden away, it should be enjoyed and loved.

You blatantly ignored how it was you he was banning specifically.

You looked up at him, a fierceness in your eyes.

“Deal.”

“heh. cards frisky.” He held out his hand for the deck which was unceremoniously dropped into his palm.

Frisk shot him a glare before giving you a look bordering on sympathetic. You smiled reassuringly as Sans began to shuffle the deck. Your eyes widened. He had closed his eyes and had the cards flipping and flying effortlessly between his hands, the deck stretched into shapes as they flew and spun; infinity symbols, waterfalls, circles, and so on.

Each shuffle different from the last.

You felt a pit form in your stomach as you heard his phalanges rhythmically tap and click against the flying bits of paper with practiced ease. It would’ve been soothing if you hadn't just taken such a large bet.

The cards came to rest with an echoing smack in his hand, a half opened socket aimed at you.

“ready?” No, no you weren’t. Just what had you done?

“Yes.” You croaked. His movements were quick and precise; before you could blink he had the cards dealt and the deck prepped. His skull resting against his free hand as he perused his cards, a four on display and a card faced down. He looked toward you expectantly.

“stay or hit.” He drawled, his skull shifting in such a way it gave the impression of a raised eyebrow. You shook slightly as you looked at your hand, a king and a three on display. You were at thirteen.

You could work with thirteen.

“Hit.” Sans flipped a card towards you, the thing landing almost perfectly in place next to the others. A two. You hated twos. You glanced back at his four and mystery card, there was no way he had anything more than fifteen at the moment. Technically you could both be tied. He didn’t speak as he tapped the table, a familiar gesture signaling a hit, and took another card. He laid down an ace.
That was an eleven or a one. You swallowed dryly.

“y’know, there’s still a lot you humans don’t know about us monsters, or our lives underground.” You looked at him curiously. His eyelight were focused on the cards as he spoke.

“take for example, not many humans know that we worked more off a trade system than a gold one. sure g was our monetary system, but we monsters would go through shortages quite often on food or simple things like clothing. Unlike you humans with your ‘survival of the fittest’ crap or whatever, we monsters were a tight knit community.” He stated simply.

You flinched as he slowly looked back up at you, his eyelight dimming fractionally.

“No matter the part of the underground you came from, you were supported till the shortage ended, to which you’d naturally pay it forward.” You glanced around at the table, all seemed solemn as they pointedly stared at the cards between you and Sans. Papyrus and Frisk were looking off into space though, as if lost in memory. You looked back at Sans who was continuing to stare at you, his eyelight unwavering as he spoke.

His words were heavy and lax.

“point is, when you live in a literal hell...you tend to try and find some entertainment in life. for us, that was the famous mtt resort, and the casino below it.” You stiffened at his implication.

You had never once heard of there being a casino underground. It hadn't even been in any diagrams when you'd taken your classes on monsters. It must've been yet another secret their community was keeping from humanity. You felt dread as you asked the burning question that had formed at his words, fearfully knowing the answer already.

“You worked at the casino…didn’t you?” He didn’t react or say anything. His silence was a clear admission. Feeling defeat bubble inside you, you could only look at your cards forlornly. The one time you decided to take a risk it came back to bite you. So cruel was the hand of fate.

“hit or stay?” He prompted. You took a breath.

“Hit.” He dealt you an ace. You were at either twenty six or sixteen. You listened as he tapped the table and flipped a card.

A three.

He looked at you. At this point you couldn’t risk taking another card unless it was below a five or miraculously an ace. Looking at his cards and excluding the one face down it looked like he had eighteen or eight.

Either way you were the one at a disadvantage. What was bothering you more though was the fact he hadn’t glanced at his face down card even once. You prayed and reluctantly spoke.

“Stay.” Sans shrugged and flipped his card, it was another ace.

You’d just lost. What hurt most was that you could've used that ace. You would've contemplated if he'd purposefully psyched you out to make you hesitant in his favor, but you couldn't think much of anything at the moment.

You stared at the cards numbly as he stood, a smile wide on his face.

“nice try bucko, maybe next time.” You felt a small ache in your chest and subconsciously rubbed
at it as Toriel and Asgore complimented Sans on the game. Papyrus ranting about the dance challenge and how Sans should’ve just agreed. Asriel offered you a small smile but you didn’t look up to acknowledge it.

You would never be able to ask him to dance, to watch as the moonlight highlighted him, move into a well-practiced handstand with all the effort one took to breath. It sucked. Frisk watched you silently and then motioned to the others in ASL.

‘I think that’s enough for tonight.’ Papyrus looked at Frisk resigned as he glanced at the clock. That round of Black Jack had taken an hour and now it was bordering on eleven. He sighed.

“WELL I GUESS WE’LL JUST HAVE TO DO OUR DANCE GAME NEXT WEEK. IT’S GETTING LATE.” Though you didn’t want to you forced on a smile, eager to leave and get back to your dorm. You stood to say good bye as Toriel drew you into a hug.

“I shall see you in class tomorrow. Get plenty of rest.” You nodded and said farewell to Asriel and Asgore too, both giving small condolences on your loss. You shrugged helplessly.

“Would you like me to drive you back?” Frisk asked drawing your attention. They could obviously tell you had taken the loss hard, and probably figured you could use the space from Sans. You were surprised at how extremely grateful you felt to them.

“I’d like that.” Frisk went out the door ahead of you leaving just you and Papyrus, Sans having vanished while you were distracted.

“I APOLOGIZE FOR MY BROTHER’S STUBBORNNESS. I HOPE YOU WILL CONSIDER RETURNING FOR THE NEXT GAME NIGHT WE HAVE, YOUR COMPANY WAS ENJOYABLE.”

“Better than last time huh?” You joked.

“CONSIDERABLY.” Papyrus answered honestly. You chuckled and reached up to hug him. He leaned in and held you, the sturdiness of his arms offering a reassuring solace, until you reluctantly let go.

“Thanks for inviting me tonight, I needed it.” Papyrus looked at you in confusion.

“INVITED YOU? Y/N I DIDN’T EVEN KNOW YOU WERE COMING UNTIL SANS TEXTED ME EARLIER ON HIS WAY TO GET YOU.”

“…What?” You shared a bewildered look with Papyrus.

If he hadn’t invited you then...

You jolted as you heard Frisk call for you. You looked down uncertainly with confusion, missing the odd look he shot towards the stairs, and once more thanked Papyrus as you went out the door. Your mind derailing as your body gilded on autopilot over to Frisk and their car.

You glanced back at the house curiously before getting in and felt a ringing build in your ears, as you locked onto a pair of scintillating floating orbs.

Sans was in an upstairs window watching you, his gaze intense and dark. You were literally frozen in place as you both eyed each other, your breath caught in your lungs. He tilted his head, as the ghost of a touch ran across your shoulder, making you jerk. You gasped and quickly looked around you before looking back up at where Sans stood, to see the glimmer of his eyelights vanishing as a
curtain fell across him.

You were in shock as you took your seat and buckled in. Just what was Sans doing? What had been that...sensation? If what Papyrus said was true...what did it mean? There were so many thoughts running through your head it was difficult to process. Hard to choose which one to focus on more than the others.

"Ready?"

"Yeah." You stared at the skeleton brothers house as you pulled away. The ache in your chest refusing to dull as you held onto your shoulder.

It felt warm.

Chapter End Notes

Also I know that isn't technically how professional blackjack is played, I just wanted to keep it kinda casual.

It's actually how I play personally when it's just me and a friend.
Pain

Chapter Notes

I love that this story is so well liked!

150 Kudos! XD

I hope everyone likes the chapter!

Why did it hurt!?

“Come on y/n, we have to go to class today. Madame Toriel is giving us a test. You can’t miss it.” You groaned as you shifted beneath your covers, chest pressed into the mattress where your hand kept rubbing at it.

Why was it so bad? Were you finally having a heart attack from all the stress? You grunted as Roast poked your exposed foot. You didn’t want to get up, you just wanted to sleep.

Was that asking too much?

Slowly you poked your head out and frowned, you had about thirty minutes to get ready. You turned to Roast who had started chuckling, the sight of your atrocious bed head humorous with its random cowlicks and tangles. You looked like medusa. There was no way thirty minutes was enough time. You rolled over and pulled the covers over your face.

“Hey!” Roast exclaimed and reached over, yanking the blanket from you in one swift motion much to your displeasure. You did have to admit she had talent though, not even your own mother could pry your sheets from your hands when you felt…god you felt absolutely awful. You must have looked it to as Roast frowned in concern.

“Are you ok?” You yawned, wincing slightly as it pulled at whatever was hurting in your chest.

“I’m dying.” You joked as you sat up, a small smile on your lips. Well you thought you were joking. Roast eyed you cautiously, her frown turning sympathetic.

“I’d let you rest but…”

“I-it’s fine…just really tired.” You mumbled halfheartedly, trying to reassure the flaming monster. You could tell she didn’t believe you but was kind enough not to press. You watched as she went over to the kitchen and returned with a cup of light brown coffee. You barely held it for a few seconds before you chugged it. The hot liquid dampening your dry throat even as it slightly scorched it.

Man you were thirsty.

Your friend shook her head, an amused smile on her fiery face.

“Get dressed; we’re going to be late.” You chuckled in slight embarrassment before rushing to get ready. A little too quickly apparently as you nearly fell from your knees giving out, the stiff limbs
not yet ready to support you. Roast thankfully caught you and helped you to stand, her face etched with worry. You had a feeling she was going to be wearing that expression a lot today, no matter what you said or did.

With her helping you get ready you were both able to make it to the classroom with a few minutes to spare. Unfortunately a familiar blue eyed male was standing at your spot against the balance beam. You and Roast exchanged a look. You were grateful you still had your ribbon on.

“Ah, there you are y/n. Have you thought about what I said?” You glared. Did he seriously think you'd consider it?

“No, there was nothing to think about.” Roast looked between the both of you confused but moved slightly in front of you when Brent took a step forward. His eyes scanned the protective monster, an obvious debate happening in his head. Before he could reach a decision on what he wanted to do however the door opened and in walked Madame Toriel.

“Good morning children, positions please.” Brent glowered at you only stopping once Margret called out to him. Reluctantly he turned and walked away, his steps stiff with annoyance. As everyone moved to their spots Roast looked at you.

“What was that about?”

“He…he asked me out yesterday…” You stated awkwardly. Roast made a face that bordered on disgust.

“I thought he hated you!”

“He does.” You said firmly. With Sans you had begun to have your doubts because he was so hard to read, you didn't know at this point if it was all in your head; his animosity. But with Brent, he definitely hated you. There was no mistaking the disdain in his eyes whenever he looked at you or the way he used your name like it made him cringe. Like you were a bug or something that just wouldn’t be squashed. A bug he wanted to pin to his bed. Ugh.

“Is he going to be a problem y/n?” Roast asked seriously. You frowned.

“I don’t think so, he may be talented but with all the cameras in the school? He can get in trouble just like the rest of us.” Roast searched your face and sighed.

“Just…promise if it gets bad you’ll tell someone.” You smiled weakly and nodded. That was enough for her. You didn’t notice Toriel’s eyes peering at you from the corners as she waited for the class to finish getting ready nor the look she shot in Brent’s direction having heard your conversation.

Now Toriel usually kept a three strike count on all of her students, every time one of them acted out or got a bit too big for their heads she’d find some way to put them back into line.

It was an assurance, one she used to make sure her students never forgot who they were as a person even as they became more successful or popular. It always worked. No matter which year a student graduated there would always be at least one student that ended up striking out, and then recovering.

She could tell something was up when Brent had been speaking with you, but she couldn’t do anything so long as no one approached her about it. Didn’t mean she couldn’t teach Brent a lesson in humility.
He’d become smug and almost unbearable since he’d aced his recital; strike one.

He’d become more self-absorbed and neglectful of his practice since he got offered the position in the dance offs; strike two.

And now she could tell he was harassing the female students. More than that though he had chosen her children’s friend as a target...strike three.

She smiled.

“Well, let’s begin the test shall we? Brent, if you would.” You watched as he smugly came to stand in front of the class, all too proud to be selected first. You resisted rolling your eyes, Roast silently gagging next to you. You knew he was going to go first, he was the best in class after all. You would admit though it bugged you whenever he did, it always made whatever everyone else did almost look sub par. Especially you. Madame Toriel smirked.

“Now for the test each of you are required to go between positions as I call them as quickly and effortlessly as you can, each missed position or sullied step, and I deduct ten points. This is a posture test after all.” Your eyes widened. You could only mess up four times if you wanted to pass then. Toriel smiled innocently at Brent.

“Ready?” He nodded and waited for her to start, unaffected by her statement. Toriel looked him up and down with an assessing stare and focused on him as she spoke in a short and clipped tone. One that you would’ve expected from one of your previous instructors, not from her. You didn't question it though, maybe she was just more strict when it came to exams.

“First position.” Brent easily moved into it. This was going to be a piece of cake for him.

“Second position, First position.” Brent moved back and forth between the motions barely blinking. Toriel smiled, and her eyes gave a mischievous glint as she suddenly sped up in her words.

“Seventh Position, second position, seventh position again—“ Everyone exchanged looks along the balance beam but didn’t speak up as Brent frowned. His feet moving deftly to follow her instructions. You watched as Madame Toriel closed her eyes, no longer focusing on watching him enter the moves correctly.

How was she to grade him properly if she...she seemed to be...enjoying herself. You felt disturbed as her mouth curved up, revealing one of her sharp canines. You were so used to monsters acting closely to human social standards that sometimes you forgot, that they were monsters to begin with. It was terrifying to see the normally gentle monster so malicious in her glee.

“Closed fourth position, opened fourth position, first position, third position—“ Brent was trying his best to keep up with Madame Toriel’s call outs but she was speaking too fast. Soon as he moved to get into one of the positions she was already calling another. Sweat beaded his forehead as he tried to keep up. His eyes widening in outrage. Then he fumbled and almost fell. The room became eerily quiet. Madame Toriel glared as he looked at her, complete shock on his face.

“That’s enough Brent. Thank you.” He stopped gasping for air and looked at her like she’d slapped him. The whole class was still and tense, you couldn’t believe what had just happened. Super star student Brent, had just been humiliated. Had looked like an amateur. It was a subtle smile on Toriel’s face that clued you in, she had purposefully intended for him to fail. You were bewildered, you had never pictured something like this from your teacher, from the queen of monsters.
Brent glanced over at you, his eyes piercing in withheld violence. Why was he looking at you like that? No one said a word as he stomped over and grabbed his duffel from the line. Toriel didn’t even acknowledge him as he left the classroom. You jumped as the door slammed shut behind him, no one moving for a few moments until Toriel composed herself. She cleared her throat and called Gerson to the front, her voice and demeanor becoming the usual motherly softness you were familiar with.

She was much slower and more deliberate in her call outs.

Your test went rather smoothly, you only messed up once. Roast was of course perfect and aced hers completely. By the time class let out it was an hour later than usual since Toriel had allowed secondary attempts for all the students, well almost all of them.

“Can’t believe Toriel went off like that.” Roasty commented as you both walked together.

“Shocked me too, wonder what upset her.” Your friend could only shrug. A beeping sound drew both of your attentions to Roasty’s pocket. She smiled widely as she grabbed it and looked at a text she’d received.

“Amalia?” You questioned.

“Yeah she is asking if I can meet her for breakfast. Do you want to come?” You looked at Roast and shook your head. As tempting as it was you weren’t about to intrude on something that was blatantly a date. You had noticed Roasty wearing the pin Amalia had bought in class, you weren’t about to play third wheel, at least not till they got out of the 'honeymoon' phase of their new relationship. Roasty frowned.

“Are you sure? I honestly would prefer for you to be with us rather than alone. I saw how Brent glared at you before he left. And to be fair I wouldn’t put it past him to take it out on you.” You loved Roasty, she was always trying to look out for you, but she didn’t need to be thinking all about you when she had a girlfriend now.

You’d witnessed many of your mother’s failed relationships, most of them failing because she was too focused on you and your needs instead of her own or theirs. Yeah it was different you had been her daughter and Roasty was simply your friend but it still rubbed you the wrong way. You didn’t want to be a burden. Besides you were positive you could handle yourself, there were other students on campus so you wouldn’t technically be alone.

“It’ll be fine, look up there.” You gestured to a camera higher up on the side of a building across the courtyard. “I have back up.” Roasty didn’t look as if she believed you for a second.

“You should just come with, we’ll both just end up worrying about you anyways.” She tentatively pushed.

“Roast.” Your friend flinched at your sudden sternness; you were surprised at how snappy you sounded. You took a breath and put a hand on her shoulder, the touch equally calming for the both of you as you felt the flames of her magic play across your skin. You smiled gently.

“I’ll be fine. Spend some time with your girl; I’m not a porcelain doll that’ll break or anything.” You pointedly ignored how the pain in your chest flared for a second, pressing your teeth together harshly in order to suppress a hiss of pain. You managed to just barely keep the smile on your face. She sighed, there was no way your perseverance was going to let her win.

That trait was just as stubborn as determination but less likely to force change than so much as wait
for it to happen. And that little bit of justice didn’t help either, justice souls were so set in the line of thought that everything morally wrong was bound to suffer consequences eventually. That wasn’t how the real world worked though. You both knew that. Your friend tried her best not to look upset.

“At least call me later.” You promised you would and waited till she was halfway towards the parking lot before continuing to your dorm.

You didn’t get far.

“Sent your friend away did you? That was stupid.” You spun and winced as Brent grabbed your still bruised wrist. Your heart gave a painful jerk. How had he snuck up on you? Brent had sadistic humor written on his face as he squeezed your captured limb making you whimper.

“A ribbon huh? Some monster give that to you?” He commented as his thumb rubbed it. You hated that Toriel’s class was so early in the day; there were barely any students around right now and the few that were made no qualms about ignoring the situation as they hurried by. If it had been an hour later he wouldn’t have dared pull such a public display. Or maybe he would’ve you though blearily as you remembered MK. So much for not being alone.

“No one gave this to me.” He scoffed and shrugged.

“What did you say to Toriel?” You stared at him defiant and confused.

“I didn’t say anything.” He snarled and squeezed so hard, your wrist popped. The pain was instant and you couldn’t help a wail slipping out as a mind numbing burst of pain shot through your arm. Brent uncaring about what he’d just done pulled you decidedly closer to him. Nausea making your gut twist as his body pressed against yours.

It was hard to fight down your reaction; the pain was fuzzing your thoughts and tears threatened to form. You bit the inside your cheek refusing to let him see your fear; you knew how men like Brent worked. Last thing he needed was a reaction from you letting him know exactly how he affected you. It would only prolong his torture.

“You think I can’t hurt you y/n?” Brent asked deathly quiet. You felt your body turn cold under his threatening glare. He smiled darkly; it was a smile without any humor or glee, completely unreadable. It was a look that reminded you of Sans.

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It was a look that reminded you of Sans.

You gasped as he tossed you to the ground; not from the painful impact of the hard cement or even your damaged arm but from how your chest constricted and jolted. You cradled and held your injured wrist to your chest, silently begging not to have a heart attack.
“You should’ve just given me my way y/n. This will be your last week here, I promise you. Maybe now you’ll learn your place in this world.” You didn’t attempt to get up until the sound of his steps faded, until your heart stopped sputtering and straining painfully in your chest. You inhaled shakily and slowly forced yourself to your feet, coughing as you steadied yourself. The impact had knocked some of the wind from your lungs. You felt a small warmth from the ribbon and the pain coursing through you dulled slightly. Just enough for you to breathe properly again. You tried to remain calm but all you could think about was your education, your possible future. Could he really threaten that?

You looked up trying to locate him, his threat—his promise ringing in your ears.

Your mind began to spin wildly out of control. Had that been a death threat? What kind of connections or power did he have to say such a thing? Your breathing which had just gotten easier hitched as your panic started to build. Was he going to have you kidnapped? Sabotage your grades?

You were losing it. Something was wrong, seriously wrong...

You needed to call someone!

You fumbled for your phone but seized, your body locking up and spasming as your chest tightened impossibly.

Th-Thump

You fell to the ground again but felt no impact, only the pain of your chest.

Th-Thump

Your lungs struggled for air.

Th-Thump

You used what energy that remained and screamed, your cry turning to a gag as a ripping sensation tore through your whole body. You felt like you were being split in two!

Th-Thump

What had you done to deserve this?...Your body spasmed.

Th-th-th…thump…

Your vision started to darken; painful tears numbly ran down your face. All your hopes and dreams...

….t-t-th-thump…

You knew, a deep primal part of you told you...you were dying. You fought to hold on, prayed for someone…anyone to find you…

t..th..thump…

Why was no one helping you?...there had to still be someone in the courtyard...right?...You tried to cling to the image of your mother's face in your mind...Your father's.
Your tunneling vision caught a flicker of movement, the sound of something crackling…You passed out right as you saw a pair of skeletal hands reach for you.

TH-THUMP

Your eyes shot wide and you gasped desperately for air. Your hands instinctively latching onto the thing nearest your reach. A cold sweat broke out on your body as your heart hammered and slowly steadied, the pain in your chest easing miraculously. You panted and groaned as your burning lungs slowly cooled. Weakly you looked at what you clutched, a feeling of delirium doubling your vision.

It was a familiar blue hoodie.

You looked up and locked eyes with Sans, his coruscating eyelights consuming the whole of your sight.

"Sans..." You breathed his name weakly. His expression was absolutely *livid*. You knew it was directed at you, you could feel his disgust and hostility in waves…but you didn’t care. All you cared about was the boundless relief and gratitude flowing through you. You looked down and limply relaxed into his arms, burying your face into his chest as you bawled. He could be angry, he could hate you…what mattered was that…somehow…he had just *saved* you.

When you woke up you were alone, tucked into your bed. The pain in your chest down to a dull ache once again. You also noticed a thick bandage around your wrist and noted how it felt better, like it had been set back into place.

You stilled though as your eyes landed on something.

Still clutched in your hands was Sans's hoodie, torn and shredded down the back as if he had ripped it off of himself.

You hadn’t dreamt it then.

*Sans had come for you.*

You turned weakly to your side and held it to your chest like a lifeline. It smelled like ketchup and chalk, his sweat. You had been foolish to have compared Sans to Brent in any capacity, this was a blatant kindness Brent would never have shown.

But yet Sans had.
The ache in your chest eased further as you fell back to sleep, curling further around the damaged garment.

~

“Damn!” You spat as you stuck your pricked finger between your lips. With a sigh you lifted the hoodie you had spent the last three hours trying to sow. The line work…was terrible. You frowned. It would’ve been better if you had a sewing machine but you were of course a broke college student, so hand stitching was your only option.

You figured he probably wouldn’t want this back considering the state in which he had left it, but you remembered every time that you’d seen him he’d been wearing it. It had to be his favorite hoodie. Or his only one. Either way he had saved your life, the least you could do was to try and save his clothing.

“I must be stupid.” You muttered as you picked up the needle and began to sow again, ignoring the slight twinge in your still bandaged wrist. You were almost done when your phone started going off with an alert. Setting the poor excuse of a mend job aside you lifted your phone curiously and froze. You read and reread it till it burned into your retinas.

It was your student loan office, and they had withdrawn their support for reasons ‘pertaining to conflicted interest’.

You were officially out the ten thousand dollars left to your program.

Your hand fell limply onto your mattress. How had this happened? What did— you stiffened. No way. It was too convenient, too impossible. But it was the only thing that made sense. Without the loan support you weren’t going to be able to continue attending long.

Brent had kept his promise.

You should’ve felt angry, panicked. But you were just numb. You blankly looked at Sans's hoodie and ran a hand across the soft and worn fabric. Absently you sat your phone aside and picked the hoodie back up. You continued to sow. Your mind thankfully focused on the task at hand. You didn’t think you’d survive in this moment if you were allowed to feel right now. And this was something you could take care of for the moment.

~

You stood awkwardly staring at the skeleton brother’s house, your eyes focused intently on the door as you tried to will yourself to knock.

You tightened your grip on the badly mended hoodie bundled in your arms. You frowned. You had spent hours trying to fix this old thing, you deserved to at least get it successfully delivered. You deserved to thank Sans. Such a foreign word…deserved. You held your breath and knocked. You waited and knocked again. Just as you thought no one would answer the door swung open.
“OH Y/N! TO WHAT DO I OWE THE PLEASURE OF YOUR VISIT?” Papyrus greeted with a wide smile, his tone jovial and carefree. You smiled, it was always nice to see him, he just radiated happiness.

“Is Sans home?” Papyrus tilted his head curiously, his sockets subtly glancing down at your bandaged wrist, what you held and back to your face. His stance seemed to straighten and made him look an inch or two impossibly taller.

“MAY I ASK WHY YOU WISH TO SEE HIM?” His tone was flat, serious and though he continued to smile his sockets had become hard, distant. It threw you slightly off guard, it seemed so out of place with how his attitude normally was but you hesitantly answered him anyways.

“I…wanted to thank him.” Papyrus was silent for an uncomfortable moment before he slipped into a wider, more genuine smile, and his stance relaxed.

“I SEE. HE’S NOT HOME AT THE MOMENT, BUT YOU COULD CHECK HIS DANCE HALL.”

“Dance hall?” You were confused, you thought he didn’t dance any more. Papyrus shrugged.

“WHY YES, HE OWNS THE OLD SCHOOL BUILDING JUST DOWN THE WAY. HE USUALLY GOES THERE TO BE ALONE. OR TO AVOID WORK.” Papyrus’s happy tone slipped into a grumble.

You bit your lip. If Sans wanted to be alone you doubted you’d be welcome. You blushed as you realized the dance hall Papyrus was referring to had to be the building Roast had found you in. God you just kept messing up!

Was that why he had been so cruel towards you? You’d trespassed on his personal space? Plus you’d spied on him on the roof that night…you must’ve looked like a real creep, a stalking creep.

Papyrus watched your inner conflict a moment before interrupting it.

“WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TAKE THE HOODIE FOR YOU?” As tempting as the offer sounded you shook your head.

“No, I feel I should bring it to him myself.” Papyrus hummed thoughtfully.

“I SEE, WELL I WISH YOU GOOD LUCK IN FINDING HIM. PLEASE COME BY TO ACTUALLY VISIT NEXT TIME.” You gave a guilty chuckle and nodded, Papyrus giving you a gentle hug before shutting the door.

~~

You sighed as you entered the building, your legs sore from walking so far in one day. You glanced around at the building. It looked exactly the same, just as dusty and cobwebbed as when you’d been here last time. You vaguely remembered Roasty having mentioned an ‘x’ in the window when she’d come to get you and set about looking for it.

After about six empty rooms you finally found it. You tried to peer into the room but could barely see anything through the grime on the glass. Carefully you opened the door and entered.
“Hello? Sans are you here?” No response.

You frowned as you glanced around and noticed it was empty. No skeleton in sight. You groaned in frustration and exhaustion, your eyes landing on a toppled chair. You stumbled over to the desk, where you imagined it was Sans's computer that sat, and placed the hoodie on it before going over and rightening the chair to sit in it.

Your poor feet needed a break. As you relaxed you finally let your mind comprehend the situation you were in.

You’d need to find a job as soon as possible, one that could pay well and quickly. If you couldn’t you’d have to think of another way to earn the money, maybe sell most of your things…all of your things.

It was looking grim.

You couldn't go to your mother, she barely got by as it was. You also didn't have any family or friends rich enough that you could borrow it from. Your eyes began to burn and you stared at the floor as you pulled your knees up to your chin.

You choked back a sob.

One week? That’s all you had left was one week?! Damn Brent! Just because he was so popular for the school…and his father was probably loaded you realized. What strings did he pull to have your loan dissolved?

To wreck your future.

Maybe Madame Toriel could get you an extension till you got the money? Tears flowed freely and your breath came in hitches and gasps as you tried to force the hopelessness down.

You jumped as you heard the foot steps of someone approaching you from behind and turned to glimpse the intruder.

Your blood chilled automatically as the hooded figure came to stand before you, his ever present grin and watchful eyes focusing on you.

You fought down the natural fear his presence brought you, he had saved your life, if he'd wanted you gone he would've left you there in the courtyard you rationalized. You quickly glanced over to notice the hoodie you'd brought was gone from the desk, and upon closer inspection you found he was wearing it.

It calmed you fractionally.

It must been his only hoodie then.

Hastily you wiped your face on your arm while you tried to bite back the sobs that threatened to continue and clenched absently at your chest as a pain shot through it.

Sans's eyelights stared at your hand as it pressed into you, the orbs of light shrinking fractionally before enlarging to their normal size. You stood and faced him, rushing to speak before your courage left you.

“I…I wanted to thank you. F-for helping me…I thought I was...going to die.” He remained silent as he looked away from you. His posture going stiff. You gestured to the hoodie.
“I hope I did ok…I don’t have a machine so…” Your words drifted off as he continued looking away, his sockets narrowed. How stupid, of course he wouldn't want to speak to you. You were a creepy stalker that apparently wouldn't leave him alone. Just as you were thinking about leaving his deep baritone echoed around the empty room, slightly startling you.

“that fight…why did you bother?” Your mind was thrown for a moment as you tried to understand his inquiry; the question was straight from left field. He continued as you tried to think on his question not allowing you to truly answer yet. His eyelights snapping to you.

“as a fellow human and a minority in this school, it was unexpected to see you possibly isolating yourself from your own race. for a monster too. are you a self-loathing human or something?” His tone was masked displaying neither scorn nor sarcasm.

It was a legitimate question you realized.

_Self-loathing_? The thought sent a painful sting through you that made you hiss. You chuckled weakly earning no noticeable reaction from Sans as he continued to watch you. You placed a hand over your eyes before lowering it and staring up at the curious skeleton.

“I guess so. If I’m being honest…I’m jealous actually.” Sans remained silent, waiting patiently for you to continue. His stare was bizarrely not as unnerving as usual, simply detached. For a reason you couldn’t place you wanted to be honest, and what did it hurt to be honest with a monster that had saved your life but a few hours earlier.

You almost owed it to him.

“Monsters…You are really _lucky_. You’re genetically _blessed_ to dance; it comes to you as easily as breathing does for humans. It hurts that even with the majority of my life spent trying to learn and master dancing, it’s _nothing_ compared to the graceful movements one of you can come up with in a span of _seconds_.” Your voice practically broke on the last word but you took a shaky breath to even it out. Concentrating on Sans's briefly brightening eyelights as you focused your thoughts.

“I…hate that no matter what…after all the hard work my mother’s done to get me here. Ultimately it doesn’t matter, because I’m not as talented as even the _worst_ human here. Hell I am the worst here! MK's a great dancer, he didn’t _deserve_ what was happening, it should have been _me_. That’s why I stepped in, because if anyone should have the mockery it should be me…and I ended up getting it alright…” Your mind thought back to Brent’s dark smile, your catastrophe of a recital, and then your mind flashed to Sans on the roof, utterly blissful and at peace...and how you’d shattered it by simply being there.

“You were right…I reek…of failure. You ever wonder _why_ I asked you to dance with us? Because of how you _move_, as if there’s _nothing_ else in the world, as if you can hear _music_ just from twisting and bending. I can’t help but admire it. I want _that_ so bad, to be able to do what you do so naturally.” You laughed weekly as a few tears slipped down your face, the pain in your chest growing, before looking back up at Sans. His face remained guarded as he looked at you, your words slowly sinking in.

His eyes lidded lazily as his voice echoed around the empty hall.

“you need ten thousand dollars right?” Your eyes widened in shock.

“How did you—“ He waved a hand from his pocket dismissively, silencing you.

“i know how you can get it.” You stared.
Sans was…helping you? *Again?*

You didn’t feel nervous like you normally did as he drew closer, stopping near enough that you could see every line and crease of his face, hear his *breathing*. Your mind was stunned at what was happening.

He held a hand out to you in offer, the world slowing as he moved.

You looked deep into his sockets, scared to be hopeful.

He stared right back, his posture unchanging.

“*c’mon, you don’t have time to be miserable right now.*” Your eyes drifted down to it. His arm was slack and his fingers slightly curled, it was almost…comforting and gentle in its position. You looked back up to his face wearily but it remained neutral, his eyelights hazing slightly.

Hesitantly you reached out and took it, his phalanges curling over and almost wrapping fully around your hand, engulfing you in it’s warmth.

His fingers were so long.

**Th-Thump**

He briefly flinched, his sockets going hostile before they became...contemplative.

You both stared at each other, the pounding of your heart echoing in your ears as you became keenly aware of his touch. The pain in your chest vanishing.

Then something rare happened, like the sight of a flower blossoming in the dead of winter.

Sans’s expression *changed*, into something other than hostile.

His sockets crinkled with mirth, his shoulders relaxed into a slump, and the corners of his grin lifted mischievously. The look he wore was one someone would use with a friend, like when sharing an inside joke…and it was directed at you.

You remembered your mother had asked if he was attractive once... you felt like you blushed, but if you did Sans didn’t seem to notice as he spoke.

“*hold your breath.*” You tried. But there wasn’t air to hold…his smile had stolen it from you.

The world vanished.
The world snapped back with a vengeance and it took all your will not to suddenly puke.

You gasped and looked at Sans who was smirking at you, his hold on you loosening as he tucked his hand into his hoodie pocket.

"told you to hold your breath." You laughed weakly.

"Guess you could say...you left me rather breathless." He stared at you and grunted before turning to lead you down the alleyway. The both of you coming out to the front of an unassuming plain brick building.

You looked at him in question but continued to follow through two thick iron doors that were slightly rusted. You grew nervous. Sans wasn’t the type to murder someone was he? Because this looked like where someone went to be killed. Your worries were quickly squashed as he pushed the doors open.

It was like someone had suddenly turned on the radio blaring it to max volume, Feel good inc by the gorillaz echoing around many swarms of monsters. Many of them dancing in various styles, some suspended off ribbons or swings, others skating or boarding over rams and arches, and even more dancing together in pairs or solo.

You felt yourself blush as a particular pair caught your eye. You didn’t even know why, it wasn’t like they were being dirty but the way they looked at each other; the way their moves lined up. You made a noise and faced Sans who was eyeing you quizzically, you didn’t even realize you’d stopped walking to stare.

“Where are we?” You asked rushing to catch up with him. He faced forward continuing to lead you.

“we’re at the underground.” You took a sharp inhale, your eyes panning around the both of you rapidly as you tried to take in the sights.

“The Underground!?" You gaped in awe as two skaters leapt up and met in the air, their hands locking and spinning them so that they parted to land perfectly on the others platform. Suddenly you understood why Amalia had wanted to bring you here. It was like a dancers paradise!

You looked around but furrowed your brows as you noticed something.

Monsters were staring, but not at you.
Sans didn’t look like he even noticed, just silently pressed forward coming to a stop as his sockets landed on a blue monster with fiery red hair. You gulped. She was tall and buff as all get out, her black tights appearing to strain under her muscles. She looked like a pro wrestler gone dancer.

“YOU CALL THAT A SPLIT FLIP!?” You winced as her voice cut across the blaring music. Someone somewhere cutting the audio as she snapped. The monsters that had been dancing paused to gather slightly at the display. The smaller bunny monster she was glaring at quivered slightly and quickly moved as she took his place.

“YOU HAVE TO GO INTO A SPLIT,” The blue fish? monster snarled as she dropped quickly into one. “AND THEN YOU HAVE TO KEEP INTO THE SPLIT AND USE YOUR HANDS TO PROPEL YOUR BODY!” She cried performing the action flawlessly, her voice not once stuttering nor cutting out as she went in a circular motion. When she landed back into her starting position she simply brought her legs together pivoting her back onto her feet. She hadn't even needed to slow in her talking as she demonstrated the move.

Unlike a human instructor.

It was becoming increasingly obvious the leagues of difference between humans and monsters when it came to the dance floor.

She continued to go off on the poor bunny until a horned monster next to her tapped her shoulder. They exchanged some words making her turn her attention towards the both of you.

You swallowed nervously as her expression turned hostile and she stomped over, her arms arched at the ready as if she was going to tackle you and Sans to the ground. Were you both about to be assaulted!? She stopped inches from Sans, her one eyed stare deadly as her upper lip curled exposing sharp fangs.

“About time you showed up!” She growled and then broke into a laugh as she swatted Sans on the back hard enough to jostle him. He kept a grin on his face as his sockets narrowed in exasperation.

“nice to see you too undyne.” She smiled, her stance relaxing as she looked at him with a friendly smirk.

“How’s Papyrus doing?” Sans shrugged earning an annoyed sigh from Undyne.

“hey if you didn’t skip game night you would know.” Sans said lazily. She huffed.

“If someone would just agree to run this place with me I’d have the time to attend game night.” Sans ignored her statement instead asking another question.

“What’s the take this year?” The blue monster frowned.

“Thirty thousand. Why, are you interested?” Sans made a motion towards you. You held your breath as she looked over, her expression wary.

“Who’s that?”

“your next project.” Sans said coldly but his expression looked absolutely shit eating. Undyne visibly bristled as she looked at you making you take a hesitant step back. She shot Sans a glare.

“ARE YOU SERIOUS!? YOU WANT ME TO THROW MY SUPPORT BEHIND A WALKING FLESH BAG!!?”
“last I checked there was going to be a ‘flesh bag’ already in the competition.” Sans snapped, his sockets narrowing. Undyne deflated and sighed. You pulled up short.

“The competition?” You echoed. Sans turned to look at you.

“the delta dance offs, the winnings for this year is thirty thousand dollars. you need a sponsor though as a first year entry, sponsors give you half the winnings upfront from their own pocket to go towards what you need to prepare. and what you win pays back the debt plus some. money earned from this is typically seed money for starting professionals.” He explained.

Your eyes were the size of dinner plates as you looked at him. Was this some kind of sick joke!?

“Sans I—“

“do you want to be expelled?” He asked dully cutting off your protest.

You froze and looked down, unable to answer him. You didn’t want to be expelled, but this was extremely dangerous. People’s futures were formed based on their dancing, if you messed up…and on television! Undyne made a noise drawing Sans attention, her eyes serious as she looked at him.

“A human though…you seriously want me to sponsor a human? Can she even dance?” Undyne asked with a raised eyebrow as if expecting him to pull a prank on her. You couldn’t see what apparently Undyne could in Sans’s expression, he just wore his perpetual grin, his eyes not moving in any fashion as he looked at her.

She frowned and eyed you a moment, her gaze intense. To your surprise she made her way to the center of the gigantic dance floor, monsters rushing to get out of her way.

“RAWL! TRACK THREE FORTY-SEVEN!” She shouted to an invisible monster. You watched as the lights dimmed and she turned back to face you.

“You want my sponsorship brat, you have to keep up.” You looked at Sans in confusion. He only spared you a neutral glance as he turned to watch Undyne. You followed his gaze and watched as two bunny monster back up dancers rushed in behind her. It was then you noticed the size of the gathered crowd had increased, their presence almost suffocating.

A knot formed in your gut, you were being put on the spot. You were expected to dance in front of all these monsters. You clenched a fist as your breathing got shallow and your heart raced. How could Sans do this!? He knew how you felt about this kind of thing! But as your doubts grew they were suddenly quieted as the music started, as Undyne started to dance.

~Pokerface – Lady Gaga~

I wanna hold ’em like they do in Texas plays

Fold ’em, let ’em, hit me, raise it baby stay with me (I love it)

Undyne came out of the gate strong; her back up dancers mirroring as she gestured with her hands in a fluttering motion like she held a hand of cards before tossing them behind her. Her feet altering her weight as her hips jutted out provocatively from side to side.

You swallowed as she eyed you, her attention barely on her moves.

Love Game intuition play the cards with spades to start
And after he's been hooked I'll play the one that's on his heart

She swung her arms out before rolling them in to rest on her hips then deftly folding over her chest pumping them like a heartbeat. Her smile turned jovial as her dancers came up directly beside her following her step for step. Was this a practiced routine? It seemed so on the spot and lacking in uncoordination that improve would've.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh-oh-e-oh-oh-oh

I'll get him hot, show him what I've got

You watched wide eyed as she sauntered up to both you and Sans, smiling at you crookedly as she leaned onto the skeleton beside you. Her arm flung around his shoulders as she dipped and straightened, sticking her tongue out playfully as he rolled his eyelights at her. You snickered as she pushed off of him earning a glare from the skeleton beside you. You coughed awkwardly.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh-oh-e-oh-oh-oh,

I'll get him hot, show him what I've got

She spun back across the floor and into place with her dancers swiftly folding her arms across her face as her hands fluttered and then gracefully dropping down to give a series of twerks and thrusts. Once they were crouched low enough the chorus hit.

Can't read my

Can't read my

No he can't read my poker face

(She's got me like nobody)

They shot up to their feet, a new energy hitting them as Undyne slid from side to side giving harsh shoulder lifts and hip sways. One of her feet lifting off the ground as she leaned and fell back onto it with a flourish. Her hands came up to cover her face and then flipped back and forth, each time showing a different expression on the side that was revealed. You felt your breathing go rapid, she was exquisite. Not as good as Sans but she was amazing in her own right.

Can't read my

Can't read my

No he can't read my poker face

(She is gonna let nobody)

They stepped forward in unison but broke apart as Undyne dropped down, her dancers bending off to their respective sides. She shot back up and her dancers leaned into her, waving their arms as she rolled her shoulders and shot her arms out bringing them in harshly and bending them in a clockwork motion. Her head tilted in rhythm as her legs moved in a running motion upwards and downwards. A light sheen of sweat started to coat her blissed out face as you heard her laugh, the sound prompting you to chuckle alongside her.

P p p poker face, p p p poker face

(Muh muh muh muh)
You gasped as the three of them started to wave their hands over the others faces, their expression changing in perfect sync as they altered exposing their looks. Soon the three of them stepping and waving their bodies as they kept up the face altering suddenly broke apart into a saunter as they moved forward together, their feet criss crossing as their bodies leaned and tilted.

Undyne slid forward with a smug grin earning a barely heard huff from Sans that you had to strain to hear. His face was still unreadable but for a moment you had thought you'd heard amusement. You pretended you hadn't.

Undyne shook her hips and jutted her chest out as she pumped a fist, turning her body sideways and then back forward in an arch to throw a thumb at her chest.

She brought her arms out into a circle and then signaled gun fingers at the side of her head tilting as if she’d pulled it, her dancers moving forward to grind on her. She smirked as she ran her hands down a thigh and across one’s stomach Lewdly thrusting between them twice punctuating the word fun before separating. Her eyes screwing shut in a teasing fashion, thoroughly enjoying what she was doing. You felt your face heat up at the display.

