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**Try**

by VixenofAwesome

**Summary**

You are a CNA and work hard almost every single day (heh rhyme) and yet you feel as though your life needs more, that you are missing something important. What could that be, certainly not a few weird monster encounters and skeleton neighbors who had moved in across the hall. No, not at all (Please notice the sarcasm in this sentence).

So, I have no idea what I am doing. Um, read if you want? I just wanna write fun stuff with skeleboyz? I kinda am doing this to improve my writing and hopefully whoever reads gives me feedback? Not a necessity tho. Uhhhhh fluffy times with skelebabez.
You know, you liked to think that life was simple. That the simple things in life were best and rolling along with situations was the way to do things. However you supposed that that sort of attitude is what got you stuck with many things, like stuck with night shift stuck….again.

Hell, you enjoyed the peace of the night shift! It was usually quiet and things were a lot calmer than in the day time. Of course it somewhat cut into your days off when you tried to wake up early to make the most of your glorious free days, but it wasn’t bad.

Surprisingly (Not at all surprisingly) the human body just isn’t really suited for 4 hours of sleep and at least 12 running around like a headless chicken. Or was it? Maybe there was someone out there with that kind of body….you didn’t know at at this point, Felt to dead to really care.

CNA (certified nursing assistant) work was almost like trying to balance on a ball while juggling. Not impossible, but exhausting and almost enough madness in each day to make you want to rip your hair out.

It wasn’t your fault the doctor was busy with a different patient! Or that the food wasn’t the best! But of course the patients needed someone to trouble with things like those so you always stuck on a smile and listened to them blame you for their misfortune in things.

Not all patients were like that, In fact you had helped and assisted many patients that were thankful to you and chatted with you over simpler things. Like how the weather was or how their day had been, something pleasant and simple. Man, you loved those patients, they just made your job worth working. A sincere patient always lifted your spirits and put a smile on your face.

It was your day off tomorrow and yet you had accepted the night shift when requested. That was sure to cut into your schedule and mess up your sleeping for a bit. And yet in that sleep deprived moment you didn’t really care about the shopping you had to get done in the morning or the laundry that so desperately needed done. All you wanted was sleep as you wandered through the halls, checking on patients and changing linens.

Time passed and you were sure you had fallen asleep while standing at least twice before your shift was over. You dragged your feet to the employee room, ready to clock out and pass out. As you stumbled into the lounge Maria, A co-worker and a good friend, Stuffed her bag into her locker
before glancing your way. As soon as her eyes fell upon you she winced and grabbed a coffee from the table. “Dang girl, you look like the walking dead” Maria shoved the coffee into your hands and patted your shoulder slightly. A scowl was thrown her way as you sipped on the dark coffee.

“Yea, Kinda feel like it too” Was your weak reply. Shuffling to your locker your fumbling fingers unlocked it and pulled your bag out before slamming it shut once again. “You gonna make it home okay?”

Her soft voice was full of concern that tugged a smile onto your face. You turned to her and grinned “Yes Mom, I am sure I’ll be fine” The reward for the teasing was a simple eye roll and chuckle.

“Well, just text me when you get there ya? Just want to make sure you are safe darling” You shrugged your shoulders and nodded before walking past her to head out “Sure thing. Have a good day Mari!” Maria smiled before waving and clocking in.

As soon as you made it outside of the hospital your shoulders dropped dramatically as you thought of the journey home. Looking up you were greeted with the still dark sky, it was still too early for the sun to rise and the city to awaken. You stuffed your hands into your coats pockets and started the short yet cursed walk back to your apartment. The quiet of the city wasn’t really quiet, it was the occasional roar of an engine driving past, the murmurs of creatures in alleys, the random and far too often drunken yelling through the streets. And yet, the city quiet brought a weird calm.

Ambling home and staring at the blank sidewalk allowed your thoughts to wander as you reflected on your life. The past didn’t feel that long ago and yet time seemed to fly by and blur days. You recalled your high-school days, which in fact weren’t that long ago, You had graduated at the age of 16 and with no entirely real goals in life had decided to go with something that would give you good enough money to support yourself when you left home.

The CNA classes had educated you well and had lasted simply 6 weeks.

It was somewhat of a shock how fast life went after graduating and by the time you knew it you had saved enough for an apartment of your own in Ebot city. It was far from your hometown yet you felt like it was the right place to go and live.

So at the young age of 17 you left home. Your parents understood your want to get out in the world and live, yet that didn’t stop them from trying to convince your young self to stay. You appreciated your parents support and their want for you to stay with them longer, but you felt a need to go, to advance, to do something….and yet after 7 years of working as a CNA you still felt something missing.

As though you were supposed to do more, to advance, to learn, to do SOMETHING. But you had
no clue as to what. Lingering on thoughts like that always brought your mood down though so you shook yourself slightly and banished the gloom and doom from your mind.

You were almost home and really couldn’t wait to crash as soon as you stepped into your apartment, would you even make it to the bed? You didn’t know. Thinking of all you had to do still you groaned and muttered curses.

Passing a dark alleyway you heard a pain filled shout and froze, glancing back to the alley way and hesitating before cautiously stepping closer and peaking around the corner. Colors flashed before you as your eyes widened when your they fell upon a monster, how you could tell, well that pale white and glowing red was definitely not human. Ah right you often forget that monsters had surfaced about a year….or was it two? Two years? Well a year or two ago.

You didn’t often interact with monsters, seeing as on working days you were stuck in the hospital, which monsters often didn’t go to, choosing to go to one of their own with healing magic, or stuck inside on your off days. You did see a few, like when you went shopping, or had an errand to do. But you were mostly a work and home person. Not really going out much.

Your attention snapped back to the alley when you heard loud curses and your eyes filled with horror as realization of what was happening dawned on you. The monster was surrounded by 4 human males, who looked drunk and very angry. An angry drunk is never a good drunk. Two had bottles in their hands that they were using as weapons to try and hit the monster while the other two tried to grab the monster, Tried because the monster, despite its stumbling, dodged and ducked out of the swings and grabs quite expertly.

Rage quickly replaced the horror and you looked around quickly before dropping your bag in favor of scooping up a few rocks and stuffing them into the bag. Swinging the bag back onto your shoulder you took a deep breath before grabbing a few more rocks off the ground to toss at the raging drunks. “HEY!” Your yell seemed to echo into the alley and the small party furiously trying to smack the monster froze before twisting their heads in your direction. Pulling your arm back you pitched the first rock at the human closest to you and took a few steps closer to pelt the other humans at a good angle.

As the rock hit the closes in the shoulder he yelped and jumped backwards before letting out a snarl and glaring at you. Or at least trying to, he kept stumbling and you had no idea if he actually saw you or not. Releasing the rest of the rocks toward the group they cursed and tried to duck out of the way and you hoped that none of your rocks hit the monster ,who had stepped slightly away and was leaning in the shadows of the alley.

When you ran out of rocks you yanked the bag off your shoulder and wielded it as well as you could wield a bag. “Back off trash! I’ve got a bag full of rocks and I ain’t afraid to use it!”

The men rubbed at the sore spots your attack had left and were all glaring at you furiously “What the
“Really!?! Because the only trash I see is the four bumbling drunks in front of me!” Your truthful, but perhaps irritating to hear, words caused one of the douche-bags to step forward. “Get out of here whore! Unless you want beaten too !!” the pricky prick that had moved forward smirked, obviously thinking his threat was enough to send you scampering away. And while the threat did send a small blast of fear into you, it was quickly smothered away by your still burning anger at these despicable humans.