Undyne moved up towards Sans, her eyebrow raised before twisting towards you and grabbing your hand. You yelped as she spun you behind her releasing you till you came to a stop between her dancers.

You looked up in shock trying to remain calm while Undyne’s eye focused on you intently. The crowd all exchanged looks of expectancy. But that wasn’t what currently had your heart threatening to explode from your chest. Sans was also watching. His eyelights watching you with a ferocity you weren’t familiar with.

You took a breath, closing your eyes to ground yourself. And listened to the music. There was no one to judge you, you were alone. Back in his dance studio just letting it out. No matter who hurt you you could always escape, you always had a net of safety and love in dancing that nothing else could offer you. You were you and nothing in this moment mattered but feeling, not Undyne or
Sans, not Roasty or Amalia and sure as hell not Brent.

Your eyes shot open.

_No he can't read my poker face_

_(She's got me like nobody)_

You spun out, one leg dragging to meet the other as your arms moved up and down while making your hands flutter just as Undyne’s had. Your eyes locked on Sans and you thought back to the roof, frustration and awe combining to make your moves snappish and fluid. You sauntered forward with the dancers, the two keeping up with expert practice.

You stopped and flashed your hands like Undyne had switching your expressions as Sans watched you, taking the time to mimic the action across his face just barely inches from touching him. The fish monster guffawed at your display, Sans shooting her a glare, just as you dropped into a hand stand and flipped backwards landing perfectly on your feet. The dancers following in tandem.

_Can't read my_  
_Can't read my_  
_No he can't read my poker face_  
_(She is gonna let nobody)_

You ran a hand through your hair fluttering your hands over your face as you dipped up and down, your leg stretching and retracting in tune. You dropped to touch your toes and did a twirl as you stood. You looked up to notice Undyne had slid in beside you her single eye watching you happily as she began to match your moves. You couldn’t help but smile.

_P p p poker face, p p p poker face_  
_(Muh muh muh muh)_

You and Undyne both sauntered your hips twisting and turning together like you’d been doing this together for ages. She swung her arm out and you copied her, bringing them into the clock shape moving them up and down as one. Your feet moving you around each other but keeping you both facing forward.

_P p p poker face, p p p poker face_  
_(Muh muh muh muh)_

You and Undyne faced each other fluttering your hands across both your own and the others face as you both switched expressions with perfect timing, your heads turning side to side between changes. You both laughed as you pulled away and danced to the lyrics. Undyne willingly falling behind you so as you could lead.

With no one to focus on your eyes locked back onto Sans, his eyelights hazing slightly as you led the group closer towards him.

_I won't tell you that I love you_  
_Kiss or hug you_
You waggled a finger in a 'no' gesture, your face a dangerous smirk. You watched as his grin faltered for but a moment going back quickly into its lazy state. Sans had just reacted to you. It made you increase your efforts, spurning a new feeling into your limbs. A smugness making you run a hand along your arm and chest lazily before snapping them up and down to your sides, your eyes not breaking contact even to blink.

'Cause I'm bluffing with my muffin

You pulled a move from Undyne and turned sideways thrusting against your hand. Sans frowned and you vaguely heard Undyne woot behind you copying the move.

I'm not lying I'm just stunning with my love glue gunnin'

You winked at him and made a gun sign with your fingers, pulling an imaginary trigger at him before falling sideways so the dancers could catch you and lift you upwards. Sans sockets not leaving you for a moment as they tossed you up and caught you.

Just like a chick in the casino

Take your bank before I pay you out

Undyne moved up beside you moving her hand out to you which you took with your own, sliding then pulling apart to snap your fingers together. Your bodies arching and twisting outwards and bringing you both back to back.

I promise this, promise this

Check this hand cause I'm marvelous

You both bent sideways your hands slowly dragging across your own faces and then snapping straight to fan at them as you tilted your heads back and forth. The two dancers behind you mimicking and twirling as they mimicked.

Can't read my

Can't read my

No he can't read my poker face

(She's got me like nobody)

You both faced each other, locking hands as you both leaned backwards and snapped up to lean to the side in alternating moves, your bodies swaying like a wave. The dancers alternated who covered their own face above your interlocked hands depending on which side the other leaned. Undyne and you pulled up one more time and spun to face forward again both your hands falling to your knees and wavering your knees as you tossed your heads back in a slow roll.

Can't read my

Can't read my

No he can't read my poker face

(She is gonna let nobody)

Undyne fell back once more, secretly sliding off the stage behind you with her dancers. You
glanced back and nearly faltered till a whistle made you face Sans, Undyne standing tall behind him and signaling you forward.

You sauntered and almost stumbled. Your eyes snapped up nervously and you froze. Sans was intently watching you, his normally flat teeth showing the hint of a canine in the corner as his eyelights flickered. You had no idea what that expression was but it was like a pull. You straightened and moved with purpose.

With intent.

*Can't read my Can't read my Can't read my Can't read my poker face*

*(She is gonna let nobody)*

You stopped directly in front of him; Undyne’s interested stare going unnoticed as you stomped and threw your shoulders back snapping them forward as you covered your face and then spread your hands out, rotating them around your face. Each expression coming out neutral and angry as you thought back on every look Sans had given you before finally landing on a smile both promising and teasing.

You watched as Sans’ sockets widened, the sound of an inhale making your chest tight as a warmth shot through your body in reaction.

*P p p poker face, p p p poker face*

*(Muh muh muh muh)*

You spun and turned, your hips and shoulders swaying as your arms reached out above you, your legs interlocking and grinding. Undyne rolled her single eye over to Sans and then over to you, taking in your suggestive dance. She smirked and bit back a chortle. You didn’t even realize what you were doing.

*P p p poker face, p p p poker face*

*(Muh muh muh muh)*

As the music started to reach its final stages you faced Sans head on; bending towards him dangerously close, your breath and his intermingling, making his socket narrow and teeth clench right before you bent and fell backwards into a handstand. Twisted your legs to guide you into a series of cartwheels flinging you towards the center of the stage. Landing in a split just as the song ended with your hands covering one side of you face. The half that was exposed was a beaming smile as bright as the sun.

Slowly you came down. Your mind clearing and steadying as the rhythm of the music and the rush of adrenaline left you.

You looked up panting as you watched Undyne and Sans stare at you; Undyne rather pleasantly stunned and Sans...well you didn’t know what the look was that he was giving you.

As the silence stretched it suddenly broke as Undyne let out a rib breaking laugh. Her body hunched over in glee as the rest of the monsters gathered started to clap and cheer. You hesitantly
got to your feet and walked over only for the giant fish woman to put you into a head lock and rub her knuckles almost painfully into your head.

“THAT WAS FUN-FUCKING-TASTIC! YOU HAVE A SPONSOR YOU BRAT!” You shot up as she released you and looked at her in shock.

“A-are you serious?” Undyne didn’t answer as she snapped her fingers, one of her back up dancers rushing over with a thick stack of cash and dropping it into one of your hands. You stared at it dumbly and held it to your chest, cradling it. It was fifteen thousand dollars; exactly half the amount of the dance off prize money.

It was more than enough to cover your schooling and then some.

It was unbelievable it had just been given to you so willingly. You couldn’t stop the sob that slipped out as you looked back up at Undyne.

“T-thank you…” You whimpered. Undyne at first looked shocked and then smiled softly, patting you rather vigorously on the shoulder.

“You earned it Punk, just like your gonna wipe the floor at dance offs now that I’m sponsoring you.” You chuckled weakly and turned to thank Sans, pulling up short to see him vanishing into the crowd that had gathered. You turned to Undyne to excuse yourself and chased after him, muttering thanks at passing compliments and statements. When you finally breached the crowd you ended up outside and caught Sans rounding the side of the building.

“Sans!” You called out to him. He stopped and didn’t turn to face you, only moving his head slightly to show he was listening. You fought to find the words, your heart still racing from the vigorous dance you’d performed. You wiped your sweat drenched forehead and took a breath before speaking.

“I-I…I don’t know how to thank you…this…you don’t know what this means to me.”

“i did it for paps. he doesn’t make friends often.” He said simply. You clutched the money like a lifeline.

“You didn’t have to though. And that means the world to me.” You whispered thickly. Sans turned and looked at you, his eyelights measuring.

“you really care about dancing don’t you?” You stared at him, your eyes filling with an emotion so powerful no one would’ve been able to define it.

“I love dancing.” You replied passionately. Your eyes locked and you felt something tug inside you.

**Th-Thump**

You moved forward boldly and wrapped your arms around him, his body stiffening. But he didn’t move to push you away.

“Thank you. Sans.” You whispered taking a moment to hold him, the bizarre smell of ketchup and chalk calming you.

He felt so warm, just like his hand had been. And surprisingly soft?

When you pulled back you saw his face looked conflicted almost torn, his canine showing as his
You found yourself oddly blushing because of it.

Slowly as he stared at you his canine vanished and the look on his face went neutral.

And then he glowered.

“don’t mention it.” he snapped, his harshness making you jump but not cower. He stared at you silently, your cheeks turning even redder the longer he did. And then he abruptly turned and vanished, leaving you lost in thought before glancing down.

You sighed silently at the money you were holding. It wouldn’t be too smart to walk home holding it would it? You pulled out your phone and texted Roast as you rushed back inside to get Undyne’s number before leaving. It took some struggle to get back to her but the crowd eventually let you through.

“Sans took off did he?” Undyne asked casually saving her contact info in your phone.

“Yeah…he didn’t really seem comfortable here huh?” You asked uncertainly, noticing monsters gazing at where he’d left while muttering quietly to one another. Undyne blinked.

“Well can ya blame him?” You looked at her questioningly and she tilted her head before snorting.

“Are ya kidding me? You honestly don’t know? Do you have any idea who just asked me to sponsor you punk?” You frowned, shaking your head slowly. Undyne rubbed the back of her neck awkwardly, her face a mix of pain and nostalgia as she spoke.

“Sans was undefeated dance champion back underground. Six years straight. To this day he’s still considered the champion seeing as no one has been able to actually beat him for the title. Kinda hard to do when he doesn’t dance anymore.” Your breath hitched.

Sans had just used his reputation to get you into this whole thing and then acted as if it hadn't big deal at all. It shouldn't have surprised you to learn about this, you'd seen him dance. But the gravity of his decision didn't really hit home until hearing it from Undyne.

Didn't hurt as much until you realized how much he'd just done to help you.

“Must say, you being brought here by him is a surprise though.” Something about that statement made you nauseous. You grimaced and looked at her reluctantly.

“What do you mean?” Undyne hesitated, but as she resolved to speak Roasty’s familiar popping voice sounded behind you distracting the both of you. Undyne looked back down and smiled.

“Practice is at 4 am on Saturdays see ya then.” You wanted to press about what she’d been ready to tell you but decided against it. Something about it had disturbed her, disturbed you. You smiled and headed towards your friend, trying not to dwell on Undyne’s unsaid words. Choosing instead to focus on the immense kindness Sans had just shown you.

“Hey, lucky I was nearby. What were you doing here anyways?” Roast asked as you met her. You smiled.

“Long story.”

Undyne watched you leave in amusement, shouting for everyone to return to practice before
quickly pulling out her phone and dialing. It rang a few times before it was answered and Undyne giggled like a school girl before speaking.

“Hey babe, you won’t believe who just gave Sans a mating display…completely on accident.”
Chapter Notes

Almost 200 kudos!? AH! XD
Sorry it took me so long! Apparently when I say edit I mean--
REWRITE THE CHAPTER FOUR TIMES UGH
I hope you like it T_T

Toriel frowned at the man before her, his deceptively friendly smile flashing brilliantly. She knew why he was here, not that she could even do anything about it. She huffed as he adjusted his red silk tie, wiggling and then flattening it against his equally red suit.

“Can I help you Jared?” Toriel forced a cheerful tone as she eyed him, her blue orbs darkened with hostility. He chuckled as he took a seat across from her, the crinkling of the leather echoing in the stillness of her office.

She was going to have to burn that seat now, what a shame.

“I hear my son didn’t do too well on his exam.” Toriel clenched her hands together.

“He might’ve done better, if he hadn’t stormed off like a child.” Jared frowned, his eyes sparking dangerously. He never took too well to his son being criticized, that was probably why the boy was so spoiled and entitled to begin with.

“I expect his grade to be fixed Toriel. Least the head master learns of how you’re favoring a student.” He drawled out with false pleasantness that his face betrayed. Toriel barked a shrill laugh, her smile falling into a glare.

“I expect his grade to be fixed Toriel. Least the head master learns of how you’re favoring a student.” He drawled out with false pleasantness that his face betrayed. Toriel barked a shrill laugh, her smile falling into a glare.

“Which student would that be I wonder? Last I checked something had been done to her financial records. That was low Jared.” He feigned innocence, but didn’t deny it. He spoke like his actions were justified.

“She was a distraction for him. And I can’t have distractions ruining my plans for my son.” Toriel rolled her eyes.

So based on a whim of fancy it was alright to tear apart another’s future? Toriel loved humans, but sometimes they made her think…less than kind thoughts.

“Your son is set already to have a prominent future; being the first human in the dance offs coming up, one of the top of his class, and enough money to last him a lifetime without worry.” Toriel sent a challenging frown at him.

“Even sabotaged competition among his classmates to ensure he has any potential scouts eyeing him.” Jared smirked and merely shrugged. The audacity this particular human had.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath to still her righteous anger. She had a feeling Jared had
something to do with the recitals this whole time. If he wasn’t the most popular and famous human
dance coordinator and producer this side of the country, she’d have him in cuffs in a second.

As it was though he had way too much influence, too much power.

Six years wasn’t enough progress to put humans and monsters on equal footing...yet. She suddenly
wished the title she possessed but didn’t want held more authority.

“Y/n wasn’t a threat let alone a distraction to a single thing. You and your son were just being
petty.” Jared sighed.

“Rude. Doesn’t matter now though, does it?” He stood and once more messed with his tie as he
spoke, his attention apparently not worthy of gracing the goat monster in front of him.

“You will fix my son's grade Toriel, if you wish to keep your teaching position. Oh and another
thing.” She huffed but continued to listen.

“You ever embarrass him like that again and I’ll not only come after you, but your school as
well.” Toriel stiffened as he bent over the desk, both his hands sprayed wide as he grinned.

“I’ll even come after you politically. Trust me you don’t want that.” No, unfortunately she didn’t.
That would break down six years of monster progress on the surface. Fighting discrimination only
to be accused of it wouldn't be helpful. Toriel looked down and he chuckled.

“I think we’re done here—“ A soft knock interrupted him. They both exchanged a mild look before
Toriel peered over and answered. A soft smile on her lips as Jared fumed. He hated being cut off
mid-sentence.

“Come in.” Slowly you pushed open Toriel’s office door and stopped, looking between Toriel and
the mysterious man in front of her. One glance at him and you frowned. Something felt off about
him, almost familiar. Toriel stood slowly and walked over to you, her eyes wide and curious.

You swallowed gently and smiled.

“I don’t know if you heard about my loan yet…” Toriel shot a glance over her shoulder before
frowning gently down at you. Her soul heavy with sorrow that she didn’t have the power to help.

She prepared herself to hear you ask for an extension, more time to make your payment on your
education. She prepared herself not to cry when she’d have to say it wasn’t possible. No one
was exempt form financial deadlines.

She held such high hopes for you too, the lowest passing student to enter this school you had
shown such promise with how eager your practices had been taken. You’d even been humble
enough to befriend monsters, not many of your race would do that even today. This hurt.

She despised Jared.

“I did.” Toriel forced her voice to be steady. You stared at the ground and took a shaky breath
before reaching into the jacket you’d put on and extracted the money you’d been given. Toriel
gasped as you held it out to her. All of her previous concerns and thoughts washed away in the span
of seconds. Her azure eyes were disbelieving as she looked at it and back up to you in question.

“I…um managed to get the money to cover what was left.” Jared shot up ramrod straight and
glared at Toriel’s back as she smiled at you, the weight in her soul easing. Apparently Jared wasn’t
powerful enough when it came to your dedication. She had to fight not to turn and revel at what she
was sure was Jared's shocked face.

“How?” Your instructor asked softly, as she took the money from you.

“Sans...he helped me get it.” Toriel chuckled.

“Of course. He has always been a considerate monster.” You didn’t know what to say to that but nodded in agreement anyways. You obviously didn’t know the side of Sans that she did, but you hoped you’d be able to eventually. His help had definitely left you reevaluating your feelings about him...you should probably go see him today.

Toriel patted you on the head, the motherly action making you blush.

“Go on, I’ll make sure your payment is received.” You waved as you turned and left, Toriel’s smile following you out. Jared gritted his teeth as Toriel turned back to face him smirking.

“I believe you were about to say we were done here. If you don’t mind I have a certain bunny in the financial department to see.” They both stared at each other, one in hatred and the other in defiance.

Jared forced a smile.

“Pleasure talking as always.” Toriel moved decidedly back as he passed, making sure he couldn’t brush her in passing. Once he was gone she took a deep breath and sighed.

She tried every day not to liken Brent to his father but the more she met the man the harder it was to see their differences. She shouldn’t feel joy from seeing someone leave angrily, shouldn’t feel suffocated just from them being in the room. She didn’t want to judge Brent on the sins of his father. But it was getting harder. She looked down at the money you’d handed her and smiled.

You still had a chance here. You had managed in your hour of need to get help, and it was from one of the last monsters she expected. She chuckled, she owed Sans a pie for this one.

It was a victory, a small one, but a victory nonetheless.

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This was a terrible idea.

You shifted your feet as you tried to balance the pizza boxes on one arm, the other reaching out to knock on the door in front of you. You gave three gentle knocks and waited, your thoughts drifting back to this morning.

It had taken a lot of apologizing and Chinese food to get Roast and Amalia to stop being mad at you.

You winced as you recalled how Roast had went on a tirade about how ‘you should’ve come with us’ and things about signing you up for karate or whatnot from Amalia. And as fun as that sounded you refused to let them spend a dime on the idea.

Thankfully their anger hadn’t lasted long quickly replaced with bewilderment when you’d told them about Undyne and the dance offs.

Amalia had been shocked but Roast, she had been absolutely ecstatic. Turns out you were going to not only be practicing at The Underground but with them as well.
You could feel the blisters already.

But you felt it would be worth it in the long run, you could only get better right? Especially with someone like Undyne training you. You just didn’t look forward to being that poor monster you’d seen her going off on.

And now you were here, not only had you guiltily recalled how Papyrus had mentioned about coming to visit but you had yet to properly thank Sans. It had only been a day but that felt long enough to put this off. Which was why you were currently in front of their house.

Holding pizza. Nervously.

You held your breath as you knocked once more this time a bit louder. You were still greeted with silence. Just as you considered turning away the door suddenly opened to a grinning Papyrus; donning sombrero printed pajamas.

“Y/N!” He greeted enthusiastically, his sockets glancing at the pizzas and back to you. You swallowed. Maybe you should’ve texted before coming over. You had been in such a rush to do this you hadn’t thought about it.

“Oh, were you sleeping?” Papyrus shook his head.

“NO, SANS AND I WERE PREPARING TO HAVE OUR BROTHERLY MOVIE NIGHT.” You felt yourself blush in embarrassment.

“I’m sorry I can come back—“ Before you could finish the taller monster was already guiding you into the house. You jumped as the door slammed shut behind you, the loud noise not fazing Papyrus in the slightest.

You really needed to get used to that; slamming was a common thing with him.

“DON’T BE RIDICULOUS! YOU’RE ALREADY HERE AND I DON’T THINK SANS WILL MIND THE COMPANY, ESPECIALLY SEEING AS YOU BROUGHT FOOD…GREASY FOOD.” You mentally cringed at the pause in his words, how could you keep forgetting Papyrus hated greasy food as much as puns?!

You smiled in apology as he lifted the boxes from your grasp and placed them on the coffee table, your eyes going wide as you took in the center of the living room.

“Is that…a pillow fort?” It was absolutely massive; it took up what looked like the entire area of the living room from the table all the way up to the edge of the television, stretching high enough that it hit the ceiling! Glancing over it you were pretty sure it was made with nothing but pillows and blankets all perfectly stacked to where they wouldn’t crumble with jarring.

You wondered briefly how that was possible but refrained from asking. He wasn't like Roast, all he would probably say was 'magic' anyways. Where the television was though you could see an opening perfect for viewing, no matter where you choose to lay or sit in the fort it looked lined up so well you wouldn’t miss a single inch of the screen.

Papyrus smirked proudly at your reaction.

“INDEED MY BROTHER AND I MAKE THEM EVERY MOVIE NIGHT IN FACT. SANS! COME OUT Y/N IS HERE!” You jumped as you saw the fort wiggle slightly before a blanket on the side of it lifted, Sans sockets widening as he observed and registered your presence. You felt your face heat up as you noticed he was wearing a simple plain white t-shirt, rumbled from
possible napping, his arms almost fully exposed.

You were speechless and just simply stared back at him. This was the first time you’d ever seen him without his hoodie you realized.

It felt…almost naughty.

Where bones supposed to be that white? That smooth looking? They were thicker than what bones would be considered to…wait…you forgot he wasn’t made of actual bone. Magical bone, not physical. But that wasn’t helping your train of thoughts any.

You swallowed and tried to pull your gaze away but couldn’t. It was too new of a sight for you. God you were rude weren’t you!?

Sans sockets went half-mast as he watched you, his grin solid and unmoving.

“sup.”

**Th-Thump**

Was it chilly in here? You wondered as you crossed your arms in defense. You didn't notice Sans's hand on the lifted blanket twitch only how Sans didn’t look away from you, his sight boring a hole into your head as Papyrus started to speak.

“Y/N CAME WITH FOOD THAT I’M SURE YOU’LL ENJOY. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE WONDERFUL FOR HER TO JOIN US THIS EVENING.” Sans slowly panned his eyelights over to Papyrus and then down to the pizza before focusing back on you.

“food huh?” You looked down as you cleared your throat and forced a smile, the words coming out in a rush.

“Yeah, I know I said thank you already but…I really wanted to try and show it. Plus I wanted to spend some time with Papyrus. I wasn’t aware you were both having some brotherly stuff going on, I’m sorry.” You quickly finished what you were saying; the last thing you needed was Sans possibly getting annoyed when your speaking. If he wasn’t annoyed already.

You fought not to flinch as he hauled himself up from the pillows, his eyelights staring at you a bit longer before he turned and sauntered over to the pizza. You held your breath as he lazily flipped open a lid and eyed it, his grin stretching slightly. You didn’t exhale until you saw his sockets crinkle and watched as he withdrew a piece, purposefully making a long string of cheese pull taunt and snap.

Papyrus rolled his sockets at Sans deliberate show as the shorter skeleton took a bite. You gasped silently.

His mouth could open?

You watched him ‘chew’ by flexing his jaw and take another slow bite; what you had thought was a wall of solid singular teeth separating right in the middle into two upper and lower rows. Your eyebrows shot up as you spotted a black void behind them that looked to shimmer vaguely as he bit down.

*How?*

“REALLY SANS! AT LEAST GET A PLATE!” Papyrus commented already slightly irritated at
his older brother's purposeful taunting at him.

“ok.” You blinked as a plate hovered out of the kitchen and landed on the table next to the boxes. Sans could open his mouth and float things? You stared in awe at the shorter monster who took another slow bite of his pizza, the motion obviously meant to provoke Papyrus.

“SANS. USE. THE PLATE.” Papyrus deadpanned.

“ok.” You snorted as it hovered and began to spin in the air around the taller skeleton’s head, Sans sockets closed in glee as he continued to eat. Papyrus pinched the bridge of his nasal socket in frustration before looking at you tiredly.

“I APOLOGIZE FOR SANS’S RUDE BEHAVIOR, WHY DON’T YOU GO SELECT THE FIRST MOVIE. THE REMOTE SHOULD BE IN THE FORT SOMEWHERE.” You hesitated for a moment glancing at Sans but he seemed too preoccupied messing with his brother, who was now trying to grab the plate form the air. Well if he didn’t protest you guessed you were welcome to stay.

Thank you Joe’s Pizzeria!

Carefully you lifted the blanket that Sans had come from and wiggled your way in.

It wasn’t that hard to enter to your surprise, it was snug but not suffocating and dear lord how many pillows were in here?! If you didn’t know better you’d have thought you were in a fully padded room!

You weren’t were you? You hadn’t gone insane yet right?

You felt your hand brush something and looked down to find the remote Papyrus had mentioned trapped half way between two pillows.

You tugged it free and looked up to find you’d been right; it was an exact perfect view of the television, which was currently sitting on a list of pay-per-view movies.

Deciding it was fine to be in this comfy prison you adjusted yourself right in the center of the space and sighed as you slightly sank into it. It was like sitting on a cloud, your sore muscles crying out in joy as they went limp against the plush cotton. This felt nice, you couldn’t remember the last time you’d been in a pillow fort.

Were you eight? Nine?

Now the only thing missing was a nice blanket.

You hummed as you glanced over to see two plush blankets conveniently pushed to the side, one solid orange and the other a light blue. They must’ve already been tucked in when you’d come knocking you figured. No wonder it had taken a minute for Papyrus to answer.

You thought about wrapping Papyrus’s blanket around you but with how tall he was it didn’t look like sharing might be possible. And Sans...was Sans, you wouldn’t dare to think touching it was fine. Besides maybe the cold you felt in the house would warm up the longer you were in here. Ignoring them you went to scrolling.

It wasn’t long before you felt the jostling of the fort to your left and Papyrus slid in, carrying two plates with slices of pizza on them and a big bowl of popcorn. You both exchanged a smile as you took one of the plates and Papyrus settled the bowl onto your lap. You raised a brow in confusion.
“YOU’RE IN THE MIDDLE.” He stated simply.

Wait in the middle?

You tensed as you felt the fort jostle again, this time Sans sliding in next to you but keeping a good distance between both of you.

You felt your face flush as he casually leaned over and grabbed a fist full of the popcorn and popped it into his mouth. The space behind his teeth shimmering slightly as the popcorn vanished into it. Did…did he have a magical black hole in his mouth?

You forced yourself to look forward, the burning questions in the back of your head forcibly forgotten as both skeletons pulled up their blankets and leaned back into the pillows and watched as you resumed scrolling.

“A-any suggestions?” You stuttered trying to ignore as Sans reached in for another handful, a side glance at him showing him eyeing you with a closed socket as he popped the snack into his mouth. If you didn’t know Sans as well as you thought you did you might’ve considered that teasing.

That’s what teasing was right? How he stared and slowly almost comically ate his food? You frowned; or did he simply know you were curious about his mouth? Your thoughts were just all over the place.

Papyrus drew your focus as he took a bite of his pizza with a grimace. You hopped he wasn’t trying to simply be polite and force the food down.

“HOW ABOUT THAT NEW MARVEL MOVIE?” Papyrus pointed to the title as he swallowed thickly. You hovered over it but stalled on playing it with a snort from Sans.

“bro, we’ve seen that four times already.” Papyrus frowned and looked down at you.

“I SUPPOSE WE COULD WATCH SOMETHING ELSE.” You kind of wanted to relent at his tone but from how Sans had reacted you had the distinct feeling he wasn’t in the mood for the hero movie. And you weren’t about to upset either brother on purpose. Papyrus because you hated seeing him sad and Sans because you personally felt like he might murder you.

“How about some comedy?” You asked stopping at a listing for 'The Lego Movie'. Sans snickered as Papyrus visibly shook, his voice making a high pitched whine.

“ARE YOU AND MY BROTHER IN CAHOOTS!?! THAT MOVIE IS JUST AWFUL! SANS WOULDN’T STOP QUOTING IT FOR WEEKS!” Sans gave a bright smile as he eyed his sibling.

“would you like a glass of ice water?” You bit your lip as Papyrus glared at Sans.

“DON’T.” The shorter skeleton’s smile only got bigger as he grabbed some more popcorn and threw it passed his teeth, cracking a socket mischievously.

“too bad!” Sans said with a shrug making Papyrus shout in frustration. You fought not to chuckle and continued to scroll through the movies.

After a little while you all settled on watching the new Dumbo from Disney. Papyrus was happy, he was so wrapped up in it his sockets never left the screen even as he reached and grabbed at the
popcorn like a practiced pro, not a single piece falling from his hold. Sans looked mildly interested, his head propped up as he leaned on an elbow to watch with his sockets half lidded.

It was at this point the cold of the brother’s house started to get to you.

“Hey Papyrus?” He made a noise to show he was listening.

“What…what temperature do you keep the thermostat?” Sans glanced over at your question and looked at Papyrus.

“I KEEP IT AT 55 WHEN WE DON’T HAVE…GUESTS.” He paused in his viewing to look over at you as it just registered with him. A look of shock passing across his face.

“OH I’M SO SORRY! I FORGOT THAT HUMANS NEED TO BE KEPT WARM!” Papyrus looked like he was about to get up but stopped as you followed his look to see Sans readjusting and tossing half of his blanket over you.

It took a long beat of silence as both you and Papyrus realized what Sans had just done. You glanced at him with a blush so deep you thought you were going to combust.

Th-Thump

He frowned scrupulously as he casually looked back at the screen.

“OH BROTHER…HOW…KIND OF YOU.” Papyrus tried uncertainly as he looked between the both of you. His brows raised in confusion. Sans however kept his sockets on the movie, his body now angled further away from you.

“don’t want you to miss the movie bro. she’ll survive till it finishes.” You sat tensely for about half the movie afraid to accidentally pull the blanket too close or to make it accidentally fall from Sans's body. But as soon as a musical number started you began to relax, enjoying as Papyrus sang along with the song.

Soon you were singing and laughing along with him, his arm tossed over your shoulder as you both swayed to the beat. You didn’t notice the way Sans eyelights hazed as he watched the both of you nor the small chuckle that escaped him.

Suffice to say Papyrus and you completely forgot about getting another blanket.

It was close to midnight when everyone began to feel sleepy, Papyrus’s head bobbing up and down as he fought to stay awake and Sans yawning like a freight train. Which of course was contagious so you ended up yawning to. Sans sat up fully and looked at Papyrus, ignoring the main character on screen as they gave a speech.

“want to call it a night bro?” Papyrus’s head snapped up with a start and looked at the both of you blearily.

“Not Really.” His voice responded unusually quiet.

“Hey, if you’re tired you should get some rest.” You reassured with concern as his head tried to bob again. Papyrus remained stubbornly silent as he leaned further back and refocused on the movie Sans had picked. Said skeleton sighed.

“how about some coffee bro?” Papyrus made a cute nyeh sound in agreeance as he looked over at you.
“Coffee Y/n?” You smiled and pulled his blanket further over him, up to his chin.

“Sure. Sounds good.” Papyrus turned his sockets back towards the screen again with an appreciative hum. You felt the fort rustle and then frowned as you noticed Sans had left. He would probably make you a cup just based on Papyrus being the one that offered you realized.

That wasn’t exactly fair.

You looked down at the blanket still covering you and hastily pushed it off, intent on helping with the drinks. You stepped out and huffed with a shiver. You could see your breath! How did they survive?! You suddenly missed the warmth of the fort.

Slowly you made your way to the kitchen and stopped just short of the doorway, the curtain that usually covered it pulled back with a rubber band.

Sans was standing there lazily pouring coffee grounds into a silver coffee maker, his movements slow and precise. You took in his appearance curiously. His shirt was well beyond wrinkled and his shorts looked slightly slumped, you could’ve probably seen the tip of a hip bone if his shirt hadn’t been so long.

And you noticed he was walking around in just socks...white silk ones. Socks came in silk? That was…really cu—Whoa!

You blinked your eyes rapidly. Where had that train of thought come from? You froze to see him facing you, his back resting against the counter as the machine ran. He hadn’t noticed you staring at his feet had he? You pressed you lips into a line and ended up speaking.

“I-I was wondering if you needed help…or something.” You automatically explained. How did he do that? All he had to do was look at you and you were running away at the mouth. You hated being a ball of anxiety ridden nerves. He raised a bony brow and shrugged.

“don’t see how much help you’d be.” You…probably should’ve seen a remark like that coming. You looked down ashamedly, the bluntness of his tone stinging slightly. He probably had caught you staring, or maybe it was just the fact you were there at all.

“Are you upset I came over tonight?” His silence was deafening. A small dinging sound made you look up as Sans turned to pour the freshly brewed liquid into mugs. His stance was still relaxed and he didn’t seem particularly hostile. Reluctantly you inched your way over and stood next to him as you watched him work, his phalanges barely making any noise against the hard porcelain of the sugar dish.

“i don’t care that you came.” You looked over at him as he mixed some sugar into one of the mugs slowly, his eyelights turning denser, harder.

“stop acting like it’s such a big deal.” You swallowed and looked towards the sink, unsure about how to take his statement.

Was he bothered that you were worried about how he felt? Had you been acting out of character so much that it had annoyed him?...Was he simply telling you to relax? It was confusing. But it was the first time he’d willingly responded to a question of yours that wasn’t necessary.

“how do you take your coffee?” You jumped as you were jarred from your thoughts and stared at him.

Was he bothered that you were worried about how he felt? Had you been acting out of character so much that it had annoyed him?...Was he simply telling you to relax? It was confusing. But it was the first time he’d willingly responded to a question of yours that wasn’t necessary.
dislike you.

“Here I can do it.” You offered reaching for the untouched mug. Sans frowned, reaching forward to prevent you from taking it.

“what are you—“ He had already gripped it when your hand came forward, accidentally wrapping around his. Your eyes widened as his eyelights visibly constricted and a seam once more drew across his flat teeth, his canines becoming prominent.

Th-Thump

You felt his hold go slack and the cup tumbled onto the counter splattering the black liquid everywhere, letting it run and pool along the edges as droplets hit Sans's shirt, staining it. You couldn't bring yourself to look at the mess, your eyes were locked on the monster next to you.

Sans looked…feral, his expression livid and his chest heaved up and down deeply like he was gasping for air slowly. His sockets narrowed and his eyelights snapped to you, an aura of restrained violence thickening the air with the scent of petrichor.

“don’t. touch. me.” He grounded out, his voice a solid three octaves lower than normal.

Hastily you withdrew your hand from his and the atmosphere began to gradually thin. You were confused. He had touched you before, even shared a blanket with you tonight. But the minute you had accidentally touched his hand it was like a thread of sanity had snapped.

A part of you shook in fear…but another part…

Th-Thump

Wasn’t terrified at all.

“Why did you help me?” You spewed the words out before you could think. You knew it wasn’t because of Papyrus. You and Papyrus weren’t that close that it would’ve prompted Sans to help you. So that excuse he had used had been hollow, empty.

So why?

Sans's angered glare faded as he stared at you, his teeth once more going flat as his breathing evened out and slowly he turned to look back at the spilled coffee. He was silent for a long minute as he slowly leaned down to a cupboard and pulled out a dish cloth.

Finally he spoke up, his voice still thick from his anger.

“because you have potential.” He muttered as he focused on cleaning the mess, the cloth absorbing and spreading the coffee everywhere with each stroke.

“Potential? For dancing?” You questioned quietly. You looked at him. You didn’t realize how much Sans opinion on this even mattered until now.

He paused in his cleaning and arched a brow, it was like he could read your thoughts as he stared at you, before rolling his eyelights in the depths of his sockets.

“so long as you care, there’s always potential for the things you love.” That…struck a cord with you. But was love really enough? Could simply caring get you very far at all in this cutthroat school? In this harsh world?
Sans watched you as you struggled, your eyes becoming wet. He tossed the cloth into the sink, his eyelights focusing on it intently. After a moment he looked back over at you, his eyelights hazing again.

“knock knock.” You slowly focused on him and blinked at his words. Was…he telling you a joke? That was a big surprise, the only time you’d seen him joke was with his family. And hadn’t he just been angry a second ago?

“Uh…who’s there?” Sans closed his sockets as he gently smiled, his hands moving to finish the coffees. He looked rather nice when he smiled. It was different from the one he’d given you previously; this one was carefree and lazy.

Was this the version of Sans everyone else saw? The Sans that was talked about so affectionately? You couldn’t help the contagiousness of it and returned one of your own.

“boo.” Your nose scrunched up as you tried not to laugh. You knew this joke. His smile only seemed to widen as if he sensed your reaction.

“Boo who?” He cracked a socket at you.

“It’s just a knock knock joke, no need to cry about it.”

“Pfft!” You cupped a hand over your mouth as you snorted disgustingly. The joke wasn’t even funny but for some reason the way Sans had said it made it hilarious, the confidence from which he had delivered it and his smugness just tickling something inside you.

You looked up and smiled through your chuckling, meeting Sans observing gaze.

“That was awful!” His eyelights brightened, one of the corners of his smile lifting slightly. Something about that look made your cheeks heat up.

Th-Thump

Sans grin strained and the silence between you both stretched, the previously tense vibe in the room settling and turning into…something else. He broke eye contact first and turned to retrieve your coffee, handing it to you silently. You made sure not to brush his hand as you took it.

“let’s get back to the movie.” You glanced down at the coffee you held, perfectly brown just as you liked it. You hadn’t even gotten the chance to say how you liked it in the first place. Slowly you looked back up to watch Sans leave, both his and his brother’s drinks in his hands.

It was weird but you felt like he was starting to see you as a friend. Slowly, but he was. The thought made you smile wider.

You stopped to think about all the time it took to end up here. All those previous stares he’d given you, the glares that had turned your blood to ice, and now those smiles he’d let slip. You chuckled as you thought back to his snort at game night. You’d made him laugh that night hadn’t you?

A little bit of hope warmed you. You were finally starting to feel accepted. You guessed the one thing that had prevented you from feeling that way...had been Sans. Everyone seemed to love him and him them.

By him being as cruel as he'd been it must've chased any feeling of acceptance away. But now that he was smiling and joking with you...you were starting to finally feel it.
Like maybe just a little…

You fit in somewhere.
Update whoot! And 220+ Kudos!! XD
I must be doing something right! Right? :3
Enjoy!
Oh the song
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aTvUSzKlUKY

See the end of the chapter for more notes

~War of Hearts~

Come to me

In the night hours

Sans held out a skeletal hand, his glare that he reserved specifically for you fading and slowly turning into a teasing grin as he winked a socket. Hesitantly you reached out and silently accepted his offered hand. The fear and anxiousness you had come to associate him with gone and hidden, tucked away far from your mind.

I will wait for you

And I can’t sleep

It was uplifting as he pulled you gently into him, a sigh escaping you as he wrapped an arm around your waist. A relaxing calm and sense of completion settled over you as you looked up into his sockets. His eyelights were hazed and flickering over your face, a feeling you weren’t familiar with in his gaze.

’Cause thoughts devour

Thoughts of you consume

Slowly as if you were fragile, he brought up the hand you had taken and still holding you ghosted the tips of his phalanges against your cheek causing a shiver to run down your back and your chest to tighten. You leaned into the touch and he cupped the side of your face in response. He smiled so brilliantly your eyes widened in unshed tears.

Ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh

He looked nothing like the Sans you were used to; he looked happier, less indifferent and numb, less angry. Carefully he retook your hand and began to lead you both into a small spin, his
eyelights focused on your face as if it was the only thing in existence.

I can’t help but love you

Even though I try not to

It was similar to when you’d seen him on the roof, you could hear music that wasn’t there naturally playing as he expertly danced you into a figure eight. You couldn’t help a giggle escaping you as he unexpectedly gave you a shallow dip, swinging you gently to the side as he brought you back up. A sound of amusement coming from him at your laughter.

I can’t help but want you

I know that I’d die without you

A part of you wanted to speak, to talk about how this was making you feel as he held you and moved with you as naturally as rain fell from the sky. But the way his sockets crinkled and his grin lifted at the corners you could tell he knew what you were thinking, your thoughts communicated to him silently in a way that shouldn’t be possible. And you could tell just from a small tilt of his head…that he felt the same.

Stay with me a little longer

I will wait for you

He lifted you easily into the air, your body instinctively leaning forward as he spun you before returning you to your feet where your back came into soft contact with his chest.

Shadows creep

And want grows stronger

Deeper than the truth

You leaned your head back against his shoulder as his hands slowly ran along your sides and stomach, his face brushing softly against your neck where his breath left you quivering in his hold. You felt his hand bunch in your dress for a moment before retaking your hand and spinning you out and back into him.

Ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh

Your hands moved on their own; brushing along his shoulders and chest making him shut his sockets as he vibrated beneath your touch. His hands fell to your hips and he twirled you around him, letting your body slide into various positions as you dipped and came into contact with the floor. His body arched over yours til finally he slid down and pulled you atop him, gently flipping you under and over him.

Ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh
Your hands would fling away from him and stretch against the floor each time he topped you, his hold tightening each moment before you’d end up above him gripping onto his hood and planting your face into his neck or against his chest. The dance felt so intimate it made your whole body quake and mind blank as he finally topped you one last time, his body slowly sliding down yours as his breath panted against your cloth covered skin while his hands kneaded your dress, releasing and clutching it as they slid down.

_I can't help but love you_

_Even though I try not to_

The expression on his face was thick and heavy with want that it made you cry out. Your reaction seemed to kick something primal in him and the next thing you knew he had stood and pulled you up and back into him fluidly. His hands roamed along your back as he planted his face into your neck, his feet continuing to maneuver you both around even as he drowned himself in your scent.

_I can't help but want you_

_I know that I'd die without you_

You turned your head aside and exposed your neck further to him as you both dipped and leapt together, your bodies becoming heightened as they rubbed and stroked against each other. Sans made a growl as his teeth brushed against your artery the sound making butterflies flutter inside you. You wanted him. And you wanted him to know that. A sigh escaped him at your thoughts and he pulled back to smile at you in wonder. You wanted him, after everything he’s done?

_I can’t help but be wrong in the dark_

'_Cause I’m overcome in this war of hearts_

You knew that was a question from him even though he wasn’t speaking, it was plain as day it was his thoughts reaching out to you. His very being calling to yours. You pressed your forehead against his as he dipped you and bent your leg up over his hip. Yes. You wanted him, and you forgave him for everything. He slowly stood you back up, his sockets going wide as he searched your face. You smiled weakly. You’d also forgive him for everything you knew he would do to you. Even though you didn’t know what it would be yet.

_I can’t help but want oceans to part_

'_Cause I’m overcome in this war of hearts_

He pulled you flush to him and held you like it would be the last thing he’d ever do, his face buried into your shoulder and neck as you felt his body shudder with a repressed sob even as you both continued to spin and turn without pause. You held him just as fiercely. You loved him, he was Sans, he was _your_ Sans.

_I can't help but love you_

_Even though I try not to_

The thought was enough that he pulled away and began to turn you. Pressed your back against him as his hands took yours and made them dance along with his across your body; both your interlaced fingers brushing and stroking along your stomach, arching up your sides, brushing against your collarbone and neck. You let out a small moan and he chuckled.
I can't help but want you

I know that I'd die without you

Playfully you turned surprising him and expertly spun him to where your positions were now reversed. He made a noise as you interlaced your hands once more and slowly traced his body; your hands pressing into the dip where cloth brushed spine and he sighed. You pressed a kiss to his vertebrae just under the back of his skull as your hands moved up to his chest, your finger tips and his phalanges barely pressing by in passing along his ribs and sternum.

I can't help but be wrong in the dark

'Cause I'm overcome in this war of hearts

His breath hitched and he moved the both of you to facing again, your body tightly wrapped in his arms as he looked at you with pure adoration and tenderness. It made you stop breathing in wonder and shock, how well those emotions fit on his face, how much it felt they belonged there.

Colors began to seep from the bottom of his sockets; shades of blues, reds, and purples running down like a flood of tears sliding over his still content and happy grin. The sight didn’t terrify you but it did make you feel sad, regretful? You felt your heart slam and your breathing stop as he slowly spun you out and brought you back into his embrace. Your penetrating gazes locked together.

Ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh

You jolted in surprise as he suddenly leaned in and captured your lips. Your heart exploded in your chest as rays of multiple colored lights engulfed you both. The kiss was gentle at first but quickly began to turn hungry, desperate as a whine escaped him. The sound made you whimper as you returned the kiss. It sounded so sad and hurt, he sounded so broken.

Ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh

It was then you started to feel the colors pouring from his sockets beginning to pool and gather over your face and his, smearing and smothering as you both fought to maintain the contact between you. But to your surprise the suffocating didn’t scare you, it was what you’d picture of a gentle drowning; one that didn’t hurt, if anything it made you happy and giddy as if you were finding a missing part of yourself. It was binding you both together, while at the same time making you both just out of the others reach.

~~

BEEP

BEEP

You slowly opened your eyes, the dredges of your dream fading as you slowly registered the
tangled sheets you were currently tied up in and the way your heart was racing like you’d just run a marathon.

You sat up slowly and hit your alarm clock silencing the annoying little thing and sighed. That dream had felt so nice, so…comforting. You frowned as you tried to think back on it, wanting to hold onto some part of it but the only thing you could recall was the song.

Pouting slightly you stood up and went to get ready, your body full of energy you weren’t used to.

That dream had also apparently super charged you.

You were humming happily and swaying your hips as you got the coffee ready, continuing to hum even as you brushed your teeth and made your bed. Today just felt so good! Today was going to be good! You swore silently.

Until your phone went off.

**Undyne:** Hey punk need you to come in today. No ditching out.

Your eyes widened and you felt your heart give a violent jolt. It wasn’t Saturday yet, it was only Friday! Sure it was only a day of difference but it was still a WHOLE day sooner. You frantically texted Roasty.

**You:** Undyne’s asking me to come in today!

You barely had to wait a full five minutes before she was responding.

**Roast:** Really? I’ll let Toriel know, I’m sure she’d be fine with us missing class today.

You ran your hand through you hair and bit your lip. That wasn’t the answer you hoped she’d give, but then again this was Roast and you should’ve known better. You honestly did not want to go in sooner than you needed and it was nerve wracking how eager Undyne was. You didn’t know if you’d be able to handle it...her...so soon without a little bit of prep time.

**You:** No it’s fine I need to keep my grades up anyways.

You took a deep breath as you stared at the sent message. Something felt wrong about how you had sent it. But you were nervous; what if you fell in front of Undyne would she snap at you and give up helping you? Would Roast be too embarrassed to ever want to be seen with you again? And what about Sans he’d put his very reputation on the line for you! Before your thoughts could spiral further your cell started ringing.

Of course Roast would call. You reluctantly answered.

“Y/n!” You flinched at your friend's stern tone.

“Hey! Morning Ro—“

“Do you want this?” Your words cut off at her abrupt question, your mind taking a second to register what she was talking about.

“I…I didn’t ask to be in this competition Roast.” You all but whispered. You heard a crackling sigh before she replied.

“You may not have asked but you are.” You stared at your wall silently.
“You love dancing don’t you?” She asked plainly.

“Of course I do!” You exclaimed caught off guard by her question. She should know just how much you loved it, it was your very life!

“Then what’s stopping you?” You paused. She continued.

“When you love something y/n, you fight for it. No matter who it is you have to fight or who sees you struggle to do so.” Roast reassured quietly. You hugged yourself as best you could.

“What if I mess up?” Roast snorted.

“Oh you’re going to! There’s no such thing as a smooth road y’know. And I’m here for you when you inevitably do.” She said in a preppy tone that you couldn’t help but laugh at. Amalia was really starting to rub off on her. Roast then went serious again.

“You do realize we’re all here for you right y/n? Everyone won’t stop caring just because you fumble from time to time.” You thought back on Sans’s words about potential and love. It started to make a little more sense. If Roast and everyone cared about you like she claimed then you could only improve right?

...right?

“Hey,” You wiped away a tear. “You’re going to do great Y/n, I know for a fact everyone feels that way…even Sans. He wouldn’t have lifted a finger for you if he felt otherwise. Don’t hold yourself back just because you feel you don’t measure up.” That was it. Those were the words that made you let out an ugly sob. It wasn’t long before Roast hung up and was knocking on your door. Reluctantly you let her in and let the fiery girl hold you while you let your worries just cascade down your face. Roast comforted you even as she put in calls to Toriel and Undyne, her calming words soothing you.

You were going, and she was there for you.

You had wanted today to be good so bad, but it was obviously not going to be a good day.

You stared numbly as Undyne coordinated a line of monsters into formation and had them time their steps so it looked like they were all doing a perfectly synced river dance chorus. According to Roast this was the line of monsters first time even doing this. You had a bad feeling that you were going to be held up to a very high standard. You swallowed as the monsters all leapt in perfect sync and switched out positions in a complicated pattern. The feeling only grew stronger in your chest.

Roast chuckled.

“You ok?” You glumly looked over at her with a weak smile before turning back to watch the display, your smile quickly falling away into a frown. Roast placed a hand on your shoulder.

“Hey, you’re going to be fine. Undyne may look harsh and everything but she’ll understand you need a bit more practice and patience.” Looking at how tightly the intimidating fish was frowning at the perfectly dancing monsters in front of her you seriously doubted it. After a few more rounds of their perfect dancing and Undyne finding something somehow wrong with it you felt your stomach drop as she turned and saw you.

Welp, you had contemplated running away for a moment.

“Hey!” Roast greeted with a wave, earning a smile from the fish monster as she signaled for the
floor to be cleared. Reluctantly you let the traitor of a fire elemental lead you over with a gentle hand on your back, Undyne’s excited grin making you dread each step closer that you took. It was when you both came to stop beside her that she made you yelp as she pulled you into a bone breaking hug.

She was so strong! You felt like you were turning blue from lack of air as she crushed you.

“There’s my little project!” Undyne cried as she finally dropped you back to your feet, where you just barely avoided face planting into the ground.

“Hey Undyne.” You greeted between fistfuls of air. She smirked and then frowned as her eye dropped down. She eyed your bandaged wrist, noticing it for the first time. Her tone became cautious.

“How did that happen?” She gestured.

“Bre—”

“It popped out of place! A while ago.” You were quick to cut off Roast who sent you a glare. You grimaced apologetically, but if word ever got back to Brent and he somehow got kicked out of the competition over this, you were worried what he’d try to do to her. Undyne looked back and forth between you suspiciously before finally shrugging.

“Are you going to be able to practice with that?” You blinked as you looked down at it wondering briefly if you could and then realized you’d had it bandaged for a while and laughed. It was probably fully healed by now.

“Oh, I should be able to, it’s been a few days anyways.” You commented as you began to slowly unwrap it. Your eyes went wide as they landed on the ribbon, still securely tied to your wrist. Had that been there the whole time? That…explained a few things. Undyne laughed.

“That a calming ribbon? As cool as I think those things are they’re banned from the competition, so no practicing with it. C’mon, off!” You untied it and suddenly…you didn’t want to be there...at all.

It was like you’d been in a fragile bubble of security and it had just popped. Your thoughts raced and every decision you’d made over the past few days came racing back in a completely different light making you audibly whimper.

A Band-Aid had been ripped off and you felt your breathing start to go slightly erratic. You had randomly just dropped by the skeleton’s house unannounced, broke down in a fit of tears in front of Sans, gotten into a lecture from Roasty and Amalia about how stupid you’d been, god you’d danced in front of all these strangers!

Undyne noticed the way your eyes dilated and how you body started to shake. You had anxiety, bad. She had not expected that.

“Hey!” You jumped as Undyne gave a loud clap in front of your face, her single eye watchful and attentive.

“I can see you freaking out, chill. This is nothing different from what you do in class every day, do you hear me?” You swallowed and forced your breathing to calm down as you looked at Undyne. She gave a wide smile as you stopped shaking. When had that started? You gave a small apology and Undyne chuckled.
“You’re not the first person to get worried about something as big as this. Won’t be the last either. Just remember this is about you, nothing else.” You felt like you didn’t believe her for a second but the way she was smiling convinced you. You gave a short nod and smiled. Maybe Roast was right, Undyne really did seem understanding and patient. You could do this.

Undyne was not patient.

You fell and repeatedly got to your feet with Roast’s help. Undyne sighing in frustration each time and rolling her eye as you continued to struggle. The fish monster even went so far as to demonstrate the move she’d ask you to do and would pull it off with barely a blink before expecting you to copy and perform at the level she had.

You did admit she was at least giving you multiple times to try before she’d lecture you but it didn’t help the embarrassment or lessen the sting of her disappointment.

“Like this!” She cried for the fifth time. “You balance on one hand and then use your weight and fingers to spin yourself before falling back onto your feet.” Undyne spoke as she demonstrated, her body perfectly supported in a single handstand as her fingers and hips subtly turned her before letting gravity pull her backwards onto her feet.

You looked at Roast who gave you a thumbs up in encouragement. You inhaled deeply and lifted yourself onto both hands. That was a success. Slowly you withdrew one hand…and promptly fell onto your back with a hiss. Undyne sighed as Roast ran over and once again helped you to your feet.

“I don’t get it.” Undyne huffed as she looked you up and down.

“You did way more complicated stuff the other day punk. The ribbon couldn’t have been that much of a difference so what—“ She cut herself off as she eyed you. You looked at Roast who shrugged and tried not to squirm in place under the taller monster’s sight. Undyne smirked mischievously as she turned away from you and pulled out her phone.

You automatically had a bad feeling.

“Uh…Undyne what are you doing?” She held up a finger to silence you as she waited for whoever she was calling to pick up. After about three more minutes she hung up and recalled, she did this four times before she finally shot a fist up in victory and spoke into it.

“Hey what are you doing?...Well that doesn’t surprise me.” Undyne finally turned back to face you and she had an absolute shit eating grin on her face.

You felt your shoulders slump as you realized who she had on the phone. There was only one person that you knew so far that enjoyed using that same expression when he was talking to Undyne. And right now she was using it in the same manner. You immediately turned to Roast signaling that you wanted to leave, her eyes looking at you in confusion.

“Yeah there’s a problem with the human you brought me. Uh yeah she is you forced her on me you can help out.” You tensed as Undyne put a hand on your shoulder, the look in her eye telling you she could feel how you wanted to run. Great, you were stuck. Roast could only look at you helplessly.

“Because if you don’t I’ll convince Papyrus to cook his old spaghetti recipe…Yes I would. Okay see you in a few minutes, and I mean a few Sans.” The sound of her phone hanging up was like the sound a glass bottle makes when it hits the ground in slow motion, loud and ominous. Undyne gave
you a pat that was far from comforting though you could tell from her face that was it’s original
intention.

“Don’t worry, Sans is really good at helping out when he needs to. Ever met Burr, bunny that hangs
out with him a lot? He trained her.” You vaguely thought back on the swirled eyed bunny and
frowned as you recalled you’d never seen her dance.

Undyne was just failing in the whole comforting department.

Apparently Her threats were effective though, because soon all three of you turned as mumbling
echoed through the gathered monsters. A sight you didn’t think you’d ever get fully used to,
especially when they started to part for the skeletal monster meandering his way over.

Your breath caught at the obvious adoration the monsters gave him as he passed, like he was a
celebrity deciding on an impromptu visit for his fans. Then again that was probably exactly how
the situation felt to the gathered crowd. You didn’t remember to breathe again till he was a few feet
from Undyne, his appearance stripping the previous atmosphere that his arrival had brought.

For some reason Sans looked exhausted; dark blue bags around the bottom of his sockets, and a
frown so bad his teeth weren’t even visible. It made you feel kinda bad that Undyne was so
disappointed in you she had felt the need to call him. It was also odd, you didn’t expect him to be
so sleep deprived looking. Not with the reputation of being so lazy at least.

The moment his eyelights landed on you, your heart felt ready to start bleeding.

The flash of a sob that wasn’t yours echoed in your mind, colors of wild shades and varieties
spiraling around, before quickly vanishing. Your face twisted in confusion as Sans looked back at
Undyne. Why had that felt so familiar?

“I don’t get it! This punk danced so well the other day now she’s barely managing anything!”
Undyne ranted. Sans panned his eyelights to your ribbon tucked in Undyne’s pocket and looked
back at you. You swallowed nervously.

“I-I’m tryi—“

“releve.” You stared at him dumbly.

“releve.” He repeated forcefully, his tone agitated. You slowly rose up onto your toes.

“bridge.” You bent backwards letting your hands and feet support your weight as your head bent
downward. You didn’t know where Sans was going with this but you obediently followed his call
outs.

“up.” You stood. “developpe.” You brought up your leg into a bend and leaned slightly—

“stop.” You held position as Sans ran his eyelights over you.

“tilt your head back further and raise your knee into a deeper bend.” Sans said. You paused as you
heard his words and glanced at Undyne who was looking at him just as shocked as you at how
easily he was instructing.

Slowly you followed his order and...you felt lighter.

It was like your balance had been completely realigned and your body seemed to move on its own
naturally twisting and spinning itself on the tip of your foot with barely any movement from you.
You finished a spin and slowly stopped letting your weight once more anchor you. It had felt for a moment like you had been in zero gravity, or how you imagined it would be.

Undyne snorted clearly impressed; the balancing issue you had been having moments before looked nonexistent as you had moved. You looked at Sans in wonder and he shrugged.

“the fluid in your ears that dictate balance via your vestibular system can be manipulated. when you angle your body just right alongside it you essentially trick your mind into thinking your center of gravity is elsewhere.” Sans explained. Undyne raised a brow with a slow smirk.

“You sure know a lot about human anatomy.” Sans looked at her unamused.

“i coach the dance team, with humans on it. i need to know how to teach humans to dance. they’re not magic like us and run off different methodology.” Undyne snorted.

“Uh huh, sure. Okay Y/n, let’s practice that move again.” The fish monster stated cheerily ignoring Sans's glare that he shot at her.

Taking what Sans had said into account you took a moment to gather your thoughts before slowly flipping into the handstand, making sure to angle your head slightly away from the hand you lifted upwards.

You were steady.

You smiled broadly as Roast and Undyne clapped and then slowly moved your hips and fingers, making sure to angle your line of sight and head with the movement. You sighed in joy as you finally fell backwards and managed to land on your feet.

“There you go y/n!” Roast cried out as she pulled you into a hug that you gladly returned. Undyne snickered as she glanced over at Sans, the shorter monster's attention still focused on you. She looked back over at you and cleared her throat gaining your attention.

“We’re just getting started.” You looked over at Sans who started to dictate call outs to you again. And that’s how the rest of your practice went. If you couldn’t pull off a move Undyne asked of you Sans was running you back through balancing routines. You hadn’t realized just how much your balance had been off before. And you were in ballet!

You did notice though that when Sans told you to get into a certain position you didn’t know he’d have Roast go over to position you properly. If she wasn’t able to do it he’d reluctantly go over and would use Roasts hands to move you, never touching you directly. It was like touching you was the worst thing he could do.

For some reason that bothered you.

It was when Undyne called practice to an end you finally went up to him. You did note he didn’t put any distance between you which only confused you more. If he was so against touching you why was he okay with you being close to him?

“Hey, are you alright?” You asked Sans shyly, your eyes unable to resist panning over his tired face. The malleable bone seemed stiffer than normal and a shade lighter. He was quiet as he looked at you, as if just noticing you were there before finally speaking in a clipped tone.

“i’m fine.” You frowned; he didn’t look fine at all. And his voice sounded groggy.

“You don’t look like it. You look like you’re about to collapse, did you get any rest at all?” You
“I was up drawing out routines for the dance team’s performance tomorrow. Not that it’s any business of yours.” You stared intently into his sockets and a shiver ran down your spine. For some reason it felt like he was slightly lying to you but you didn’t have any reason come to mind that would justify why he would.

He never seemed to really care what you thought anyways. You ignored the sudden ache in your chest and was about to apologize when Roast called out to you. You bashfully walked over to her under Sans’s gaze.

“Hey can you go to my car and find my phone I forgot it and Undyne won’t let me leave till I demonstrate some skating techniques to the children.” You chuckled guessing why she was wanting her phone so badly. You gave a quick glance to Sans before focusing on Roast’s smiling face.

“Sure I’ll go get it.” She gave you a hug in thanks and watched as you headed out before turning and looking at the loitering skeleton. The older monster’s eyelights flickered from your retreating form to the feisty elemental beside him.

The expression she wore was enough to rival the quite intensity of her fathers.

“Don’t hurt her.” Sans raised a brow but didn’t comment as Roast turned and waltzed back over to Undyne. He looked back to where you’d left and after waiting a good amount of time sighed before following after you.

You’d forgotten where she’d parked so what should’ve been a quick ten minute retrieval mission turned into about twenty minutes bordering on thirty. Seriously how do you lose a car so identifiable like Roasts!?

You exclaimed happily when you finally spied it tucked away in the last row of cars. Really it should be illegal how different empty lots looked compared to full ones, you were pretty sure that was the reason you had to fight to locate it.

In a flourish you popped open the driver side door and found her phone lying in the center console’s cup holder. A quick cursory glance showed four missed texts from Amalia. You winced and secretly hoped she wasn’t in for a thorough talking to. You thought back on her and Amalia’s lecture and frowned. On second thought maybe she could use one.

You chuckled as you shut the car door and yelped just as a hand shot out and yanked you around violently.

Brent was glaring daggers at you.

“You.” He spoke with deadly calm as his hold tightened. You tried not to worry about another dislocated wrist as you stared at him in shock. Why was he here? Then you remembered he was also in the dance offs so it wasn’t too far fetched that he would be here for his own practice. You swallowed and tried your best to remain stern as you faced him.

“Can I help you?”

“You’re a clever little bitch aren’t you?” He spat angrily. You tensed and glared at him.

“What is your deal!?” He smirked as if you had asked a question the answer should’ve been obvious to. You waited to see if he would respond but hissed as he let go of you and shoved you
backwards into Roast’s car. The impact dazed you and you had to force air into your lungs as he closed in on you.

“Heard from my old man that you were in the dance offs, how you’d somehow weaseled your way in. How did you do it? We both know you’re not that capable. So tell me, did you have to suck some weird monster appendage that passes for a dick or something?” You laughed weakly. His words fueled a deep and cold rage inside of you that wouldn’t let you keep silent at the accusation.

First he accused you of ratting him out to Toriel which you didn’t do and now he was claiming you did something again!

“Yeah you know what, I totally did. And guess what, I liked it.” You grounded out as you took a step forward and bucked up to him. Those were exactly the words to trigger him as his blue eyes hardened and his jaw visibly flexed. You barely caught his movement in time.

You slammed your eyes shut and braced for the violent impact…

That never came.

You slowly opened your eyes and took a sharp intake of air. A ragged looking seam of stitch work greeting your sight upon a familiar blue hoodie.

Sans was standing in front of you, Brent’s fist clutched in his hand.

You felt your heart nearly stop. Sans’s sockets were pure black, not a hint of his eyelights aglow in them. The smell of petrichor filled the air, a loud hum vibrating against your skin.

Brent visibly paled, his eyes widened in shock at the monster before him. When Sans spoke it made your very being freeze, a thick promise of violence and pain lacing his words.

“what the hell do you think you’re doing, h u m a n?”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to TurtleChix, She inspired me with this song she shared, please go check out her work.

And a shout out to Lunahras, For helping me get past a block while writing!

And thank you to all you lovely readers! XD
You were frozen, Sans was staring Brent down like he was a speck of dirt about to be blown to even tinier bits. Brent visibly swallowed and strained his face trying to hide the fear he had under a mask of outrage, his blue eyes trying and failing to harden under Sans intensity.

“What are you doing here?!” Brent tried to demand. Sans let out a very soft and slow chuckle that made you cringe inwardly, it sounded so out of place coming from him.

“that’s quite the LV you have there…how many did you kill to get that?” You stiffened. Brent had killed? Wait what was he meaning by LV? You’d seen Frisk’s it was a one did that mean a higher LV was bad? Then you felt your chest tighten with worry. If Brent was capable of murder…he could hurt Sans. You’d learned about intent, you knew humans were capable of dusting monsters if they really wanted to. The thought made your stomach twist with revulsion.

“I haven’t killed anyone!” Brent shouted as he fought to retract his fist. Sans's arm didn’t even budge as Brent leaned and pulled against him, his feet sliding and dragging against the ground, the monster was absolutely still as a statue, his dark sockets crinkling as if there was some morbid humor you couldn’t even see. Was he...enjoying this?

“not directly then…but I have noticed your EXP has gone up since the start of the semester. you’re also in y/n’s class. tell me…do you know how painful a dislocated wrist is?” Brent’s eyes went wide and his struggle to get away increased, his other hand shot up trying to pry San’s phalanges from around his fist as he started to grunt and curse.

You couldn’t let this happen. If Sans hurt Brent he would become a target, and you refused to let him be in danger just because you weren’t strong enough to handle your own battles. He had already done enough for you so far, risked enough for you. This wouldn't be fair to him or even to Papyrus. The thought of Papyrus's hurt face if something happened to his brother made your heart sink like a weight. You held your breath and swiftly moved from behind him to the side so you could get in his line of vision.

You almost regretted it as your eyes landed on his face.

His smile was lifted in such a way there was a sort of manic glee to it, his dark sockets looked dead but jovial as they ovalled slightly. His posture though tensed looked like it could vibrate with excitement. He looked ready and willing to harm, he looked happy about it. You took a breath to gather your nerve, you'd be lying if you said you weren't terrified to look at him in that moment. But you knew Sans wouldn’t hurt you, he wasn’t Brent. You’d like to think he was even starting to care about you.

“Sans…” He didn’t turn to look at you, his focus still on the struggling man in his hold. Did he hear you?
“Sans please, let him go.” You jumped as Brent let out a shriek. Sans grip had tightened to the point Brent’s knuckles had gone white under the pressure. If he continued this any further there would be no way to stop Brent from coming after him.

“Sans! Stop!” You cried desperately only to make a noise bordering on a wail as Sans slowly brought Brent to his knees, his hold making the tyrant cave under the pain. Sans’s smile only lifted higher, his sockets stretching to impossible lengths as he took in the submissive display he had forced Brent into. He wasn’t listening, it was like he wasn’t even aware of you…or he didn’t even care.

You felt your mind begin to panic, what could you do!? He was dead set on hurting the human in front of him, you could tell as his posture shifted and his shoulders shook with silent laughter. This didn’t feel like Sans, it felt off and wrong. But you knew the only reason he was even doing this in the first place was because of you. He was literally risking his reputation and possibly his life by doing this, by trying to protect you when you didn’t even deserve it. You couldn’t even protect yourself. Your mind ran through all your interactions, searching for something, anything that you knew would get his attention. You thought back to movie night, the way he had dropped the coffee cup.

“Sans!” You shouted grabbing his arm. You saw for just a second how his arm jerked, his smile slightly faltering. You pressed further and fully wrapped your arms around him, pulling him tight enough to you that you felt his ribs and shoulder press harshly into you. You shoved your face into the side of his neck and held him like a lifeline.

“Please…stop!” You fought to keep the sob down but it had partially slipped out. You felt how stiff he was and noticed when he began to shake. It was a slow twitch that gradually increased till he was practically rattling, his whole body looked like it was having an inner war. You pulled back enough to look at him better and almost wanted to cheer when you saw his eyelights had returned. But you didn’t let go, his vision was still locked on Brent and his smile had turned into a strained frown. He was still capable of hurting him. He still wanted to.

“Sans. Don’t. I’m not worth it.” He stilled so quickly it shocked you enough that you jumped when his eyelights shot over to you. All the hatred and judgmental fury he had directed at Brent had moved to you and it hit you like a ton of bricks. You had never seen such emotion not even from Brent, and it made you want to break. There was something about that look that made you feel naked, openly exposed with every decision and choice you’d ever made on full display. Your ears rang and your heart slammed violently, you felt judged. But before your body could decide if it wanted to send you into a panic attack Sans sharply looked back to Brent. The feeling quickly dissipating as his sockets left you.

“if I see so much as another bruise on her, I’m coming back for you.” He growled thickly. Brent looked like he wanted to protest but through his sweat slicked pain he could only nod his head with quick acquiesce. Sans stared at him a moment longer till he made a small ‘hmph’ and twisted his arm hard enough to send Brent skittering across the parking lot with a yelp. You watched dumbly as his body tumbled and rolled before coming to a sickening stop. For a moment you were scared he was dead. But Brent looked unharmed as he lifted himself weakly from the asphalt, his face a mix of shock and mild fear.

You were waiting to see if he was capable of getting to his feet when you felt warm bony like fingers wrap around your arm. You looked down in time to see Sans take hold of you and nearly stumbled as he began to lead you away from the scene. You glanced back just enough to see Brent was able to stand before staring nervously at the back of Sans hoodie as he rapidly walked. His steps wide and precise with purpose.
“Sans I—“ Your words cut off as he gave you a light jerk as he led you, his meaning clear that he wasn’t ready to hear what you had to say at the moment. You fought to keep up his pace and to not trip as he led both of you. He only slowed and came to a stop once he had reached the alleyway that you had arrived in your first time here. It was still deserted and even a little dim, somewhat hidden away from the bright sunlight.

He let go and turned to face you, his face cold and hard. You subconsciously held your arm where his hand had been, it had been so warm. You kind of missed it's contact. You went to speak but Sans was quicker.

“what was that?” You were slightly taken aback. He was asking you what had just happened?

“What was what?” You asked in confusion.

“he was going to hurt you and you stop me when I step in?” Sans tone rose with annoyance.

“You were going to hurt him!” You cried incredulously. Sans narrowed his sockets.

“so what if i was y/n? have you seen his LV? he’s fucking hurt you already! you think i don't know about the blackmail? the way he eyes you like a toy?” You bristled. Normally someone shouting at you would make you cower but for some reason you could only grow frustrated and bold.

“I don’t care what he’s done to me Sans!”

“bullshit. that human deserved what was coming to him! if you had just stayed out of it—”

“You would’ve become a target! I refuse to let you get dragged into my problems!” You shouted, angry tears prickling at the corner of your eyes. Did he not realize the danger he had been in? The silent and hidden power that Brent had that could turn anyone's world upside down like he had tried to do to yours? Sans though ignored you his tone going dangerously soft.

“y/n that human will—“ You cut him off, he was using the word human like it was derogatory.

“I’m a human to!” You reminded him bitterly.

“I’ve noticed!” Sans snapped, his voice a snarl as his shoulders raised like he had been struck at. You both stared at each other, like a thin veil was all that was keeping you both from losing your minds and going off with words you wouldn’t be able to take back. It was tense, it was fragile. Sans though broke it.

“you’re so loyal to your own species that you’d willingly let them abuse you than take the help offered from another.” You jerked back, all your anger washing away to be replaced with a deep seeded sadness and hurt. You had expected Sans to verbally abuse you, name call you…but not to accuse you of some misguided racism. It made your blood run cold. You had told him how you felt about humans and monsters that day in his studio. At least you thought you had through the emotional break you'd gone through. Isn't that why he brought you here in the first place? Because he had understood just how deeply you had felt?

What really burned into you though worse than that accusation was how numb his expression had gone. He was wearing that familiar look of indifference you had once been used to but now since you’d seen his smile, experienced some of his kindness, killed you inside to see. It was like all the progress you both had made together had vanished at the drop of a hat. Like you hadn't ever talked to him, bonded with him and Papyrus over pizza. It was like he was looking at you like he didn't even know your name. You tried for honesty, he had to know, to understand what the meaning behind your actions had been.
“I would rather take the abuse…than to risk losing Papyrus and Roast. To risk losing you.” You whispered as the tears finally broke loose and slid down your cheeks. Sans’s expression didn’t change, his eyelight panning along the wet trials left behind on your face before refocusing on your eyes. For a heart wrenching second in the prolonged silence you thought he was going to scoff maybe frown at your words like you had nothing to worry about. His voice was measured and casual as he replied.

It was empty.

“you’d have to have had me in the first place, in order to lose me.” You fought not to clutch at your chest as an earth rendering shock of pain shot through it, merely focused on staying upright and looking at Sans. He looked completely unfazed by his statement, as if it was a fact that had been as plain as the nose on your face. But it didn't make any sense to you. It was contradictory to everything he had done, every word he had said lined up. But his actions were different like night compared to day.

“Why?” You whispered. Sans was silent. It was unnerving, you hated that feeling.

“You act like you don’t care, but then why stop him from hurting me?” He looked ready to deliver another painful remark but you cut across him, his sockets widening and breaking his mask fractionally.

“You like to act like I’m such a hassle! But I didn’t ask you to share your blanket with me, didn’t ask you to tell me a joke!” Your voice was going ragged but from how Sans expression had changed you pushed your words to continue, indignation and confusion lacing your tone.

“I didn’t even ask you to save me that day Sans! You did all of these things on your own! That’s not how someone who doesn’t care acts!” You shouted, almost shrieked through your tears and wobbly voice. Sans looked…scared. You took a step towards him and frowned as he took an equal one back.

You were tired of this, whatever this was that made him push you away one moment and yet pull your emotions closer the next. You were friends you resolved, and you were tired of him acting like you weren’t. Friends were there for each other, supported them in times of pain or struggle. And he had done that. You were grateful for that.

You rapidly closed the distance between you, your quick movement catching Sans off guard as he went to step back and almost scrambled over his own feet. The only thing that caught and steadied him was your arms once more wrapping around him, this time with such force he stilled. You buried your tear and snot covered face into his chest and sobbed against him, incoherent words slipping from your lips as you rambled. Something you must’ve said though made his body ease, his arms reluctantly coming down and around you.

"don't ever say you don't matter again." He muttered with irritation. But you didn't hear him, his words lost and drowned out among your sobs.

Sans held you as you cried.

You felt safe…and cared for.
First dates and daydreams

Chapter Notes

275+ Kudos!! Whaaa You guys are the best! XD

My mind got away from me

So here's a short novel instead of just a chapter ^_^;

You watched as the water of the fountain rippled around your reflection, the way your image danced in the throes of the waves made you smile. The day was cool and you enjoyed the passing breezes that gave way to slight warmth.

“Having fun?” You jumped slightly but quickly smiled as you turned, Asriel’s eyes focused on you curiously. You looked passed him to see MK and Amalia exchanging museum trading cards, the former jumping excitedly as Amalia tactfully placed a card she was giving him between his teeth. It had been a while since you’d gone on an outing with everyone so when they had called to tell you they were going to the magic museum you’d jumped on it. It had been refreshing to get away from campus and just enjoy life for a bit. You hadn’t realized how much you’d needed it.

“Definitely.” You chuckled as MK ended up dropping his cards, making him and Amalia scramble to collect them before the wind blew the bits of paper away. Asriel followed your gaze and laughed himself.

“Those two can be real goofballs.” He said with an eyeroll. You merely shook your head; you could hear the affection he had in his tone. You were so busy watching Amalia tuck a card under one of MK’s spikes mischievously you missed how Asriel glanced over at you, his face set in a frown. But you didn’t miss the way his voice dropped, or how he was addressing you when he spoke.

“Competition starts soon. You ready?” If you were honest you didn’t feel ready. But Undyne and Sans both had been working with you, helping you rebalance and see new ways in which to make your body flow. All the practice you’d had over the years paled over the past week of what you were learning now. But were you ready?

“I hope so.” You whispered. Asriel fully faced you making you turn to him in automatic response.

“You’ll do great, I have faith in you.” The look he gave you was so full of sincerity it made you chuckle.

“That’s reassuring your majesty.” You watched as his furred cheeks heated up, a blush spreading across the stark white. It was surprising to you still how magic could gather like that. Asriel’s eyes lidded as he looked at you, a strange gentleness in his expression that was stronger than his sincerity had been. When he spoke it was with hesitance, something you weren’t used to hearing from him.

“Listen, I know we don’t really know each other that well but would you…like to go out with me
some time?” Your eyes widened and your brows rose in shock. Asriel the prince of monsters had just asked you to go on a date with him. You looked over to the fountain, taking in its copper architecture and full on staring at the perched figure of a mermaid situated at the top. You did think Asriel was attractive, his voice and just the way he carried himself was not only charming but gave you a contagious feeling of confidence. He could be endearing even when a bit haughty. Really you couldn’t see a reason to say no to him.

But why did the thought make you slightly sick? You only felt that way about Brent and people like him, never anyone close to how Asriel was. Maybe the pressure from everything you’d been going through had just messed up your jerk radar or something. You felt like a completely different person compared to the first day you had arrived. Maybe a normal thing like a date was another thing you needed, just like this trip had been.

“Sure, just tell me when!” You said enthusiastically. Asriel’s eyes widened in pleasant shock before his face settled into outright bashfulness, his blush only growing darker. You had no idea how happy you had just made him.

“How about tonight?” That was fast, you wondered if he’d been wanting to ask you out for a while. Your smile dropped slightly. That thought made you kind of sad. You gave a nod in answer and jumped as Amalia tackled you from behind, her blonde hair ticking your nose to the point you started to sneeze. Dear lord how much hair spray did she wear!? Was that even safe with who her girlfriend was? Oh wait Roast couldn’t actually burn things, but you figured this might be more than enough to make her do so!

“Hey me to!” MK shouted jumping on Asriel and sending them both sprawling to the ground. Asriel and you both struggled beneath your friends, all laughing and giggling like madmen as they demanded piggybacks like children. You briefly looked away from Amalia and made eye contact with Asriel, shared fondness passing between you. You guessed you did like him, enough to try at least. The play wrestling only lasted until a security officer came by to break it up, the four of you taking off in a run to avoid his lecture.

~~

You fell for the fifth time, this time on your stomach in a painful belly flop. Undyne made a noise of disgust while Sans merely rubbed the bridge of his nasal cavity, his sockets screwed shut in obvious withheld frustration. They both looked at you like you had robbed a bank. You sighed.

“I’m sorry, I’m just having a hard time concentrating today.”

“we can see that. how hard is ‘shoulders back and for stars sake don’t bend your back’ complicated?” Sans drawled sullenly, like he’d be better off napping than helping you train. Undyne rolled her eye and glared at you as she crossed her arms.

“What’s got you so distracted punk?” You looked away with a blush, silently debating if it was wise to even tell the bad tempered fish monster. Apparently your silence spoke louder volumes than you could. You watched in confusion as her arms fell limp and her mouth gaped. She looked awfully close to what a fish actually looked like when deprived of water. That wasn’t a good sign. You suddenly didn’t want her to know, but it was now out of your hands as she commented.

“No way! You have a date don’t ya!?” You tensed, her accusation sending a wave of alarm through you. Because that’s what it sounded like, an accusation. Were you expected not to date during this whole thing? You’d heard of Olympic trainers banning something so emotional right as they went into training season, it occurred to you maybe you should’ve asked if Undyne would be ok with this. She was your sponsor after all.
“oh? a date huh?” And then your anxiety shot up as you looked at Sans. His expression was neutral as usual except for a single bony brow he had raised in question. At his words Undyne scowled.

“Wait, who are you going out with?!” You fought not to flinch as her attitude went from shocked to outraged. The monster was always flipping between hot and cold with her personality but this time it felt deliberate, like she was genuinely upset about the whole thing. Sans’s eyeglows seemed to bore into you as he waited for you to answer Undyne’s question. Once again that sick feeling hit you, but you tried your best to ignore it.

“Um, Asriel asked me to go out tonight. We’re going dancing.” This time Undyne visibly sputtered worrying you slightly that you’d somehow given the buff dancer an aneurysm. After looking like she was struggling to remember the English language she shot a glare between both Sans and you, before deciding to land squarely on you.

“With Asriel!? You can’t—“ Just as you were about to frown and ready a protest Sans cut across her.

“why don’t we call it for the day.” You looked at him at a loss for words, Undyne falling silent and leering at the skeleton monster.

“WHAT!?” Sans shrugged.

“she’s not getting anywhere with how distracted she is. but she’s going dancing anyways so at least she is getting practice in somewhere. asriel is a good kid, he’ll teach her a thing or two.” He explained to only have Undyne continue to glare at him. You however smiled hopefully.

“You’re really ok on calling it early?” Sans closed his sockets as he smiled genially, the sight sending a pleasant shiver down your back. Since when had his smiles started to feel so… rewarding? Your face went lax as you stopped to examine that thought. But try as you might the answer seemed to elude you.

“sure thing, have fun bucko.”

Th-Thump

Sans’ smile faltered and his eyes lidded as he looked at you. That sick feeling was back and this time you felt a sting of guilt chasing it. It was confusing, what did you have to feel guilty about? Your eyes locked with Sans and the longer you stared at him the more guilty you felt. He wasn’t upset was he? The question was hard to answer, seemed ridiculous even. Sans had said on more than one occasion that he didn’t care, though by now you knew better than to go based on his words. But his face. It hadn’t changed as he stared back at you. Why would he care if you dated in the first place?! Your thoughts were confusing you. He turned away.

“welp, I’m going to go home and get some Zs.” Sans exclaimed casually with a smirk directed at Undyne.

“Yeah. Whatever.” Undyne replied curtly, her face a hard mask of anger as she looked at the shorter monster next to her. Sans smirk dropped as they eyed each other, something private exchanging between them that only years of friendship would allow. Sans finally shrugged and then waved lazily as he began to walk away, Undyne’s eye not leaving his back till he disappeared from sight.

“Is everything ok—“
“I have a phone call to make.” Undyne said flippantly with a sharp turn on her heel. You stared in both directions that your friends had gone in confusion. It disturbed you how fine Sans had been with it while it had clearly pissed off Undyne, a deep part of you thinking their reactions would’ve been the opposite to each other. You shook the thought away. That didn’t make any sense why you’d thought that. You had a date to get ready for at your dorm.

~~

“Asriel huh?” Roast asked as she set two dresses on the bed for you, her fiery gaze moving between them and then narrowing in offence as she tossed one aside and moved to retrieve another. Your friend had really taken to helping dress you recently and it had almost become habit at this point whenever you were expected to go out. You were grateful, though her dress choices were always bolder than yours.

“Yes, Asriel.” You popped the p as you held up the dress that she had discarded. It was your favorite purple one with the long bell sleeves and billowing bottom. Shame, you might’ve picked it. Roast made a pleasant noise of surprise as she pulled down a red dress, it was just long enough that it went to your thighs with cooling slits along the bottom of the arms. That was a slightly racy number your dear mom had sent you the day before. Judging by Roast’s wide grin it was also going to be what you were wearing.

“You have to be so excited! This is your first date since coming here right?” You weren’t really excited, maybe a little nervous. Then you caught her question. You hesitated. Roast froze and stared at you wide eyed.

“Y/n…” She drew your name out slowly.

“Yes?” You drew just as slowly. A moment of awkward silence and then Roast broke it.

“Is this your first date?” Was the thermostat up in your dorm?

“Maybe.” You muttered in embarrassment. So what if you hadn’t had the time to go out? There were plenty of young adults who had never dated before! It wasn’t a big deal. Roast giggled, her flaming cheeks turning slightly darker.

“Does this mean you’re also a virgin?” She didn’t see the pillow until it smacked her right in the face, the fire elemental slightly derailed went unbalanced and collapsed right onto your mattress. Before she could recover you retook the pillow and smacked her with it again earning a loud crackling laugh from her.

“You don’t ask people that Roast!” You spat playfully. She continued to giggle as she sat up.

“At least tell me you’ve been kissed!” You huffed.

“Yeah I’ve been kissed, I’m not entirely hopeless.” The fire above her eye shifted giving the impression of a raised eyebrow.

“How many times?” You stared at her with a grin.

And smacked her with the pillow again.

After burning through another thirty minutes just getting ready you began to feel a pit form in your stomach. You stared blandly at the mirror as Roast fussed with your hair for the third time, curling and uncurling a strand that hung delicately by your face. This was taking a lot of effort just for a date. Were they always this complicated? You thought back to movie night with Sans and Papyrus.
Why couldn’t dates be casual like hanging out? You could use a pillow fort right now.

“Hey!” You yelped as you felt a smack against your hand. You gave Roast a small pout via the mirror as she rolled her eyes.

“If you don’t want me to take it away don’t mess with it.” You looked down and frowned. You had been unconsciously messing with the calming ribbon you had insisted on wearing much to Roast’s annoyance and protests of it not matching the dress. Your friend sighed.

“It’s going to be fine, just relax and have fun! Dating is all about having fun together!” Right, and judging each other on rather or not you were compatible. You may not have gone on a date before but you’d known plenty of people who had. Including your mother, sure she’d gush about them but it was the way she described them that had left you not really keen on the idea. You smiled weakly.

“You look beautiful. Are you ready to go?” He asked in awe, his larger hand held out in offer. Slowly you slid yours into his hold and had to fight not to yank it back as his fingers gently folded around you. You frowned. Why did the knot in your gut feel suddenly like needles? Just nerves, had to be. You gave Roast a wave as Asriel led you from the dorm.

The place was beautiful; it had a section off to the side where one could eat, velvet adorned chairs with cheery wood tables all laid out beneath wooden arches decorated in intricate vine work. Across from there was a giant ballroom, where couples dressed to nines were dancing and swaying to whatever was currently playing upon a solid marbled floor.

This place was fancy, and expensive looking. You watched as a waiter power walked by one of the booths and noticed he wore a suit made of vibrant crimson like one you’d find on display in an Armani store. You knew right away this date was bigger than simply having fun like Roast had said. This was a place where either someone would propose to you or if like in the old days for rich people would ask to court you with intentions for marriage. You tried to keep your breathing in check.