“Okay time to name these good for nothings” Eyes scanning over them you mentally named them, “The closest one is prick, the one on his left that thinks he’s all the shit is shit face, the two behind prick and shit face are disgrace anddddddd last one issssss -” Before you could decide the last man’s nickname Prick sprung forward, reaching for you.

Stepping back you swung your bag hard and felt a deep satisfaction when it collided with his jaw with a somewhat sickening thud. Prick stumbled back and fell into Shit Face’s arms, you really hoped that blow had knocked him out.

Disgrace and the unnamed one shouted and started to step forward “Freeze!” They all froze at your shout and stared at you with wide eyes as if you were crazy. Sinking into a fighting stance you shifted the bag slightly, readying yourself to smack any of them if they got to close.

Despite your bravado you could feel your hands shaking and knees starting to tremble as well. You really weren’t the type of person to meddle in fights, and yet something had urged you to. You cursed that something now as your hands shook harder and you pleaded with whatever gods existed that they couldn’t see you tremble.

Perhaps you were just so sleep deprived you didn’t know what you were doing anymore, or perhaps it was just your weird “Just roll with it” attitude that got you here. You forced your shaking to calm and glanced at the monster still somewhat hidden in the shadows.

One of the men shifted and your gaze snapped back to them before you scowled and shook your bag at them “I am not afraid to do that again! Get out of here before another one of you ends up like him” You gestured with your chin towards Prick, who was groaning and weighing down Shit Face heavily. The drunks muttered before they slowly pulled Prick upwards and dragging him down the alley and away from your sight.
You waited, inching slowly closer to the monster while keeping your eyes where the drunks had disappeared behind the corner. Keeping the corner in your sight you turned slightly to the monster and opened your mouth to ask if they were alright. The words died in your throat as a deep guttural chuckle escaped the monster and you allowed your gaze to fully focus on the monster.

Surprise rushed through you as you studied him. He, you assumed he was a he due to his deep laugh, was a skeleton monster, that explained the pale white you saw. Around the same height as you, perhaps an inch or so taller. A wide skull held eye sockets in which floated two red pin pricks that were a eerie blood red, they glowed slightly and looked almost beautiful surrounded by the pitch black of his socket.

His skull looked different than a humans, and underneath his nasal cavity a large grin full of sharp teeth drew your attention. The teeth looked sharp enough to easily snip a few fingers off a hand that got to close and your interest fell upon one gold fang that shined in the dim light the alley provided.

You stiffened as his laugh rang out loudly in the night and narrowed your eyes at him slightly. The grip on your bag tightened once more as you looked him over. He was still laughing……Still laughing…..You raised a brow at him as he continued to laugh. Your raised brow seemed to simply make him laugh harder as he gripped his sides and doubled over slightly.

You shifted away slightly and crossed your arms, tapping your foot slightly as you waited for his laughter to die. While he laughed for some unknown reason you studied him further, He was wearing a read turtle neck with a thick jacket almost hanging off him. The jacket looked far to warm even for the autumn weather, it was a nice black with a almost mustard yellow fur trim on the hood. He was wearing black basketball shorts with two yellow stripes down the sides. Finally your eyes landed on his shoes and you noticed they were just large red sneakers, untied, he had a strangely lazy vibe despite all the edginess in his outfit.

Finally after what seemed to be forever his laughter faded into wheezing. How did that work? Did skeletons need to even breathe? As his laughter died into gasps you forced a smile onto your face. “You done?” your question made him sputter and he started chuckling. You really didn’t have time for this, actually why had you even stayed while he laughed? Why was he laughing anyways? Was he laughing at you? You had no idea and your exhaustion rushed into you, almost making you want to curl up onto the cold ground and just pass out there.

He was clutching where his stomach should be and fighting for breath while his other hand wiped what you believed were tears from the corners of his eye sockets. Okay, enough, he was insane. You rolled your eyes, huffed and turned away to stumble your way back home to get some much needed sleep.

“w-wait!” He giggled slightly and you looked back as he straightened up and grinned largely at you.
“What?” Bitterness found its way into your voice as you stared at him suspiciously.

“Who just starts laughing like that out of nowhere? A psycho? A weirdo? A mentally deranged person ...er..monster?” Your thoughts were cut off as he reached out a hand, seeking a handshake.

“names red, red the skeleton. “ His deep rumbling voice carried hints of amusement. Turning slightly you grasped his skeletal hand and gave it a strong shake “Y/n, y/n the human” That made his grin stretch wider and he chuckled before releasing your hand and stuffing them both into his jackets pockets “thanks for saving me lady” He nodded at you appreciatively, yet there was a glint of amusement in his eye lights that made you slightly suspicious again.

“Uh..ya no prob, Quick tip tough, try to avoid suspicious and dark alleyways when going wherever? There’s a whole lotta dickheads around.” stepping back you tried to decide why he had been laughing “Its ...uh...dangerous?” The grin grew again, just how far could it go?! And his shoulders bounced slightly as he shrugged “sure, thanks for the tip, doll” His deep voice still sounded amused, but you gave up on trying to figure out why and just sighed and turned away again.

You waved over your shoulder at him “Ok, bye Red, try not to die or whatever” your exhaustion made your words sound apathetic but at this point you really didn’t care as you walked away. “uhhh sure, see ya around doll” his words followed you as you turned the corner and you shook your head slightly.

“How weird” you muttered as you yanked your beanie out of your bag and onto your head. Stuffing your hands into your pockets you slumped your shoulders as you ambled along. To tired to try and think of the strange encounter .

Finally, finally, you reached your apartment complex. The 15 minute walk had felt like a 2 hour walk and your body shook with the need to replenish its energy, you entered the elevator and punched your floors number, 8, and waited as the elevator lifted you rapidly past the other floors.

When the doors opened you pushed your body forward and towards your door. Your apartment was a nice one, your paycheck being enough to live comfortably in one of the two large apartments on the eighth floor. Lucky for you the apartment across from yours hadn’t been inhibited and you sorely wished it stayed that way.

As soon as you unlocked your door and stepped into your apartment you kicked off your shoes and tossed your coat before slumping into your room tiredly. You flopped onto your soft bed and snuggled into the blankets before pulling your phone from your back pocket and sending Maria a quick “Didn’t die” text.
As soon as you hit send your arms flopped back down and your eyelids dragged over your drained eyes. The need for sleep was top priority now and as you drifted off you faintly heard your phone chime. You grumbled and decided that sleep was more important than whatever your phone was trying to tell you and as your consciousness faded your thoughts turned to that one weird skeleton, and of all the names, why in the world was his Red?

Chapter End Notes

So yep, finally doing this. Lemme know how I can make it better plz. Um, I think first chapters aren't supposed to be this long? idk? Um update will perhaps be every week or so. Hope you enjoy.
did you not catch this tough vibe i've got doll?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Underfell Sans Pov. Aka Red

Great, Just fantastic, fabulous, entirely glorious. Red growled slightly as he scurried through the streets. The hour to early for the sun to rise. He was heading to the store to get a bunch of “stuff” for Boss and the others, why was he doing it at this early hour when he should be asleep? Good question. The answer was that he had no fucking idea.

He was simply woken up quite rudely and tossed out with the name of the store and a list of items. Why was he headed to the store that was at least a 30 minute walk away when there was one like 10 minutes away from the house? Also good question, one he had the answer to. Classic, aka the original Sans of this timeline, had been seeking a bigger living space for them all and had apparently found the perfect place around the area where Red was headed.

Boss had ordered him to make sure the store was adequate enough for his glorious self to shop in and to make sure it carried all that was on the list, if not, well, shopping trips would be far longer because he would insist on going to a “good” store.