“You like it? I managed to get reservations at the last second thanks to the fact the chef here knows my father.” Asriel leaned down to whisper excitedly. You swallowed and kept quite as one of the smartly dressed waiters came over to escort you to your seat, which you reluctantly took. Even dressed like you were you felt under dressed. The waiter handed you both golden etched menus and smiled politely.

“What can I get you this evening?” A thick French accent rolled from the man’s tongue. You tried not to tear the menu when your eyes landed on the prices. The cheapest thing you could see was a serving of Soupe à l’oignon, for over thirty five dollars! That price was outrageous! Even more
shocking was how a simple glass of water was twelve bucks! Where did they get it? The fountain of youth!? This place was a poor college students worst nightmare, and you were currently living it.

Asriel noticed how you balked at the menu and did his best not to laugh. Though it was hilarious when he heard you mumbling about the water. Did you forget you were out with a prince? Money wasn’t exactly an issue for him, but it was kind of sad how uncomfortable you’d started to look when you’d both entered the establishment. He pointed to an item for the waiter to write down and then coughed lightly to draw your attention. Your eyes were wide as saucers.

“Don’t worry so much just order what you’d like. Trust me I wouldn’t have brought you here if I couldn’t afford it.” He chuckled. To be honest you didn’t even know what half of the things on the menu even were, you had been relying on the pictures. But if he was saying money wasn’t a problem you weren’t going to take the opportunity to waste it on something you didn’t even know if you’d like. You purposefully avoided looking at the price just to preserve your sanity as you said your order.

“Burger de bœuf épicé? And some water please.” That water had better give you the energy of a thousand suns you thought absently as the waiter nodded and left. Asriel snorted in amusement.

“Bring you to a French restaurant and you order a burger?” You shrugged remorsefully.

“I didn’t expect us to be eating, let alone somewhere so…different. When you said dancing I thought that was all we were doing.” He looked bemused.

“You thought I’d do so little when I finally get the chance to impress you?” You looked at him in concern.

“Impress me? Asriel you don’t have to worry about that, I already like you.” It was when he blushed that you realized he probably took your statement in a different context than you had meant. But the way he smiled made you pause on clarifying your statement. He looked almost enraptured as his eyes landed on you, like he was looking at a jewel. You didn’t know how to respond to that, no one had ever looked at you like that. You barely registered when the waiter returned with your drinks and food, your date’s gaze lingering on you.

“Wow this looks amazing!” You exclaimed as you looked down at your plate trying to distract from how intense his stare had gotten. You were glad you had stuck to your guns with Roast and wore the ribbon, you felt if you hadn’t you’d be sweating bullets. Asriel made a small grunt of agreement as he took a sip of his wine and went to town on eating his noodle dish he had ordered. You relaxed now that he was no longer focused on you.

There was no pressure right? There was tons of pressure. You barely enjoyed the food. It looked great and you vaguely tasted it to know it was good but your stomach wouldn’t stop protesting every time you caught Asriel glancing at you. Was that normal? You figured you’d gotten used to being stared at with how often Sans would do it but it felt different when the goat monster would do it. It wasn’t unnerving or something that made you fidget, it was just…uncomfortable. You were almost glad when Asriel finished his food and stood with a hand extended out to you.

“Up for dancing now?” You hesitantly took his hand and let him lead you out to the floor. You pointedly ignored the passing glances the humans and monster around you gave. Asriel lead you both off to the side being mindful of how nervous you were with crowds and gently placed a hand on your hip. It made something inside you twist. You both looked at each other softly as a slow song began, taking over from the cheerful one that had been playing previously.
~As The World Falls Down~

There's such a sad love
Deep in your eyes A kind of pale jewel

You smiled as he led you into a slow spin, his movements careful and full of gentle intent. You let him guide you in a sway, his gaze deep and adoring as you easily followed him. You hadn’t realized Asriel was so light on his feet, a deep contrast to his normal behavior.

Open and closed
Within your eyes

The hand on your hip brushed a thumb lightly against your dress, his touch comforting while at the same time feeling displaced. It left you feeling watched.

I'll place the sky
Within your eyes

“I’ve liked you a while,” He whispered as he turned you both. “Never got the guts to tell you though.” You blushed trying to keep intense concentration on your foot work. His words making your heart beat a little faster.

“It’s funny really. Think the first time I felt my heart skip was when you tried to beat Sans at black jack. You looked so determined, nearly broke my heart when you lost. Didn’t like how sad you looked.” He whispered his face a mix of anger and regret.

There's such a fooled heart
Beatin' so fast

You thought back on that night and your smile fell a little. It was the night Sans had banned you from ever asking him to dance again. It had hurt so badly. It still left a small ache to even remember that. Asriel frowned at the expression you wore.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to bring that back up.” He said softly as he spun you out from him and brought you back in. You shook your head.

“It’s fine, can we just…enjoy the song?” You asked lamely. He sighed and nodded as he continued to now silently waltz you around the floor, his focus on your face as his feet deftly moved without even a thought. He was a good dancer, classical dance seemed to really fit him.

In search of new dreams
A love that will last

But it felt so tame, so languid in comparison to ballet. You felt the urge to speed up but forced your body to remain placid. This was Asriel’s choice of song and dance; it would be rude to take over or to break from it.

Within your heart
I'll place the moon

You let him dip you lightly before pulling you back up in a twirl. It was fast enough that it made you smile but quickly you were back to the slow delicateness that was his steps. You couldn’t lose yourself to the music this way, not the way you wanted. It was making you a little antsy.

Within your heart
Did Undyne or the others dance like this?

Did Sans?

*As the pain sweeps through,*  
*Makes no sense for you*

You bit the inside of your cheek to keep from laughing, the thought that Sans of all people would dance like this was hard to imagine. There was always such life to his movements, each bend or subtle arch an expression in motion.

*Every thrill is gone*

This dance felt rehearsed, almost stifling in its grace. You didn’t realize there was a dance you couldn’t really connect with at some level. Was that because of your lack of skill? It felt so empty, so shallow. You glanced at Asriel to see the contentment on his face. It had to just be you then, he looked so at home in his leading.

*But I'll be there for you*  
*As the world falls down*

You had been so frightened when Brent had confronted you days ago, the image of Sans face at the time burned forever into your memory. But it was nice that Brent had taken Sans warning apparently, he hadn’t come back to bother you or even to shoot you a passing glance after the incident. Sans had even become more receptive to casually speaking to you. You hummed happily as you thought on how the past few days had been freeing, almost perfect.

*Falling*  
*Falling down*  
*Falling in love*

Damn you were daydreaming! Poor Asriel was probably wondering why you were making odd noises or not even looking at him for that matter. You had to be the worst date ever. You looked up at your partner and pulled up short, your eyes wide in surprise.

Sans winked at you conspiratorially, his grin a smirk. You swayed and then slowed to a stop. You opened you mouth to speak but a carefully placed phalange on your lips hushed you. Both of his hands moved to your waist and his movement was quick as he led you into a turn, his smile wide as he moved fluidly with you.

*I'll paint you mornings of gold*  
*I'll spin you Valentine evenings*

He dipped you and you giggled as he lifted you up and placed you onto his hip, going into a two turn spin before returning you to your feet where he turned you and pressed your back into his chest. He kept one hand on your hip as he continued to lead you but hooked one of your arms gently behind his neck; his fingers brushing along it tenderly as his hand lowered back down to fully clasp you.

*Though we're strangers 'til now,*  
*We're choosing the path*

He lifted you and you shot a leg out as you leapt, your head falling back against his shoulder in gleeful abandon. You shivered as you felt his chest vibrate with a chuckle.
Between the stars

He danced like a shadow; you threw your arm out and his would follow pressed against yours in full contact. You bent forward and he bent with you, his legs and hips flush with yours as you began to wave your arms in an arch and jut your hips side to side. He pulled away to feather step around you, his hands once more taking hold of you and running along your sides as your chests connected.

I'll leave my love
Between the stars

He bent you backwards til your head nearly touched the floor, a single hand of his running down to the valley of your chest. You gasped as he bent forward; his wondering hand trailing lightly along your collarbone, passing gently around the curve of the back of your shoulder. It sent a flood of warmth where his touch lingered and moved.

As the pain sweeps through,
Makes no sense for you

Your eyes widened as his hand reached the nape of your neck coming to cup the back of it gently before he pulled you upright alongside him. Your eyes locked on his sockets as your face flushed, his expression starved as he moved his hands to spin you.

Every thrill is gone
Wasn't too much fun at all,

You spun three times and leapt, his hand landing under the thigh of your outstretched leg and his other arm snaking around your waist as he caught you. His feet continued the spin and slowly his legs bent till you were both on the floor with you straddling him.

But I'll be there for you-ou-ou
As the world falls down

The both of you leaned away from each other than bent forward to embrace, your arms wrapping around one another before flinging away like your bodies repelled the other. You crawled backwards away from him your legs bending and stretching with each movement. Sans moved after you, flipping onto his back and then back forward as he reached out and took hold of your ankle.

Falling

He drug you to him, your upturned leg falling to rest and hook onto his shoulder.

As the world falls down
Falling

You shot upward as his hand rested against your knee, the other moving to tangle in your hair along the back of your head.

As the world falls down
Falling
Falling

You gripped the collar of his hoodie as your head fell back exposing your neck to him. His eyelights hazed as he watched your display barely reacting as your other leg curled around him.
Falling
Falling in love

The world felt like it wanted to spin as he leaned in and brushed his teeth along your throat, sparks of electricity moving down your skin from the thin contact. You heard a noise from him as his hands moved to grip your waist and grunted as he shrugged off your leg from his shoulder only to gasp as he maneuvered you both to laying upon your sides.

As the world falls down, falling
Falling
Falling

You faced each other twisting and dancing along the floor as if you were both on your feet. Your hands reaching and pushing against the other. You moved to your stomach and he mimicked you, it was when he began to drag himself that you mimicked him. You both rolled onto your backs and away from each other before rolling back the other way, colliding your bodies gracefully into each other.

Makes no sense at all
Makes no sense to fall

You tugged desperately at his hoodie and he similarly pulled at your dress, both your breathes coming out ragged and rapid. He was too far, he was too close. You pulled him atop you and that’s when his mouth captured yours.

Falling
Falling in love

You almost vomited.

You gasped and fought to hold your balance, your eyes screwing shut in attempt to prevent your falling. The world was spinning and slowly you felt it begin to even out. When you were sure you weren’t going to collapse you opened your eyes and frowned in confusion. People were staring, and Asriel looked like you had physically struck him.

“What…what’s going on?” You whispered in shock. You had been waltzing with Asriel, everything had been going smoothly though your mind had started to wonder…You held a hand up to your lips and stilled at how much warmer they felt than normal. Asriel had kissed you. And whatever daydream you had been so tied up in coming back from had been enough to jar you into possibly pushing Asriel away.

“I’m sorry.” The words automatically slipped from your mouth as you stared at your date horrified. He looked down as he tried to conceal the obvious hurt in his eyes, his shoulders trembling slightly. When he looked back up he was smiling and gently took your arm.

“Let’s go home.” You didn’t have it in you to apologize again, your head was starting to pound as you tried to recall the daydream you’d had. You had never had one so intense it had pulled you right out of reality. Why did it happen? You stared at Asriel’s back as you both retreated from the crowd. You hadn’t meant to hurt him. You gave up and let Asriel drive you sadly home, the whole ride was silent and unlike earlier now he wouldn’t even look at you.

He didn’t even linger to say goodbye at your dorm, soon as you had your door open he had turned and walked away leaving you to stand there staring after him. How were you supposed to fix this? You trudged into your room and locked the door behind you, stripping yourself of your dress and
opting to just sleep in your undergarments as you plopped onto the bed. Your first date could’ve gone better. A vibration made you reach down and pull your phone from the charger.

**Roast:** How was the date? You home yet?

You groaned and decided to pass out. You could talk to her tomorrow.

Unfortunately tomorrow came far too quick and you woke up to rapid pounding on your door. You called out to show you were up and scrambled for something to wear. But before you could even get your jeans snapped closed your door flew open and Roast came rushing in. Right. You had given her a spare key your tired mind registered. Why did she even bother knocking?

“What’s wrong?” You asked groggily. Roast’s face was full of excitement as she began to drag you to your door.

“We don’t have time just come on!” The tired and slightly bitchy side of you wanted to pull back against her but you were still down from how last night had gone you really didn’t want to upset another friend. At least she was courteous enough to make sure your dorm was locked for you. You were halfway across the courtyard when your brain began to fully boot up, noting how she guided you to a building you hadn’t been in before.

“Where are you taking me?” You cried out starting to get a little excited, her boundless energy rubbing off on you. She smiled at you but didn’t elaborate. You both rushed passed several empty classrooms and up a long flight of stairs when she finally paused in front of a pair of black metal doors. You could hear the faint sound of a song playing and looked at her with a raised brow.

“Oh, so you know how Sans never dances?” You nodded uncertainly as you heard music pouring through the doors in front of you. The mention of Sans name making your heart skip nervously as well as excitedly. You were getting an inkling of where Roast might’ve been going with this.

“Well he came in today with this whole new demeanor about him, he must have had a very good day yesterday or something.” You went to ask her to explain but she was suddenly pushing one of the doors open. Your eyes went wide. There were several students dancing to David Bowie’s *Magic Dance.*

And Sans was dancing along with them. You watched as he slid up next to a buff horse looking monster, the monsters eyes going wide happily as Sans rolled his hips and arms together in sync one direction before hopping into a turn and repeating the move. The monster watched him and then began to copy perfectly, allowing Sans to turn behind him and grip a bunny girls hips that he guided into a long sway. He was instructing…through demonstration. You looked into a corner and noticed Burr with a boom box where she was dancing behind it, her swirly eyes squinted happily. This was the dance team!

“He usually just calls out dance moves but…Are you seeing this y/n?” Roast whispered excitedly. You were seeing it alright. And you couldn’t take your eyes off of him. You giggled as he moved next to a froggit and gasped as the froggit mimicked a hopping motion Sans was making, the monsters voice coming out loud and deep in time with the song. That’s when you noticed; they were all singing along to the song except for Sans, the only one not being sang with was David’s lines. To which Sans would motion for someone to perform a flip or some other complicated action.

“Thought you’d enjoy this! Oh, you going to tell me how your date went?” Roast asked playfully elbowing you.
“It was terrible.” You muttered absently even as you smiled, your eyes not leaving the skeleton for a second. He looked so happy.

**Th-Thump**

Sans stopped mid move and spun, his sockets landing on you instantly. He looked put off, his eyelights hardening. Shit you’d been caught. The students continued their rehearsal behind him as he approached you. The way he was carrying himself sent a chill through you, but it wasn't enough to chase away the feeling of watching him move had given you.

“heya pal, how was the date?” He asked with lidded sockets, his tone strained. You were still awe struck and so dumbly repeated what you had said to Roast.

“too bad.” He drawled.

Yeah, too bad.

You would’ve liked to have seen him dance longer.

Chapter End Notes

Soooo....Announcement

I have decided there will be sin.

No one freak out!
For those of you who dislike that I will put in warnings and mark where it is.
I don't want to isolate those of you who have been here to support me. I promise this isn't SIH either.
So it's not going to be sin every chapter or every other, at most I see it happening maybe five or six times through the rest of this story.

But I hope you all enjoyed the update! The tags will also be added to!
Day 1: A step forward

Chapter Notes

305+ Kudos!!! UGH XD

It's funny how you don't realize how much love a story can get <3

Sorry I took so long to update btw, life drama!

Enjoy!

“HELLO DARLINGS!~” The mechanical voice bellowed to the raging crowd. Mettaton threw his leg up in a sharp 180 degree angle before kicking it down into a sharp spin, the light of the stage catching him a dazzling display as his magic made his hair bounce and body shine brilliantly. The roars of the crowd only got louder at the celebrity’s antics. His camera man hovered past on a megitech disk not too close to draw attention but close enough to get a clear shot. Mettaton faced him with a bright smile, his arm thrown out to highlight the crowd.

“Welcome to the sixth annual underground Delta Dance Offs!” The crowd did a standing wave as they cheered making Mettaton giggle. He always enjoyed how the fans reacted so in tune to his cues, it was enough to make his magic surge gleefully.

“We have quite a lineup this year darlings!~”

“What kind of lineup is it?” The crowd bellowed in practiced response. Mettaton chuckled as he faced the crowd of monster and humans brought together to enjoy the scene. They really had come pretty far in six years hadn’t they? He jumped up right as a magitech disk floated over to him, landing on it perfectly in a split pose. More cheering. He was on his game tonight! He flipped to his feet and winked at the camera as it followed him over the crowd.

“A GLAMOROUS ONE!” His fans cried out in excitement, some even reaching out in the hopes of touching him as he glided passed.

“For the first time since we started this proud tradition, the Underground is proud to announce its first human contestants!” A project from somewhere in the rafters lit up and shot an image to the far wall of the building. Brent and your face both on proud display. It was a professional shot of him while yours had clearly been taken during your tryout for Undyne, half your face obscured by your hands with a proud smile on your face.

“Brent Karthige and Y/n L/n! Both specializing in ballet and hiphop from our very own school here in Ebott! The Ebott College of Magical and Fine Arts!” The crowd roared, like animals being dangled slabs of meat after having been starved for so long. Mettaton smirked. This was going to be the biggest show yet!

“Stay tuned for daring battles and saddening losses! Here at the underground it’s make or break, and tonight a lot of dreams are going to be broken!” Mettaton almost snarled as he riled the crowd. Quickly his face went back to bright and encouraging.

“Good luck to you youngsters, we’re all cheering for you!” He gave a wink right before the feed
Sans and Papyrus were standing beside you staring at the television just as you were, your heart pounding furiously in your ears. Papyrus cleared his throat drawing a glance from Sans, while you focused blankly still on the black screen.

“WELL, AT LEAST EVERYONE SEEMS EXCITED TO SEE YOU.” You slowly turned to look at Papyrus, your eyes wide and face pale.

“I have no idea what I’m doing.” You whispered. Sans looked at you.

“just remember what you practiced.” That was easier said than done at the moment. All you could think of was how many people there were that would be leering at you. Judging and weighing you. The pressure had never been heavier. Was it too late to have another heat attack? Could your debt and the competition be excused over it? You really wanted your ribbon, seriously why did they have to be against the rules? You jumped as you felt a sudden vibration against your leg. You pulled out your phone and answered.

“Hello?”

“Baby girl!” You smiled in surprise.

“Mom! Hey, what’s up?” Sans and Papyrus shared a look as you spoke. Undyne suddenly waltzing into the room stilled at a glance from the two brothers, a smaller lizard like monster beside her. Undyne made a shushing motion to which the other one snickered.

“I just saw the announcement! Wanted to tell you how pretty you looked in your photo, and how proud I am of you…if your father was here he’d be cheering you on right from the crowd.” Your smile gentled as you looked at the ground. Your heart giving a hard thump at your mother’s encouraging words. You were sad she couldn't make it but at least she had called.

“Thanks mom.” You whispered.

“Anytime sweetie, break a leg.” You hung up and stared at your phone, brushing away a tear before you turned and looked up. You looked first at the strange lizard monster who met your gaze shyly. You smiled, the expression coming easier after the phone call. She was a good half foot shorter than you and wore a lab coat over a t-shirt sporting the dance off logo, a mic and a shaded dancer in a pose. In a sense she was kind of dressed similar to Undyne.

“Hello, who are you?” Undyne was quick to step in, her face soft and eye full of adoration as she looked at the shorter monster. It was enough to make you and the lizard both blush under its intensity.

“This is my girlfriend Alphys, she’s the one behind all the technology we use here at the underground.” Your smile brightened considerably as you offered your hand to her. You didn’t know Undyne had a girlfriend, and you had to admit the monster was kind of cute with how tiny she was in comparison with your sponsor.

“Hi, I’m y/n.” She chuckled nervously as she took your hand, the sensation of scales a new feeling against your palm.

“H-heard a lot about you, b-big fan!” You looked at her curiously. A quick glance at Undyne making a small pit form in your stomach at the mischievousness in her expression. The small boost of confidence your mother had given you suddenly went out the window.

“Fan?”
“Y-yes! I saw your performance for Undyne on the security feed!” You looked over at Undyne’s snickering and then to Papyrus who was pointedly looking away from you. Sans was neutral but his eyelight were focused on the tv as it popped back on. With slowness you turned back to it, Mettaton was currently playing various montages for the participants.

The first one was of a giraffe like monster who was skilled in hakka, their clips swirling through various practice shots and performances. Mettaton pitched them like he was selling a product as he announced all of the monsters achievements and years of schooling like a pedigree. Then quickly Brent’s face was super imposed in the background, his status as a famous producer’s son being highly emphasized as clips showing his dance from the recital played alongside personalized theme music. Really? He had a personal theme song? What was this wrestling?

Your world slowly stopped turning as Brent’s advertisement ended and yours began. The picture they’d used earlier became super imposed, your carefree and confident grin seeming foreign to you like it belonged to another. A clip from your failed performance at the recitals played but Mettaton was quick to paint you as a hidden gem, an underdog of the dance community. Luckily they didn’t use the shot of your painful fall. You probably would've ran right out of the building otherwise. It was when shots from your audition started that you tensed.

The stills had been cut and pieced together effortlessly, zooming in when you and Undyne both matched your steps in perfect sync. Close ups of your face as you covered and uncovered it while the song played loud in the background. You…didn’t recognize yourself. The girl on screen was so agile and fluid, her movements precise. A shot of you dancing in front of Sans was in the collage, apparently you had been so close to him it couldn’t be avoided capturing him.

You didn’t see the way Papyrus’s sockets widened, nor the look he shot his brother. Sans pointedly didn’t look at his sibling. The last shot was of your ending split with a close up on your face. Once it ended Mettaton cooed to the crowd who roared impossibly louder. Then the next contestant montage was started. You looked over at Undyne with a look of sad betrayal who shrugged, not an ounce of sympathy on her face.

“It was a good performance punk, plus we didn’t have that much footage to work with.” Before you could comment Alphys stepped forward holding out looked like a small makeup compact to you.

“A-nyways I’m really here because R-roasty asked me to bring this for you.” You hesitantly took it and looked at Alphys blearily.

“Another secret? It’s bad enough she picked my song and won’t even tell me what it is!” You exclaimed right as your pocket vibrated again. This time it was a text from said monster of a group shot from where she and Amalia sat in the crowd with MK…and Asriel. The goat monster had actually shown up to support you despite all the ignored phone calls and text messages. It had you subconsciously smiling. A noise from the screen had you looking up as the montages finished playing. Turns out there was only ten participants. Just how hard was it to actually enter this competition?

“hey,” You jumped not expecting Sans to speak but turned to him anxiously. “it doesn’t matter if you know your song or not. all that matters is the moment.” You looked down at the compact in your hand and nodded. He was right; you thought back on your pokerface dance and couldn’t help but believe him. You had done so well; you didn’t even realize it till you had just seen it.

Mettaton called out the first dancer.

The delta dance offs had officially started.
You winced as Undyne slapped a powerful hand on your shoulder and met her singular eye.

“I trained you punk, you have nothing to worry about!” She exclaimed with a shout as she held a thumbs up for emphasis. You tried not to giggle as you heard Sans ‘who trained her?’ in the background. Not even bothering to think about it you turned into her and hugged her, pressing your face thickly into her chest as you clutched her. Undyne was taken aback slightly but smiled as she hugged you in return. You chuckled as you felt Papyrus on the other side of you joining the embrace with a loud Nyehe! Their closeness and presence stilling your raging heartbeat as a feeling of security wrapped around you.

It was almost hard to believe that you were currently about to go perform up on stage, your heart in your throat, and currently squished between two taller monsters. If someone had told you this when you first got here you probably would have laughed and joked about it. Maybe agreed with it. But after all the pressure and abuse you had taken, if you were the current you back then…you wouldn’t have believed it. After another moment Undyne released you and Papyrus turned you towards him.

“REMEMBER Y/N YES THIS IS A COMPETITION BUT ALL THAT MATTERS IS IF YOU HAVE FUN! ENJOY YOURSELF IN THE MARVELOUS OPPORTUNITY! AFTERWARDS WE’LL GO OUT TO CELEBRATE!”

“Even if I fail?” You asked half joking, half serious. Papyrus frowned.

“THERE’S NO SUCH THING AS FAILURE IN DANCING, THERE’S ONLY DOUBT. AND YOU HAVE NO NEED FOR THAT, I BELIEVE IN YOU.” You let out a chuckle that turned into a weak hiccup.

“Thank you Papyrus.” He gave you a gentle smile before looking back at the television.

“Oh~ a score of fifteen for the lovely Magnete!” You all looked at the screen and watched as the monster smiled cheerfully before leaving the stage. Mettaton faced the camera, his false black hair bouncing energetically.

“What a way to enjoy such culture via the art of dancing! Next up we have…” Mettaton paused, his face breaking from its happy smile to a subtle frown before going up into a devilish grin.

“The lovely y/n~” Sans and Undyne both cursed as you tensed. You were supposed to be going third what happened!? You hastily looked at your trainers, both of whom were glaring at each other with bad intent radiating off of them. They both looked at you. Sans didn't say a word, but Undyne couldn't keep the aggression from her voice.

“Stupid bot broke from the script. He’s been building you and Brent up more than the others, he’s probably to excited to get you humans out there.” You began to panic, your heart slamming and blood rushing even as you paled.

“I’m not ready! I still need to change, get my makeup done—“

“You’re p-perfectly fine! All you need is in your hand.” Alphys interrupted. You deftly opened the compact and frowned upon seeing a shimmering powder. You looked at her still panicking. Alphys smiled sympathetically. She knew better than the others how you were probably feeling right now, and she really hated that you were just as much as a nervous wreak as she could be, you at least had skill. You didn't need that look of horror on your face.

“A-all you need to do is put that on your body and wear your leotard.”
“But the cameras—“

“Will be fine, trust us.” Undyne said sternly. Her steely tone somehow calming your nerves. You swallowed and let out a shaky exhale with a jittery nod. Undyne crushed you in another hug. She hated this mushy crap, usually only reserving it for her girl. But you needed it obviously.

Uncaring that you could barely breathe you focused on the comfort she was offering and latched onto it, using it to ground yourself as you hugged her back. Finally you released her and she backed away. Her smile gentle and full of support.

“Better get ready ok?” You smiled…and turned to Sans. Your whole being shivering as you forced yourself to ask the question you desperately wanted him to answer.

“Do you think I can do this?” You whispered weakly. Everyone’s support was appreciated, but right now you only had eyes for the skeleton in front of you. Everyone visibly tensed as they all shifted their attention to Sans. Their expressions just as hopeful and nervous as yours. He raised a bony brow at your inquiry, maybe judging if you were being serious in your asking. You were, you were dead serious. His opinion was the one you wanted; the way his natural talent excelled made his words important to you. He was the only one you really wanted in some capacity to judge you.

It would be him admitting you were good enough to try, to consider.

Sans paid the tensed looks no mind as you felt his eyelight roam over you, their path taking in all of you in a calculating manner. They left a light shiver in their wake, one you fought hard to repress. When his sockets locked with your eyes his grin lifted slightly in the corners, a smile genuine enough that you’d only seen him direct it towards his friends.

“yeah buddy, you got this.”

Th-Thump

His sockets lidded and for a fleeting moment it was just you and him in the room. Hands roaming your body as he turned you, his mouth locking with yours as colors flooded your sight. You blinked, a blush staining your cheeks as you looked at him. What was that? It felt so intimate but… what were you thinking about again? Sans took a step towards you and you stilled.

He placed a hand on your head. It was tense and you could feel the hesitance he was enduring just to let it rest in your hair. But his expression contradicted it, neutral and careful. Slowly he took his hand back and left the dressing room. It was quite, each person silent in the room. Papyrus smiled at you and mimicked his brother’s action making everyone chuckle. You silently begged them not to go as they slowly left the room, but your pleas died as the door shut behind them with a resounding click. You looked down at the compact and let out a small sob.

Time to get ready.

~~

Mettaton stood with his arms crossed from the corner of the stage just out of sight of his adoring fans. His frustration clear on his face as Undyne glared at him. This fish lady always had to cause problems. So he went a little off script, didn’t this heathen know that improv was the ultimate form of acting? Really she should be thanking him for the quality of entertainment he’d just added. He would never understand what Alphys saw in her.

“It was a simple switch around darlin~. I’m sure the human will be just fine.” Undyne growled.
“The HELL Mettaton, you don’t know her to make that kind of decision.”

“Careful sounds like you’re becoming attached.” Mettaton challenged, a dark glare ominating his features. Undyne fell silent. If there was one thing she knew Mettaton couldn’t stand it was biased thinking when it came to the contestants. Being who he was he could just say the word and get someone disqualified.

“Listen sweetie, if she can’t handle a little pressure and unpredictability then she’s in the wrong profession.” Mettaton softened, his face becoming genial.

“Now I have to go announce her arrival.” Undyne watched him go with a seething look. Mettaton could be a good person when he wanted to be, but he tended to put drama ahead of others feelings. Undyne just hoped you’d be alright. Then she smirked evilly. She wondered what Mettaton would have to say if Papyrus talked to him about it.

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“Are you ready darlings~” The crowd cheered. Mettaton chuckled into the mic. Their noise was deafening.

"Give it up for the underdog of the Underground! Y/n L/n!” He cried excitedly. You took a step forward.

The stage dimmed and the spotlight turned on. You stood there numbly, staring at the hundreds of people watching you. Their eyes rapt with attention. Your breathing was loud. Too loud. You stood there staring back at them, their patient silence turning to quite mumbling.

“Y/n!” You whipped your head around and spotted Roast, her eyes wide and a smile brighter than the sun directed at you. Amalia and MK clapped excitedly, even Asriel joined them with a warm smile. You took a deep breath and looked at the camera man. Your mother watching you from afar. You could do this. This was merely a stepping stone for your dream, if you couldn’t do this then how could you ever call yourself a dancer? You repeated the question that had quickly become your mantra. Papyrus’s words, Undyne’s embrace and Sans touch. You could do this. You raised a hand for the dj.

As soon as you heard the melody you shot Roast a surprised look. She gave a thumbs up. Man you loved that fire elemental. She was the one who supported you the most, and the song she had chosen spoke loud and clear her thoughts on how you danced. You had never felt so touched. You winked at her, message received loud and clear. She and Amalia leaned their heads against each other as they both smiled at you.

~Diamonds~

Shine bright like a diamond
You slowly arched your arms above your head and threw a leg out into a pirouette.

Shine bright like a diamond
You bent backwards and fell forward, shooting up and throwing your arms wide.

Find light in the beautiful sea
I choose to be happy
You twirled and leapt up falling in a controlled landing onto your knees as you looked up, your arms pretending to push you up from imagined water as you slowly rose to your feet.

*You and I, you and I,*  
*we’re like diamonds in the sky*

You gestured to the crowd as you ran around the stage leaping and performing three turn spins in your path. Quickly you flipped into a series of cartwheels back to the center stage where you threw your arms up to the sky.

*You’re a shooting star I see*  
*a vision of ecstasy*

You flung your left arm out and pulled it in before repeating the motion with your other arm, your head leaning in the direction the active arm moved. You brought them both in and did a fouette turn, your body carrying it’s weight through the motion. Your mind flashed briefly. A blue hoodie sliding up to show white bone.

*When you hold me, I’m alive*  
*We’re like diamonds in the sky*

A genuine smile and a hesitant touch. You smiled as you kicked out and leaned forward, your arms balancing behind you as you quickly shifted backwards into an equal bend. The crowd made noise but you didn’t hear it as you fell backward into a handstand.

*I knew that we’d become one right away*  
*Oh, right away*

You used your hands to spin you, your legs kicking up and down like riding a bike before you fell into a gentle somersault and came up spinning on your knees.

*At first sight I felt the energy of sun rays*  
*I saw the life inside your eyes*

You shot to your feet and then the light shifted, your skin exploded in light. The powder Alphys had given you making you glow like a living star under the spotlight. You looked at your arms in surprise and then glanced up. The gasps from the crowd turned uproarious as objects began to drift down from the ceiling. You watched a hand sized neon diamond drift down slowly. Slowly you cupped it and watched in awe as it lingered in your palm before vanishing. You laughed.

*So shine bright tonight,*  
*You and I*

You twirled in place, watching as the diamonds brushed away from you forming an arch that flew them out to the crowd. You stopped in a pose and then ran forward, the diamonds trailing behind you like a trail of light.

*We’re beautiful like diamonds in the sky*

You ran along the line of the crowd jumping and raising your leg over various heads and shocked expressions, each moved scattering the diamonds around them like halos. A little girl you passed reached up to touch them looking at you in awe as you flipped backwards, performing a side spin in the air before landing in a graceful knell, one leg flat along the ground, like a spinning top you spun up to your feet.
Eye to eye,
So alive
You pushed up to your toes and as your legs fluttered you kicked at the diamonds, the small holograms bursting into smaller one like fireworks. You felt your heart slam in your chest.

We’re beautiful like diamonds in the sky
You smiled as you jumped into the air batting and swatting at the diamonds, kicking into a flip as you landed making the diamonds shoot fireworks around your feet as you spun and twisted them rhythmically.

Shine bright like a diamond
Shine bright like a diamond
“ISN’T SHE TALENTED BROTHER?” Papyrus asked with a smirk as he glanced at his sibling. Sans didn’t respond. His sockets were locked on you as you spun, the holographic diamonds flying away from you like water droplets scattering. Your skin shimmering as you moved like a ray of pure light. Papyrus only continued to smile as he turned back to watching you.

Shining bright like a diamond
We’re beautiful like diamonds in the sky
The crowd was no longer there, you were moving and flowing as you felt the melody reverberating through you. Your body ached and burned pleasantly as your emotions shot through it. You tilted your head back as you slowly leaned backwards, your leg going into a 180 degree angle. You shot back up and fell gracefully onto your stomach, your hands catching you.

Shine bright like a diamond
Shine bright like a diamond
You rolled onto your back, running your hands down your sides before whipping your body up into a sitting position where you pushed to your knees and swung your head from side to side, your hair whipping and wrapping around your face wildly your eyes shut in ecstasy.

Shining bright like a diamond
We’re beautiful like diamonds in the sky
You rolled forward and pushed to your feet, one of your arms covering your face as you jutted your hips before slowly bringing them down to cup the sides of your head that you swung and turned your body in tune with the direction your head lulled.

Palms rise to the universe
as we moonshine and molly
Your eyes opened as you slid into a split, their contact on the camera as you smiled. You blew a kiss at it as you rolled sideways into a crouch, your hands reaching up like you were pleading for the very heavens to touch you.

Feel the warmth, we’ll never die
You thought of your father’s face, now blurry from age. If he was here you could’ve seen the white that had grown in his hair. And the way he would be smiling at you, his wrinkled face creasing in pride.
We’re like diamonds in the sky

You felt the tears course down your face, their wake wiping away some of the powder and leaving a clear trail from the bottoms of your eyes to the top of your jaw.

So shine bright
Tonight,

Sans looked up and you locked eyes on him as you rose to your feet. His form obscured in shadow. You took a step towards him and went into a bow, falling forward into a roll and coming out crawling across the floor, your actions languid and controlled. His sockets widened and you smirked before pulling your legs forward under you and pushing yourself into a jump where you somersaulted in the air.

You and I
We’re beautiful like diamonds in the sky

You landed and spun, your leg hitching up and arms arching as you turned repeatedly. You stopped abruptly and shot your leg out as you bent sideways, your eyes still locked on the shadowed monster. You stood up and slowly raised your hand, a finger coming up to point at him as you mouthed the lyrics.

Eye to eye,
So alive
We’re beautiful like diamonds in the sky

Sans stared and you smiled. You brought your hands to your chest and spun, falling diamonds scattering as you faced the crowd again. You bowed and ran towards them, stopping short and falling into a handstand, your legs bent in perfect repetition as you’d seen him do. The crowd went wild. And Papyrus watched gleefully as Sans's eyelights hazed as you held the handstand.

Shine bright like a diamond

You didn’t notice the pair of eyes glaring at you in hatred.
Day 1: Two Steps Back

Chapter Notes

340+ Kudos <3
You guys really motivate me :)
And I couldn't be more grateful for it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You did so well!” Roast shouted as her and Amalia flung their arms around you. You laughed as they both smothered you, an elated joy filling you at their contact and encouragement. You were covered in sweat and running makeup but you didn’t care as you clung to your friends. You had finished your first performance! And it was in front of thousands of people! They both released you to the sight of a blushing Asriel who was rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly. A nudge from MK prompting him to talk.

“You were amazing out there!” He finally said with a breath, his smile genuine. You didn’t hesitate to embrace him catching him in surprise. It took him a second but he eventually chuckled and returned the hug, your worries over your friendship falling away the longer he held you. You both broke apart as the dressing room door slammed open admitting Undyne and Sans followed closely by Papyrus and Alphys.

“That was a most excellent display of passion and skill!” Papyrus shouted as he lifted you into a spine breaking hug. You didn’t even care as you struggled to breath, merely tried your best to wrap your arms around him in return. When he finally released you he quickly turned to his brother and smirked.

“Don’t you agree brother?” You looked at Sans excitedly, your smile wide and cheeks flushed. He was silent as he looked at you before smiling in return, both his sockets closed in playfulness.

“It was alright.” Papyrus deadpanned at him over the less than exuberant praise. But you lit up even more. That single sentence was more than enough to show just how well you had done if the typically harsh and stoic monster before you was saying it. It made your heart skip and you couldn’t look away from Sans’s grin even if you tried. Undyne and Alphys exchanged a look before the giant fish woman moved forward and clapped you on the shoulder jarring you.

“Seriously punk that was impressive! Looks like all that training paid off!”

“Thank you so much Undyne, really it felt so…” You couldn’t find the words. How do you describe the feeling of dancing so openly, of projecting your very emotions through to those watching you as you moved, to feel so free and alive? You couldn’t. Because there wasn’t a way. Only someone who had also experienced it could ever get what it was you meant. And judging by the look on Undyne’s and Papyrus’s faces they understood completely. Sans though was dazed and looking at something unseen. The image dampened your spirits until MK called out.

“Hey! Brent’s about to perform.” You all turned to the television where Mettaton was doing another dramatic introduction. You barely heard his words and only fully focused once the stage
went dark.

~Natural~

Will you hold the line?

A single spotlight shot on highlighting Brent’s form donned in a wolf head piece, it’s paws dangling down to his pictorials and fur covering his upper back. He slowly stepped forward, his movement tense and intimidating.

When every one of them is giving up or giving in, tell me
In this house of mine?

He went still and fell to his knees, the fur billowing out from the downward momentum before settling back down against him. He rolled his head as he hunched over and stalked forward, his legs pushing and sliding as his arms jerked and twitched.

Nothing ever comes without a consequence or cost, tell me
Will the stars align?

He fell to his back and began to crawl backwards, the overhead light emphasizing his abdominal muscles as they contracted. He rolled sideways and rose to his feet, coming to stand just inches in front of the crowd.

Will heaven step in? Will it save us from our sin? Will it?
'Cause this house of mine stands strong

He slowly reached up and then down to the wolf head obscuring the top of his face.

That's the price you pay
Leave behind your heartache, cast away

He flung the head dressing to the side, the fur flying wide as it went to land somewhere of camera showing his face had been covered with thick black makeup across his eyes, two lines running down to the sides of his chin. The red contacts and paw prints on his shoulders he adorned sent a shiver through you that made your gut twist with nausea.

Just another product of today
Rather be the hunter than the prey

The crowd went wide as he fell backwards into a perfect bend and then lifted into a handstand. His face was cold and concentrated as he then forcefully flung his body up into the air.

And you’re standing on the edge, face up ‘cause you’re a
Natural

He spun rapidly going into a brutal four turn spin before falling back down into a split. He didn’t slow as he used his hands to twirl his body around into a perfect circular motion that carried all the way into another handstand that he used to make a prefect ‘c’ arch.

A beating heart of stone
You gotta be so cold

He let his body fall and he used his arched position to go into a somersault gracefully before coming to stand on his feet. He smirked as he leapt forward and spun at dizzying speed, his leg
bending as he turned and his arms arching as the stage lit up, holographic trees popping up around him. You heard a small gasp behind you from Alphys but you kept your attention on his routine.

_To make it in this world_
_Yeah, you’re a natural_

He kicked out and quickly ran amongst them topping the illusionary giants as he twisted and flipped, weaving in and out of them. As they fell the morphed into wolves which seemingly chased after him, their numbers increasing and then circling him as he stopped to fall to a crouch dramatically, his arms bracing him as he eyes the camera focused in front of him.

_Living your life cutthroat_
_You gotta be so cold_

You felt Roast stand beside you as Amalia wrapped a supportive arm around your shoulder. Brent crawled forward, one of the false wolves coming to snarl at him in empty warning. He leapt up to his feet and kicked out as he fell into a perfect ninety degree bend in intimidation making the predator whimper. He flipped and landed directly into it, the hologram came up to encompass him in a thick shimmer.

_You’re a natural_

You thought you gasped but it drowned in the sounds of discontent the others made as the shimmer settled revealing Brent altered and monstrous looking. The hologram had given him thick fur that covered every inch of skin beside his face and chest area, ears that flattened and twitched, and a snout that morphed and followed his mouth as he growled. He finished with a threatening pose as the other wolves howled around him. His shoulders hunched as his clawed fists looked ready to tear out someone’s throat.

The crowd cheered and went wild making your heart drop into your stomach. Brent was many things and talented was unfortunately one of them. Asriel scoffed drawing your attention even as he continued to glare at the screen.

“Not only is that racially insensitive but it’s also tacky.” You heard a noise of agreeance from Undyne causing you to take in everyone’s reactions. Roast looked just as disgusted as she always did with Brent, Amalia and MK both looked uncertain, even Papyrus looked put out with how his sockets narrowed and his jaw flexed tightly.

Sans though had a sneer on his face, his eyelight were dulled and tighter and Alphys was visibly sweating, quickly typing away on her phone about something.

You turned back towards the screen and eyed the crowd closer, that’s when you noticed scattered among all the hollering and cheering fans there were monsters that were glaring and sad looking still sitting in their seats in silent protest.

Brent’s performance didn’t look as well received as yours had. Then again you weren’t a racist. You blinked as Mettaton came back on congratulating Brent for his performance, but even in the announcer’s glamorous smile you saw a strain and a bit of annoyance in his expressive eyes. Brent had made no friends this night.