Red grumbled while he thought of all the love he had for his bro to put up with all his shit. In reality Paps wasn’t a bad character, he simply wanted what was best, a lot of the time…..all of the time…..Okay so Paps was kind of a jerk but he wasn’t entirely if you just understood his perspective a bit. And Red did, that's why he put up with all his bull. Not only that, but he really did love his angry and loud sibling, Though it had been a while since he had admitted it.

As he got closer and closer to the store his sleepiness increased and he simply wished he could short-cut to the store and short-cut back. Alas, his powers only limited him to short-cut to where he had been before.

But that didn’t mean he couldn’t use the old fashioned short-cuts. He cut through alleyways, trying to shorten the length of his trip so he could get back to the house and fall back into a blissful sleep.

As soon as he stepped into another alleyway he sensed the presence of four humans bumbling through the alley. Tensing slightly he narrowed his eye sockets at them, drunks were never quite the type you wanted to encounter when you were a monster. He had found that when humans were drunk they were somewhat more truthful of their hate towards his kind. He could smell the cheap whiskey from where he had entered the alley and wanted to groan in frustration. Why, O why did the universe feel the need to constantly fuck with him?
Shuffling to one side of the alley he tried to give them a wide berth, yet the close walls of the alley didn’t really allow that. The four weren’t really helping either as they stumbled around and took up a great proportion of the alley. Their annoying drunken laughter and mutters made him want to snap at them, but he knew if he did it would just start a fight.

So as the drunks got closer he simply shoved his hands into his pockets and hunkered down, trying to get past them without drawing attention to himself. Alas, the universe did not see it fit that he ever receive a moment of peace.

One of the drunks teetered and shoved into him as he was slinking past, shoving him slightly into the alley wall. Ohhhhh how badly he wanted to just snap the dudes arm right then and there. However he really couldn’t afford another lecture from Classic nor another punishment from Boss.

He glared at the human that had pushed him and huffed before continuing on.

“EY! Hold on a second you devil!”

Apparently one of the humans was reallllllyyyyy trying to get killed today. Letting out a sigh Red glared over his shoulder at the four, whose attention was now focused on him. “yep, thanks universe, i can always count on you to try and fuck up my life ”.

Two of the humans that had been carrying bottles were now wielding them and trying to stay standing straight, they did not succeed. One of the other two was scowling at him while trying to look threatening, again trying . The last of the four hung back, giving him a blank look that suggested that the man was way to drunk to really even be standing.

Red shook his head and resumed walking, trying to ignore the drunks before he did something he would regret. Of course they couldn’t just let him go, of course one of the idiots had to try and grab him, and of course as soon as he felt the humans disgusting hand near him he had to move.

He jerked his shoulder forward before the man's hand could touch him and snarled loudly. “the hell man!” As soon as the words had escaped him he knew it wasn’t entirely the best thing to say. But at that moment he didn’t entirely care.

Red was tired, he was up way to early to deal with the stupid universe, he hated not being to simply use his short-cuts, and he really didn’t want to deal with a bunch of monster hating disgustingly drunk humans.
However the stupid god forsaken universe really didn’t seem to care what he thought or had to deal with. It simply wanted to fuck him over so bad he would regret ever existing in the first place. Honestly, he was to frustrated to deal with everything.

The stupid machine that had brought him to this stupid timeline was so impossibly stupid that they couldn’t even figure out what to do to fix it! He had had to stay up late to work on the damned thing AGAIN! AND wake up at a ungodly early hour to satisfy his bro! His frustrations of the past months started to crumple together.

Even before that the universe wanted to see him distressed, making him live in the cruel timeline which just sought to crush his will to live. Why did he have to deal with it all? His anger grew rapidly like a spreading flame and his exhaustion simply added to the fire.

“Apologize you demon! You probably gave him a disease or something when you shoved him over!” Reds eyes narrowed at the males words, This idiot was seriously trying to touch him not 5 seconds ago and now claimed that because he had “shoved” his friend he had gotten a disease? How stupid could someone get?

Out of habit he checked the souls they each carried, not entirely surprised with their little group. One was bravery, a bright orange (or recklessness). One was patience, a beautiful cyan (or inaction). And the last two were justice, a almost gold yellow (or vengeance) and perseverance, a deep purple (or passiveness). They were all bright and shining. No surprise there, human souls always thrived when they did what they believed was “right”

Honestly, humans went about the weirdest ways to display their soul traits. For instance, someone could take their bravery to far and turn it into recklessness. Or they only acted on things that they thought were brave. Seriously, it was so weird.

“not sure if your eyesight works buddy but i sure as hell wasn’t the one bumping into someone” Red turned fully to the humans and smiled tightly. He wanted to beat out his frustrations on these idiots and if he just got them riled up enough to throw the first punch then surely nobody could get mad if he defended himself.…… right?

The human that had shoved into HIM snarled and raised the bottle that he was grasping. “Shut up, thing!” As the human stepped forward and swung the bottle at Red he sidestepped and grinned when the momentum caused him to trip forward slap his face against the alley wall. Causing the pathetic human filth to let out a cry of pain.

Oh he was going to enjoy knocking these idiots around. As he thought of the best way to dispose of human bodies he dodged their grabs and swing, occasionally his shoelaces caused him to bumble around and almost caused him to get hit a time or two. He really should learn how to tie shoes.
Red had succeeded in getting the humans to make the first move, but should he really retaliate? He really really did not need another speech from Classic and did not look forward to the punishment from Boss if he found out Red had intentionally caused chaos. But would they know? Somehow they always seemed to know when he got in a fight.

He contemplated the pros and cons of taking a swing and just pummeling the idiots and had decided to just say fuck it all and throw a punch before a loud “HEY!” rang through the alley. The four humans jerked their movements to a stop and swiveled their heads in the direction of the yell.

Right! The universe still hated him! So right as he had finally decided to pull a punch someone interrupted! Arugh seriously! He leaned against the wall, hoping that the newcomer would just hurry away so he could punch the living daylights out of these idiots. Red glanced at the opening to the alley and his irritation faded slightly as surprise shoved into him.

There was a small woman there, well not small, a inch or so shorter than him perhaps. But she just…felt small. Her soft features were twisted into a scowl and her arms were loaded with small pebbles and rocks. She looked young, far to young to be walking around at who knows what hour of the still dark morning and she looked completely and utterly exhausted. Deep bags sat under her eyes and she looked ready to drop then and there and just pass out.

His surprise turned to shock as the woman slung a rock from her hand into the purple souled human. The male yelped and jumped before snarling at her and stumbling around. Before any of the humans could yell or attack her she began to pitch the rest of the rocks in her arms at them, stepping closer to seemingly get a better angle.

Now Red grew interested, what in the world was this tiny woman doing? He slouched comfortably against the wall as he watched her pelt the humans till her rocks ran out. As soon as the rocks in her arms were gone he couldn’t help but grin. What was she going to do now? The four males were obviously drunk and it was four against one here, well two if you counted him, but he had no idea if he should intervene or not.

He was surprised again as she yanked her bag off her shoulder “ Ah shit, is she gonna call the cops? ” That would unleash a whole lot of problems he really didn’t want to deal with. He prepared his magic to rip the phone out of her hand if she pulled it from the bag.

“Back off trash! I’ve got a bag full of rocks and I ain’t afraid to use it!” The words almost seemed to slap him in the face as his jaw almost fell open. What in the mother fricking flip flop world was this lady doing?!
Quickly he checked her soul and stared somewhat blankly at it. Huh weird. A mix of deep forest green and a pretty honey yellow. That meant kindness (or sacrifice) and justice (or vengeance). Wait how did that work out? Did that mean she was a peacemaker or something? How did kindness fit into justice? His thoughts wandered as he tried to figure out how her traits worked together.

It wasn’t that strange to see someone with two or more soul traits, it was always interesting though. How could someone have two soul traits if so many of the traits contradicted each other? Like patience and bravery, how in the world did that work out?

Red's attention snapped back into focus as one of the men, the brave, sprung forward, reaching for the woman. He felt his magic flare up and reach out to grasp the man's soul. Okay so it was 2 against 4. Before his magic could fully grasp the soul however the woman stepped back and slung her bag at him.

It crashed into the humans face with a loud thud and snapped his head back. Causing him to stumble into the justice and flop heavily against him. His jaw did fall open this time as shock flew through him “what the fuck!?” What.Was.This.Chick.Doing!?

The other two humans shouted and stepped forward. To do what ,he didn’t know and didn’t want to know. But his attention was now fully on the woman and even he tensed up when she yelled a “Freeze!” at the group.

He watched her as she shifted slightly and bent her knees slightly and sunk into a fighting position. Red stared at her closely and noticed her hands that were clutching her bag shake slightly. Was...was she scared? Why was she attacking a bunch of dudes in an alley then? Was she trying to mug the bunch of them or something? If so, he still accepted being on her side against the pricks that had tried to shove him around…. Well one of them had shoved him a bit but whatever.

Her trembles worsened before greatly decreasing when she took a deep breath. Then her gaze shifted to him and he quickly snapped his jaw shut, hoping that she didn’t see him standing there like an idiot with his mouth hanging open. Her eyes moved quickly back to the group when the justice moved the weight of the brave slightly and she scowled at them.

“I am not afraid to do that again! Get out of here before another one of you ends up like him” she gestured to the man that had received her graceful blow with her jaw and kept her eyes on the men as they muttered and started to pull their fallen comrade down the alley.
Red kept his gaze on her. Not afraid? Bullshit. He had seen her trembling. He continued to stare at her as she slowly inched closer to him. Why was she coming closer? Did she think it would be easiest to mug him if she got rid of the other humans? If so he wasn’t so sure he was on her side anymore.

He narrowed his eyesockets and a frown etched onto his face. She got closer and he could tell she kept the corner of the alley in her sights as she turned slightly to him. As she opened her mouth it clicked. Justice and Kindness ……no way ….did she…..did she think he had needed “saving”? He couldn’t help it, he started to chuckle, then to laugh, and laugh, and laugh.

This tiny human had thought that he, HE a rather rough looking monster had needed saving from a few humans? Sure he would have understood if he was like a Whimsum or something. But he wasn’t! He was a wide monster! A monster that was called “dangerous” by his vanilla counterpart! Hell! He would have understood if it was classic that needed saving, but HIM?!

His laughter grew as the human raised a brow at him. The idea of him being saved by this soft looking human turned his laughter hysteric and he gripped his sides and bent over slightly. Oh gods it had been so long since he had last laughed this hard.

Instantly he wanted to know more, more of this human who stared at him blankly while he laughed. More of the person who had decided “Hey lets save this big bad looking monster from those humans!”. Oh he was so tired, tired enough for the entire ordeal to seem a lot funnier to him. Would he find this as funny when he was properly rested? Yes, he decided that yes, yes he would.

Reds laughter turned into wheezing and he gripped his ribs slightly, trying to get air back into them properly. “You done” She asked dryly and he started to sputter with laughter again. Why was she still there? Did she think he still needed help? The thought brought another bout of laughter and he gripped where his stomach should have been. He could feel tears leaking from his sockets and he reached up with his other hand to brush them away.

The woman huffed before turning away from him, deciding she had heard enough of his crazy laughter perhaps. “w-wait!” he still fought for breath as he straightened up and grinned at her. She was staring at him with eyes full of suspicion. “What” Her tone was bitter but he really didn’t care. He was still filled with glee at the thought that this woman had decided that he needed saving.

Red reached out a hand and grinned as he introduced himself to her “names red, red the skeleton” He couldn’t mask the amusement in his voice and his mind raced as she turned slightly and gripped his hand. She gave him a strong shake “Y/n, Y/n the human.” his grin stretched wider as he released her hand and stuffed his into his jackets pockets. He wanted to confirm is she really had thought she had been “Saving” him so he nodded at her appreciatively while saying “thanks for saving me lady”.

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“Uh..ya no prob, Quick tip tough, try to avoid suspicious and dark alleyways when going wherever? There's a whole lotta dickheads around.” He raised a bone brow at her and had to stop himself from chuckling again “It’s…..uh…..dangerous?” Reds grin grew again. This lady had thought he needed saving! Wait till he told the others of the damsel saving the knight!

His shoulders bounced with silent laughter yet he quickly concealed it with a shrug “sure, thanks for the tip doll” Y/n s focus seemed to drift from him and she turned away while waving over her shoulder “Ok, bye Red, try not to die or whatever” there was no emotion in her voice and it was such a strange sentence to have tossed at you without any real emotion he hesitated slightly before answering, not sure if she was trying to be sarcastic or not. “uhhh sure, see ya around doll”

As she turned the corner Red was confused slightly, “how weird” he muttered while he shook his head and started back down the alley. Heading again toward the grocery store to get the things which the others needed. It was such a strange thing to see a human defend a monster over their own and suspicion slinked into him. He was a tough looking monster so why had the human decided that he needed help? He hummed as the thoughts swirled through his head.

It was still hilarious to think that Y/n had even thought he needed saved, but maybe it wasn’t like that. Perhaps the human had other motives? But then why had she left like that? Red had no idea, and now he was interested. Interested in learning how her soul worked, interested in knowing if she really had just done it because she thought he needed “saving”. And interested in figuring out why she thought he had needed help.

He couldn’t help it, he was really interested.

Chapter End Notes

So ummm, I'll probably update a lot more than once a week just cuz I've really got that much free time. Not sure if I've actually captured Red's character right at all, please let me know in the comments. If you wanna I mean. Just to help me improve a bit. Thanks for reading.
Your eyelids pried themselves open when a loud knocking reached your ears. Urghhhh what time was it? You pat your hand around the bed, searching for your phone. As soon as you found it you dragged it close to your face and squinted at the screen.

The time 9:15 am burned your eyes and you groaned. It was far too early for you to want to think of living, and you are pretty sure you had only gotten around 4 hours of sleep. Sighing largely you rolled and fell to the ground with a loud “thud”. Oh gods! That hurt a lot more than you thought it would. You let out another groan and closed your eyes as you shuffled slightly to rub your now sore shoulder.

Why had you gotten up again? Mind wandering you couldn’t entirely recall and slowly started to drift back to sleep before a loud knocking snapped you back into consciousness. Oh! Right! That's why you had rolled out of bed, to go see who in the world thought it was a good idea to be up in your space this early!

Groaning dramatically you pushed yourself off the floor and stumbled your way into the hall. You let out a loud “Coming!” as awake sounding and non irritated as you could, hoping that they would cease their knocking. You shuffled through the living room, not entirely hurrying as you tried to not crash into anything as you squinted at the bright sunshine glaring through the windows. Huh, you really needed to get darker curtains.

You reached the hall and pushed yourself up against the door once you had reached it to peek through the peephole. Oh it was your landlady, Mrs.Turthold, what in the world was she doing up here? You were pretty sure you had already paid rent for this month and the next.

Pushing away from the door you unlocked it and threw it open before leaning on the door frame and staring at her.

Your landlady was a short woman, shorter than you and at least three times your age. Yet despite her somewhat old age she had soft looking skin with smiling wrinkles decorating it. You always liked to see smile wrinkles, they always lifted your mood. She dressed prettily with bright colors and was the definition of a “sunshine person”.