You all sat and finished watching the rest of the performances, your moods all increasing as the monster dancers put on dazzling light shows and acts. There was a blue furred and polka dotted monster that had danced a rumba while acting like they were a mobster, their garb lighting up and producing colorful smoke as they moved inside of it giving a mystical genie like vibe to it. Another
act was a bunny girl who did the foxtrot solo while on skates, her wheels producing melodramatic beats as they rolled.

You soon found yourself clapping and cheering for your competition alongside Roast and your fellow club members, especially MK who was standing and attempting to imitate the performers on screen much to everyone’s amusement. It was when the final contestant, a mouse monster performing a variation of a traditional Odissi style of dance finished that your throat went dry.

“Well Darlings~ It’s time for the most anticipated event of the evening! Scoring our dancers!” As typical the crowd cheered him on as he floated over to a group of three judges, one human you didn’t recognize from anything particular and two monsters you did. Shyren was a famous singer and performer and beside her was Topps a famous monster known for his nice cream business only rivaled by the infamous Muffet baking company. Both of whom were also famous for their Jive and Tap dance styles respectively which made them not only rivals in sweets but also on the dance floor.

“As you all know out of the ten lovely dancers tonight only six will be moving onto day two of the dance offs next week! So let’s see who the lucky angels are shall we?” Mettaton held out his mic to Topps who received it with a chipper smile, his bunny ears shooting straight.

“I’ll be listing the ones who will be progressing starting from sixth place!” You swallowed dryly and felt Roast and Amalia grip your hands in comfort as your heart began to pound in your ears and your skin go clammy. Four were going home tonight, and you were hoping you weren’t one of them. You felt the others in the room move closer behind you, their presence keeping you from a full on panic attack even as your lungs threatened to stop working.

“Sixth place; Bics the Bunny with her wonderful skate performance!” You took a breath as the crowd cheered and her image popped up on the wall in the fifth place slot. She was a skilled dancer, you were happy for her. Your grip on your friends hands tightened slightly earning a gentle rub on your arm that made your hands slacken.

“Fifth place; Fangula with his impressive take on the Indian snake dance!” The image of a blue snake like monster popped up, his silted green eyes narrowed happily. That was two spots down and your name hadn’t been called yet. You had either done really well or…really badly. You heard Undyne whisper something to you in reassurance but you didn’t catch it as your hearing started to ring. Topps spoke up again.

“Fourth place; Melody for her flawless execution of the Irish hornpipe!” The image of a koi fish type monster flew up on the screen, her long red top fin giving the appearance of silky long hair. You felt your heart start to drop. There was no way you were in the top three, you hadn’t been that good had you? A small part of you held on to hope as you silently pleaded with whatever was out there in the universe. You closed your eyes and tried to keep your breathing calm.

“Third place; y/n for her gorgeous ballet!” You gasped as your lungs filled with air and watched in amazement as your image took its place in the third slot of the score board. You barely registered as your friends shook you excitedly and shouted joyfully, their loud voices all mixing as you slowly felt your heart race in your chest. Finally it hit you and you jumped shakily to your feet hugging whoever grabbed you and willingly let them all pass you around and mess your hair. It was when they finally passed you one last time that you were standing in front of Sans. His smile was soft and it made you unable to resist hugging him again. The moment your arms locked around him the room went silent but you didn’t even care as you muttered into his hoodie.

“Thank you so much Sans. Thank you.” He didn’t move an inch in your hold.
“haven’t won yet bud, might want to save it till then.” You pulled back and giggled at him. His smile was suddenly strained but you could see his eyelight were hazed. They looked so beautiful that way. You wondered how they always shrank and grew, what they meant when they did.

**Th-Thump**

You felt him tense and took that as a sign to release him, the quite of the room going louder again as the rest of the group grabbed your attention. You didn’t even care when they announced Brent was in first place, you had won today. You would be continuing on and building a possible career for yourself when all was said and done. Gradually your friends slowly left, the night getting late. Asriel once more hugged you as he and MK took off, only making you more sure that you were both fine with each other.

Papyrus gave you another bone crushing hug stating about dinner to celebrate at his house tomorrow as he led Amalia and Alphys to the door, Roast volunteering to stay and help you and Undyne clean up as she gave her girlfriend a kiss goodbye. You giggled as Alphys all but locked up as Undyne also kissed her. The poor lizard had to be carried out by Papyrus. All that was left now were the three of you and Sans, who was taking you home to give you less travel and more time to rest.

You were so light and happy you might as well have been on cloud nine. Okay you were on cloud nine! But you just couldn’t help it. You had also called your mother who was talking about coming out for day two with her new beau plus you felt so good at the thought of how proud Undyne and Sans had to be of you. They had worked so diligently with you and you felt like your performance was slowly paying them back. Nothing could ruin this for you right now. Nothing! Brent could barge in and break your nose and you’d…cry but still feel really good about tonight!

A loud vibration made you and Undyne look over at Sans who pulled his phone from his pocket. His thumb making a cursive motion and unlocking it with an audible click. He seemed to really focus on it as he suddenly started to scroll on it.

“Someone important?” Undyne questioned with a raised brow. Sans shrugged.

“dance team stuff.” He glanced at you.

“I’ll be waiting outside when you’re ready.” You nodded and watched him leave the dressing room as you continued to pack your bag. Undyne chuckled.

“You and Sans have gotten pretty close huh?” You blushed slightly as you remembered how he’d held you in the alley, how he’d protected you and had enjoyed movies together. Thinking on it you could honestly say you had both come a long way up to now.

“I’d like to think so.”

“Gotta admit, it kind of surprises me actually.” You paused as you pulled a jacket on over your shoulders and looked at her curiously.

“Does it?” Roast at this point looked at you in confusion and then to Undyne, her eyes going wide as she realized what was about to happen.

“Well yeah, he hates humans so this is a big deal!” You froze.

Sans hated humans?

The fish monster stopped as she registered your sudden blank expression. Your mind was racing as
you thought back on every interaction with him, each gaze and expression he’d ever given you. It wasn’t that you had been acting creepy towards him like you’d assumed.

It was the fact he was actually a racist and you just happened to fall on the wrong side of the species fence.

But he had helped you so much, been so kind to a fault the past few days…why did he do any of it if he hated you? Why did he hug you, touch your head? You felt sick as you remembered the hesitance, the way he had forced his hand to make contact with you. He hadn’t wanted to touch you at all, what you thought were friendly gestures were actually attempts at veiled tolerance. He hadn’t moved when you’d hugged him tonight but had gone rigid almost in your hold, like he was disgusted.

All the good feelings and confidence you had just been feeling evaporated.

Undyne frowned sadly as she noticed the way you entire demeanor fell.

“You didn’t know.” You slowly looked up at her and then quietly discarded your bag, making your way to follow Sans. It couldn’t be true could it? He didn’t hate you did he? It wasn’t all a simple deception of your mind wanting his acceptance and friendship…was it? Roast and Undyne didn’t even stop you but just silently stared at the ground shamefully, both of them fearing the ramifications about to occur.

You found him typing away on his phone as he waited for you, his eyelights focused on the screen. He looked so lazy and relaxed. Why? Because he didn’t know you were there? Something inside you was screaming as your gut twisted. You didn’t want to approach him, but you felt you had to. Your body moved on its own, the distance quickly closing between you as your heart pounded painfully in your chest. Before you knew it you were within talking distance, and your mouth was on autopilot.

“Sans.” Your voice was tight as you drew his attention from his phone, Undyne’s words echoing in your head. His face was apprising and waiting as he stopped leaning against the building. You felt your stomach twist and your breathing go shallow, a look of mild curiosity and concern quickly flew across his face as he glanced around for your bags before hiding away behind his ever present grin. Paying attention with your new knowledge you saw how his shoulders stiffened, his posture defensive. Was it because he knew something was up? Or was it because you were just around?

The questions wouldn’t stop coming.

Just say it! You had to ask no matter how you felt. Or you’d be tortured forever unsure what was your mind or reality when it came to his words and actions. It was like a knife in your chest, you were torn between wanting reassurance and not wanting to know. He had helped you so much, he had been so kind and you didn’t want that tainted.

But you had to ask.

Because you were weak.

“Do you…really…hate humans?” The air felt heavy as he remained silent, your skin freezing from imaginary cold as he stared at you. It felt like an eternity, neither one of you moving or speaking. Finally he did, and his voice was indifferent and cold just like that night you’d caught him on the roof.

“yep.” Your blood chilled.
“Then why? Why help me?” The silence wasn’t quite as stretched as the first time. He had fallen back behind his wall just as he had the day you’d both fought. There was no hesitance or mercy to his words. He spoke with a guarded expression you knew you couldn’t read. Lie, please lie you silently begged. You knew what he was about to say was going to be cruel; it was going to be the truth. And you didn’t want to hear it.

“I was bored. you were one of the first things I’ve found interesting since coming to the surface, a self-loathing human jealous of monsters not because you can’t use magic, but because all you want is to dance. a human so obsessed with such a simple thing...it’s pathetic.” Your eyes widened and your chest ached in that all too familiar pang of emptiness. Sans wasn’t your friend you realized, you were his entertainment. You choked on a sob as your vision blurred.

“I…I’m sorry.” His mask slipped but you didn't recognize what the look in his sockets might've been.

“I thought you actually…started to care about me.” Your voice shattered and the tears came pouring down. You looked away from Sans not needing to look at his face, you knew he’d be wearing that familiar indifference you’d grown used to, that had finally started to slowly crack and fade, or at least you thought it had.

You ran.

You didn’t see the broken remains of Sans phone hit the pavement.

Chapter End Notes

Don't hate me!
Hatred

Chapter Notes

375 kudos!!! *Squeal* XD

Thanks so much!!

Update time!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Knock

Knock

You buried your face beneath your blanket as Roast pounded on your door for the hundredth time in three days. The encasing darkness of the soft cotton not doing anything to relieve the ever present burning in your chest that refused to die.

Knock

Knock

“C’mon y/n! Open the door! You’ve been in there too long, everyone’s worried. Even Toriel has come by and tried to check on you!” You blinked weakly as you thought to the now stale piece of pie sitting on the counter in your small kitchenette. It had looked delicious but even attempting to eat it had made the flavor go bland and the texture feel like ash. You closed your eyes and curled within yourself, the dull call of sleep pulling you slowly under.

“Y/n…please answer…” You tried to pretend you didn’t hear the worry and hurt in your friend’s voice. Who were you to be worthy of someone’s care or concern anyways? The world went thankfully dark even as you heard her knock again.

You felt something caress and pull at you…but you couldn’t bring yourself to respond.

You woke again to the darkness outside your window. You must’ve slept another day away. Slowly you sat up and dragged your aching body to the side of your bed, letting your throbbing head rest in your palms.

you have potential

You tried to hold back a sob. You wouldn’t cry over this. You couldn’t…it if you did you knew you’d break. He was a racist long before you ever met. This wasn’t personal, it couldn’t be. But it felt that way. It felt so wrong!

i was bored

Your hands gripped your face painfully as you tried to keep the wail inside you. You weren’t going to cry over him! You shouldn’t cry over him! Your friendship wasn’t real…why cry for the loss of something that didn’t exist in the first place?
if I see so much as another bruise on her…

You slid down from your bed onto the floor digging your back harshly into the hard metal frame of it even as you continued to cover your face. A warm wetness telling you that you’d scraped your back. Why protect you? You’d just be one less human for him to hate. One less nuisance…

yeah buddy, you got this

You fell sideways and broke into ugly full bodied sobs, your nails painfully digging into your flesh. The encouragement he’d given felt so empty and hollow now. You missed the warmth you’d thought had been there, the illusion of support and understanding…

it’s pathetic

You felt your sharp cry of desperation more than heard it. The burning in your chest only got worse as your lungs burned from silent screaming. Could you die from this? Could your very soul just fly out of your still breathing body and fade? You were pathetic…for thinking for even a moment you were worth anything at all. Your vision spotted and then dimmed.

KNOCK

KNOCK

You jolted from the hard blows to your door, the wood of it straining under the loud noise. You lifted your head with narrowed eyes trying to keep the sunlight from your window out of your vision. Another series of earth rending blows made you sit up anxiously. Who was knocking so violently? Shakily you tried to push to your feet but the numbness from the position you’d slept in make you fall back to your knees.

“Y/N.” Papyrus’s usually loud voice echoed through the door even louder than normal, his tone stern making you flinch. You stared at the door wondering if he would leave like Roast and everyone else had if you just remained silent. There was a pause where you thought he had done just that but his voice once more came through.

“YOU HAVE WORRIED US ALL LONG ENOUGH, NOW EITHER YOU OPEN THE DOOR AND PERMIT ME TO ENTER OR I CAN BE RUDE AND ENTER MYSELF. EITHER WAY I’M COMING IN.” The monster’s unfamiliar harshness made you leap up rapidly. You groaned as your world spun from dizziness but pushed through it to wobble over to the door. Had your door always felt so heavy? You wondered as you opened it. Papyrus’s crossed arm and disapproving frown leveled with you. As you tried to weakly think of an excuse you watched Papyrus’s expression change as he looked you up and down.

He looked concerned and scared. You flinched as he raised a hand towards you stopping his advance as he noticed. He let his hand drop and he looked at you sadly, his sockets dipped in worry. His voice came out quite and timid.

“What have you done to yourself?” Your eyes widened fractionally. Did you look that bad? You slowly turned and made for the bathroom, Papyrus watching your stuttering steps cautiously as he shut the door. The trip to your bathroom left you surprisingly tired as your lungs tried to inhale and deflate rapidly. The short walk felt like it was a work out with how dehydrated you probably were. You pulled up short as you saw yourself in the mirror.

There were cuts around your face from where you’d dug into it, thick black bags under your eyes that made you look half a century older and your eyes were so bloodshot you looked like a regular
drug user. You licked your dried and cracked lips. You looked utterly and completely destroyed. How did Papyrus even recognize you? Said monster’s gasp made you look at him from the mirror, his sockets glued to your back. You reached a hand up behind you and hissed as you touched raw and freshly scabbed skin. His eyes met yours in the mirror.

“Get dressed.” You turned to protest but your words died as you looked at his face. He didn’t look stern or even upset, just tired, like he had been fighting and struggling this whole time instead of you. It broke what was still left of your heart. You nodded and went to search for a clean shirt, discarding the bloody one into a corner. You didn’t want to leave your apartment. But you knew life couldn’t be that merciful to you.

Getting out of the apartment had been fine, it was when you tried to take the stairs and almost collapsed that Papyrus had insisted on carrying you. Too weak to resist you let him cradle you like a porcelain doll and hold you all the way outside and to his car. Ignoring the curious glances and stares passing monsters and humans were giving you both. You were able to convince him you were capable of buckling yourself in and did so as he hopped into the driver’s side.

You had no idea where he was taking you, but you didn’t really care. You just wanted to sleep. Papyrus though kept you from giving into peaceful oblivion with conversation. He informed you about Toriel excusing you from class in favor of using the competition as your sort of pseudo final. Which made you sick to think about. He even told you how Roast and Amalia had been fighting recently…because the little elemental was so concerned over you to the point she was becoming ill herself. That piece of information actually made you sob.

It was almost an hour later that Papyrus pulled up into a drive through, his sockets panning the menu before looking at you wearily. He forced a smile and tried to sound chipper. Poor guy was probably still shaken to even look at you. After ordering your food he then continued to drive back along the roads he’d used. The bags currently sitting on your lap didn’t even tempt you. You didn’t even feel like you could be hungry anymore. Papyrus glanced at you.

“IT MAY FEEL POINTLESS AND A HASSLE TO EAT ANYTHING. BUT DO SO ANYWAYS.” You looked up at him and then back to the bag. Shakily you opened one and pulled out one of the multiple burgers he’d ordered. It was smaller thankfully when you unwrapped it. Taking a bite made your mouth instantly water. It still tasted off, not fully there almost. But your body did crave it. You made quick work of it as Papyrus pulled up to his house. You stiffened and felt your breathing go shallow as you harshly swallowed your last bite.

This was a shame, you had just finished your food and already you were about to lose it. Papyrus placed a steadying hand on your shoulder drawing your mind from its impending downward spiral. You looked at him with tears in your eyes and he pulled you into a gentle hug.

“It’s going to be fine.” He whispered. You held onto him tightly and didn’t let go for what felt like an eternity. When you did it was with reluctance. Slowly you made your way to the porch with him and clutched the bag to you like a lifeline. You hadn’t ever felt this nervous to enter Papyrus’s home before. It saddened you.

No sooner did the door open that you spotted Sans slumped on the couch, his eyelights instantly snapping over to you.

Your body locked up.

He looked just as tired as you felt; His sockets had thick blue bags under them and his grin looked like it was barely held in place. Even his face looked discolored, a slight tinge of grey to it. The sight made your chest ache more, but you noticed it didn’t burn as much as it had been doing. You
were even surprised Sans didn’t just get up and walk away. You looked away to Papyrus who
tapped you.

“I’M GOING UP TO MY ROOM TO GET SOMETHING, I’LL BE BACK.” You didn’t miss the
way he glanced at his brother in passing nor the way Sans meet his sockets before looking back at
you. The sound of Papyrus’s door shutting echoed in the silent house. You couldn’t bring yourself
to look at Sans and instead focused on the floor. Maybe if you pretended he wasn’t there he’d do
the same about you. You shut your eyes and tried to keep your breathing even. You weren’t about
to start sobbing in front of him. When your eyes opened again your lungs stopped working. You
were looking at Sans’s shoes.

Slowly you looked up.

His eyelights were hazed and watching you in quite intensity like they always did. His closeness
disarming you. As you stared at those slightly diffused eyelights you felt a sudden well of emotion
spring up and it struck you like a hot poker in your chest. You clutched the bags of food tighter to
prevent reaching for your chest. His sockets lidded.

“i’m not sorry.” He stated simply. Your shoulders hunched as you looked away from him. He still
continued to speak however which surprised you further.

“i can’t feel sorry for how I felt.” Felt? You looked up at him in confusion.

“i hate humans, that’s not going to change. but it wasn’t a lie when i said i found you interesting, or
even when i said you had potential.” You felt wet tears begin to roll down your cheeks. Sans
eyelights locked onto the salty droplets and watched them for a long moment before looking back
into your eyes, his tone tight as if it hurt him to even say the words that spilled from his mouth.

“i wouldn’t have told you…to never say you don’t matter…if i didn’t mean it.” You tried to think
on that. When had he said that to you? You couldn’t remember him ever saying something that…
soft to you before. But it felt familiar to you. It felt true.

Th-Thump

You forced yourself to speak, his words still shocking you even as Sans’s frown shrank and his
eyelights only seemed to haze even more. That look terrified you for reasons other than fear, but
you tried to focus on your mismatched thoughts concerning the confusing skeleton in front of you.

“So…you hate me but…you care?” Sans moved impossibly closer, his hoodie faintly brushing the
back of your hand’s knuckles. It made you shiver. Sans tone came out lower and deeper, enough
that it sent a dark caress through you that made you cold.

“i hate, that i can’t help but care…human.” You shook as you realized how close his face was to
yours, his breath ghosting across your lips. His harsh words which were normally so hurtful came
across different. It made something in you hot and tight. You tried to gauge what was happening,
your body responding in a way that was completely new to you. Staring at Sans you noticed the
hint of his canine in the corner of his mouth, but the way he was looking at you was restrained.
Pissed off.

“So then stop. If caring about me makes you so angry just stop!” You chocked on the words
angrily. Sans’s face went neutral.

“stop dancing.” He replied. Your body went numb. Stop dancing? You couldn’t do that! To stop
dancing would kill you! The fact he even said those words--
Something clicked for you.

You looked at him in a new light. He wasn’t demanding or even suggesting to give up on your passion. He was comparing it. He couldn’t stop caring about as much as you could stop dancing. It was something innate, uncontrollable. It was who you were.

Then you realized, for all his harshness and brutality. Sans cared about those around him. Which now included you. At least you wanted to hope that it did.

“Then why did you say what you said?” You asked weakly.

“because you asked me to.” He responded with annoyance, your faces close enough to each other you could feel the rumble from his words. You didn’t ask for his cruelty, but his honesty you had known was going to break you. Yet you’d still asked.

Asked him to tell you the one thing that hurt you more than Brent’s abuse, or even the threat of expulsion. You hated your hopeful ignorance; that he cared enough to lie, when in truth his caring was his deadly honesty. You also hated his bitter indifference; how no matter how much you cried or wailed it didn’t seem to bother him.

But still you were drawn to him like a moth to a flame. You wanted him around; you wanted him to be your friend. You wanted his jokes and smiles like Papyrus and the others would give you. Even now as you stared into his eyes you felt fear and pain, but deeper than that you felt desperation and want.

And it fucking hurt.

**Th-Thump**

Something in Sans sockets made his eyelights flicker dangerously. His neutrality changed into something that shook you. His canines were back and prominent, his eyelights dilated and his breathing increased as a deep vibrating rumble sounded from somewhere deep inside of him. The look he had was making your heart suddenly race and your cheeks burn as the heat of his breath washed across your torn and abused lips.

“i hate you y/n,” He growled. “but you have no idea how much i hate myself.” You looked down at his chest as his words registered. He…hated himself? That hurt more than his hate for you. And you had no clue why. Slowly you looked back up at him and hesitantly placed your hand on his chest. Sans’s body tensed and his eyelights flickered quickly to your hand and back to your face.

“I forgive you.” You whispered. Sans's predatory look slowly fell away and he was now looking at you in observance, his eyelights still dilated searching your face. And then you had an urge you couldn’t describe. You felt the words falling from your lips against your will. Their meaning confusing but yet striking something inside you just out of your grasp.

“I told you I would.” Sans didn’t say anything. You both continued to stare at each other for a time, the only noise was the sound of both your breathing and a very faint noise coming from the monster your hand rested against.

“you shouldn’t.” Sans finally said, his words cold and blunt. You silently agreed. But you did anyways.

Whatever was going on inside his head and yours was brutally shut down as the slamming of Papyrus’s door disturbed the tension between you. Sans vanished right as Paps started to descend the stairs, stopping once he noticed your odd look.
“IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT?” He called cautiously. You stared at where Sans had been a moment before. Looking up you felt oddly lighter, the pain in your chest dulled.

“I…don’t know.” Papyrus made a curious hum as he finished the stairs and stopped in front of you. If you didn’t know better you’d have thought the look on his face was knowledgeable about what had just happened. But he merely raised a hand in offer. You looked to see he was holding a thick red book, the cover soft velvet. You cautiously took it, setting the forgotten food down on the end table.

“Monsters and their resonances?” You read the book title out loud with a raised brow. Why was he giving you such an…intimate book?

“YES, THE NEXT STAGE OF THE DANCE OFFS IS A RESONANCE TEST. BUT FIRST I DO BELIEVE YOU HAVE SOME PHONE CALLS TO MAKE.” He said as he waved a finger at you.

You didn’t hear him pass saying resonance test.

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Jared glared at the panel of judges, his eyes aflame with restrained rage. The only one cowering though under his look was the lone human judge Benjamin. A formality judge appointed because of the new human competitors this year. A useless man. Topps and Shyren, the ones who mattered, both looked put off and annoyed at his imposing height as he loomed over their table. Their indifference only serving to anger him further.

“You gave that little bitch third place!?” He shouted as he slammed his fist into the solid wood table. Both Benjamin and his son behind him flinching at the impact. What was the point of bribing and threatening if they didn’t follow all of his demands? Topps and Shyren exchanged a look.

“Yes, her dancing was up to par and her routine was very well done for it being improvised.” Jared scoffed as he pushed away from the table, his eyes locking on the blue bunny. Topps though looked unfazed as he raised an eyebrow. Out of all the humans to deal with Topps hated Jared the most, the man was lucky he’d even allowed his son the entree.

“Technically, she deserved first place over your boy.”

“What!” Brent took a step forward, his voice shouting out indignantly. Jared held up a hand silencing his son’s further protests. His eyes not once leaving Topps face. This monster had some gall to speak that way to him so carelessly. Not only could he ruin that abominations reputation he could fucking flick him in the face and dust him if he so wanted. It wouldn’t even matter if the fact he had murdered him got out, six years on the surface wasn’t long enough to guarantee someone with power like Jared’s would be punished for such a thing.

“Excuse me?” Jared asked sickeningly sweet, his tone almost gentle.

“Not only was your son’s routine less engaging but it was also highly insensitive.” Shyren piped up in support of her fellow monster. Jared raised a brow.

“Was it? I don’t see monsters out on the street protesting Halloween. And humans dress up on that holiday all the time.” Topps rolled his eyes.

“Oh yes, let’s bring up that racist and very misinterpreted holiday hm? We monsters have been trying to educate you humans on that day’s real meaning. Turning a day meant to celebrate our
race’s coexistence into some sort of mockery once you locked us away. Not very nice of you.” Jared shrugged.

“The world isn’t built on niceness Topps. No matter how much of it you try to sell on a stick.” He watched gleefully as Topps ears both shot up straight, his snout lifting in a snarl. It was rare the corporate giant lost his cool and Jared enjoyed being the cause of it. Sometimes he wondered if the rodent would be ballsy enough to assault him. Would save him a lot of bribes in the long run. Topps blinked and took a deep breath as he fought for composure. Jared’s dark intent giving him a small migraine.

“No, it’s not Jared. So I’m going to inform you that Shyren and I will not be rigging the scores anymore.” Jared blinked in bewilderment before glowering at the monster.

“What?”

“Your son’s in first place. Let him prove himself on his own merits and keep it.” Shyren spat. Jared clenched his fist, fighting the very instinct to assault the fish monster. One of them being opposed to him he could handle. But both of them was another problem all together. He wouldn’t be able to get them both replaced, let alone convince the Underground to continue the competition if mysterious circumstance surrounded the loss of their judges.

“Care to tell me what brought on this change of heart?” Topps narrowed his eyes.

“We have…our own authority to answer to.” Jared stared Topps down; only relenting when he realized the rabbit wasn’t going to clarify his vague words. It couldn’t be the queen he was talking about; Jared had that bitch sitting dumb in the palm of his hand. The king was also too tied up in politics to be too much of a challenge to his plans. He couldn’t think of anyone aside from that useless ambassador and their two skeleton goons. One of which was blatantly stupid and the other too lazy to care.

“The why are you still here?” He sneered.

How dare they waste his fucking time!

Topps and Shyren stood calmly and left the office, both their heads held high to the point Jared wanted to take the sword mounted on his wall and use it. He glanced at Benjamin still sitting at the table and that was enough to send the man scurrying, his door slamming rapidly behind him.

Brent stared at the door before looking at his father who turned to him. Jared was livid and Brent barely registered his father’s fist flying at him till it sent him sprawling to the ground, his vision spinning as he coughed out some blood from his new split lip. He glared up at him from where he lay not daring to move.

“You couldn’t have chosen a better routine?!”

“The hell does it matter?! We hate monsters anyways!” Jared scoffed as he turned away and moved to sit in one of the chairs that littered the office, his hand running through his hair as he glared at the pathetic excuse that was his offspring. Brent hesitated before slowly pushing to his feet, his eyes staying focused on his father.

“She’s better than you.” Jared spat disgustingly.

“The hell she is!” Brent retaliated. His father ignored his outburst.

“I’ve done everything a father is supposed to for your infuriating needs. Give me a reason to even
bother *keeping* you in my will, let alone *helping* you?” Brent looked struck at Jared’s words his gaze quickly falling to the ground as he fought not to say something damning. Jared sniffed as he withdrew a tin from his coat pocket and placed a small lump of chewing tobacco between his lower lip and gum.

“Is there anything you can even offer me in the compromising of this weak excuse of a girl?” Brent looked up at his father wearily, Jared’s cold eyes locking with his. He mentally scrambled for something in regards to you and what could be useful in sabotaging you. The longer the silence stretched the more irritated Jared grew, his fingers tapping on the arm of his chair in annoyance. Brent swallowed and finally smirked. Jared raised a brow.

“She’s a monster fucker.” His father at first made a disgusted face…and then he smiled.

“Is she now? Tell me more.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to beta reading RoseDarkfire!! XD
Check out her fics! So much Dusty love! <3

Also a recommend for CuddlyQuiche!
Love their bitty story and Nebula!
You winced as you stepped on Papyrus’s foot for the eighth time earning an exasperated sigh from your skeletal partner. He let go of you and pinched the area above his nasal cavity as you let out another apology. Papyrus sighed.

“YOU’RE HOLDING BACK.” You looked down in shame. You weren’t meaning to, you were trying but for some reason you found it had to line up with Papyrus’s rhythm. Roast and Amalia both exchanged a look before the fiery elemental took a step forward.

“You're thinking to hard y/n. Resonating isn’t so much about trying to be one with your partner… it's more like just feeling your partner…y’know?” No, no you didn’t. Roast sighed at the confused look on your face and frowned as a deep chuckle drew everyone’s attention to the side of the studio.

“you can’t explain resonating. you need to show it. and with how uncomfortable both her and paps are being it’s just not going to happen.” Papyrus blushed but didn’t deny the statement. You didn’t blame him though, Sans was right. You cared about Papyrus like a brother and with how you felt resonating was intimate well…you couldn’t even do a simple boxstep without stepping on his toes. Roast frowned.

“And why is he here?” Roast demanded as she pointed at Sans lounging across a bench. Said skeleton cracked a socket open as he looked at her.

“because it’s my studio. should be asking why you’re here.” Roast placed her hands on her hips as she stared him down.

“Because letting us use the space is the least you could do after hurting y/n so bad.” Sans stared at her indifferently before turning onto his side to face away from everyone, muttering a whatever before snoring like a chainsaw. You did wonder how he passed out so easily all the time. You looked up at Papyrus.

“Papyrus, I just don’t feel right.”

“MMM, THEN MY BROTHER MAY BE RIGHT. MAYBE YOU SHOULD TRY WITH ROASTY.” She exchanged a look with you before shrugging and looking towards her girlfriend. Amalia ever the loyal supporter shot her two thumbs up. You couldn’t help but smile at the soft
look Roast shot her before walking over to you and holding her hands out. Hesitantly you took them and Roast giggled.

“Relax, no need to worry so much! Promise you’re not going to fall in love with me or anything.” You laughed right as Papyrus walked over and started up Sans computer, letting a basic instrumental play around the room. Slowly Roast led you into a turn and you managed to copy her steps perfectly. Soon you both were moving in time with each other, your feet knowing precisely where hers were about to move before you could even consciously think about it. A slow warmth began to build in your chest and you found yourself drifting into the melody of the music.

But as soon as the tempo increased you found yourself stumbling, the warmth that had built quickly vanishing.

What was wrong with you today!? Instead of breaking to pause however she simply corrected the path you were both dancing along and bent you backwards into an elegant dip before righting you and leading you into a sway. You began to gain a rhythm again but then tripped as she went to spin you making the hard floor of the studio slam the air from your lungs. Roast bent next to you in concern and helped you back up. You felt like an amateur.

“I know, I know! Thinking too much right?” You asked slightly frustrated. Roast didn’t reply but merely gave a sympathetic look. The slamming of the studio’s door made you jump as a grim looking Undyne waltz in with a rather angry looking Mettaton. Even Sans sat up at this point, his expression blank as the robot strolled in. Mettaton looked absolutely furious, the metal of his face contorted into a deep scowl as his single exposed eye landed on the shorter skeleton.

“METTATON? WHAT BRINGS YOU TO VISIT TODAY?” Papyrus asked carefully, his sockets panning between him and his brother. Mettaton seemed to soften at Papyrus’s voice and looked at the taller skeleton reluctantly.

“We have an issue, regarding y/n’s legitimacy in being in the competition.” You felt your lungs lock up. Roast who still stood beside you wrapped an arm protectively around you as she frowned at the metal host.

“her legitimacy?” Sans questioned slightly annoyed. You could understand where his tone was coming from. To question if you had entered the dance offs in an inappropriate manner was to be calling Sans reputation into question as well. You weren’t surprised when he rose from the bench and stood straight looking at Mettaton in silent challenge. Even Undyne looked offended but for some reason stayed silent as Mettaton fully faced Sans.

“Did you sleep with her?” Mettaton accused bitterly. You froze as the weight of Mettaton’s question slammed into you like a ton of bricks. Why would he ask that? It was known Sans hated humans, to even insinuate he had slept with you was outrageous! He wouldn’t look twice at you that way. You were certain of it. There was silence as Mettaton’s question hung in the air, everyone a mix of shock and confusion. Finally Sans tensed, his face contorted into an enraged snarl.

“w h a t?” Mettaton was unfazed either from stupidity or bravery you couldn’t tell as he repeated himself. Papyrus’s hand clenching into a fist silently beside you. You didn’t speak or even dare to move, your mind and heart racing from the arduous words.

“Did you sleep with y/n Sans?” Mettaton repeated slowly and forcefully as if speaking to a child. You had never seen Sans with so much expression or emotion as he stared Mettaton down. There was rage and insult in his sockets, but even more than that there was something just beneath his tight glare that you couldn’t explain. When he replied it was with candor.
“you should know better than to ask me that kind of question.” He darkly whispered. You ignored the slight sting to your chest and took a shaky step forward from Roast’s embrace, giving her concern a small smile as you spoke up.

“I haven’t slept with Sans.” Mettaton turned to look at you along with everyone in the room. Even Sans had focused his eyelights on you. Papyrus was staring down at the floor with shame written on his face, as to why you didn’t know but you kept your eyes locked with Mettaton. Normally you’d have been nervous to be confronted by someone with so much power over your future, however you were nothing but calm. You had nothing to hide.

“I’ll do anything to prove it, whatever you need.” Mettaton eyed you skeptically.

“You’d be willing to undergo a soul reading?” You didn’t notice the way Amalia and Roast both stiffened nor how Papyrus suddenly glared at Mettaton. You did notice Undyne’s look of shock though and the way Sans continued to stare at you, unwavering. Whatever a soul reading was it was obviously a big thing, but you had no hesitation as you answered him.

“Yes.” Mettaton frowned, his face going somewhat gentle as his tone softened.

“Let me clarify, you’d be willing to let a monster pull your soul out to see if you’re lying or not? To read and know your very being even more than you know yourself?” Those words made you hesitate. Roast glanced from Mettaton to you as she slowly explained.

“Soul reading isn’t the same as a confrontation. Your soul would be pulled out in…what would be considered an intimate sense otherwise…and handled…” You stared at Roast as her flames went almost violet as she spoke. You felt your blood run cold. That sounded like your soul was going to be violated.

You looked over at Papyrus and saw he was still glaring daggers at Mettaton, the look you had considered uncharacteristic suddenly connecting into place like a puzzle piece. You knew how the taller skeleton felt about something considered private. You felt sick.

You looked over at Undyne who was only staring silently at you, but her single eye glossy in sympathy. Your precious couch was at risk as your sponsor and it silently killed you inside. It was when you looked at Sans that you noticed his eyelights had shrunk and gone dull, as if threatening to extinguish. You didn’t know what that look meant but you felt a resistance and calm reassurance build in you. Not only were you on the line career wise but so was he.

You didn’t want to agree, it terrified you. But looking at him made something in you burn stubbornly. He needed his career and reputation to support himself and Papyrus. Undyne needed hers to keep the underground running. This wasn’t just about you. You felt yourself go numb. The answer suddenly wasn’t too hard to give.

“…yes.” Mettaton stared at you, his arms folded as he regarded you. You dryly swallowed but kept resolute as you stared back.

“That won’t be necessary.” Mettaton all but whispered. You let out the breath you didn’t know you’d been holding in a gasp of shock. Papyrus smiled along with Roast and Amalia in relief while Undyne glared at Mettaton. Sans though continued to stare at you for a prolonged second before looking at Mettaton again.

“No human who was lying would agree to having their soul handled. I believe you.” Those words soothed every nerve that had been firing rapidly in your body. You weren’t about to be put in a violating situation after all, and Mettaton believed you. You hadn’t been this happy since you got
third place.

“HONESTLY I DON’T EVEN SEE WHY THIS CONVERSATION WAS NEEDED.” Papyrus asked unamused. Mettaton looked over at him slightly remorseful.

“I’m sorry Pappy but with how this information came to me I was obligated to investigate it.” Undyne pointedly looked at Sans who raised an eyebrow in question. When they both shot you a silent glance you felt your stomach twist.

“how was that exactly?” Sans asked, his face neutral again but his tone still angry. Mettaton sighed.

“You know I can’t give such confidential information.” He didn’t need to. You had a very good idea who it was that may have tried to sabotage you. Brent. And all because you made a careless statement in anger. You should’ve known better. In the profession you were entering words were everything. You looked down and couldn’t bring yourself to even look at Mettaton anymore.

Sans stared at you with a knowing look before refocusing on Mettaton.

“But even with how I was given this information, normally I would’ve brushed it off…given your stance Sans.” You didn’t have to look at him to hear the ‘but’ in his tone. Mettaton snapped his fingers and held out his hand to Undyne who made no show of her disdain by dropping a vanilla envelope into his hand.

This time it was Papyrus who strode forward and placed himself between you and Mettaton like a shield as he took the envelope the robot superstar now offered. A crinkling of paper and a small hiss made you look up at Papyrus’s back.

“What is it?” You asked. Papyrus didn’t speak but merely held out what looked like a bundle of photographs to Sans. You watched as Sans eyelights went out, his darkened sockets somehow still seeing as he shuffled the photos around. You went to move forward but Papyrus held out his arm, preventing you from getting to close. Your nerves once more skyrocketed. Papyrus wasn’t about to say anything if his restraint on you was anything to go by. But you knew who would.

“Sans…” He stilled in his shuffling, his skull tilting slightly. “Show me.” You watched his fingers tighten into the photos before he shot his hand out to you in offer. Papyrus looked ready to protest but you stopped him with a hand on his arm as you reached out and took the photos. Before even glancing at them you made sure to reassure him.

“I’m fine.” Papyrus’s shoulders seemed to slump but you noticed he was now staring at Sans, his brother’s sockets still dark and looking at you. It sent cold shivers having that look focused on you but you pushed it aside as you glanced down. The first photo was unassuming, it was you simply walking to class in the courtyard. You frowned, what was the problem with that? The next photo was you on the ground, splayed out and in pain. You started to shake. You began to shuffle through the photos quickly.

You were cradled in Sans’s arms looking half dead, a shot through your window of you in bed with Sans topless and bandaging your wrist as you clutched at his hoodie, you outside the brother’s house holding pizza, a shot of you three in the pillow fort from the living room window, picture of you both from the kitchen window with hands accidentally locked over the coffee cup, You both embraced in the alley way…

“All of these are being circulated even as we speak.” Mettaton whispered.
You felt the photos fall from your fingers more than saw it. You had been stalked. And the way they had stalked you made it seem like you and Sans were more than friends. You no longer blamed Mettaton for assuming what he did. You could also no longer breathe. Who had been following you? For how long!?

The room was beginning to spin. Roast was quick to wrap her arms around you and drag you over to Amalia who helped seat you on a bench. You heard distorted echoes of Mettaton still speaking with the skeleton brothers and Undyne but felt as the world tried to fall out from under you. You knew it was Brent somehow, his father’s hand at play in this.

But how? How were you followed and never once suspected anything? Who took the photos? Who had scaled trees and hid in bushes to catch you at your weakest? You felt warm fingers brushing through your hair and an arm wrapped around your waist as someone rubbed your back.

How? How were you so blind?

“y/n.” You jumped and looked up at Sans. His eyelights were back and he was staring at you morosely. Glancing around you noticed you were both alone, Roast and the others nowhere in sight. You hung your head and covered your face. How long had you been out this time? You looked up at Sans shakily and took an uneven breath.

“I’m sorry.” Sans looked back towards the door of the hall and then back at you.

“Sorry for what?”

“What I said, everything I’ve done? God I gave him so much ammo, I literally set myself up to be used like this.” Sans didn’t say anything but merely moved next to you and sat silently as he looked at the door. He had enough distance between you to be comfortable and yet to be a clear statement. It bothered you so much.

“you did.” The sting in his words made your shoulders hunch awkwardly. Slowly he looked up at you, his eyelights flickering in place as his tone came out stiff.

“but are you just going to sit there and cry about it?” Your eyes widened.

“What am I supposed to do Sans? You heard Mettaton, your reputation and mine are going to be tainted with those photos running around! Even if I’m still in the Dance Offs who’s going to, in their right mind, vote for a dancer who might’ve slept their way to the top? If I can even get there! And you and Papyrus! Dragged down because I couldn’t keep my temper in check!” Sans chuckled.

He…chuckled.

You felt the tears that had begun to run down your face dry instantly as you sniffled in shock. Sans looked amused more than anything as he looked at you, his eyelights calm even as his tone came out careless.

“I don’t give a damn about my reputation. I haven’t had one since the actual underground far as I’m concerned. As for getting to the top, it’s obvious you could get there. The brat wouldn’t have pulled this stunt otherwise.” You didn’t know how to respond to him. It sounded so much like Sans was encouraging you, but you knew better. If anything these were observations. Observations that were oddly in your favor.

“I want to beat him,” Sans silently watched you as you spoke. “I really want to. But dancing with Papyrus and Roast, I already know I won’t be able to resonate. And he’ll have something up his
sleeve, he always does.” You and Sans sat in silence, his eyelight moving to the door every once in a while before he finally sighed and stood. You looked at him curiously as he continued to eye the door before turning and facing you. He looked like he was being forced into something.

“get up.” The way he said it was commanding like when he was about to teach you something, so you instinctively stood. He gave one final glance towards the door and then abruptly walked over to his boom box tucked into the corner. You felt your heart skip as he fiddled with it. What was he doing?

“Sans?” He didn’t answer you as he continued, the sound of a cassette being popped out and inserted ringing in the resounding silence of the room. He lazily stood and regarded you carefully.

“i’m going to show you.” A deep blush of embarrassment flushed your face and neck. You stilled as he slowly reached down and pressed play on the boom box. As if in slow motion he raised his hand in invitation.

“dance with me.” His voice seemed to echo through you.

Th-Thump

“I—“

“you’re in third place y/n. you want to beat him?” Your chest flared in an unidentifiable feeling as you stared at his hand. Being human it took talent to resonate, and from your dances with Papyrus and Roast…You weren’t talented. You glanced up to Sans's patient and waiting sockets before audibly gulping. You had wanted to see him dance so much, had felt broken when he’d won that game of cards banning you from ever asking him to.

And yet here he was, offering.

He was so fluid almost angelic how could you possibly resonate with that? You doubted you could even keep up with just dancing! But Sans knew how you danced, he knew your every fault having coached you the past few weeks. If he thought it was possible then who were you to contradict him?

Shakily you took his hand just as the music started and almost squeaked as he pulled you in and flush against him, the contact sending your heart pumping loudly in your ears with adrenaline. His face seemed to soften as he slowly led you in a small rock back and forth almost lulling you into the dance with ease. It felt familiar and comforting. Why did it feel so familiar to be here in his arms? You looked up at him and your eyes locked. Then the beat picked up.

~The Phoenix~

Put on your war paint

He spun you out into an arabesque pose before spinning you back into him. You almost slammed in the contact, his grip and precise balancing keeping it from happening as your back came to rest against his chest.

“calm down. just focus on the music.” His warm breath grazed the back of your neck sending a shiver through you.

Th-Thump

You are a brick tied to me that’s dragging me down
Strike a match and I’ll burn you to the ground

He twirled you and automatically you began to pique around him as he flipped into a handstand and spun on his back to his feet in perfect time to catch you and lift you above his head before lowing you into a dip.

We are the jack-o-lanterns in July

He straightened allowing you to form the attitude position and spun in place pushing your extended leg to spin in sync with him. He was leading flawlessly and you were finding yourself content to let him.

Setting fire to the sky
Here, here comes this rising tide so come on

You gasped as he guided you into a penche before releasing you and moonwalked slightly away, you spun in place as he aggressively krumped towards you, his chest and hips jutting as his arms moved in sync with his feet twisting and flattening out.

Put on your war paint

Your eyes widened as you took his moves in, a warmth began to build in your chest from watching him. He was just as fluid and expressive as you’d seen him dance on the roof if not more so with how close you were getting to see him now.

Cross walks and crossed hearts and hope to die
Seal the clouds with grey lining

You couldn’t suppress the laugh that escaped as he once more gripped you and spun in place with you. He grinned in mirth sending an electric shock through you as he lead you into a split and proceeded to flip around you and swiftly yanked you back to your feet.

"feel a heat in your chest?" You nodded as he twisted sideways with you. He smirked as he dipped you, his baritone going deeper than you'd ever heard it.

"give in to it." He straightened and spun you out.

So we can take the world back from the heart-attacked
One maniac at a time we will take it back

You spun around him as he back flipped, the heat in your chest tightening, you focused on Sans as the tightening slowly unrolled in your chest till your body flushed with heat and a lightness you’d never experienced before filled you. He pulled you to him, his face calm and relaxed as your chest gently settled against his.

You know time crawls on when you’re waiting for the song to start
So dance along to the beat of your heart

He began to spin with you a few times before twisting you into a flip with him.

Hey Youngblood doesn’t it feel like our time is running out
I’m going to change you like a remix

Your heart was beating wildly and your mind raced as he expertly guided you through some of his dance moves, moves you’d normally never be able to do. He spun into a bend on his back and
maneuvered you into a position on his extended feet allowing him to handstand as you went into a temps leve.

*Then I’ll raise you like a phoenix*

He suddenly dropped and slid up in time to catch you, your body felt like it moved on its own into an extended pose, his hands landing precisely on the inner part of your thigh and the other just under the bend of your other leg. It was all so perfectly timed and in such sync like you’d been practicing for years.

*Wearing all vintage misery*

*No I think it looked a little better on me*

You knew he was about to toss you back into the air and flip you so you readied your back into a twist as he tossed you, corkscrewing midflight as you somersaulted and landed back into his arms. Your legs and arms hooking around him like a lover as he turned.

*I’m going to change you like a remix*

*Then I’ll raise you like a phoenix*

He was legitimately smiling as you slid from him and twirled out, his hand pulling you slightly back in and continuing to hold yours as he spun both of you in time that your eyes would lock briefly with each turn. You couldn’t help the smile and blush each time he glanced you, your heart thundering like a drum.

*Bring home the boys in scraps*

*Scrap metal the tanks*

Your hand shot out and his free one gripped it and tugged, making you slide under between his legs from your twirl and back up onto your feet as he pulled you back up effortlessly.

*Get hitched make a career out of robbing banks*

*Because the world is just a teller and we are wearing black*

You both shot apart and faced each other, your arms folded in time with his and tilted out as you both slid sideways along the ground and rolled up onto your knees where you both spun in place and then back flipped back to the souls of your feet. Your faces coming close to impact but stopping just in time for you both to smile at each other. You absolutely giddy and him smug.

*She broke our spirits with no impact*

You continued to copy him as he moved, your body knowing the exact way it needed to go regardless of your lack of experience with his dance style and moves. It was inherent, it was pure and primal how you moved with him like you felt a piece of you coming back that you hadn’t known had been missing.

*So we can take the world back from the heart-attacked*

You spun into his arms and he clutched you as his feet twisted and slid out and back in rhythmically, yours matching his but with more toe balancing in comparison to his heavy heel steps.

*One maniac at a time we will take it back*

Your eyes locked and his hands moved up to yours, interlacing with them as he moved your arms
behind both your necks and slid them out. You gasped as he suddenly turned you and raised you into the air, your legs twisting as you came back down and hauled him up where you had been a moment before and released him. He turned midair and landed in a back bend, his hand supporting his lean as his legs twisted and flipped him into a hand stand.

*You know time crawls on when you’re waiting for the song to start*  
*So dance along to the beat of your heart*

You pirouetted and went into a split before rolling sideways, stopping just as he leaned over you. You felt your blood rush as he gave a deep throaty chuckle and gripped your shoulders, flipping you to your stomach and lifting you up till you straddled his hips.

*The war is won before it's begun*  
*Release the doves, surrender love*

His hot breath ran along your mouth as he leaned in and harshly spun you, your arms came up to wrap around his neck and your legs once more hooked on him as your back made contact with his chest. He fell backwards and lifted you up from your waist.

*The war is won before it's begun*  
*Release the doves, surrender love*

You let him lift you into an arch and gasped as his hands trailed down your sides to your hips, where he gave a hard shove and you went up into a handstand, his movement was so quick but your body was able to balance as you did a turn and fell back to your feet. Sans already on his and waiting as you ran at him.

*Hey Youngblood doesn’t it feel like our time is running out*  
*I'm going to change you like a remix*  
*Then I'll raise you like a phoenix*

He expertly caught you in a lift as the song ended slowly lowering you onto the floor in a sitting position with him, knees laced with each other as you both gasped for breath. The warmth in your chest slowly dimmed till you felt nothing but clamminess, shivering from the abruptly cold room. You were held flush against his chest and had your face nestled in his shoulder. He smelled strongly of sweat and ketchup, and for a skeleton he felt surprisingly comfortable against you.

Slowly you raised your head and leaned back to look at him, his face was coated in a light sheen of sweat and your breath stopped in your throat. He was smiling gently his eyes lidded and focused on you with an emotion you couldn’t place. He looked wreaked and blissed out.

*Th-Thump*  
*that is resonating.* His said with a sultry tone making your face flush redder than it already was. His hand came up from your waist to lightly move some of your sweat soaked hair from your forehead to rest behind your ear sending pleasant shivers down your back. His hand slowly lowered to caress your cheek his eyelights flickering to your lips. You didn’t move or resist as he slowly drew his face closer to yours, your heart slamming as your body slowly warmed in a way that
wasn’t from dancing and your already flushed skin going impossibly redder.

**Th-Thump**

He paused mere centimeters from your lips, you felt a small shake coming from the hand on your cheek. You could also feel with how tightly pressed you were to each other your heartbeat and his magic both racing and thumping wildly, still in a synchronization your bodies had long since come out of. You swallowed and stared at his mouth.

You wanted so much for him to close the distance; you wanted to see what it would feel like to press your lips against him. Would he be able to kiss you similar to a human? His malleable bone closing to meet with your sensitive flesh? Or would you have to press against his teeth, maybe feel a touch of his magic? You wanted to know what it would be like to see Sans passionate. You blushed harder; you wanted to see Sans…having affection for you.

Sans looked up into your eyes and something seemed to come over him. Slowly his happiness started to fade and his expression slowly went closed. It made you begin to come down from whatever feeling had also come over you but much slower. The feeling lingered.

Disappointment flooded you as he pulled away and rose to his feet pulling you with him. His hand left yours all too quickly once you were steady. You both stared at each other, your heart continuing to race as you felt his eyelights boring into you. Something felt off, something felt different.

"...you got this pal."

The heat and flush in your body went cold as he turned and walked away from you. You watched silently as he went and turned off the boom box before exiting the room, not once glancing back towards you. It stung causing you to frown as you thought on what had just happened and what it meant.

You had admired Sans, even idolized him for his talent but now you felt so confused. Was it a side effect of resonating? Your hand came up to rest on your chest, your breathing finally slowing and evening out allowing your heart to calm down.

The way he had looked at you, how he had touched you. He had never once done any of those actions with you. And with how gentle it had been…almost adoring? You had both been in perfect sync, you had pulled moves that now felt impossible. You were one hundred percent sure that had been the most perfect dance you’d ever done. The most intimate dance you’d ever done.

You found the feeling of wanting his kiss still hanging there, burning more intensely the longer you focused on it. Had this dance…

Just made you fall for a human hating monster?

**Chapter End Notes**

I have to announce I’ll be taking a brief hiatus!
On all my work actually.

It won't be a long one! Maybe a week or two at most!
Just...lots of family stuff going on!

I WILL BE BACK!
I'LL DIE BEFORE I LET THESE STORIES DO! XD

I appreciate everyone's support and I hope understanding <3
Anyone gets worried or wants contact in some form I do have a tumblr and discord!
Drinks and Jokes

Chapter Notes

HOLY--470+ KUDOS!!
I'm legit shook and tearing up,
looking at all this love you all have blessed me with <3

I'm sorry for the delay in updating due to the hiatus I was on,
But as most of you know I'm back but my updating schedule has changed.
All my fics will be updated 1-2 times a month (more if I get a roll),
untill I get back into the swing of things!

As it is!
Here's the latest chapter and I hope you love it!

I did state a few chapters back that I would be introducing sin into this fic,
For those of you not interested in reading that sort of thing I have marked it,
It starts and ends with '(*)' in bold.

I don't really consider it sin with out um...explicit content *coughs*
But I know those who consider it so if it's more than kissing.
I'm going by those standards. I will summarize it in the end notes.

Enjoy! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

hot

so fucking hot…

If he didn’t know that his heat was a week away he would’ve sworn he had gone into it early. His
eyelights flickered up as one of the Vulcan dancers squealed anxiously, a boy no more than twenty
two falling flat on his face.

Fucking Dave couldn’t stay on his feet more than thirty minutes. How he got into the school with a
score of eight was beyond him. Then again he was beginning to doubt the rating system. If recent
circumstances were anything to go by.

He rubbed the sweat from his skull.

Humans were such a headache.

He was debating how much longer he could tolerate Dave flailing about before his phone went off.
One glance was enough to make him sigh in exasperation.

It was time for his second job.

“that’s enough practice for today.” He drawled as he rose to his feet, the members of the dance
team all giving their hollers of relief and cheer as they gathered their things for an early day. He
couldn’t understand their reactions…back underground such a statement would’ve been met with groans and mummers of discontent. Having more to do on the surface outweighed the baser desire inherent in all monsters it seemed.

He was willing to bet you’d be groaning and let down if you were here right now. As much as that thought annoyed him.

The judgment hall was just as hot if not hotter than the dance hall had been, a small bead of sweat running down the side of his skull as the bright light of the sun shone through stained glass windows. It just wasn’t his day. His sockets locked onto the feline before him, his body shivering beneath the long tanned coat he wore. Sans could smell the fear radiating off of him.

He smiled.

“kevin, how’re you doin’ bud? hear you flip cases instead of patties nowadays.” The orange colored monster nervously wrung his hands at the chipper tone of the skeleton staring him down, the judge’s smile making his soul thrum erratically in fear. Kevin swallowed.

“I-I know this looks fucking bad-but it’s not what you think!” Sans’s sockets lidded and his smile went tight.

“isn’t it burgerpants?” Kevin flinched at the harshness from the degrading name; he hadn’t been called that in a few years. Kevin huddled in on himself as he focused on the marble floor, his ears going flat.

Sans watched him wither and sighed.

If Kevin was human, he’d be enjoying this.

"by all means, explain how it’s not ‘what I think’.” He waited as the cat cleared his throat and took a breath; his fur slightly bristled in anxiety.

“I-I wasn’t --” Sans lifted a brow, the malleable bone of his skull shifting.

“papyrus caught you, callin’ my bro a liar?” Sans’s voice echoed demonically even as he retained his signature grin. Kevin was quick to correct himself.

“No! No! I’m not! I mean-It wasn’t…” They both were silent, Sans eyelights once more locked on the feline who again looked at the floor in shame. Sans knew Kevin shouldn’t be in his hall, the guy was a good monster. Not even a week on the surface he had gotten the gumption to quit Mettaton’s employment, something he’d wanted to do for years. He’d gotten a job he actually liked after the acting gigs fell through, turned out he had a talent for playing private detective with those highly sensitive ears of his.

If Brent hadn’t approached him Kevin wouldn’t be in this situation.

“…did you call your husband?” Kevin visibly slumped as if defeated. He knew why Sans was asking, and the skeleton could only close his sockets so as not to stare at the pathetic sight in front of him.

“Y-yeah…Topps knows I’m here.” Sans made a noise of acceptance and slowly cracked a socket, an eyelight of yellow and blue flashing rapidly bored into the cat monster.

Despite himself Sans chuckled, even as his magic surged around him causing his clothing to billow in its force. Kevin shook in absolute fear.
“goodluck.” A barrage of bones went flying as Sans flipped into the air.

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Resonating got easier the more you practiced, successfully matching with Roasty’s skating and Papyrus’s twisting tango like second nature. You even came out feeling closer to them with silent smiles and joking expressions. You never felt the rapture you’d felt with Sans you noticed.

However, even as resonating got easier…the passing looks from your fellow students didn’t. The human students at least. The flood of glares and whispers made going to classes difficult, even practicing was impossible as you couldn’t help but notice the spite and bitter looks judging you. On the other hand, your monster classmates you did see weren’t anything like the rest of your class. They wouldn’t make snide remarks or give a dirty look.

At most they would give curious sidelong glances, but not much else than that. It made you wonder if it was public knowledge among monsters how Sans felt about humans, and if that was what prevented the monsters acting just as bitter or swindled as the rest of the university students. Suffice to say, it didn’t help with the nightmares you were now constantly having. It all felt like a hopeless spiral, you just couldn’t catch a break from Brent’s bullshit even when he wasn’t around.

College life was supposed to be fun, not…whatever yours had turned into. You were glad at least today would be a welcome distraction, which is how you found yourself at the Ebott mall with Roast next to you panning music CDs. You lifted up a set of musicals and smiled as you looked over to your friend, her fiery eyes scanning a new album from some Japanese band.

“Hey, you think Papyrus would like Hamilton and Heathers?” Roast looked up curiously and giggled.

“Don’t see why not, he loves anything that…how did he put it? Can stir the soul?” You couldn’t help the laugh that slipped out. That did sound like something he would say.

“How old is he turning by the way?” You asked as she grabbed a few albums and started to walk to the check out with you.

Roast shrugged, “I don’t know. Papyrus and Sans have never really told anyone their ages.” You frowned.

“Wait, we’re throwing Papyrus a birthday party but don’t know how old he is?” Roast scratched her cheek weakly.

“Um, it’s odd to explain. Back underground they kinda just…showed up one day? Well they aren’t much different now than they were then…age wise.” You stopped walking to stare dumbly at the elemental.

“Are you telling me monsters don’t age?” Roast looked shocked for a moment before waving her hand in reassurance.

“No we age! I mean really y/n you’ve seen Gerson, he wasn’t always old looking.” She hesitated for a moment before continuing. “Boss monsters typically don’t though unless they have kids. Their magic they have stored never dwindles like normal ones; offspring is what allows it to have any sort of dispersion. Boss monsters typically have boss monster children so they kinda…inherit
their parents magic?"

“So, does that mean Sans and Papyrus are Boss monsters?” Roast looked down in thought for a moment before looking back at you uncertainly.

“I…don’t know. Maybe?” Well that just made them all the more mysterious didn’t it? You smiled.

“Maybe we’ll just never know.” She chuckled as you both handed your purchases to the clerk.

“Well, there are a few ways to tell who is a boss monster.” You tilted your head curiously.

“How?” The moment you saw her flames shift violet briefly you immediately regretted asking. But she was already speaking before you could withdraw your question.

“One of them is…how they reproduce? And uh, combat—how they fight. Then their soul too.” All but one of those was astoundingly sexual and intimate. What the hell. You blushed.

“Combat, huh?” You stared pointedly at the total on screen as the beeps echoed from the clerk as they scanned the CDs. Roast shot you a look before smirking.

“Yeahhh combat. Boss monsters usually have more than two methods when fighting unlike normal ones.” You looked at her worriedly.

“You only have two methods to defend yourself with?” Roast was quick to reassure you.

“Two is all that’s typically needed, just long enough for someone to intercede or for the other person to give up. You’d be surprised how many of us get by with only two.” That still wasn’t much of a comfort. What if a monster hater cornered her and there was no way to call for help?

“You can’t learn more?” Roast looked awkward as she handed the cashier the money.

“Not really, our methods are reflective of the strength of our souls. If we partner with another monster than we essentially end up alternating one method with the other. The compassion in us doesn’t allow us to really take advantage in a fight.” You accepted the bags and handed one to her with a grimace.

“We’re buying you mace.” She snickered.

“I’m fine y/n. Don’t you want to hear the other two methods though?” She asked as the fire on her forehead flexed in such a way that you knew was an eyebrow wiggle.

“You know ever since I went out with Asriel you’ve been really insistent on talking intimate stuff with me.” You deadpanned. Roast quickly dropped her playfulness and straightened in concern.

“I’m sorry do you want me to stop?” Great, you had accidentally worried her. You sighed, that’s what you’d been doing to her constantly it seemed. You were such an awful friend weren’t you? You forced a smile.

“How can you tell about the soul?” Roast perked up and you instantly felt better.

“A typical monster soul is solid white, a Boss’s though is white to but has an outline of light around it reflective of a primary trait like a humans.” Ok that didn’t sound too bad like you thought it would. So why were you still blushing even thinking about it?

“That’s interesting. Does that mean their soul is strong like a humans?” Roast looked contemplative as you both walked out of the store.
“Not really?...I mean their souls last a bit longer after death but not like a humans.” That statement sent a chill through you. You had enough talking about that subject, something about it bugged you.

“Thanks for telling me all this.” Roast’s eyes widened as she caught how you were trying to drop the subject, but then smiled teasingly.

“But don’t you want to know about repro—“

“Y/N, ROASTY!” You sighed in gratitude as you both turned to see Papyrus rushing over with several bags in hand. Thank god for perfect timing!

“Hey, birthday boy!” Roast called back in greeting.

“sup.”

Your eyes widened as you looked from Papyrus to Sans who was walking beside him. He was taking a sip from his water bottle when his eyelights flickered up and locked on you.

Th-Thump

He stopped so abruptly that you did too out of reflex. His eyelights hazed and he stared at you as if in a trance, his smile slipped and his posture turned...intimidating. It made a pounding force its way into your ears as you couldn’t help but hitch your breathing. The world slowly slipped away until it was just the two of you bathed in darkness, the white of his eyelights engulfing and mesmerizing you.

He took a step forward, and then another…

It was slow and languid; it was full of purpose and intent. Your heart slammed uncontrollably; his expression was dark and hungry looking as if he was drawn to you like a meal. It jarred you. And you couldn’t move, your body frozen in fear...in excitement. Sans stopped mere inches from you, the sound of his breathing a deep drumming echo.

Th-Thump

Sans crushed his water bottle as his hand shook and his sockets narrowed dangerously. You fought the quick and unexpected urge to touch him, your hands shaking as they grasped your shopping bag to prevent their movement. You didn’t know what to think, but something was twisting inside of you. You both stared at each other, images of him capturing your lips, of his hands on you flashing across your vision.

Of music playing over the sound of his sobs.

You opened your mouth to speak but stilled as his eyelights shot to it, their brightness hazing further as something akin to a growl slipped out of him. You gasped weakly as the sound made warmth spread rapidly through your body. He tensed at the noise you made, his shoulders raising as if he was preparing to lunge at you—

Th-Thump

He stilled and his sockets lidded as he gently raised a hand.

“Um, guys? Are you ok?” You jerked as the world came crashing back down. You blinked trying to focus and looked at Sans, he was a few feet from you where he had stopped. Not where you
thought he had been mere seconds ago, but his eyelights were still locked on you and transfixed, the water bottle crushed in his grip as it hung at his side. Did you imagine that? You took a breath as Roast and Papyrus exchanged a glance before looking back at the both of you, confusion evident on their faces.

“Y-yeah, fine.” You muttered as your breathing calmed slowly back down. Sans didn’t say a word but the other two seemed to take your response as all the reassurance needed. You forced your gaze to lock onto Papyrus, not able to fully comprehend what had just happened. You tried to ignore the feeling of Sans gaze on you and how much a part of you wanted to return it.

“What are you two doing here, Paps?” Roast questioned cheerily. The taller monster smirked as he stuck his chest out proudly.

“SANS AND I WERE STOPPING TO PICK OUT MY GIFT.” You raised a brow.

“Your gift?” Papyrus shot his brother a sidelong glance. You did a double take briefly as you realized he had moved next to his brother.

“Yes, my brother thinks it’s too much effort just to pick one out for me so he brings me shopping every year for it instead.” Sans shrugged as he closed his sockets in playful laziness, the tension vanishing instantly.

“you get something you like and I’m a good brother for getting it, win-win.” Roast snorted as Papyrus rolled his sockets. You smiled as a wave of nostalgia rolled over you.

“My father did that. Mom used to say it took the meaning out of it.” Papyrus and Roast looked at you curiously but Sans, he was looking at you with that watchful look of his, sockets wide and attentive. You continued despite the pinkness of your cheeks and the warmth of your chest. When had that look ever instilled that reaction in you?

“I never failed to go home happy though, in fact that habit of his is what got me to discover my love of dance. He bought me a set of ballet shoes that I’d picked. Since then he’d dance with me whenever he could, bought me CDs, enrolled me into classes, the whole nine yards.”

“Bet he was proud when you got into the college.” Roast exclaimed giving your shoulder a playful shove with her own making you chuckle even as you smiled sadly.

“I hope he was.” You muttered. Sans sockets lidded at your tone.

“HOPE?” Papyrus questioned uncertainly. You shook your head dismissively, this wasn’t a topic that needed to be discussed today of all days.

“You excited for your party this afternoon?” Papyrus stared at you intensely for a moment before smiling, apparently deciding to let it drop.

“I AM ECSTATIC! FRISK AND THE OTHERS ARE ALREADY AT THE HOUSE DECORATING AS WE SPEAK. I WANTED TO STAY AND HELP BUT I WAS REFUSED!” Sans looked at him with a smirk.

“you’re too cool to decorate your own party paps. I’m sure it’ll be partycularly enjoyable despite who does it.”

“SANS!” You and Roast busted up laughing at the absolutely offended look Sans’s younger brother shot him, his cheeks dusting orange. Papyrus rolled his sockets in clear annoyance.
“YOU REALIZE NOW YOU OWE ME TWO PRESENTS!” Sans winked smugly.

“ok.”

“I’M NOT JOKING BROTHER.”

“ok.” Papyrus smirked.

“And you can’t buy the second one.”

“o-wait what?” The three of you looked at Papyrus in surprise. Sans more shocked than anything, probably at how Papyrus had broken their usual back and forth banter. He narrowed his sockets suspiciously, but before he could question his sibling Papyrus had turned to look at you and Roast with his own smugness.

“DON’T FORGET IT STARTS AT SIX!” You watched as he turned and began to saunter off, Sans quick on his heels and calling his name in frustration.

“Those two are always hilarious.” Roast commented. You nodded as you stared at Sans’s retreating back, a scowl on his face as he looked up at his brother. It surprised you how different Sans could be from time to time. And you couldn’t help but smile as you realized you were starting to see the Sans everyone else saw more gradually. For someone who hated you, he sure acted kosher around you.

“Guess we better meet up with Amalia huh?” You turned to Roast and snickered as her cheeks turned a deep orange on her fiery face.

“Yeah, she said she’d be at the food court.” Seeing an opening for revenge you looked at her innocently.

“So, how do elemental monsters reproduce?” Her whole body went violet as she covered her face with a girly squeal of embarrassment.

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“Well what do you think?” Frisk asked with excitement as they led you into the backyard, swerving the black bookcase they were using as a shield of sorts between the house and the party area. Ever since the stalking had been brought to light everyone had gone out of their way to place magical EMP fields around your dorm and everyone’s houses that you could potentially visit. But the protection only stretched so far, so blockades were an extra precaution. It made you feel kind of bad that they felt they had to go so far for you but they never let you apologize or anything for it.

How lucky were you to meet these people?

Your eyes went wide as you gasped. The yard had been decked out with a makeshift stage, concert lights above it with white Christmas lights ringing it and the parameter of the enclosed wooden fence surrounding the whole backyard. Off to the side were tables piled high with more food than was going to be necessary since it was a private party, all sweets and different pastas.

Chairs had been sat out all mixed and diverse in front of the stage with end tables by each one for drinks or anything else someone may have wanted. And off to the right was the present table, absolutely stacked to the point that it bowed under the weight. It made you feel bad you only got Papyrus those CDs.

“It looks amazing!” Frisk snickered proudly, their curled hair bobbing as they held a hand over
their mouth. They looked at you conspiratorially as their blue painted lips curled gleefully.

“Just wait till it gets dark! That’s going to be the real fun!” That sounded ominous.

“What do you have planned?” They shook their head.

“Nuh uh! There needs to be a little surprise to a not-surprise party.” You had a feeling it was going to involve dancing. You went to add your present to the table as Frisk wondered off to help Asriel with hanging a piñata, the sight of Alphys at the table making you simultaneously nervous and happy. You took a breath.

“Hey.” You greeted, startling her. You jumped as she all but fell over from how fast she had spun around. She clutched her chest as she panted before smiling apologetically. Had you almost given her a heart attack? You didn’t want to think what your dear sponsor would’ve done to you if you had.

“Y-y/n! Don’t scare me like that!” You looked away awkwardly before refocusing on her as you sat your present near the bottom of the stack.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to. Thought I’d say hello, since we haven’t gotten a chance to get to know each other. Thanks for helping with my performance by the way.” The smaller lizard blushed and you couldn’t help but think of it as cute. She was shy like you, wasn’t she? You felt more at ease as she warily smiled at you.

“Don’t worry about it; I try my best when it helps get my ship sailing.” The ease suddenly went out the window as you looked at her suspiciously.

“Your ship?” She snickered.

“Noticed you and Sans are getting along now.”

“Oh…I don’t think that’s…“ Alphys looked at you curiously as your words died out. You didn’t know what exactly was going on with you and Sans if you were honest. Instead, you said something else.

“I really liked your hologram you made me.” Alphys’ eyes lidded like she could tell exactly what you had just done before sighing and frowning.

“I’m glad you did, I made it intending for just you to use it though.” You blinked.

“Just me?” Alphys sighed again.

“Yeah, turns out someone got their hands on the technology. Currently have it under investigation. A lot of the other participants now have access to it.”

“BABE!” You dodged just in time as Undyne barreled pass you to lift Alphys into a spine crushing hug, the smaller monster yipping even as she turned red as a tomato. Just as it looked like the life was about to be squeezed out of the lizard Undyne dropped her back to her feet and leaned on her. That’s when you both noticed the slight purple tint to her cheeks.

“A-are you drinking Undyne? You’re supposed to wait till Papyrus gets here!” There was drinking? You turned from them to pan the yard and stopped as you noticed a small makeshift bar in the far corner that currently had Toriel and Mettaton pouring themselves drinks. Oh no. You weren’t expecting it to be that kind of party given who Papyrus was. You couldn’t imagine him drinking.
And you couldn’t handle your liquor if you were peer pressured into it.

You quickly started thinking of an exit strategy when suddenly Sans and Papyrus rounded from behind the bookcase. So much for an exit. You instead forced yourself to call out a happy birthday alongside everyone else as Papyrus began to fuss and exclaim at the decorations. His jovial grin wracking you with guilt. How could you even think of ditching out on him? You could do this, just avoid the drink table. And then you noticed Sans joining Toriel and Mettaton over by it.

Did you want to see a drunk Sans? Could monsters get drunk? You glanced over to Undyne who was currently giving Papyrus a noogie or attempting to, seeing as she kept falling over every time he pulled back from her. You started contemplating your exit idea again.

“Everyone gather round~! Time for our dear birthday boy to open his presents!” Mettaton cried out as he pulled Papyrus into his side away from Undyne, letting the poor fish monster once more stumble before shooting a scathing glare at the robot. You wondered how he got from the bar over to Papyrus so fast but could only frown as Amalia walked over and began to drag you to one of the random chairs. Papyrus blushed orange as Mettaton led him to the gift table and lifted a box for him to inspect.

“FROM THE ONE YOU LOVE MOST,” Papyrus read aloud as he looked at the tag. He gave Mettaton a sideways glance as he smirked playfully. “BIT PRESUMPTUOUS WHOEVER THIS GIFT IS FROM, BUT I APPRECIATE IT NONE THE LESS!” Everyone chuckled as Mettaton made a pouting face. You couldn’t even help it as you snickered at the robot’s reaction. What you hadn’t been expecting was Sans’s voice to cut across everyone’s humor.

“aww looks like you shot Mettaton straight through his hard drive.” Everyone’s chuckles turned into full on laughter as the targeted machine’s silver skin turned a vibrant pink. Papyrus narrowed his sockets at his sibling who was still leaning over by the drink table, a glass in his hand with one socket cracked playfully.

“SANS! I’D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU DIDN’T CROSS MY LOVER’S WIRES, REALLY MAKES HIM A BIT SHORT.” Your eyebrows rose in surprise at Papyrus’s joke, everyone laughing full heartedly even as Sans’s shoulders shook in silent mirth. You hadn’t heard Papyrus snap back like that before, it was a shock. You were almost as shocked to learn Mettaton was Papyrus’s lover. That had been from left field.

“Just open your present darling.” Mettaton drawled with annoyance. Papyrus either wasn’t affected by his tone or didn’t even notice as he unwrapped the present with a flourish, the paper fully coming away in one solid piece. That was impressive, it was like he had practiced to be able to do that so effortlessly.

A quick flick of the skeleton’s wrist and the lid popped off. He stared into the box for a moment before smiling brightly and withdrawing a hot pink ruffled shirt with 80’s style shoulder pads. It looked…huh it reminded you of Asriel’s suit vaguely. Papyrus turned to plant a kiss on Mettaton’s cheek.

“This will go well with my disco outfit!” There was clapping as he proceeded to place it back in its box and Sans once more commenting.

“yeah, really amps you up huh bro?” It became a pattern, Papyrus would read the tags or cards from the present Mettaton would hand him followed by a clever pun from Sans or joke, with Papyrus then retorting back at it. You had seen them play back and forth before, but never Papyrus so engaged with Sans’s type of humor. He must’ve been in a really good mood.
By the time Papyrus had gotten through most of his gifts it had already started to dim outside, the strung up Christmas lights flickering on with a button press from Frisk as you watched Papyrus lift your gift from the few remaining. You eyed the unwrapped gifts that had been sat aside wearily; your present was nothing in comparison to them.

Not only had Mettaton gotten him that initial shirt but also a whole wardrobe that had followed in variously shaped boxes and bags, Madame Toriel and Asgore had gotten him a new stereo for him to play his music on, Asriel and Frisk had both gotten him a full set of Spanish themed cookware and movies – it had been adorable how his eyes had somehow sparkled as he went on a long rant about his novellas, Alphys and Undyne had both gifted him several anime boxsets and for some reason a set of weights – that you didn’t think a skeleton monster would really need but he loved them just the same, and both Amalia and Roast had gotten him a skateboard and pad set – you didn’t know he skateboarded.

Anxiously you watched as he lifted up your poorly wrapped present and tensed as he pulled open the tag. You briefly glanced over at Sans who was lazily slouching as he took a sip of his drink, his eyelights steadily hazing the longer the party went. You were dreading what he’d possibly have to say to your gift.

“For inspiring me to always do my best, I couldn’t help but think of you when I bought these, their messages just as awesome as you are.” Papyrus read out loud, his sockets somehow going soft around the edges as a deep blush rushed across his face. You tensed waiting for a comment from Sans, but there was only silence. You glanced over and froze. Sans had his eyelights locked on you.

Your attention was drawn back as Papyrus sniffed and began to unwrap your present, the hastily wrapped paper coming away to reveal the musicals you had bought for him.

“He was silent as he looked down at them and smiled as he looked back up.

“Why thank you Y/N, I don’t recall telling you how much I love musicals let alone that Hamilton was a favorite of mine, but this is very thoughtful!” Your eyes widened at his remark. That…was a stroke of pure luck. You were tempted to look at Sans again when he continued to remain silent but you had a feeling he was still looking at you, if the chill that went down your back was anything to go by. No one spoke up or said anything as Papyrus moved onto the next present, Sans’s commentary once more resuming.

It was a good minute before Papyrus finished his presents to which Frisk was quick to draw everyone to the stage, a mic firmly in their hands as everyone took a seat. This party was moving surprisingly fast and smoothly compared to other ones you had attended in your life. Frisk’s face lit up as they did a playful spin earning a few chuckles as they winked and blew out a kiss. The gesture made you blush. They were so confident; you couldn’t help but admire it.

“Now that we have the presents out of the way, it’s time to really kick it up a notch! Put your hands together for the god awful ramblings of Comic Sans!” You blinked. What? You watched as Frisk walked off stage as Sans sauntered up and took the mic in passing, his other hand firmly clutched around his glass that he’d been drinking from this whole time.

His signature slouch vanished as his back straightened and his demeanor changed to smug as he eyed everyone with a single open socket. You looked at Roast who was clapping with everyone around you, her eyes wide with excitement. You looked back up at Sans curiously.

He looked like a completely different person, so jovial and positively amiable.
His single eyelight seemed to zoom in on you for a moment before he closed it and shrugged as he proceeded to speak; his tone lazy and carrying a false note of annoyance.

“as you all know it’s papyrus’s birthday, so he decided to ask me to come out of retirement one night only. it took me a bit but I eventually dug myself out.” You snorted as everyone snickered at the horrible joke. Sans’s eyelights panned the crown before alighting on Asriel who had rolled his eyes, the shorter monster smirked.

“why the grave expression? not enjoying yourself?” That got a laugh out of the goat monster. Sans took a sip of his drink for a moment before continuing.

“y’know I can remember when paps was just a baby bones,” A deep sigh sounded from Papyrus making Sans’s grin grow. “yeah he was young, so full of potential! I had such high expectations of him following in the family footsteps, y’know, procrastinating and just sleeping his life away. imagine my shock when it turned out he wanted to work!” Sans looked put out as everyone laughed.

“really, a functioning member of society.” Sans made a show of sighing and looking hurt, wiping away a none existent tear. “my bro was so cool it rattled me.” There was a mix of groans and clapping that you joined in on. He actually wasn’t half bad! You had no clue Sans could make jokes so flawlessly and quickly. He opened his sockets and glanced up at the sky for a moment before refocusing on everyone, his eyelights brighter than they’d been all day.

“ok ok, I guess I better get on with the show right?” There were shouts of agreement. Your brows furrowed. Hadn’t he already started? Sans smirked.

“How many dancers does it take to screw in a lightbulb?” You looked around as everyone replied; Roast and Amalia beside you shouting ‘how many’ back at him.

“five,” Sans did a spin. “six,” He then did a small shuffle. “seven,” He did the flow with his arms before throwing a hand up, his drink sloshing dangerously but not spilling. “eight!” Everyone laughed, your voice joining them.

The joke had been funny but you couldn’t help how his minor moves had set your cheeks aflame, and the way he had done them so casually had made a feeling pass through you. He looked like he was enjoying himself. And it was as if everyone was riding on his feelings as well. It felt contagious.

Sans eyelights flickered to you.

“What did the ballet student say when they lost their shoe?”

“What?” Everyone cried out. Sans closed his sockets and bent forward as he stuck out his foot in a perfect repetition of a ballet dancer.

“ugh, this is pointless!” You held your stomach as you laughed, your eyes closing as you did. You missed the way Sans peeked at you as he rightened on his feet again. He looked over at Papyrus and chuckled.

“told you I still got it bro. ready to admit de-feet?” The laughter continued even as some of them tried to turn into groans. Papyrus rolled his sockets as he shook his skull in mirth. Sans winked at him as he once more took a sip of his drink.
“YES BROTHER YOU STILL GOT IT, I MUST ADMIT IT IS A BETTER PRESENT THAN WHAT YOU DID GET ME.” Sans looked at his sibling in mock offence.

“hey, you're not going to find a more thoughtful present than a Lowe's gift card purchased in the grocery store checkout line.” That made you howl, your laugh piercing through everyone’s cries of hilarity. Papyrus noticed his brother’s brief eyelight movement and smirked.

“WHILE I DID ADMIT YOU COULD STILL PULL OFF A ONE MAN SHOW…” Sans raised a brow as everyone looked at Papyrus curiously. “I DOUBT YOU COULD STILL PULL OFF A JOKE BATTLE.” Everyone looked back at Sans in expectation. Sans tilted his head thoughtfully. You looked between the brothers in anticipation just like everyone else. Was Papyrus going to join him on stage?

“you challenging me bro?” Sans asked in genuine surprise. Papyrus smiled ruefully.

“ON THE CONTRARY BROTHER, WE BOTH KNOW I'M TOO GREAT TO VERSE YOU, THAT WOULD BE UNFAIR. NO I WAS THINKING OF ANOTHER.” Suddenly Sans’s sockets lidded, a thick tension filling the air as everyone went deathly still. You heard your heart start to pound in your ears at how quickly the carefree and giddy feeling in the air evaporated. What was happening right now?

“oh?” Sans drawled, his tone thin and bored sounding. Papyrus’s sockets never left his sibling as he spoke up.

“Y/N, WHY DON’T YOU JOIN SANS ON STAGE.” You froze. Everyone’s eyes shifted to you. What? You slowly looked up at Sans and his eyelights flickered over to you, their light almost blinding as you focused on them. This wasn’t a smart idea. Shakily you stood and faced Papyrus.

“Um, I-I don’t really know any jokes.” He merely smiled.

“I’M SURE YOU’LL DO FINE.” You glanced at everyone silently screaming for help but all glances returned to you were gentle and reassuring. Mettaton was the only one who looked dubious about the whole thing. You casted one last pleading expression to Papyrus but he only continued to smile.

You weren’t getting out of this apparently.

Slowly you made your way to the side of the stage, Frisk coming to hand you a mic. As you went to take it from their hold they held fast to it, making you look up at them. Frisk was smiling.

“You got this.” You forced a smile to return to them and turned to the stage steps. Sans was looking at you as you began to ascend. You could barely breathe under his stare, barely felt your legs move as you drew closer to him and stopped. There was about three feet of distance between you but it felt so much shorter. Your heart was beating erratically waiting for a snide remark or condemning comment. But Sans merely grinned.

“ready?” You took a deep breath, it looked like Sans was trying to be cordial. You didn’t see a single sign of hostility. Because it was Papyrus’s birthday? You didn’t know, couldn’t tell. And unfortunately the crush you had developed on him didn’t help as your face flushed.

You nodded. It was best to just get this over with before you passed out in fear.

Sans seemed to eye you a moment before turning back to the rest of the gathered monsters. You shakily turned just to have something to look at other than him. You’d rather face your stage fright. What had Papyrus just gotten you into?
You didn’t fail to notice Alphys and Undyne snickering and whispering to each other, nor the look they shot back at Papyrus who equally returned it. You felt your insides begin to knot. Sans started.

“What is worse than ants in your pants?”

“What?” The crowd cried.

“uncles.” There were gwaffs and minor noises of disgust mixing in. You fought not to laugh as he glanced at you. You took a breath.

“I think it’s wrong...that only one company makes the game monopoly.” There were some chuckles. Sans shrugged.

“would rather play monopoly than to risk having a heart attack during charades.” Laughter, lots of it. And you tried to bite back your chuckle that ended up coming out a disgusting sounding snort. Sans looked at you and you smiled subconsciously as his eyelights hazed further, his grin lifting in the right corner. It made you less nervous. Still looking at him you held up your mic.

“You have a heart? That’s good to know, wouldn’t want to get under your skin.” There were chuckles mixed into a strong ‘oooh’ from the ones watching. Sans raised a brow.

“you humans never fail to amaze me, an experience with you is always so visceral.” You pulled up short on the double meaning in his joke even as everyone laughed and coughed awkwardly. You fought not to blush even as he smirked. You could play that game. These were just jokes right? You grew more confident.

“How do mathematicians scold their children?”

“How?” Roast called out the loudest earning snickers. You smiled at her.

“If I’ve told you n times, I’ve told you n+1 times ...” You jumped as you heard Sans snort beside you, the crowd also joining him. You couldn’t help it as you stared at him, his smile wide on his skull. His eyelights looked at you humorously and in challenge.

“how is an artificial Christmas tree like the fourth root of -68?” You looked at him expectantly, the monsters watching in slight confusion as they tried to guess. Sans closed his sockets as he answered without prompting.

“neither has real roots.” You laughed. You didn’t even notice the uncertain chuckles from in front of you, Sans eyelights locked completely on your face. After you caught your breath you smiled teasingly. Something inside you making you shameless as you spoke looking at him.

“Are you the square root of -1? Because you can't be real.” Sans’s sockets went wide and your friends went silent. It was like a splash of cold water as you realized what you said. You blinked rapidly and looked out at the monsters watching the both of you, looks of shock and apprehension on their faces as they looked between you and Sans. Why had you said that? You looked back at Sans who was still staring at you. He hated you! How would he feel after a line like that!? You fumbled for your words as you held your mic up.

“I...I...I m-mean-“

“you must be the square root of two because I’m irrational around you.”

Th-Thump
You froze.

There were some uncertain chuckles as Sans and you stared at each other. His sockets lidded and smile strained. Was... was he...? You bit your lip ignoring how hot you suddenly felt. No. Don’t read too far into it. But why did he—was he trying to keep it going? Fix your mess that you just caused at Papyrus’s party? You swallowed as you nervously tried to form words.

“H-hey, I’m irrational around me to! I mean did you see my r-recital?” The uncertain chuckles became more genuine. Sans closed his sockets and then crack one open smugly.