“Hello darling! I didn’t wake you did I?” Her voice was quite high, but not in an unpleasant way. It was rather soft and reminded you of a funny cartoon character yet you could never seem to figure out which one. “No Mrs. Truthold, I’ve been up for hours. No worries” You think your lie would have
worked if your voice didn’t croak with sleepiness and you felt yourself shrink when her eyes turned sharp and she studied you

“Oh dear I did, didn’t I?” Well, you never were a good liar. You shrugged and she sighed and frowned slightly “I am sorry dear, I know how little sleep you already get.” You waved off her apology and grinned at her “No, not a problem Mrs. Truthold, it’s fine” and you found yourself meaning those words. Mrs. Truthold was always someone pleasant to interact with, a breath of fresh air that would lift anyone's mood. You were pretty sure she was a witch or something.

“Well, I would have told you later if I had known you were still sleeping. Oh! Here sweetie, I brought you some coffee cookies.” Your eyes widened and you took the tupperware from her hands. You could feel the warmth of the cookies and smiled brightly at her. Her cookies were to absolutely die for. “Thank you! You know I’d kill for your cookies”

She chuckled softly “Well, I’ll be sure to keep that in mind then.”

“Good” You joined her chuckles. “You were going to tell me something?” You popped the tuppwares lid off and breathed in deeply, enjoying the fresh smell of the cookies. “Yes, you see, I finally managed to rent a few rooms out. Including the one on this floor and wanted to inform you not to worry if you hear anything real loud for a few days while they all move in.” She clapped her hands together slightly before smiling brightly at you.

You nodded at her before fishing a cookie from the container and popping it in your mouth “Alright” crumbs slipped down your fingers as you munched on the cookie. She shook her head at you “Darling don't speak with your mouth full.” Her light scolding made you grin and shrug your shoulders slightly.

Mrs. Truthold tapped her cane slightly “Well, that was all really hon. I’ve still got to warn a few people of the noise so I’ll be going now. Enjoy your cookies dear” She waved at you before turning away and heading towards the elevator. “Thanks again Mrs. Truthold! Have a good day.”

You stepped back into your apartment and shut the door before devouring another cookie mercilessly and humming contentedly at the rich taste. Shuffling down the hall you paused when you reached the end and glanced around your apartment.

It was a nice apartment, big enough for three bedrooms. One of the rooms served as your “project” room. It was where you worked on whatever you got interest in doing. Like clay figurines, or beads for necklaces, or pens and pencils to draw. Granted, you never were the best at creating things, but it always filled you with enjoyment to make something.
The other two were your bedroom and the guest room, which you haven't used since the last time your parents had visited you.

All the rooms had a walk in closet and two had connected bathrooms.

The washer and dryer were hidden away in a closet in the hall and another bathroom was across from the closet.

Lastly was the living room and kitchen, which were connected with no wall in between. It was an open space that made the apartment feel a lot bigger than it was and you found that pleasing.

And boy, did the place need cleaning. There was clothes scattered on every surface, tossed around from when you were hurrying to get to work. There was a few dishes crowded into the sink and a couple of takeout bins and pizza boxes littered the couch and table.

You liked to think you weren’t a dirty person, but the evidence in your apartment proving otherwise made you wrinkle your nose and huff. Securing the lid back onto the cookies you tossed them onto the fridge before heading to your room to get ready to clean the pigsty that had overtaken your apartment.

Deciding to take a shower after you cleaned you changed out of your scrubs, which you had worn to bed, yay for that, into a large raggedy T-shirt and knee length shorts. You tied a bandanna, which had funny little skeletons as a design, over your hair and gathered cleaning supplies and clothes baskets as you prepared to demolish the mess. Could you demolish a mess? Wasn’t that contradictory?

Whatever, you were going to absolutely demolish the mess that had claimed your apartment! Right after you found a good playlist. The caffeine filled cookies chased away your tiredness and you shoved a few more into your mouth as you searched for a good song. And you quickly shot Maria a funny sticker in response to her heart emoji.

You scrolled through your phone and searched for a good enough song to start jamming to. Grinning you selected the song and connected your phone to the speakers before storing it in into your back pocket.

The song rang out from the speakers and you posed with your broom before sweeping it across the
floor and singing along.

“Whoa! I feel good, I knew that I would now” You wiggled and danced sloppily while sweeping.

You sang along and soon the floor was swept clean and you twirled and bounced around while trying to find clean rags to wipe the counters clean.

As you searched you plucked clothes and tossed them into the baskets, trying to prance along to the beat of the song. Soon the clothes were all gathered up and you hauled the baskets to the washing machine to get them clean. The music kept changing, your favorites blasting from the speakers and causing you to dance and sing as you twirled through the apartment, attacking the mess and banishing it from your home.

Sleepiness crept up on you as time passed and by the time you were done you were tired and wanted to go back to bed. But alas, you still had to go shopping. Looking at your now clean apartment you smiled contentedly and headed to your room to gather clothes for a shower.

You left your music, wanting to hear it while you were showering.

You entered your now clean room and glanced about it before heading to your large closet. Your room was nice, as were the others in the apartment. But you had picked this one because it had the largest window and it was fantastic to gaze at the sunset over the buildings from it.

You had a large bed covered in soft quilts which suited your taste.

The bed was in middle of the room and had two nightstands on each side, each carrying a lovely lamp you couldn’t ever remember buying. Across from the bed was a dresser on which rested a large T.V and your gaming consoles, perhaps after shopping you could play a bit if you weren’t to tired.

You shuffled through your clothes, trying to decide what to wear. Eventually you decided on a large grey knitted sweater, you are pretty sure your grandmother had knitted it for you a Christmas or two ago, and some loose fitting black jeans. The weather was getting colder so you decided on getting your scarf and matching hat too.

As you showered you bellowed along to the songs and did guitar riffs and shimmies every now and then. “Maybe the world could be ouuurrrssss, Tonight” You swiped at the mirror, clearing it from the fog and allowing you to stare at your reflection. You were often told you looked young for your age, you supposed that your round cheeks allowed that “baby face” on you and you hummed as you squished them and pulled them somewhat.
You were satisfied with your appearance even though you were often mistaken for a teen still. You couldn’t say you were the best looking but you certainly thought you were at least a 5 on a scale from 1 to 10. You blow dried your hair and quickly dressed, already dreading heading out.

“Come on girl! You’ve got to get something to eat!” You tried to encourage yourself as you shuffled to the closet and pulled out your coat.

“Humans need nutrition to live, living on takeout, even though it is tempting, is not the best option all the time” You muttered as you lifted your bag onto your shoulder and wrapped your scarf around your neck. Checking your bag for your keys you walked towards the door and looked around for those cute boots you knew you had somewhere.

Spotting the boots you yanked them on before pulling your phone from your pocket and shutting off the music. The silence was almost loud and you frowned before opening your door and shuffling out.

Locking your door you turned to the elevator and took it down down down to the lobby. As you stepped from the elevator you worked up a brisk pace and exited the building before heading over to the parking lot where your motorcycle was parked.

It wasn’t very late, perhaps noon now and yet the sky was darkened with clouds that obscured the sun and made a cold chill fly through the air.

Reaching your bike you pulled the key from your bag and unlocked the small trailer that was attached to it. You pulled your leather jacket and helmet from it before closing and locking it again. Shrugging the coat over your shoulders you studied your shiny cherry red bike.

It was a Fat Bob Harley that your parents had gifted to you once you had moved into your apartment.

It had fat tires and a big twin engine that rumbled beautifully when powered on. It’s frame was quite large for your somewhat short self but you handled it well.

You absolutely loved it. It was somewhat a show of support and congratulations from your parents. They had claimed when they had given it to you and that wherever you take it or settle down they send their blessing with you. You appreciated the gesture and had told them that if they had ever needed you it would lead you back to them.