“they all laughed when I said I'd become a comedian. well, they’re not laughing now.” The chuckles became full blown laughter. “oh wait.” The laughter got louder. You joined in and looked at the skeleton beside you as he looked down at your gathered friends, his smile almost serene looking as the lights in his sockets softened. It made your chest tight to see that look.

This was a good place to call it quits. You clapped making him look at you curiously before everyone joined in with you in their applause. Sans looked down from the stage and up at Papyrus.

“heh, you were saying bro?”

You hadn’t been quicker in your life than you were to sneak off that stage. Everyone noticed your scurry but didn’t comment as they all began to stand and mingle with each other. Sans eyelights following you before he handed the mic off to Frisk and went to his brother. You didn’t stop walking until you found yourself at the drink table. You... hadn’t meant to walk over here. You jumped slightly as you felt a tap to your shoulder and spun to see Asriel.

“Oh! Hey!” You greeted rather awkwardly. You still weren’t sure where you and he stood with each other but that didn’t seem to matter as he smiled at you.

“You did good up there.” You blushed in embarrassment.

“Uh thanks.” You both lapsed into a silence, the way it stretched made his smile slightly falter but then it quickly recovered as he glanced behind you to the drink table.

“Getting a drink?” You chuckled.

“No, I don’t drink. Can’t handle my alcohol really.” Asriel tilted his head in amusement.

“Why would that stop you from drinking?” You blinked. How was that a question? How did you even answer it? Because you didn’t like the feeling, you didn’t like how it made people, couldn’t stand not being in control of yourself. You went to voice those exact reasons but then Asriel frowned and a look of realization passed over his face.

“Ah,” He laughed. “This is monster alcohol y/n. It only gets you drunk if you want it to.” Your eyebrows rose up.

“If I want it to?” He nodded.

“Yeah, I mean each one has its own effects but getting wasted? You need to drink it with that intent in mind.” You turned and watched him as he lifted a bottle of blue shimmering liquid and poured some into a shot glass. You merely stared uncertainly as he held it out to you, his smile accommodating. You looked at the glass apprehensively. Asriel had no reason to lie to you, and you were among friends if something went wrong right?

“And you’re sure I won’t get drunk?”
“So long as you don’t want to.” You glanced over at Undyne who was currently tossing Alphys into the air and catching her while the lizard tried to swing at the absurdity high piñata. She wanted to be drunk? After a silent debate you slowly took the glass from him and eyed the drink, the smell coming from it like berries.

“This is called echo wine; it’s made from the flowers in the underground that can mimic voices.” You looked at him slightly awed.

“There’s a flower that can do that?” He nodded and then gestured for you to drink up. With a sigh of resignation you downed it in one go. It tasted similar to those fizz drinks you’d bought once at the store, la croix you think it was called? Flavor was very subtle. And then the volume around you went up an octave, a blue tint coming across your vision.

“Asriel!?”

“It’s ok! You’re all good, the drink just puts a filter over everything. It’s like you’re living as the flower almost. That’s the drinks gimmick, just give it a sec.” You vaguely heard Undyne challenging Roast to a swimming competition in her drunkenness making you giggle. Asriel’s smile softened as he watched you taking in the moment, the way you looked around in wonder, your temporary blue eyes making his heart skip. After a long minute your vision cleared and the sounds around you dulled back to normal. It felt like a relief while also being a loss. You didn’t think you’d ever get bored of magic.

“What do the others do?” Asriel smirked as he glanced back at the bottles, his eyes perusing the selection. As he went to reach for one however a deep baritone caught you both off guard distracting you.

“hey, whatcha doing?” Sans asked as he downed the rest of his glass, his eyelights locked on Asriel. You looked at Asriel who was pointedly frowning at the skeletal monster. For some reason he seemed put off and a bit hostile.

“Showing y/n monster alcohol.”

“that so?” Sans asked absently as he casually came between the both of you to snatch up a brown bottle, its contents a dark red the color of blood. You frowned at the sight of it and then gasped as he poured it. The liquid lit up in a white light the moment it hit the air after leaving the neck of the bottle, almost as if it had been set on fire. Sans hummed once it was filled and then swirled the glass, making it flicker and twist in response. You were shocked when he held it out to you.

“fire whiskey.” You stared into Sans’s eyelights quietly checking if he was serious before reaching for it with a shaking hand. You made sure not to accidentally brush his phalanges as you took it.

Asriel could only roll his eyes with a frown that he shot at Sans, really he offered you a sip from his own glass instead of getting a fresh one? But the skeleton was too busy watching you with his default grin as you tipped it up to your lips.

It burned!

You almost spat it out but then the burn dulled and flared down your body, heating you up instantly as the feeling of sitting beside a fire hit you. It was calming, relaxing. It even made you a little tired, like you could sit on the ground and curl up to sleep. You looked at Sans and smiled.

“I like this one.” Sans didn’t respond but merely took back his glass to take a sip, his eyelights not leaving your eyes as he did so. You felt your cheeks heat up under his gaze. A cough made you look over at Asriel who looked a bit frustrated as he sighed.
“I’m going to go talk to Roast. Try not to upset your stomach or anything trying these.”

“Alri—“

“later kid.” Sans cut you off as he spoke to Asriel, his gaze still locked on you. You barely saw Asriel roll his eyes as he walked away. That was a bit strange. You hadn’t ever seen Sans act so distant to the fellow monster before. You felt a bit unsettled. Sans grinned lazily.

“math jokes huh?” Ok, Sans was having a casual conversation with you. Had you ever had one of those with him? You grimaced in embarrassment.

“Uh, yeah sorry about that it kinda just slipped out.” He snorted.

“it was a good joke.” You startled. Had he just complimented you? No, the joke. He said the joke was good not you. You coughed into your fist; this small crush was going to kill you. You couldn’t help but think of the way his hands had felt, the way he had tucked your hair behind your ear. You forced out a response.

“T-thank you.” Sans didn’t say anything as he turned around and grabbed another bottle, this one was perfectly clear and held a golden honey colored fluid inside it. You watched as he sat his glass down and pulled up a clean one from the rack off to the side. You wondered why he didn’t just reuse the shot glass you had had the echo wine in. He caught your glance at it.

“don’t want to mix monster alcohol unless you’re a specialist. they burn through your system quickly but mix them before swallowing and well, heh, effects can be worse than some of those designer drugs you humans make.” You didn’t miss the way his voice dipped nor the derisive tone to his words when mentioning your race, but his lazy grin was still in place as he faced you and offered the glass. You ignored it and took the drink, giving it a curious whiff.

It smelled like a sugar cookie.

In a glass.

You kind of just wanted to keep smelling it. Sans gave an amused look as he picked up his own drink and took another sip before speaking. You noticed his mouth wasn’t closing around the rim of the glass at all, the whiskey merely vanishing as it brushed against his teeth. Huh Sans could apparently drink through them.

“glamour brandy, straight from the mtt resort.” You glanced down at the drink and took a small sip. It shot a bolt of energy through you leaving a giddy feeling in its wake, the taste similar to a sour lemon. You blinked and giggled as you noticed a golden number floating above Sans head.

“What’s that?” You asked waving a hand out to it, your fingers passing through flawlessly. Sans smirked.

“take a look around.” You followed his advice and turned noticing everyone had a number floating above their heads, a seventy three above Roast, a twenty for Toriel, a solid ninety for Asriel, and the longer you looked you noticed they all started to sparkle and shimmer as if they had all waltzed out of a glitter factory.

It gave them all a mystical vibe. If the gods themselves had come to earth this is how you imagined they would look. You turned back to Sans and made a noise at how radiant he was. He looked like he was burning with light from within. His own shining sun. You dryly swallowed.

“you ok bud? looking a little star struck there.” You were too captivated to laugh at his pun.
“W-what are the numbers?” Sans raised a brow with a lidded gaze.

“What does mine say?” one hundred, unlike the others numbers though his pulsed with a light outline around it. But you were reluctant to tell him. He shrugged obviously not caring that you refused to answer him when your silence had stretched.

“It’s a compatibility rating.” Your mouth fell open. He chuckled from your reaction and you couldn’t fight the blush from the sound. Sans didn’t look as if he noticed though. He was being really... tolerant. Abnormally so. It was bordering on friendly.

“How does that work?” You asked. He closed his sockets as he drained his glass and turned to refill it with more of the fire whiskey.

“Like that one?” He wasn’t going to tell you apparently. You watched the light spilling from him dim along with the floating numbers before responding.

“Think I liked the whiskey better.” He grunted and turned back towards you as he sipped. How many of those had he downed already? Asriel had said you couldn’t get drunk unless you wanted to but the way Sans was acting was very out of character for him. At least that’s how you felt.

He looked over at Papyrus currently talking with Frisk with a cracked socket before looking back at you again, his smile lifted in the corners. You were beginning to notice whenever Sans looked at his brother it seemed to make him more at ease, more relaxed. You could see the proud older brother aspect at play in his gaze.

You wondered if you had a sibling if you’d have gotten that feeling Sans obviously received.

“My friend Grillby made the whiskey.”

“Roasty’s father? I heard he was a bartender.” Sans glanced away to something unseen for a moment before flickering his eyelights back at you. He looked almost wistful.

“Yeah, he ran the bar in Snowdin. was second in popularity to the resort and casino.”

“Roast tells me he owns a small chain nowadays.” Sans hummed but fell silent. You didn’t like how quite he suddenly was, his eyelights were so penetrating that it made you squirm in place. It was so weird to not see his usual hostility in them, his hatred. They were calm and drew your own eyes to meet them with how they hazed at the edges. You couldn’t take the silence from him. It was too intense, it made you feel vulnerable.

“What was it like, his bar in Snowdin?” Sans didn’t respond for the longest time before finally speaking, his tone somber.

“It was home.” You felt a sharp tug in your chest at how sad he sounded in that moment. His face hadn’t changed but the feeling coming from him made you flood with sympathy. You thought about saying something comforting, maybe leaving him to his thoughts, but he surprised you by continuing.

“He always kept it open, lived in a room in the back. Heh, no matter the time if someone needed a drink or even just to have somewhere to be... Grillb’s always welcomed them. Made you wonder if he ever slept really.”

“He sounds like he is really caring.” Sans’s smile was coltish. It made your heart skip.

“He is, used to joke about him being the town parent. Especially when it came to his regulars, Burr
had her own booth she practically lived in.” You smiled.

“I bet you were a regular.” He snorted.

“nah, I was family. reason fire whiskey even exists is cuz of me. it was a present from him after my first comedy show.” You frowned. You wanted to ask about him being a comedian but the past tense in his statement caught you.

“Was?” Sans took a sip as he shrugged.

“haven’t seen him since the underground.” He hadn’t seen Grillby the whole time they’d been living on the surface? You couldn’t help but to ruminate on that. They had been close, closer than even a regular could be with their bartender but Sans hadn’t seen him in six years? Your eyes panned over to the bottle of fire whiskey.

“I…don’t think not seeing him in six years makes you any less family.” You stated hesitantly as you looked back at him. Sans’s sockets widened, their depths observing you carefully. You took a deep breath through your nose as you gestured towards the bottle.

“He obviously still cares, if he still makes the drink that reminds him of you. Roast also mentioned you when I first met her, I didn’t know who you were at the time but she stated you were close with her father. Don’t think she would’ve said that if it wasn’t true.” Sans continued to stare at you, but suddenly you felt a heaviness behind it. An intent.

Th-thump

Sans’s hand tightened around his glass, you heard it strain in his hold. You thought you had maybe upset him by what you’d said but the way his posture shifted and how his sockets lidded left you suddenly breathless. He stepped towards you and you were frozen. He stopped close enough you could see the very subtle rise and fall of his chest as he breathed.

“you care a lot about someone who said that they hate you.” He remarked, his voice dour. Once more you had words spilling out that you didn’t even get to think about.

“You’re really friendly with someone you hate.” Sans laughed bitterly, a slight growl under lacing his false humor. You ignored the way a spark of heat flared in your body at the dark look he now directed at you.

“you want friendly y/n?” Your lips parted slightly at how the question dripped almost like velvet from him, how his eyelight grew slightly in size. And your heart almost sized at how challenging his tone was, how it dared you to answer him.

Sans held out a skeletal hand to you, his glare that he reserved specifically for you fading and slowly turning into a teasing grin...

“I…” You couldn’t think straight enough to form words.

You leaned into the touch and he cupped the side of your face in response...

You felt a slight sense of vertigo as images flashed across your vision, Sans sockets narrowing as he watched your expression change.

The dance felt so intimate it made your whole body quake...

What was going on? The visions were so familiar, so real.
You wanted him…

“Sans…” His look was shadowed from his hood as he stared at you from beneath it, the brightness of his eyelight penetrating it. That look was absolutely clandestine.

…you forgave him for everything…

“Have we…”

…for everything you knew he would do to you…

Your hand reached out to him of its own accord, your fingertips brushing his hoodie with the faintest of touches.

Sans made a sound, a purely animalistic snarl that made your breath catch and hand halt in its advance. He looked predatory. A part of you shook in fear, but the sudden heat in your chest flared. And your fingers…

Touched him.

Sans’s eyelight expanded to nearly the full size of his sockets, the glass in his hand shattering with a muffled cry in his grasp. You jolted. Sans was glaring at you in a livid daze, his expression drunk looking even as his body shook beneath your touch. But the shaking didn’t feel as if it was because you were touching him. It felt like…restraint.

“Y/n!” The atmosphere broke as you felt Roasty’s arms sling around your shoulders jarring you. You blinked at her in confusion before glancing back at Sans. He was gone. Had he teleported away?

“Come dance with us!” Your friend slurred as she took the drink from your hand playfully. You smiled weakly at her seeing her flames were flickering through an array of different colors.

“Are you drunk?” She shrugged innocently as she placed your drink on the table and began to lead you over to the others all gathered on the stage. You laughed as she stumbled slightly on the stairs with you, Frisk grinning knowingly at the both of you as they worked the stereo. The song shot on with almost a boom with how loud it was.

Amalia and Roasty both took one of your hands and begun to spin you between them.

~Give Me Everything~

Me not working hard?
Yeah, right, picture that with a Kodak

You giggled as Roast dipped you before sending you into Amalia who caught you easily, her blonde pig tales bobbing as she snickered and spun with you gleefully. You didn’t know she knew how to dance, it left you chuckling as you turned like children at play.

Or, better yet, go to Times Square
Take a picture of me with a Kodak

You gasped as Papyrus came up behind you and lifted you into a back breaking hug before lowering you and leading you into a small rumba like rhythm, his feet energetically moving with yours. It felt so uplifting, the previous tension you had felt melting away as you danced.
Took my life from negative to positive
I just want y'all know that

You watched in awe as Toriel and Asgore both waltzed by you, their movements fluid and agile as Asgore smiled confidently and Toriel looked at him as if in a happy stupor. Undyne was dancing ridiculously in front of Alphys, thrusting motions and old school batsui moves that left the shorter lizard blushing as she performed a complicated step you vaguely recalled from the band baby metal.

And tonight, let's enjoy life
Pitbull, Nayer, Ne-Yo, tell us right

You somehow found yourself dancing with Asriel and Mettaton, both of them taking turns to dish out moves and letting you copy them with careless abandon. Alphys led Undyne and Papyrus in a line as they danced perfectly in sync, hips swaying and arms snapping up to their heads as they rolled their legs.

Tonight I want all of you tonight
Give me everything tonight

You were in absolute bliss! This was how you had hoped you’d feel the whole time you’d been in college, had quickly lost hope of ever feeling this way with everything that had happened, and now here you were—awash in joy and sensation, among people you cared about and that cared about you.

For all we know we might not get tomorrow
Let's do it tonight

Your dancing slowed as your eyes panned everyone lost in the celebration, searching, trying to lock onto someone that wasn’t with you all.

Don't care what they say
All the games they play

Your eyes shot up to the balcony above and locked onto a pair of eyelights gazing at you intently.

Nothing is enough
’Til they handle love (let's do it tonight)

You stared back lost in their hold, slowly you started to move, a smile growing on your face.

I want you tonight
I want you to stay
I want you tonight

You closed your eyes as you spun in place, laughter erupting from you as Roasty grabbed your hand and led you over to Undyne with a spin, Alphys leaving her hold to spin over to Toriel. Everyone began spinning over to each other and cheering when Papyrus struck a pose each time they passed him.

Grab somebody sexy, tell 'em hey
Give me everything tonight

You snickered as you stepped out of the spinning circle and began to bend and roll your stomach and hips, your arms held up high and your feet moving in place. Roasty shouted out to you in
amusement.

“I didn’t know you could belly dance!” You shrugged as she moved up beside you and started to follow you, her flames flicking and waving as she rolled and swayed.

*Give me everything tonight*

*Give me everything tonight*

You snorted as Papyrus mimicked you, his spine doing a bizarre wiggle that left you rolling. Toriel and Asriel were quick to follow and soon everyone was swaying in tune to the melody, chests wiggling playfully and hips jutting side to side.

*Give me everything tonight*

“THIS IS THE BEST PARTY I HAVE EVER RECEIVED!” Papyrus cried happily as everyone started to follow him, his hands shooting out and flexing in as he slid forward, turning to slide his arms back and forth in the air as he leaned side to side. You shared his sentiments. This was the best night you had ever had.

*Take advantage of tonight*

*’Cause tomorrow I'm also doin’ bad*

Alphys sauntered up, her yellow face a burnt orange from a blush as she started to do a nervous flutter of the whacking arms dance, her head tilting side to side as her legs bent and straightened. Undyne moved over to her and followed, a heated glance between them lulling Alphys into a more steady rhythm. They were so adorable together you thought as you copied them.

*Perform for a princess*

*But tonight, I can make you my queen*

Undyne took Alphys’s hand and dipped her before tossing her into the air and catching her, the lizard expertly placing her hands in Undyne’s so where they broke into a shuffle together. Their hips jutting and swaying in a figure eight as their legs hiked and alternated. You felt you breath catch watching them and you slowed in your awe.

*And make love to you endless*

*This is insane the way the name growin'*

Alphys turned her and slipped behind the fish monster, waving her arms in a flow that Undyne copied somehow without seeing. You gaped as Alphys moved her hands like she was a puppeteer, Undyne bending and twisting with the guidance of her lovers hands before turning and falling backwards to be caught in Alphys arms in a dip. Their eyes locked and Alphys blushed harder while Undyne smirked gleefully. Were they resonating?

*Money keep flowin'*

*Hustlers move aside*

“GET A ROOM UNDYNE! PREFERABLY NOT IN MY HOUSE!” Papyrus shouted as he quick stepped passed them and reached over to twirl Amalia into his arms, her bell like laughter sounding as she entered into a tame tango with him. Well that answered your question. Undyne looked far from remorseful while Alphys led her into another dance. If resonating looked that beautiful…how had your dance with Sans looked?

You glanced back up to the balcony but found it empty. You suddenly felt tired, your emotions nothing but an endless swell of confusion.
“You ok?” You turned to Roast who had a hand on your shoulder in concern. Even in her drunkenness she was still so perceptive.

“Just tired, think I need to lay down for a bit.” You said with a reassuring smile as you walked over to the stairs leading from the stage. She followed you, her intent to at least walk you to the door clear as she chuckled.

“Having too much fun?” You rolled your eyes playfully.

“You know me so well.” She bumped you lightly as you both pulled up to the side of the book case blocking the glass side doors.

“I’ll come check on you in a bit…If I don’t pass out myself.”

You laughed at Roast’s comment as she walked away and turned to head inside easily swerving the bookcase, only to come face to face with Sans.

“Excuse me
And I might drink a little more than I should tonight

Th-Thump

You jumped slightly then chuckled nervously as you composed yourself. The sounds of everyone’s conversations, music and laughter echoing from the yard behind you slightly muffled due to the bookshelf. You really needed to remember to thank Frisk for being so considerate.

And I might take you home with me, if I could tonight

“You scared me, still not used to you popping up like that.” You joked as you scratched at your cheek absently. Sans was silent as he looked at you. Ok. You couldn’t remember how long ago it was he had last given you the silent treatment, but it still unnerved you just as it used to. Your previous lingering feelings of glee and joy slowly faded. A thread of caution flitted through you. You pushed the ominous feeling down and switched tactics.

And, baby, I'ma make you feel so good, tonight

’S-So, I kinda forgot but I wanted to thank you for helping me out with the resonance thing.” You coughed awkwardly at how pathetic it sounded. He must have thought so too for he still remained silent and unmoving as his eyelights bored into you. No wonder he hated humans; you were such an awkward species you thought bitterly. Or was he still upset from you touching him? You went to speak as anxiety started to claw at you but ended up jumping slightly; Sans had moved dangerously close to you in the time it took to blink.

’Cause we might not get tomorrow

You could smell ketchup and… petrichor? When had he moved? Your eyes barely caught a
translucent bead of sweat running down the side of his skull. Was he burning up? Now that you thought about it his proximity gave off a thick wave of heat that brushed your slightly chilled skin. Maybe he had too much to drink after all…he was so warm.

_Tonight_  
_I want all of you tonight_  

**Th-Thump**  

It made your throat go dry and heart skip.

“U-um…” You stuttered nervously as you made to step back, trying to give you both space and to your surprise he followed. He was following your retreat. What!?

_Give me everything tonight_  

**Th-th-thump**  

Your heart fluttered anxiously and stilled the moment your back connected with the back of the bookcase. You were horrified and grateful that Frisk had bolted it in place, last thing you needed was to fall over with it, but it also served as something to be trapped against. And Sans trapped you, his movement stopping once you could move no further. What was going on? Why was he acting so… avaricious? His eyes looked—

Hungry.

_For all we know we might not get tomorrow_  

Your mouth opened and closed trying to find the right words and then snapped shut as he leaned close, his arm slung against the bookcase to support him as he bent over you. The faint light of the white Christmas lights that had been strung up illuminated the shadows around Sans sockets from beneath his hood in the growing darkness, his eyelights seemed to grow slightly in size as he stared at you and hazed. Where was that ringing coming from? Your mind was racing in confusion at his actions and then stalled as a seam drew across Sans teeth, his dulled teeth opening and revealing two fangs tucked away on either side.

His sharp canines.

(*)  

_Let's do it tonight_  

**Th-thump**  

_Don't care what they say_  
_Or what games they play_  

You watched wide eyed as a pale blue glowing tongue slipped out. He had one of those!? The sight of it sent your blood rushing from both surprise and arousal. It was thick and pellucid.

_Nothing is enough_  
_Til they handle love (let's do it tonight)_  

**Th-thump-thump**
You looked to the side trying not to focus on the lewd thoughts it brought and gasped as you felt the shockingly smooth, soft, and wet appendage brush your collar bone; a flood of heat and lust shooting through you from the contact as if originating from the spot where his magical tongue touched you.

*I want you tonight*

You let slip a moan as his tongue lazily trailed upward onto your neck, the heat spreading along your artery as he traced it. His dark chuckle at the noise you made sent shivers down your body. But you felt no urge to push him away, to stop him, you felt—

*I want you to stay*

**Th-th-th-thump**

*I want you tonight*

You didn’t know what came over you but the way it felt—how hot it was—

*Grab somebody sexy, tell 'em hey*

**Ththumpththump**

*Give me everything tonight*

“S-sans—“ You groaned as he dragged it along the underside of your jaw and then flicked it upwards to the lobe of your ear. You couldn’t think, couldn’t focus. What was happening to you? You weren’t completely naive, you’d kissed before, had seen and read adult movies and books—had been told stories from your friends and family, you knew self-pleasure.

But this…

*Give me everything tonight*

Felt…

*Give me everything tonight*

So…

*Give me everything tonight*

Good.

**TH-THUMP**

*Reach for the stars*
*And if you don’t grab ’em*

Your eyes went wide as your back instinctively arched you into his chest, your hands moving to grip at his hoodie as he growled against you, making your thighs press together in reaction. You shook as his hands were suddenly on you, one tangling into your hair and pulling enough to tilt your head back, exposing your neck more fully to him and the other gripped your arm, bunching your shirt to bare your entire collar and shoulder.

*At least you’ll fall on top of the world*
Think about it 'cause if you slip

You choked as you made to speak, the hotness of his breath dampening your skin as he nipped at your throat. You barely registered sliding down to the ground, Sans’s hold and contact not faltering for a moment as he moved with you.

I'm gon' fall on top yo girl (ha ha ha)

His tongue was so warm and hot as it brushed over the center of your neck, his hands tightening almost painfully even as a groan slipped out of him. His noises made you squirm and pant weakly as he brushed a fang across your shoulder. Something in you wanting to feel it puncture your skin, wanting to feel a delicious sting you knew was bound to hurt but still called to you like it was right —

What I'm involved with is deeper than the mazes
Baby, baby, and it ain't no secret

Frisk shook a wine bottle and let the cork fly as they swayed beside Undyne, Papyrus and Toriel holding hands as they spun to the music. All of them blissfully unaware of what was happening between you and the monster atop you, hidden from sight. Roasty pulled out a confetti gun from the present table and shot it to everyone’s excited cries, the multi colored pieces of paper fluttering in a free fall.

My granny's from Cuba
But I'm an American and I don't get money like Seacrest

Th-thump-th-thump

Put it on my life, baby
I make you feel right, baby

When had you hooked your leg around his hip? You choked as he gave a sharp thrust against you, making your core flare in want as the motion pushed the air from your lungs. Was that a…? How? He grinded into you as his hand on your arm moved down to tightly wrap your waist, pulling you firmer against him. It was so intense that your mind started to blank, there was only the sensation of him against you and the way he held you—he gave another thrust, a groan mixed with a snarl slipping out of him.

Can't promise tomorrow

Ththumpththumpththump!

But, I promise tonight, dale

Your hands began to pull and bunch in his hoodie with a desperation you couldn’t place, wanting him closer and trying to close what little distance there still was. Your frantic pulling didn’t budge him an inch but made him began to growl and pant as he roughly tugged your hair and nipped at the sensitive juncture of your neck and collar, his tongue once more dragging and twirling along it. It felt so good it almost scared you how much you loved it.

Excuse me
But I might drink a little bit more than I should tonight

You could vomit at the mere thought of someone you didn’t like just kissing you and yet here you were enjoying and drowning in whatever this was Sans was doing to you. His hatred and contempt
forgotten in the wake of his touch and hold. His hands and mouth—the sweltering heat coming off of him! You gasped as you felt his mouth shift, warm and rough bone like lips sucking at the base of your neck, dangerously close to your chest.

And I might take you home with me if I could tonight
And baby I'ma make you feel so good tonight

It was too much—it was not enough—it felt so good, so sweltering and—his tongue began to drag up your chin, drawing close to your lips—

'Cause we might not get tomorrow

Asgore and Asriel were spinning Amalia and Alphys between them, trading them off as they led them through the thong of differently assembled chairs. Mettaton slid up to Papyrus and Toriel, kindly taking the taller monster from the queens hold and leading him away. Frisk didn’t hesitate to take over dancing with Toriel, their face red with a drunken blush as they shared a laugh with her.

Tonight I want all of you tonight

TH-THUMP

Give me everything tonight

You gasped as his hand moved from your hair and braced against the bookshelf, the other around your waist moved down and up slipping under the hem of your shirt, the warmth of his phalanges against your skin drawing a shiver from you. It was getting so stifling, too intense—

For all we know, we might not get tomorrow

Sans bucked against you and you bit into his shoulder reflexively trying to kill the moan in your throat even as your hips instinctively rolled against him. You felt him tense and a low sound, almost a purr slipped out of him, a feeling of approval made you clutch at him even tighter.

That sound was shocking but yet so gratifying to hear, it enticed and compelled you to move against him again. Sans was quick to reciprocate, his hips meeting yours as he ducked his face against the crook of your neck. You could smell the fire whiskey on his breath and feel the searing heat from the sweat of his skull.

Let's do it tonight

Mettaton smiled brightly at Papyrus as he spun him, the skeleton blushing furious orange as he came back into Mettaton’s hold in a dip. The robot smirked as he leaned down and planted a chaste kiss on Papyrus’s cheek with a wink. Roasty and Amalia danced in a circle around them as they giggled at how Papyrus flustered.

Don’t care what they say
All the games they play

“Saaans~” You whimpered from the throes of passion that were consuming you. There was only the shelf you were pressed against and Sans, his touches and noises drowning you, making you crave what you had never had before. He snarledthreateningly at the sound of his name, making you feel an inkling of fear that only riled you more. There was no way he had missed how your other leg had hiked up to fully enclose him in your legs even as you shook beneath him.
Sans pulled back from the comfort of your neck to look at you, his eyelights blown and blurry as 
his teeth were parted in a pant. Your eyes fell to the strained expression on his face and it made 
something in you tug, violently. You pressed a hand to his sternum as he lowered his other hand 
from above to cup your cheek. You didn’t fight as he angled your face upwards, the ridges of his 
teeth teasing at the corner of your mouth before moving slowly down, tracing a line down to where 
he had buried his face a moment before—

You felt him start to bite down on you, and you almost screamed at how your body tightened and 
exploded in a flash of blinding pleasure. Yes! Bite me!

You felt him go still.

’Cause we might not get tomorrow

(*)

Your mind shot clear as you felt the presence of his touch vanish and cold air hit the magic saliva 
against your skin. You blinked in a drunken daze just realizing he was no longer against you. You 
brought your hands up, one to cup your neck and the other against your chest as if to keep your 
heart inside your body as you looked up; he was no longer knelt down with you but was observing 
you with what you could see was…confliction at your crumpled form.

Was your confusion, your fear, your blatant want and enjoyment evident in your eyes?

Had you asked him to bite you out loud? You blinked. Why had you wanted that?

Th-thump

Then with a shocking casualness; he began whistling as he turned and walked into the house, the 
arousal in you still burning hot even as his silhouette vanished from sight. The click of the glass 
door a loud echo as it slid shut. What had just happened? You stared at the glass door numbly as 
you leaned fully into the book case. H-he hated you…so what was that? You felt so…you didn’t 
know.

It had felt so good.

It had happened without warning.

Why…why did you want more?

Why did you want someone you knew hated you touching you like that?

Why did he do it? The image of his confliction burned in your eyes. Did he even want to?

You covered your eyes as you tried to smother the confusing tears that fell down your face. You 
knew you had a crush after he had danced with you, you couldn’t help it, and now after this? You 
were completely lost.

Nothing could ever just be in your control could it?

Brent with his blackmail, forcing you to enter a contest just to ensure you still had a future. Sans 
now touching you, confusing you, solidifying your crush by pushing you over the edge into 
infatuation.
Because you knew that’s what you were now, infatuated.

After something like that? How could you forget how his hands felt, the way he had fit against you?

A sob slipped out.

Why couldn’t Brent have left you be to have a normal education? Why couldn’t Sans have been a normal, less hateful monster?

Why couldn’t you have been stronger?

You whimpered. How had you come to this? How pathetic were you? You were glad everyone was cheering Papyrus on in whatever he was doing.

They couldn’t hear your breakdown.

~~

Sans stared at his shattered lamp, the taste and sounds of you staining the very fibers of his being.

He glanced over at the cloth covered shape sitting in the corner of his room.

Chapter End Notes

Phew.

Hope it was worth the wait!
SIH for those that read that is next to update!

Smut: There was licking and grinding. OH BOY
Broken Limits

Chapter Notes

533 Kudos and people are still reading this! XD
I just ugh! <3

First off Happy Anniversary to this beloved fandom!!
I joined super late but the love and acceptance, you my readers,
and the people I've met and befriended have truly been a blessing!
I joined during a dark period in my life and I'm not exaggerating when I say...
This hobby has been a life saver for me. :)

Well here's a new chapter!

**Remember** there will be smutty content a few times for the remainder of the story,
For my readers that hate that keep an eye out for '~(*)~,'
It'll be at the start and end of the content.
A summery will be in the end notes along with potential triggers!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sans woke up gasping, his hoodie soaked as it clung to his bones in sickening warmth. He screwed his sockets shut before opening them again blearily; the sight of his bedroom ceiling coming in clearer than it had tried to a moment ago.

The exhausted skeleton shivered with a groan as he sat up and tugged off the drenched garment; flinging it off to the side and letting it land with a thick wet plop upon his floor. His bones vibrated with intense heat and his magic was surging and dipping randomly across his body. Like a doctor bashing him harshly with one of those human knee tappers in an unpredictable pattern.

It went without saying he hadn’t really slept since the party the day before.

Sans gasped as his bones clacked noisily, his joints loosening and tightening sporadically where his magic pooled the thickest. With a noise of irritation he moved his pain filled body to sit on the side of his mattress, sharp waves of pleasurable and agonizing heat shooting through him from where his body made contact and slid across his bed.

He could literally feel every frayed thread and puncture in the old mattress. It honestly made Sans briefly consider listening to his brother about getting a new one, hell maybe even a sheet set with those ridiculously high thread counts Papyrus always raved about.

A sharp bolt of pain up the length of his spine made him wince.

This was ridiculous.

Sans’s body was acting like it was in heat…ahead of schedule. Usually it wouldn’t have been a problem but the normal methods he usually employed to relieve the pain weren’t working. Not only that but it seemed to only get worse the longer he was unable to release his excess magic.
What really bothered him the most though…

Was the fact that this had started and slowly built up after he had taught you how to resonate, only getting progressively worse when he ran into you. He snarled angrily as he pressed his hands to his face, trying to ignore how his body shook just from merely thinking of you.

Damn pseudo heat.

Stars, how it had flared and agitated his magic when you had touched him.

Damn body.

It didn’t help matters that in his pain and lust filled haze what he had done…how he had trapped you and indulged in you…had not only alleviated the burn he had been going through, but now it was all his body was craving.

You had been a cooling balm to his aching bones.

And it pissed him off.

Shakily he rose to his feet and stumbled precariously before catching his balance. There was one thing he hadn’t tried in an attempt to expend his magic. He hadn’t needed to do that method since he had hit maturity, and it left him feeling scandalized to even be considering it.

Papyrus and Undyne would never let him live it down if they knew.

With a huff he began to shuffle his feet, ignoring the heavy weight of them and the ache that screamed in protest. He screwed his sockets shut as he focused inwardly, the image of his soul concealed within his bones flaring to his mind.

This was different than actually touching, than dancing even when he was alone. Those were all physical, tied to an image of separation that his body provided.

When was the last time he had danced with himself? A year maybe before his magic choose to take shape like an adults? A few months before perhaps when childish fevers and sweats suddenly became torturous and suffocating, mind numbing heats?

To think he was being reduced to acting like a fucking teenager just for some peace.

He was silent as he raised his arms and used them to perform a painful spin, the image of his soul in his mind giving a powerful thrum as a melody slowly built up. His breath hitched and a small whine slipped out.

His soul song.

He both dreaded it and loved it.

What did it sound like now? After all this time?

He let his body flow naturally as the song grew, feeling its pureness engulf him and stifle the heat in his bones as it resonated. He panted at the rawness that was his being, pleasure and pain blending and running through him as the light of his soul flared in his mind’s eye.

~Lonely Dance~

One step forward
One step backwards

He shuffled his feet, letting them carry him to the side.

One step forward

One step backwards

He quickly turned and repeated the shuffle, his movements already becoming less laborious and more invigorating. The heat in his bones gradually turning into a rhythmic pulse as it built and shifted through him, evening out the uneven throbs and surges.

Some days I'm up, some days I'm down

Some days the world is way too loud

He placed his hands on his skull as he snapped his hips out and twisted them, guiding his body into an effortless turn. A calming wave of coolness hit him as he began to sweat unusually vibrant beads of magic.

Some days my bed won't let me out

But I'm okay with missin'...

He leaned backwards into a practical fall before raising his leg and snapping it back down allowing him to raise back up and pivot sideways, his mind drifting into the melody of his very being as the image of himself pervaded over the image of his soul.

Out on the social anxiety

An image of himself blushing as he pulled up his hood before dancing for the first time flashed across his vision, his younger and more naive self. He pushed aside the nostalgic ache as he slid sideways.

Out on the phony friends I don't need

Crimson eyes flashed across his vision making him growl with a pulse of contempt as he slid the opposite way back to his starting point.

So I just turn off my phone and turn on TV

A flash of comfort and sadness flitted through his bones; bathing the heat with another wave of coolness as he shifted his shoulders and twisted his feet in place, his arms moving in jerky and halting motion. As he envisioned himself on the couch he owned back underground drowned in a static glow.

'Cause solo's the only way I can breathe

He made his body roll like a wave, popping where his joints met as he envisioned himself on the school roof, utterly alone and at peace as he stared up at the sea of stars stretched out above him.

So I just, so I just

He paused for a moment before letting his sockets go wide, the resonating energy of his soul shooting through him and chasing the heat away from him entirely.
Do my little lonely dance!

He spun with more energy than he’d felt in years, his feet shuffling across the floor to the point it looked as if he was gliding against the hardwood.

Performing for my only fan

He could feel the icy grip of the snow from snowdin as he fell freely sideways and into a handstand, the white covered town bringing equal parts peace and crushing claustrophobia to his being.

’Cause it's my kind of party

He limply moved back to his feet before raising his legs high as he shuffled in place, his arms moving in tandem as an exhilarating sheen of magical aura began to coat him.

My room is where my heart is

He twisted as he held his hands over his sternum where his soul was concealed, thundering loudly. He made a noise as the scent of citrus flooded his senses, his body becoming more rapid in its movements as he dropped into a back bend and kicked up his feet before popping back up.

I do my little lonely dance

Sans turned sideways, throwing one arm up while crossing the other over himself, pulling them apart only as his feet swept apart before quickly closing together again. The image of his brother and their friends racing across his mind as he remembered them dancing and twisting, an echo of their comradery ghosting though his moves.

I don't need you to understand

He screwed his sockets closed as a brief glimpse of your tear stricken face crossed his vision in synch with how his soul flared, his hands fists as he pulled them down in front of his face and then thrusted each arm before withdrawing it back into himself as he stepped out to both sides.

And there's no way I'm stoppin'

Soon he wasn’t even aware of his body moving, his attention firmly locked on the glimpses his soul pushed onto him. The underground, Grillby’s, the way everyone would dance happily together even through the fear and sadness of their entrapment.

It's like nobody's watching

The image of a young Papyrus dancing beside him trying to learn his own style made a blooming sensation of warmth and brotherly affection spread out from his sternum to the tips of his phalanges as he rolled his hips and head sideways.

As I do my little lonely dance

Dancing outside the ruins door as he shared a muted resonance with Toriel making him shiver as the ghost of a connection brushed against him; one of friendship and kindred humor. One of the final dances he’d ever performed making a groan slip out of him from emotional agony as he buried his face in his hands, his legs and feet keeping him moving.

One step forward, one step backwards
How in the courtyard your eyes had pled desperately with him as the light had slowly left them…

One step forward, one step backwards

How you had held onto him so eagerly as your soul recognized his and clung to life…

These days I'm good, these days I'm fine

These days I'd rather pay no mind

His movements slowed and became languid as he looked down dully, his eyelights extinguished as he tumbled down and rolled before coming back up to stand. A cold emptiness making his body ache from its intensity as his soul throbbed almost painfully.

His very soul at war with his mind.

Silence is in town, keep her around

He could see his friends at a distance; their joy and laughter making them glow in a soft ember as he watched from afar. His own self bathed in a deep blue aura of rejection and acceptance.

You glowed a sharp shade of yellow and mesmerizing purple as you laughed.

And you'll be glad you're missing

Your eyes locked with his…

Out on the social anxiety

Sans sneered from the shadows of his hood even as a ghostly apparition of his younger self blushed and pulled the strings of it closed, sending a conflicting twang of bitterness and embarrassment through him.

Out on the phony friends I don't need

He made a noise of discontent as he envisioned when your hand had brushed his in the kitchen; how your eyes had lingered on his socked feet. His ghostly self once more contradicting his physical being as it reached out, looked adoringly at you.

So I just turn off my phone and turn on TV

His familiar comfort from indulging in his own laziness shifted as the image of you dancing drew his soul’s focus from lounging on the couch alone to how you had moved and performed while beside Undyne…how he had warred not to just grab you.

To take you…

Cause solo's the only way I can breathe

His hands moved involuntarily along his bones in pleasurable stimulation as he continued to dance and twist. A small brush of his lower ribs as he turned, a gentle graze of his lilac crest as he bent forward and flipped.

So I just, so I just

He groaned as he pictured you in his signature handstand, shimmering diamonds falling around
you in a glorious shower of luminescent light as his hand brushed against his sternum.

*Do my little lonely dance!*

He rolled his hips as he clenched a hand against his left socket, the other hand trailing along his spine as his emotions surged in a wave of sensation. His breath hitching in a strangled gasp as your arms enveloped him in the dressing room with pure unbridled joy on your face.

*Performing for my only fan*

He let his feet roll as he leaned over, his body arching and bending as he tried to focus.

*Cause it's my kind of party*

The passion in your expression when you spoke of your love of dance made him moan despite himself, made his magic burn with such ferocity it shook him. His muted affirmation of your dedication touching something long buried within him.

*My room is where my heart is*

The way your eyes had instantly connected with his when you’d first seen him…

*I do my little lonely dance*

How your lips had parted in awe at how he danced…

*I don't need you to understand*

Your utter heartbreak when he’d won at cards…

*And there's no way I'm stoppin'*

You had been scared when he’d confronted Brent, been scared for him.

*It's like nobody's watching*

Papyrus and you laughing stirred something deep within him, made him feel.

*As I do my little lonely dance*

Sans snarled as he threw his arms up, spinning as he brought them back down and contorted himself into an angle before rolling and jerking his bones as he slowly rose up into a ramrod straight pose, his hands gripping onto his ribs and looking as if they were pulling at his chest in halting motion to prevent him from falling as he leaned.

*One step forward, one step backwards*

His soul brought back the sight of you running as you learned of his hatred, his loathing. He stood in a rage, at a loss while his other self wailed and fell to his knees.

*One step forward, one step backwards*

He tried to ignore how quickly his soul brought forward the image of your dehydrated and wreaked looking face, the deep bags and utter dead look in your eyes. Tried to fight as his younger ghost clung to you in shock and regret even as he remained stoic and distant.
All I need is me, myself, and I

His soul shook as it drowned him in images of you twisting around him, your body moving and grinding with his as the music surged through the both of you. How warm you had felt and soft in his hands at your gracious dips and bends.

All I need is me, myself, and I

He moved faster than he could even think as his mind was blinded with how your soul had latched onto his, how you had both matched in every base way when it came to dancing, passion, and love. Your desires strong as his and just as reciprocated.