You shook the cheesy thoughts from your mind and pulled the black helmet over your head before
settling onto the bike. As you brought it to life it rumbled and you grinned in satisfaction. Man, that was a satisfying purr.

You looked around before pulling out of the parking lot and speeding down the road to your destination. Sure the store wasn’t a very far walk from your apartment, but you really didn’t feel like hauling all the groceries you were gonna buy back. And besides, you loved your bike.

You slowed to a stop at a red light and leaned back slightly. You heard a small “Woww” and looked over to the car on your right and saw a little girl leaning against the window and drooling over your bike. Snickering at her expression you lent forward slightly and revved the engine, watching her eyes grow round at the growl the bike let out.

Surprise rushed through you as another louder rumble tried to drown yours out. Looking to the left you saw a satin red convertible Lamborghini and you let out a whistle. The Lamborghini roared again and pulled forward slightly and you raised a brow. Was the owner trying to get a race out of you? You weren’t stupid enough to accept. You simply shook your head and turned your gaze back to the red light counting down. The beautiful car purred again and nudged slightly forward again.

You glanced at it from the corner of your eye and chewed on your lip. You really weren’t stupid enough to take the challenge, you KNEW it was dangerous and stupid to do such reckless things. And yet you felt so tempted…….What the hell, you only live once right? You revved your engine, pulled forward slightly and turned your head to the tinted windows before you revved loudly once more.

The light switched and instantly you took off, the Lamborghini rushing off with you. Oh gods….Oh gods you were doing this! Why?! You had NO idea how street races worked, you only knew that they were dangerous and that you could get fined and arrested for doing it. You curled slightly on your bike and noticed the light ahead counting down the green light. 5 seconds, you were not going to make it past that. Instantly you slowed down and were surprised when the fancy car slowed with you.

Regret started to pool in your stomach as you looked around, you really hope there wasn’t anyone who around who would arrest you over speeding down the street like that. You stopped at the red light and sighed deeply. Your shoulders drooping.

The Lamborghini window slowly started to roll down and your guard flew up as you peered at the lowering window.

As soon as it was lowered you stared at the inhabitant inside. It was a monster, of course it was.
After not having interacted with monsters the entire time they had been above ground then of course the universe thought it would be funny to shove interactions into a less than 10 hour time frame.

And guess what? It was another skeleton monster. His skull was thinner than Reds, it was longer too. His teeth were pointed and sharp and you couldn’t help but notice that he had no gold tooth like Red had. Pity, it probably would have made him seem more intimidating. Not that he wasn’t, your eyes met his lights, which were smaller and harder to spot in his dark sockets. His right socket had three scars running from above his socket to just below it. You really wanted to know how he got those.

You flinched back slightly when you noticed the angry scowl on his face, his sockets narrowed and glaring at you. “WHEN YOU PROPOSE A CHALLENGE YOU SHOULD SEE IT THROUGH TO THE END YOU HUMAN SCUM” His voice was loud and he sounded as though he gurgled glass and then thought it was a good idea to try and scream along to a ragingly loud rock and roll song.

You shrugged at him and glanced back at the light, it turned green and you speed again, hearing an outraged gasp behind you you couldn’t help but grin. You heard the Lamborghini roar and laughed slightly. Was this guy serious? He wasn’t gonna just let you go? You turned on your blinkers and swerved around the corner, scanning the shops of the street you had turned into. Quickly you spied an alleyway and swerved your bike into it before cutting the engine and holding your breath. You twisted around on your bike and watched as the satin red of the Lamborghini flew by and down the street. Getting farther and farther from you, Yep, he had no idea where you had gone.

Laughing you jumped off your bike and pulled the helmet from your head, shaking out your hair and trying to straighten it as best you could. Despite the regret you had felt before now you only felt amusement at the entire situation. What kind of person just starts a street race like that and doesn't take the chance to speed by when the opponent slows down? Why had he even challenged you in the first place? You scanned the shops on the street as you thought of the event.

Your eyes landed on a bakery labeled “Muffet's” across the street and you headed in that direction, glancing in both directions before crossing the street, safety first and all that. You couldn’t help but snort at yourself. You had seriously just raced with an edgy looking skeleton and hidden in an alley, and before that you had pelted a bunch of dickweeds for trying to harm a different skeleton. Your life sure was getting interesting.

You pushed open the door to the bakery and you were surprised by the interior. There were decorative spider webs and bows in the corners and across the ceiling, which had many spiders skittering back and forth. You suppress a shudder, spiders really weren’t your thing, but they sure as hell were not going to get in the way of you trying out something new from the delicious smelling bakery. The color theme seemed to be a few shades of purple and dark pink which went weirdly good together. There were many booths and round tables spread throughout the bakery and there was a glass counter that displayed a few cakes where a line stretched out.
You stepped in line and tucked your helmet under your arm. Despite the spiders there were many other humans and monsters in the shop. Eating and enjoying their pastries. You stared at a small spider which lowered itself onto a table. It had been carrying a tray…? Oh, oh they were monster spiders, of course, how stupid could you get. You shook your head slightly before sighing to yourself. As the line progressed you thought of the slim skeleton, was he still speeding through the streets trying to find you to finish the race? You had to disguise a laugh as a small cough as you thought of that.

4 people till it was your turn at the counter. You glanced downwards and thought of the cause of the race. He had revved at you right after you had made your engine sing for that little girl….Oh! OH! He thought you were challenging him first! Was that it? That had to be it! He also said “When you propose a challenge” so I guess he thought I was the one who wanted a race?” Nodding to yourself you scanned the menu that was hanging behind the counter. Hmmm the lava cake sounded good...You froze when your eyes landed on the monster running the counter.

She was a spider monster, her six arms rushing around and multitasking expertly. She was light purple and had five eyes that blinked and twinkled. Her mouth was curled into a grin and you could see fangs peeking out. She was dressed in the same colors that were scattered around the shop and you couldn’t help but think one thing as she spoke cheerily with the person in front of you. She was beautiful. You found her beautiful. Was she the owner? If so was she Muffet? Your turn came and she tittered “What would you like dearie?” Her voice was mellow and kind. Her words caught up with your brain and you hesitated before saying “A slice of lava cake please, and do you have anything else you would recommend?”

The spider woman smiled and pointed at a cake in the glass “That is a fluffy jiggly cake, I recently made it and I do think it turned out well.”

You smiled “Well then, the jiggly cake too please.”

“Sure thing dear. For here or to go?” one pair of arms started pulling the jiggly cake from the counter while another reached behind her and emerged with a slice of the chocolate monstrosity. The last pair worked the cash register as she typed in the prices. You looked out a large window that showed a nice view of the cloudy sky and decided that you really didn’t have time to hang around. “To go please”

She nodded and put the cakes each into their own box and set them on the counter “That’ll be 65 dollars” You blinked in surprise before pulling your wallet from your pocket and dishing out the cash. You really hoped the cakes were good.

You let out a quiet “Thanks” before pulling the boxes into your hands, putting you helmet on top of
them, and carting them out of the store. You shouldered the door open and started back to your bike.

As you put the cakes into your trailer safely you paused before pulling the lava cake from the box and taking a large bite. Bliss, complete bliss as the chocolate flavor spread through your mouth. The taste was unlike anything you had tasted and you felt it tingle on your tongue before you swallowed and took another bite of the cake. “Why is it so good!” You felt tears sting your eyes as you ate the cake. It was way too good to be true.

You pulled out your phone and saved the location of the bakery before forcing yourself to not finish all the cake right then and there.

Turning your motorbike back on you backed out of the alley slowly and resumed your journey to the grocery store.