His. Yours. Made for each other.

All I need is peace and quiet!

He fell to his knees with closed sockets as he gripped his skull, his soul slowly coming down from its frantic thrumming and it’s searing brilliance easing into a tamer glow as he panted.

Shhh, that's better

Gently he rose to his feet and weakly moved, his arms folding in before splaying outward as he bent his legs and straightened them.

Some days I'm up, some days I'm down

His soul pictured a world of rock and caves, then a world of vastness and stars. Both images painting two different pictures of himself side by side, both connected but closed off from the other. One of him bathed in light, the other in shadow but on opposed backdrops. His light self locked within caves and rock, and the other on undeserving stars.

Some days the world is way too loud

He grunted as he heard the echos of screams both frightened and enraged but both pleading and desperate. The spoken but unspoken words of his brother and friends, around and towards him, ghosting along his soul in gentle caresses begging to be acknowledged.

The sounds of lives lost beneath the schlik of a blade.

Some days my brain's locking me out so I just...

His younger self projected from his soul towards him, hand outstretched as if pleading for recognition. He spun away from him as he opened his sockets with a set stubbornness to his expression. He wasn’t that monster anymore, no matter how much his soul tried to say otherwise. His movements became abrupt and snappish, the same restrained violence within as he had once witnessed in yours.

Do my little lonely dance

Performing for my only fan

Crimson eyes made his soul flare with a rage and hatred that burned him, a sharp sting across his chest making him vehemently growl as the eyes changed to a familiar shade, one his soul had just tried to drown him in but moments ago. The face of a tainted child replaced with yours making his hatred and bitterness grow stronger.
'Cause it's my kind of party

My room is where my heart is

Faces of unknown but familiar humans clouded his vision, each a leering and judgmental glower as they condemned and berated his kind. All screaming in outrage and greed as his people fought for peace and understanding.

As his brother begged for his life and the lives of others.

I do my little lonely dance

I don't need you to understand

His soul brought you to the forefront; where his mind saw greed and lust, his soul painted it with affection and admiration. He could only see that of your race when he looked at you, but his soul struck out at him by showing the hope, love, and compassion carried within his people mirrored in you when you smiled, laughed, danced.

And there's no way I'm stoppin'

It's like nobody's watching

He felt pleasure and warmth overtake him as his emotions slipped out from under him. It was muted horror as his soul panged out for yours, cried out for completion and deliverance.

No…

As I do my little lonely dance

His world was bathed in darkness as suddenly his hands were on your hips, your leg thrust out as you both moved in graceful circles. His face brushed against your hair with a groan of content as you glanced over your shoulder at him.

I do my little lonely dance

I do my little lonely dance

His magic rushed and sharpened as it peaked within his bones, your eyes lighting up in boundless mirth as you turned with his arms and embraced him around his shoulders. A part of him silently screamed but he couldn’t fight himself, couldn’t take control as he moved with you and dipped you with a deep chuckle of his own.

Like nobody's watching

Paint and splotches of color ran along you from your eyes like tears of joy as he leaned down into you, his mind crying out even as his soul sang in rapturous ecstasy.

I do my little lonely dance

(One step forward, one step backwards)

He couldn’t deny the glee and absolute want as his mouth clashed with yours, couldn’t bring himself to hate how your lips locked with him even as it made every bone within him burn and every magically held joint to tighten in rage and frustration.
I do my little lonely dance

(One step forward, one step backwards)

Your hands on the back of his skull rooting him to sanity as his magic reached a peak too high that it threatened to practically dust him.

I do my little lonely dance

“Sans~” His sockets went wide at the breathless way you called for him, like a praise, begged for him against his panting breaths.

Like nobody's watching

He didn’t even register he was once more in control, a deep locked away part of him relishing in how he caved and reciprocated your kiss. The pleasure was blinding and numbing in its intensity.

I do my little lonely dance...

Sans cried out as his magic lit the room in a sea of blue light, his knees going weak and making him collapse mid flip onto his back painfully.

He stared at the ceiling of his room gasping and refusing to move as the image of his soul faded from his mind and its thrumming died into a quiet hum.

He wasn’t aware of how long he laid there just silently staring at nothing. But slowly his mind began to work again, the painful heat that had been in his body finally dulled to a tolerable burn that no longer hindered him as he shakily sat up.

He should’ve felt relieved…but all he could feel was numb.

He glared at his bare skeletal feet, his eyelights hard and dull. His soul had never done something like that before when he used to tap into it like he had just done. He was baffled.

But more so angry.

It felt like a betrayal, what his very culmination had done to him to achieve some semblance of release. What’s worse is that it hadn’t relieved him completely. If he was honest with himself, which he begrudgingly didn’t want to be, doing what little he had done with you had eased his pain more effectively.

And with less soul versus mind trauma.

Resolving himself he reached over for his cellphone only to frown as the caller ID went off, ringing violently in his hand.

Undyne.

Shit.

Of fucking course you’d need his coaching at the most inconvenient time. Realistically he was in well enough shape to be around you right now, unless you had the gall to touch him again. But how messed up his soul and mind were right now…he wasn’t about to risk it. Not until he could come up with a solution on how to deal with this pseudo heat.

Because he’d be damned if he let his soul force him again to—
Last thing he needed was to be in front of everyone pinning you to the ground and—

Nope.

*No fucking way.*

“*sup?*” Sans answered the phone, trying his best to make his breathlessness sound more like he’d just woken up, rather than having just gotten off.

~~

“Hey, we have practice for y/n today.” Undyne greeted into her phone as you watched anxiously. You tried not to pay too close attention to how Roasty was eyeing you, she’d been doing it all morning not that you could blame her. You probably looked like crap, kind of felt like it to. Well honestly you didn’t know how you felt after what had happened at Papyrus’s party.

At first you had been confused and lost for as how to take the whole debacle with Sans, depressed even, and then you had been hopeful thanks to the crush you had that maybe he liked you.

But that thought had quickly been shot down as you remembered how insistent he was about hating you.

Once again however his actions didn’t line up with his words.

Only this time you didn’t know if you could trust those actions like you had in the alleyway; you were out of your depth. You hadn’t ever had a real romantic relationship before to base this off of, let alone the practice to interpret lust from interest.

Lust...because you were pretty sure thinking back on it that was what you’d seen in his sockets.

And the way he had walked away from you so easily, so casually.

It was like he hadn’t been bothered in the slightest.

Though the way his eyelight had blurred, the burning heat from his body and the way he had pulled you to him...You found you had liked it.

Despite his personal feelings and hatred you had wanted it. You did not have a history of appreciating the touch from someone...well someone like how Sans felt. And that was a whole nother can of worms you weren’t prepared to analyze.

You jumped as Roasty placed a hand on your shoulder and gave her a tight smile in return. She raised a brow.

“You know something is definitely up with you. Why don’t you just tell me? Is it Brent again?” You fought a wave of nausea at the passing thought of that man in conjunction to how you were feeling as it flashed across your mind.

“No, nothing to do with him.” She made to speak again but Undyne’s loud voice drew both of your attentions.

“No, that’s a perfectly fine reason not to come in. Yeah I can handle it. Let me know how you feel tomorrow though, that’s the last day we have before round two of the competition. Ok, later.” You frowned as the fish monster sighed irritably before turning to face you.

“Sans isn’t feeling so it’s just us today.” Roasty frowned.
“Not feeling well?” A weird look seemed to pass between them that left your fiery friend quickly shifting violet before returning to her usual orange shade. Was she embarrassed? Just as you thought about pursuing the issue Roast’s curious glance at you forced your throat to go dry. It bordered on suspicious.

Why was she looking at you like that?

“Ok, let’s introduce your dancing partner for the resonance test.” Undyne said with a huff as she gestured to some monster waiting on one of the many mismatched benches. You blinked as a tall monster stocky in build stepped forward.

His scales were pearlescent green with a hint of orange around the edges that got thicker the closer to his snout, two sets of black horns sprouted from above each of his brows and his eyes were highlighter yellow, slitted. You blinked as he stretched his wings.

He was a dragon!?

He looked both intimidating yet friendly as he approached, a reserved smile on his face. You looked down as he offered his hand--claw to shake.

“Name’s Arroin.” His voice came out raspy. Tentatively you reached out and marveled at how his grip dwarfed yours, his claws wrapping your hand with barely an inch of skin to see. You muttered your name as he released you, still in shock. Undyne sure knew how to pick them. You hadn’t expected to be paired with a monster straight out of legend.

“Arroin specializes in kpanlogo, both the dance and the drums. He’s been a dance partner for the Delta Dance Offs for the last four years.” Undyne explained as she slapped him on the back, jarring him slightly forward. You fought not to giggle, he looked intimidating but apparently wasn’t nearly as strong as your fishy coach.

“Anyway, figured with his experience you’d be able to handle dancing with him fairly easy until it was time to resonate. Why don’t we go ahead and try that and see how ya feel about it.” You frowned.

Arroin was a stranger! Wasn’t resonating an intimate thing? Then you recalled how easily you had done it with Roasty and Papyrus after having learned how...but those were your friends, that was different right? You looked at Undyne who merely nodded encouragingly, she wouldn’t prompt this if it was something you couldn’t do with a stranger you were sure of it.

“Ok.” You stepped forward hesitantly as your hand slid into Arroin’s claws, his other one coming to rest on your hip. It sent an unpleasant shudder through you. Mentally you berated yourself. You wanted to be a professional dancer you were going to have to dance with strangers, there was no way around that. You took a deep breath and let the dragon monster lead you slowly to the side before quickly turning and dipping you.

Right off the bat you could tell dancing with him was nothing like dancing with the others, it didn’t feel as secure or comforting as it would be with Roasty or Papyrus, you bet even Asriel would’ve had an undertone of familiarity that was reassuring.

Arroin was blank, almost stiff as you twirled in his arms.

It certainly wasn’t as intimate or engaging like it was when you’d danced Sans. You took a shaky breath as your mind flashed to warm phalanges upon your skin, the way his eyelights had hazed, a warm wet--
You tripped, and only Arroin’s steady grip kept you from face planting onto the floor.

You gasped in surprise as you were set steadily back on your feet, Roasty and Undyne both looking at you questioningly. It made a chill shoot down your back. You simply shook your head and retook your partner’s hands.

It took a while, your soul simply refusing to easily reach out for resonance rather from awkward shyness or for another reason altogether you didn’t know. But once it did it left you feeling...uncomfortable.

Arroin even when resonating still felt vague, albeit distant.

It was completely different from what you were used to. It wasn’t like it was violating or anything just...quiet. According to Undyne’s encouragement though you were both performing very well, the dragon monster must’ve been so well practiced he made you both look good, despite not being a perfect resonance.

At least to you it wasn’t.

You didn’t realize how relieved you felt when Undyne called an end to practice until Arroin stopped touching you.

What was going on with you?

Undyne smiled as you approached her after Arroin’s departure, her normal smugness a genuine happiness that left you feeling hollow. You decided not to bring up the way your partner had made you feel instead deciding on a different topic.

“So, why couldn’t Sans make it?” The fish monster’s eyes widened briefly before shooting over to Roasty and back to you, a look you couldn’t distinguish being passed between them.

Undyne swallowed imperceivably before choosing to speak. The last time she’d opened her big mouth she’d ripped a giant chasm between you and Sans and she was set against repeating it by spilling more personal information.

Especially not so close to day two of the dance offs.

“He wasn’t feeling well.” You waited for her to elaborate but she remained silent, her smile still in place and not faltering for a moment. You frowned.

“Like with a cold?” Undyne’s eye shifted to the side before realigning with you. That was her thinking face, you’d seen her use it at the party when talking to Alphys so as not to upset the withdrawn monster. Something wasn’t right.

Did monsters even get sick?

“Just not well.” She said with a grit to her smile. Okay she was definitely hiding something.

Before you could prod more Roasty’s arm was around your shoulders and she was leading you away to the changing rooms. You shot her a concerned look and she couldn’t help but to flush that telling violet again. Why was she acting flustered? Soon as the door to the changing room was shut she whirled on you, a stern look on her face.

Uh oh...what did you do?
“Y/n…”

“…Yes?” She took a step closer, her eyes flickering as she stared intently into your face. If you didn't know better you would have assumed she was attempting to mimic Sans’s expression like when he was observing you. But unlike his there was no heat or unnerving energy, just simple accusation and suspicion.

“How are you and Sans doing?” The question caught you off guard.

“W-what?” Her eyes narrowed and her mouth tilted up in one corner like she was withholding a grin. Quickly though the look changed to apprehension, her question quietly repeated as she continued to eye you.

“How are you and Sans doing?” You didn’t know how to answer that.

“Uh…” You both fell into a strained awkwardness as words failed you. However Roasty seemed to have no trouble whatsoever understanding something was amiss, if your quickly reddening cheeks and flushed neck were anything to go by. She folded her arms and continued to stare at you, the weight behind it making your skin goosebump. There was no obvious way to avoid answering her.

“I-I don’t know!” Your fiery friend let her arms drop as she tilted her head inquisitively.

“You don’t know?” You ran a hand through your hair.

“It feels like...he didn’t show up today because he’s avoiding me. Not that I blame him I thought about not showing up today to--” Roast placed a reassuring hand on your shoulder cutting you off mid rant.

“Whoa whoa! Y/n, why would you think he was avoiding you? You both looked like you’d been getting along at the party--” She went dead still as your eyes quickly swerved off to the side, pointedly not looking at her as your face went impossibly redder.

“Oh my--you didn’t--did you!?” The way Roast’s face went from shock to giddy was so quick and disorienting that it left you scrambling.

“D-did wha--” Roast’s hands were quickly placed on your shoulders, her mood suddenly turning serious and stern.

“Don’t go to his house.” You felt your blood go cold. The way she had said it felt as if it was a warning. But why would she be warning you? Was Sans crueler than normal when he didn’t feel good? But the way she glared seemed to be in protectiveness, a flashback to when she’d tried to bring you along on her date rearing an ugly head of regret in the back of your mind, your wrist searing in a phantom pain.

But Sans wouldn’t do what Brent had done, he wasn’t heartless.

“Ok seriously what’s going on? First Undyne won’t tell me and now you’re acting like you’re trying to prevent me from being stupid again.” Roast sighed as she pinched where her nose would’ve been, her tone coming out strained.

“Just promise me you won’t go. Not today at least.” You were so confused but the clear concern coming from her made you feel guilty. You may have been worried about Sans but for some reason she was worried about you more. You worried her way too often.

“I won’t go okay. Just--relax, please?” She took a deep breath and slowly looked up at you with a
scrutinizing expression. After a moment she looked down shyly.

“We both know you just might anyways…” More guilt, lots of guilt. “I only want you to be cautious alright? There’s something I should tell you about monsters that I don’t think you know about us.” You perked up to listen but she paused. Roast looked hesitant bordering on nervous.

It reminded you of when you learned about the fallen children.

Your heart nearly burst from your chest as the changing room door slammed opened; Undyne waltzing in with Toriel surprisingly following after her. Undyne didn’t speak as she stomped up towards the suspended television. She turned it on so aggressively you thought the buttons were going to collapse in on themselves.

“Toriel?” Roast questioned uneasily. The older goat monster gave a weak smile right before Undyne reached whatever she’d been looking for. You felt your insides twist.

Brent was being interviewed.

“...I’m just saying there are certain people that have earned their place in this competition. While others have had to resort to other less pleasant methods.” You, you could tell right away he was referring to you.

“Like that punk has any right to talk!” Undyne scoffed. Toriel had quietly moved closer to you, a gentle paw on your shoulder made you look up to her in gratitude as the person interviewing Brent spoke up.

“Would your statement have anything to do with the recent allegations that one of your fellow dancers entered the Delta Dance Offs by participating in an illicit relationship?” Brent feigned an innocent appearance as he responded with a casual shrug.

“I don’t know anything about that Linda, but if that’s the case then yes my remark would apply to them along with anyone else guilty of such a thing.” You felt like the floor had given out and only Toriel’s support kept you from falling as ‘Linda’ continued the conversation.

“Well your father announced just this morning about possibly buying the property to The Underground, seeing as it has suffered an increase in debt due to it’s lack of--” Undyne hit the screen so hard it shattered. You could only stare as the woman began to curse, ignoring the electrifying sparks flinging from the broken device. Roast was quick to rush over and unplug it as Undyne paced a line into the floor. Debt?

“Undyne? What was she talking about?” You asked. She ran a hand through her fiery red hair as she sharply inhaled, her eyes squeezed shut as she thought on her reply. Undyne had hoped this wouldn’t come up before the end of the contest. Toriel thankfully took the pressure from her.

“The Underground donates sixty percent of it’s earned income to the college. It’s how we afford our dance hall renovations and the human inclusion courses. Not all of the tuition brought in by students is enough to cover the university’s upkeep. If we tried to match the tuition to do so about seventy percent of our students wouldn’t be able to attend.” Your mouth fell open in disbelief. Your tuition already seemed to cost an arm and a leg but here was Toriel telling you the value was more than that. Just how lucky were you to be attending again?

“So you’re saying The Underground helps keep the college afloat, and without it…” Toriel looked away as Undyne glared at the ground.

“But that means if Brent’s father buys the underground…” You didn’t need to finish the thought to
understand what you had already concluded. The monster’s famous university would be good as
gone or worse, ran by a greedy human that would warp it to such a degree it might as well not even
exist. It wasn’t right.

“There must be something we can do, a fundraiser or--”

“We’ve tried that.” Undyne whispered, her tone come out raspier than normal. She looked up at
you with a face that was mixed between awkward and tired.

“The only time we were remotely successful...was when Sans and Papyrus still helped out with
classes here. Sans would draw people in with his reputation but Papyrus’s enthusiasm would
ensure they stuck around. We barely ever had a bad day.” You found it difficult to picture Sans and
Papyrus tag teaching a class together. And then you remembered Sans with the dance team.

“What happened?” Undyne sighed.

“Sans just...lost his drive. He’d already given up dancing but...y’know it was shocking how well he
got back into teaching with you. I barely saw him attempting it even at the school when I’d drop by
on occasion.” Undyne looked lost in memory before she smiled apologetically.

“Anyway when he left, Papyrus tried at least. But he couldn’t lure people in like that smaller bag of
bones could. Pap is many things but not a magnet, not until you meet him in person at least.” You
could see where she was coming from, Papyrus was great, an amazing monster. But you saw
Sans’s laid back attitude being more enticing to open people up, where the younger sibling was the
nail in the metaphorical coffin in sealing a person’s dedication.

“How long has he been planning on buying the property?” Roast asked with an unnatural reserve
for the feisty elemental. It only emphasized how serious the whole thing was.

“Since the start of the year,” Toriel replied. “It’s why Jared, Brent’s father, has been acting more
entitled and controlling.” The flash of a man dressed in red with an aura of pure maliciousness
crossed your mind. He had stood out to you in a sharp contrast when you’d seen him in Toriel’s
office.

Was that Jared? A chill ran down your back to think about the man, you’d be willing to bet good
money that was indeed Brent’s father.

The thought of someone like him getting his hands on the underground and in turn the college
made your heart burn with a deep seated anxiety and anger. You hadn’t been here long but it was
already home to you. With a furrowed brow you asked the question that’d been burning in the back
of your mind.

“If Sans helped keep everything afloat before...do you think he’d do so again?” Undyne and Toriel
both winced awkwardly.

“Papyrus happily would but as for Sans...” Toriel’s words petered out.

“He already knows about what’s happening, hasn’t done a thing.” Undyne muttered.

You frowned. Sans may have been cold and came across harsh but if there was one thing you
could be sure about it was that he was loyal to those he cared about. You seriously doubted he’d
willingly let those he valued suffer if he could prevent it. Right?

You refused to think about how harshly he still treated you. The monsters at least were his family,
it was clear as day each time he cracked a joke or ruffled Asriel’s hair. Sans was at least soft and
caring when it came to the nonhumans in his life.

Hell he was even open to Frisk and they were human!

It didn’t make sense.

All signs were indicating the skeleton was likely to help so why…?

“Has anyone actually asked him for help?” Undyne visibly flinched.

“I’ve told the punk we could use him here constantly!” Your frown deepened.

“That’s not the same as saying you’re going to go under and asking for him to come back.” The fish woman huffed while Toriel remained uncharacteristically silent.

You looked at your instructor quizzically, your eyes finding her blue iris’s and locking with them. She could only hold your gaze for a moment before she sighed in defeat.

“I have asked him.” The declaration hit you like a blow.

“What did he say?” Roast asked with a scathing look of betrayal. You had no idea what was going through her mind at the moment but apparently she’d held the other monster to a higher standard than you’d initially thought. She looked hurt.

Toriel was reluctant to answer. You could see it in the way she wrung her hands together, the claw like nails flexing almost similar to a cats as they brushed against fur and palms but yet unable to retract inward. She closed her eyes as her voice came out deceptively quiet.

“He asked what was the point to worrying about it, when at the end of the day nothing’s in your control anyways. Those with power will always use it and those without it are doomed to be slaves to it. I hadn't expected the way he replied so I didn't know what to say at the time. We haven't spoken about it again since.” It felt as if your world stopped.

Sans had said that?

It sounded so out of character, so out of left field! It was almost impossible to imagine him so...apathetic. Cold and indifferent yes but not resigned. Not so broken.

He sounded like you in your darkest moments.

All you could see were the events of his actions summed up once more; how he’d come to your rescue against Brent, how Sans had talked about potential, how he’d held you as you sobbed, the photo revealing he’d bandaged you, the way he’d unwillingly let you cling to him like a magnet as you felt you were most assuredly dying.

He was protective even when it showed he didn’t want to be...

Sans throwing puns to his brother as Papyrus opened presents, how his face seemed to light up as he joked and teased on stage, the way he’d noticed your falter and recovered it, the first sip of fire whiskey he’d offered, how talking of Grillby made his eyelights brighten.

Sans was caring underneath the stoicness…

**How he’d held you against him and--**

Sans was passionate.
The images clashed violently with the words Toriel claimed he’d spoken. Even in his insistence that he hated you it hadn’t been said with vitriol. His expression and the way he’d held himself had screamed ashamed and then you remembered.

“...not as much as i hate myself.”

You didn’t hear what Roast said to Toriel or her response, couldn’t make out Undyne’s words or the look on her face. You were too busy silently saying your apology to the flaming girl and begging her forgiveness. Because you were going to disappoint her again.

Your mind was made up long before you left The Underground.

All you could do was force yourself to breath as you made your way to the skeleton house. And before you knew it you were rapidly knocking on Sans’s door, your heart racing furiously in your chest as you gathered your thoughts.

How were you supposed to bring this up? Try to convince Sans it was worth at least trying to make an effort for your friends. He wasn’t likely to listen to you, you knew this, but still you felt compelled to at least talk to him about it.

Sans had shown he was able to at least have a conversation with you. You forced yourself not to think about the bookcase and his hands. You could talk about that later.

Or never? A blush lit up your face. Later definitely later. This was more important you resolved as you knocked once more on the door. You hoped your knocking wasn’t too crazed sounding. For all you knew he was making his way over now or--

You just hoped he wasn’t as sick as Roast and Undyne had made him sound. Damn you hadn’t even been considerate about that fact! What if he was laid up in bed unable to move and here you were just pounding away at his door like a mad woman! Was it likely for Papyrus to be home?

You heard a muffled grumble right before the clicking of a lock. Willed your heart to slow its pace as the door slowly cracked open.

You stiffened and stilled.

Sans looked like he’d gone a few rounds in a boxing ring; thick blue bags under his eyes with sweat running the length of his skull, his clothing looking soaked as they hung limply off of him, and his eyelights; dimmed in an unusual distortion. They looked speckled in comparison to their natural solidness, faint hues of yellow and blue rolling along them.

You felt abnormally drawn to them.

As soon as they landed on you however they contracted down to pinpricks, the air flooding with the thick scent of petrichor as Sans’s permagrin fell into a hardened frown. All your gathered resolve and confidence fell in the face of unexpected loathing and revulsion he aimed at you.

You couldn’t help it as your hand pressed into your chest, trying to keep the overwhelming wave of pain that overcame you in check as you fought not to visibly react to it. Sans’s eyelights flickered down to the gesture and quickly you watched him taper his expression into the familiar neutralness you were used to.

The pain dulled but not by much as a tugging sensation made you wince. Sans looked up from your hand to your face, his frown straining in the corners.
“what are you doing here?” You tried not to flinch at how accusatory and raw his voice sounded as if he was dehydrated and had gargled glass. You ignored his tone as you seriously worried that it hadn’t been Papyrus to open the door. Could Sans even be left alone right now?

“I needed to talk to you.” Sans’s eyelights drifted passed you, panning down both sides of the street as his grip on the handle gave a tight scraping noise that made you fight not to recoil. He seemed upset by something as he finished his exploratory glance and almost reluctantly looked at you.

“this can’t wait?” Sans asked exasperatedly as his eyelights flickered with annoyance. You weren’t used to seeing so much open emotion on his face it took you a second to gather your wits to answer him.

“I’m sorry it’s ju--” Sans’s sockets snapped down as you began to speak, making your words die in your throat at how intensely focused they were. You could have sworn you heard him subtly grunt causing you to furrow your brows in concern.

Was he eyeing your lips?

You subconsciously licked them and watched in surprise as his other hand emerged from his hoodie pocket to grip the wood of the door frame, leaned slightly against it as his sockets lidded and his discolored eyelights hazed. The reaction caused a tight coiling in your abdomen that left you nearly breathless.

He didn’t look sick, at least not how you’d normally picture it. With how he held himself it almost looked like he was attempting to keep himself from exiting the doorway, to keep himself controlled.

At your prolonged silence Sans’s sight shifted back up to your eyes.

“are you gonna spit it out?” You honestly didn’t know if you even could.

“Sans--” You jolted as what sounded like a growl came out of him at the sound of his name. His tone deepened, came out smooth and purposeful. Damn near seductive.

“yes y/n?” You wished you knew what it was Roast had been about to tell you. You were not prepared for what you were looking at right now.

“Are you okay?” You drawled cautiously.

“i’m fine.” Sans responded casually, too casually.

“You don’t look it, in fact you look…” You watched as a vibrant drop of liquid cyan ran down the side of his face, felt your heart race faster as you heard an audible and sharp intake of air from him. You were positive he’d just sniffed the air, like a fucking animal.

The tugging in your chest grew harsher and you found yourself pressing your thighs together as a foreign urge suddenly overloaded your senses. Sans noticed the movement as his sockets dropped down to them, more droplets of sweat forming to run down his skull.

There was no way this was a normal sickness. Not with how it was also affecting you too. Just what had you walked into? You felt very small and defenceless under his wandering gaze. It didn’t inspire anxiety or force a dreaded fear to prickle your skin. You felt desired...and craved.
Now you were beginning to get scared.

“they didn’t tell you...did they?” He groaned bitterly as his eyelights continued to sear into your thighs, slowly dragging up to your hips and waist. If you hadn’t been wearing clothing you were sure a thick trail of blush would’ve lit up in his wake.

It already felt like his leer was a physical touch, absorbing and taking in every bit of your body that it could mercilessly. It was so potently lascivious his hand might as well have been the thing brushing against you.

It was a futile attempt to ignore how his groan stoked the building fire within you.

“Tell me what?” Your voice shook. His eyelights locked on your face as they brightened sharply.

Your breath caught in your throat at how brilliant they shone even as they slightly diffused, widening the space they occupied in his sockets and making the yellow and blues stand out more clearly against the normal white. It was beguiling in the most unfathomable way.

It was magical.

**Th-Thump**

Sans’s breath audibly hitched and a seam drew across his teeth as his canines became pronounced, a small grinding sound following as he clenched the two rows of his teeth. It appeared as if he was fighting to keep his mouth closed and his teeth solid.

He visibly quivered.

“you need to leave.” His words came out wispy, bordering on a pant. A blush broke out violently at how needy he almost sounded, if it weren’t for the fervorous annoyance in his tone you would’ve believed he was. And now he was trying to send you away.

Whatever was happening it was affecting the both of you, and he obviously knew why. It was another question, another answer you needed. There were things that needed to be said, to be sorted out and you were growing annoyed yourself in the wake of his dismissal. If Sans had it his way he probably would never speak about any of it.

The fear became palpable.

“We need to talk--”

“about what?” He snapped as his patience finally wore thin.

“About The Underground, about us!” Sans was shocked into silence as he registered what you’d just said. You could see the built up heat that had been in his eyelights smother under a look of disdain.

“there’s no us!” His tone became defensive and livid.

“Then what the hell is happening?! This isn’t normal Sans!” You couldn’t help how rushed and angry the words were as they spilled from your lips. You weren’t used to the usually indifferent skeleton acting so belligerent and looking so perverse. It triggered your defenses even as it stirred something unnamed inside you. Sans let go of the door frame and slammed his hand back against it in a fist, splintering it under his surprising strength.
“there’s nothing to fucking talk about ya damned brat!” He shouted in what looked to be a blind delirium as his left eyelight flared solid blue and flickered rapidly to yellow.

Sans looked absent and...*monstrous*.

You shouted in fear as you quickly stepped back, your anxiety spiking sharply into panic. All the fear he’d ever caused you, every moment of scrutiny and revulsion hit you like a floodgate had snapped. Tears began to run down your face.

Your reaction made him jolt and he suddenly looked aware again as he took in your appearance.

Sans winced as he let his fist go limp and held onto the frame once more, screwed his sockets tight as he lightly panted until both his eyelights reappeared as their natural white, yet still distorted by the rolling colors.

When he looked at you again it was horrified and conflicted. Regretful.

“y/n?” His voice was low, vulnerable. It was grounding. He had never addressed you with such concern. He looked so upset, like he was physically unable to approach you even though he so clearly wanted to. A leg positioned out the door even as his hands gripped tighter onto the house.

You felt a warmth slowly spread through your chest, ease the quickly forming tunnel vision and steady the spinning ground. Gradually the panic died and you felt a blissful calm replace it. Once you were sure you were calm you realized you’d fallen into a huddle on the ground. With a sigh you rose to your shaking legs as you stared at him speechless and dumbfounded.

You took a moment to push away the flight response still triggered in you before gently looking back up at him. Both your eyes met and after a moment of thoroughly looking you over he seemed to decide on something as he withdrew back behind the doorway.

Because his countenance went from worried to deathly cold.

“You never listen. do you see now? you need to leave.” A part of you wanted to listen, to obey and put miles between you. But how could you? After seeing such an episode and what it’d done to him. After seeing a part of Sans you hadn’t known even existed for you.

You wanted to reach out more than ever before.

“Please Sans, just talk to me…” You pleaded even as you heard the wood of the door frame strain again under his grip. He glanced down, his eyelights focused at his feet with the only sound being his breathing. He honestly looked like he was considering it.

Your heart pounded like a drum, raced hopefully that’d he’d relent. Then you felt the tugging sensation again.

You swallowed nervously as you felt a flare of heat from his body, watched him tense as it brushed you like a raging inferno. The faint contact made your cheeks flush and yet again your body spiked in arousal.

When had you moved closer to the door?

Sans’s eyelights finally flickered up in his sockets to stare at you contemptuously, all consideration gone from his expression at your proximity.

“y/n…” You flinched at his hostility, at how his voice dropped threateningly.
“final warning...leave.” It was full of dark promise, a sound desperation.

But the concern you felt overrode the warning bells going off in your head. You took an unsteady breath even as he glared you down. You would both never get anywhere if you couldn’t talk to each other. Wouldn’t find a way to save the underground. Would never be able to get passed all the hate.

Would never be able to see more of the Sans you’d glimpse mere seconds ago.

You swallowed and steeled yourself, looked at him in defiance.

“No.”

Th-Thump

Sans’s eyelight visibly pulsed in his sockets.

He moaned.

Then your shirt was bunched in his phalanges before you even registered it and you were yanked inside, suddenly twirled and slammed against the living room wall, your heartbeat like thunder as the wind was knocked from your lungs. You barely heard the front door shut as your vision spun, vaguely heard a snarl as warm breath caressed your cheek.

You blinked your vision clear and stared at Sans in confusion, dazed as he pinned you, his hands flat against the wall on both sides of your shoulders. His dark look had suddenly changed...

To open and unmistakable Lust.

“you should have left.” He ruefully growled, causing a shudder as you felt his teeth lightly graze the shell of your ear, liquid hot pleasure shooting down to the core of yourself. And you found yourself wanting. Wanting his hands on you, his body against yours--

It terrified you.

It enticed.

~(*)~

You squeaked as Sans pressed fully against you, licked your neck lewdly; igniting blistering, trailing heat that made your blood race in your ears. You gasped and felt your breath leave you right before you fell backwards onto a mattress. You tried to push yourself up, gain your bearings but Sans was on you; nipping and sucking your neck roughly as his hands slid beneath your skirt.

You were keenly aware of the tips of his phalanges digging along your thighs; dragging shivers up to the band of your underwear as the sound of them being shredded echoed through the room even breaking through the ringing that started to build in your head.

You felt a chest deep rumble from Sans as he tossed the remains to the side, his sockets lidding with blind lustful intent. The viciousness of his actions made your body quake in arousal, tense in anticipation, made your mind go dizzy as you subconsciously widened your legs and let Sans more securely against you as he gave a particularly harsh nip to your shoulder--

Your eyes widened as you realized exactly what was happening.
Th-thump

Sans brutally shoved your skirt down as he gripped a hip, kneaded euphoric jolts of electricity into your side and eliciting gasps from you as you tried to breathe. It was like he couldn’t touch enough of you, get enough of the feeling of your flesh in his hands forcing the quickly pooling pressure between your legs to steal your breath and focus.

How rough Sans was touching you was bruising and violent; his phalanges ripping slits into your clothes even as they caused small bursts of rapture, roaming you inch by inch. Your breath hitched as you felt a bony finger push into your core quickly followed by another stretching your aching heat; you felt so full you trembled.

You felt as if your chest was about to burst open as it flooded with warmth and affection.

Vaguely you thought you should resist, you didn't know why this was happening, but you shockingly didn't want to.

It was too fast, too quick, everything was happening rapidly in succession. Your shirt had been destroyed exposing one of your breasts that Sans roughly sucked on, the sensation of his velvety tongue and mandible clamped down on it combined with the foreign feeling at the apex of your legs making you almost tip over the edge.

You moaned and arched as you felt one of his hands slide up your back, roughly tangle in your hair with fervor before pulling it taunt so your neck was fully exposed and vulnerable to his relentless onslaught.

You writhed beneath his touch coaxing a growl out of him that had your face go flusher and your walls clench around his digits needily. Sans chuckled almost demonically at your bodies reaction to him, your enjoyment of his handling evident around his fingers as he curled and moved them.

It was sending consuming flares of throbbing heat through your veins as they brushed against something inside you.

The sounds coming from him weren’t helping as they wound the coil of your building orgasm ever tighter, his threatening growls and sadistic laughter making you wetter. You barely registered the sound of clothing and the disappearance of his fingers before suddenly you felt something hot and thick beginning to push into you.

Your body locked and you tried your best to glance down but the movement was impossible with how he held your hair. Regardless of that you had a very good idea about what he was attempting to do.

Only then did it occur to you...

Sans didn’t know you had never done this before.

“S-sans I’m—“ Your warning turned into a scream as he grunted and hilted in one stroke, with a strangled moan.

The pain ripped through you from his carelessness and stunted your pleasure.

You actively tried to fight just to get away from the pain between your legs. All the stories and articles in the world couldn’t have prepared you for this, It felt like a hot iron poker had been dug into you, countless needles ripping into your flesh and--
You felt his hold on your hair tighten and his other hand grip your hip painfully to still you, his phalanges digging deep enough that small pricks of blood formed on your sensitive skin. You cried out as he silently cursed under his breath and began to thrust rapidly into your aching center, the scorching pain shooting to the tips of your toes.

You tried to push him away for freedom, to pull him closer for comfort as you curled your fingers into his hoodie, you didn’t know what to do or think there was only a haze of red and agony—

And then a sudden surge rushed through your body from where you connected to the tips of your ears like a cooling wave of relief…and you moaned.

The pain turned into a sharp climb of pleasure as he slammed into you, the soreness vanishing instantly in the wake of a flood of ecstasy.

You didn’t know how the pain had disappeared so quickly but you openly cried and whimpered in gratitude as your orgasm slowly built back up. Sans buried his mouth into the crook of your neck, his teeth softly gripping you as he began to piston rapidly, the quick movement pushing you over into pure bliss as your walls clamped down on him and your vision went white.

Sans went faster as he felt you spasm around him and then moaned into a purr as he released his magic freely inside you. The stifling heat from his bones going cool against your sweat soaked body. You held onto him tightly as he finished his orgasm before going limp and falling deftly from his hold and fully onto his bed.

Your world spun as you tried to catch your breath, your thoughts trying to organize and comprehend what had just happened when suddenly you were flipped onto your stomach, your walls slick enough around Sans’s magic to allow it without hurting you. Somehow he was still erect and pulsing.

You were already exhausted and you hadn’t really done anything.

How did he still have the energy to keep going!?

You felt Sans’s hand harshly press into your back making you groan. His phalanges digging into your skin and along your spine sending shivers through you. And then he was moving again, this time at a far more brutal pace that left you gasping for air with each thrust.

The hand he had on your hip became bruising as he let out a feral growl the quicker his pace increased. Your hands dug into his mattress and the slip of his name from your lips was more a high pitched wheeze than an actual word; the sound of it drawing a primal noise from him.

You felt his hand move from your back and then suddenly to your front where he expertly found the bud of your pleasure and rubbed a circular motion, making you mewl and quiver as a rush of vision blinding stars and explosions of overstimulating fire caused your toes to curl.

Another orgasm threatening to break harsher than the last guided your hips into rolling in an eager bid to match his pace. Sans’s hum of approval made your back arch further, allowing him better access that left you openly weeping as he hit a particular spot inside you. He seemed to notice as his savage pace redirected towards it.
You were one giant mindless, tingling, nerve of pleasurable toxicity.

You didn’t want this to end but all so dearly wanted it to. It was as addicting and enjoyable as it was torturous and agonizing.

It was a paroxysm of pure Sans.

Your walls impossibly tightened under the assault his magic and fingers were both performing, over the emotions suddenly flooding you. Sensing your body’s upcoming climax both his hands moved to your hips with a death defying grasp, his body leaning over you with his forehead pressed firmly into your shoulder as he began to pant and choke with how fast he went.

You screamed, bucked into him right as your eyes screwed shut and your body vibrated in its release, every fiber of you rending in fiery warmth and chilling solace. Sans made a crooked sounding noise and gave three sharp thrusts before flooding hot warmth inside of you for the second time.

~(*)~

You fell forward limply gulping lungfuls of air for all that you were worth, hissing as you felt a sting from his withdrawal. You heard him pant softly a moment before you heard the scraping of his shoes, heard him rise to his feet.

Weakly you looked over your shoulder at him as he readjusted his shorts, his eyelight looking you over to see your clothes in tatters and your body visibly bruised from his touch.

Sans’s vision seemed to linger between your numb legs, the evidence of what had been your virginity blatant. His eyelight you noticed were back to their normal white, but they were smaller and dimmer.

You both looked at each other silently as his sockets lidded and his hands clenched into fists. You were tense and unsure what to say or do. Still floating on the wave of his actions in the aftermath.

Sans made the first move; by turning away from you and walking out his door, a loud jolting slam sounding as it swung shut behind him.

You stared at the door for what felt like an eternity before you fell limply back against his mattress and stared at the worn fabric of it. Your heart still rapidly pounding in your throat.

What had you two just done?

You and Sans had...

You closed your eyes as you bathed in the silence of his room, the scent of his mattress vaguely matched his but had an older used smell to it. You weakly rubbed your hand against it briefly, feeling the thread bareness of it as you let the ache of your body relax.

You waited.

Then with a repressed sob and a soul deep numbness you conceived that he wasn’t returning.

It hurt to sit up, burned to feel the aftereffects on your thighs. You chose to ignore it and glanced around at the room; a tornado of trash spinning in one corner made you chuckle weakly, a pile of socks against the far wall, dead center was a DDR pad hooked up to a playstation with a tiny television, and a lone dresser was pressed to the back wall with a lopsided lamp sitting on top of it.
His room was plain, it was sad looking.

Just like how you currently felt.

Your eye caught something.

There was a square shaped object tucked halfway into the far corner, nearly concealed by the dresser’s side. It was covered in cloth. You threw a fleeting glance towards the door and then back to the mystery sitting within sight. You took a breath and staggered up to your feet before falling promptly back onto the mattress with a hiss. You sat for a moment and tried again, this time successfully.

Your whole body pounded like a cut nerve as you wobbled and then fell to your knees in front of the corner. You glanced at the bedroom door one final time before slowly reaching out and grabbing the cloth covered square. The moment your hand curled around it you could tell it was a picture.

You slid it out and let the cloth fall into a puddle as you looked at it.

Your eyes went wide.

**TH-THUMP**

It was a painting; Sans stood center in a pose, his feet planted and back bent with one hand supporting him and the other stretched outwards like when he’d dance. And with several children surrounding him, their faces alight in joy and excitement.

Human children.

And he was looking at them playfully, almost mischievously.

Your free hand came up to press against your chest as a sharp sting of sadness sent a jolt of pain through you. You sniffled and wiped tears from your eyes as you stared at the image you held. For some reason you started to bawl loud and ugly.

The Sans you were looking at wasn’t hateful, wasn’t bitter. He was carefree and happy. He was dancing in public among innocent children with a slight blush tinting his features from embarrassment. It was the Sans you’d heard all but whisper your name in concern.

You dried your hand on your rumpled skirt before tentatively running your fingers against the stranger in front of you, the texture telling you the paint was acrylic, only stopping once your fingers reached the bottom of the picture.

Your breath caught as you stared at the scrawl that was the artist’s signature.

Your name stared back at you.

~~

Sans just barely made it into his studio before falling onto his hands and knees from the void. He was panting, his mind spiraling when he caught the red along the bottom of his hoodie.

With a snarl he hastily pulled it off and stopped, his eyelights catching on the ragged seam of stitch work that adorned the back of it.

He shook as he stared at it, magic threatening to pool in his sockets.
He pressed his face into it as if he could hide from what he’d just done...

Before he fucking lost it.

A blood curdling scream going unheard to anyone but him.

Chapter End Notes

Smut: Sans took your virginity, did the deed twice and then walked away.  
TW: Dubious consent  
Up Next: Long awaited POV chapter!

Edit: Away for kinktober!  
Remember you need anything I'm on Tumblr/Twitter! :D

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!