Not 5 minutes later you were at the store and shivered when you entered and a cold blast of the AC twirled around you. It was cold outside! Why did they have the AC on?! You pulled your jacket tight around you and quickly grabbed a cart.

Wandering the aisles you picked items off the shelves every now and then. Pop-tarts, toiletries, eggs, milk, honey, ketchup, mustard, lettuce (yes, lettuce), frozen pizza, etc. You had spent an about an hour gathering your groceries before heading for the checkout.

Getting in line at the checkout you hummed and pulled your phone out to scroll your boredom away. When the line got short enough for you to start stacking objects onto the belt you put your phone away and did just that.

When you were halfway through your cart someone bumped into you from behind, causing you to stumble and drop the honey in your hands. It skittered across the floor and before you could snatch it back up it rolled under a the shelf on your left.

You groaned quietly and crouched down to try and fish it out from under the shelf. “OH! IAM SO SORRY HUMAN!” the loud voice caused you to wince. Gosh, what was it with you and meeting people who were loud? “ARE YOU ALRIGHT?” This loud voice was certainly not as rough sounding as the other you had heard and was actually a good deal deeper too.

You glanced up to reassure the person you were fine when your jaw simply dropped in shock. It was another fricking skeleton! And he looked so much like Red had! Wait was thinking that like racist...speciest?
He was wearing a baby blue bandanna and gloves matching its color. He wore a strange grey top that looked like it was supposed to be a kind of armor and was wearing black jeans with blue boots as his footwear. He looked far softer than Red had, his cheeks somehow looking squish-able and his grin didn’t hold any of the sharp points that Reds had had.

The skeleton stared at you strangely and you clicked your jaw shut before a blush started to climb up your face. You had been just staring at him! Oh frick, he probably thought you were like a monster hater of something now. “Fine! I am fine, sorry!” your voice squeaked and you focused your attention back on trying to reach the honey before you made an even bigger embarrassment of yourself.

You stuffed your arm under the shelf and searched blindly for the honey. As soon you felt your fingers brush against the bottle you grasped it and tried to pull your hand and the honey back, keyword being tried. You felt your jackets sleeve snag on something and your eyes widened in panic. “You have got to be joking!” You wiggled your arm around, hoping to dislodge it. “Why isn’t it working!?” You tugged harder and felt something shift. Hope sprung through you and you tugged again……it seemed you had only succeed in getting your jacket stuck further. Hope died quickly.

“Youhh, miss? It’s your turn?” the voice of the cashier caused a blush to explode on your face and you quickly pulled your arm out of your jacket. Dropping the honey and allowing your jacket to stay stuck you spun around.

You started to lift yourself off of the ground and turn when you yelped and jump backwards in shock. Causing the shelf to rock slightly and a few chocolates from it tumbled onto your head. The skeleton had apparently knelt down next to you, to see if you needed help or not you aren’t sure. But you really hadn’t expected him to be that close when you turned around!

You gathered the chocolates that had fallen onto your head off the floor and shoved them onto the belt. Quickly you scooped the rest of the items in your cart onto the belt and pushed your cart forward before looking back sadly at your jacket. That was such a nice jacket too, you sighed and accepted the loss of your cool jacket. “Oh damn it! It's gonna be so cold on the ride home!!Unless I buy another jacket here? Urgh but the jackets here aren’t nearly as good at that one store that specializes in them! Urgh life whyyyyy?”

Pulling your card out and swiping it you rushed to put your items back into your cart. “I am keeping up the line! I lost a good jacket! I acted like a speciest!” As soon as you had filled your cart you shoved out of the way and started to hurry away. “WAIT!” the shout caused you to flinch and you turned to face the monster. Millions of thoughts ran through your head, was he gonna get mad at you now? Laugh at your embarrassing display? Perhaps try and start something?
The thoughts froze when your eyes fell upon your jacket that he was holding out to you. You stared blankly at it “Huh..” You reached to grab it “T-Thank you?” You had no idea how he had gotten it free. Looking up from the jacket and into his sockets you saw beautiful soft blue lights and he smiled at you “NO PROBLEM! I, THE MAGNIFICENT BLUE, WILL ALWAYS HELP THOSE IN NEED!” he posed slightly and you just nodded dumbly at him before tugging the jacket on.

“Sure, uh, magnificent Blue, Thanks and okay bye” The end of your sentence came out in a rush as you swiveled around quickly and pushed your cart out of the store. When you made it to your motorcycle you slowly sunk down and leaned against it. Covering your face you screamed internally “THAT WAS SO EMBARRASSING!!” as you unloaded your cart you swore to never leave your apartment again, deciding to live on takeout and pizza for the rest of your life.

You are actually positive you were going to break that vow but it helped your embarrassed state slightly so you ignored the little voice telling you that “no, you know you aren’t going to do that”. Pulling your helmet you mounted your bike and powered it on before driving out of the parking lot and towards home. Oh gods, it had been a crazy day so far.

Chapter End Notes

Yay! Getting more skeleboyz! Let me know what I can do to improve (if you want). Thanks for reading c:
As soon as you reached your apartment building you started hauling your groceries up to your home. You had bought a lot though and despite trying to carry as much as you could in one load you had to return for the cakes and a few eggs.

When you returned for the second trip you were already planning how to be as lazy as possible for the rest of the day and what you would do with your day off tomorrow. You loaded your arms with the cakes and eggs before dropping your jacket and helmet into your trailer and locking it.

Humming you practically bounced to the buildings doors, You were going to have so much fun playing video games and stuffing yourself on the fantastic cakes you had gotten! When you reached the door you pushed it with your shoulder. The image of you pigging out on the cake and shooting down enemies was swiped from your mind when you felt the door fly open a lot faster than it should have.

You started falling backwards your eyes widening in panic as you tried to shield your expensive desserts and delicate eggs from the unforgiving floor. The air raced out of your lungs when your back met the floor and you heard a loud gasp, and despite your best efforts you felt your carton of eggs and top cake box fly out of your hands.

Letting out a loud groan you closed your eyes and let the only box you had saved rest on your chest as you pushed your hands onto your face, trying to convince yourself that that really hadn’t just happened. “Oh why? Why? My eggssss, my cakeeee” a deep sigh escaped you and you heard someone move and felt them crouch close to you.

“HUMA-”

Before the loud voice could even form a word you threw one of your hands up and held your pointer out, asking for a minute.

“Shhhhhhh, I must mourn” The depression of losing your eggs and cake reflected in your voice. You kept your hand up for a moment but didn’t hear any objections so you took it back down.

Plopping your hand onto your face you sighed again and tried to remember which cake was in which
box. The lava cake had been so good but it was only a slice and you had had some of it already making losing the jiggly cake seem a lot worse. But still, if you had lost the lava cake you were going to be sad too because it was a good enough cake to almost make you cry when you ate it.

You whined in distress, either way you had lost something entirely delicious and your eggs were now most likely scattered across the ground. Oh great, you were gonna have to get that cleaned up. You pushed your palms into your eyes and saw colors swirl in the blackness of your lids before dragging your hands down your face and opening your eyes.

Your gaze met sockets and at this point were to done with life to be surprised “Of course its another fricking skeleton. What is this? Has a necromancer cursed me?”

He looked like the edgy Lamborghini owner had, his skull long and features alike. But he didn’t have any sharp teeth, nor any scars on his somehow soft looking bone.

You blinked slowly at him before gradually starting to push yourself upward. Not entirely having felt the pain of colliding with the floor when you were mourning for your groceries you winced slightly when you rose into a sitting position. Something in your back felt out of place and hurt. You really hoped you didn’t damage anything to bad.

Staring at the new skeleton you leaned back onto your arms and chuckled dryly. “So, come around often?” You quirked a brow at him and chuckled slightly.

“OH!UM, YES!” Boy this dude was loud, just as loud as the other two loud skeletons you had met. Yet his voice was different, softer than the edgy looking one, yet higher than the blue one.

“HUMAN, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?” The concern you heard made your lips twitch into a smile. “I am alright” You shuffled and looked at your tossed box and cracked and scattered eggs. The smile sunk from your face. What a mess, your poor eggs hadn’t survived the attack at all. But perhaps the cake did?

Pulling your legs under yourself you traveled upward and huffed slightly when you made it back to your feet. Your back was dying. No joke, it felt like someone had stretched out your spine and then wrung it out like a wet towel. Could spines even feel like that?

You put a hand onto your back and started to shuffle forward, trying to get to the cake box to see if your cake had survived. A red gloved hand on your arm stopped you and you stared at it before
shifting your gaze to the skeleton's face.

He looked nervous and worried, concerned maybe? “HUMAN ARE YOU HURT?”

You shook the hand off your arm and straightened as well as you could, “No no no, Its fine, I was just...stretching.” You almost groaned at how bad that lie was, he was totally going to call you out. You didn’t want to deal with this, you just wanted to go home, lie in bed, splurge on cake, and play video games. Not deal with someone who would want to rush you over to the hospital because they were worried about you suing them or anything.

Nodding at him slightly you took bold steps towards the box on the ground. Feeling your muscles in your shoulders and back scream in protest as you walked. When you reached the box you knelt down and put the other box you were carrying softly on the ground beside it before opening the box which had fallen. The cake inside was the lava cake and looked like it had smashed around the box a bit, but other than that it still looked alright.

Smiling once again you shut the box before stacking it on the other and hauling yourself up. Trying to ignore the muscle pains.

Looking over to the skeleton you saw him wringing his hands and bright orange droplets slide down his skull. W-was that sweat?

He looked like he was about to cry.

That was not good, not good at all. The frown etched on his face and his worried and somehow watery, (how the frick could skeleton sockets get watery?), look of his sockets had your eyes widening in panic. You really didn’t deal entirely well with crying strangers.

You stretched a smile on your face before stepping towards him and jutting a hand out. “I am Y/n” Under no circumstance did you want this soft looking monster to start crying, so you started to try and distract him. He took your hand somewhat hesitant and was still frowning, but no longer having that teary look. Good.

And as you studied his sockets you couldn’t help but notice the burnt orange color of his hard to spot eyelights.

Shaking his hand confidently before you let go you kept the smile on your face, trying to convey that you really were alright. “Don’t worry, I really am fine” You really weren’t, you're pretty sure you were going to have to call into work once the soreness actually stiffened you up “No problems here” Well, except your kind of ruined eggs.
As if listening to your thoughts the skeleton tossed a glance at the eggs before it bounced back to you. “I AM SO SORRY! I DIDN’T SEE YOU THERE” Of course he hadn’t, like seriously there had been a door in the way. “I’LL CLEAN UP THOSE EGGS” he patted himself on the chest...ribs? Before sprinting quickly towards the elevator.

“Oh! No you really don’t-” the elevator doors closed before you could finish your sentence. You shrugged to yourself, ah well, one less thing for you to do. Stiffly you made your way to the elevator, taking your time to reach it now that there was nobody around to witness you hobble like a old woman. Heh, nobody, as in no-body, the skeleton was a no-body. Oh geeze you were glad no one could read your mind.

Chuckling at your joke you pressed the button for the elevator and waited patiently while leaning against the wall to try and relieve your pains. The elevator dinged its arrival and when the doors opened you were surprised. The skeleton was there, holding a few cleaning supplies and a mop bucket of water. How on earth had he gotten all the supplies that fast? Did he live on the first floor?

His sockets widened slightly at you and he scrambled out of the elevator and towards you. “I REALLY AM SORRY ABOUT THAT! DO YOU THINK THERE’S ANYTHING I COULD DO TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU?” He paused in front of you and leaned a mop against the wall before wringing his hands again.

You blinked dumbly at him, most people simply needed an “I am fine” before they would leave you alone. “Uhh, Do you think you could give me your name?” You asked him the question with a playful wink and chuckled somewhat awkwardly.

The look of surprise on his face made the awkward wink worth it. “OF COURSE! I AM THE GREAT PAPYRUS! APOLOGIES FOR NOT INTRODUCING MY GREAT SELF SOONER” He somehow posed brilliantly and you're pretty sure you saw the red scarf around his neck flutter slightly though there was no breeze. Picking the mop back up he started to clean the mess of eggs shattered across the floor.

You really wanted to go to bed but you couldn’t help but feel that leaving now would seem rude. “Soooo, Great Papyrus-” You cut off as you remembered the Magnificent Blue and how he had introduced himself while posing like the Great Papyrus. Were they brothers? They seemed to be a lot alike, in fact as your gaze swept over the Great Papyrus you couldn’t help but notice he was also wearing a strange armor like top, it was white however and had rounded short sleeves.

It ended at the bottom of his ribs and showed his spine which you were weirdly fine with. It looked just like a regular skeletons spine. Though it wasn't a regular skeleton that had it.
He was wearing some strange sort of blue shorts and red boots. Along with his red scarf and gloves. You're pretty sure that he was the only living being that would ever be able to pull off such a strange costume.

“OH YOU CAN JUST CALL ME PAPYRUS HUMAN!” His words snapped you back to attention and you smiled slightly “Okay, sure. So Papyrus, you do come around here often?” Was he a tenant? Sure you didn’t know everyone in the building, far from it actually, but you're pretty sure you would have noticed a loud guy like Papyrus.

“WELL, NOT REALLY. I MEAN YES, BUT STARTING ONLY TODAY” He mopped up the mess with vigor while explaining to you.

“Oh? Are you new in this building?” A smile stretched across his face somehow and you instantly wanted to squish his cheeks. “YES! ME AND MY BROTHER JUST MOVED IN TODAY!” excitement colored his words and you couldn’t help but grin.

“Hey! That's great! Welcome to the building Papyrus!” His sockets somehow twinkled and he let out a small chuckle. “What floor you on bud?” He finished mopping up the mess and gathered his cleaning supplies into his arms before smiling at you again. “THE EIGHTH!!”

You froze, “Huh, what are the odds of that?” Skeleton after skeleton and suddenly there are a few moving into your apartment building on the same floor you were on? Before the silence could become awkward you shoved your thoughts aside and grinned at him. “No way! I am on the eighth floor too!”

“GASP!”

Wait did he just say “gasp” out loud?

“HUMAN! YOU ARE OUR HUMAN NEIGHBOR?!” He sounded so excited that you couldn’t help but feel slightly excited as well. “That's so cool! What a weird coincidence!” At least you hoped it was a coincidence “Well it's nice to meet you neighbor” You chuckled and pressed the button to the elevator once more, it's doors having closed while you chatted with Papyrus.

Papyrus smiled so bright you swear you were momentarily blinded by it. “NICE TO MEET YOU TOO HUMAN NEIGHBOR!” The doors to the elevator opened and you both entered. Pressing the button to your floor you side glanced up at Papyrus and noticed how tall he was when standing next to you, He had to be at least two or three heads taller than you!

You leaned against the elevators wall. “So, you said you have a brother?” Was it the Blue skeleton?
He had acted a lot like Papyrus in his brief introduction. Or was it the edgy one? He looked a lot like Papyrus and you were sure if you took his scar and pointy teeth away he would almost be identical. Again, was thinking like that speciest?

Papyrus groaned dramatically and sighed before answering “YES, AND HE IS THE LAZIEST BEING THAT HAS EVER EXISTED IN EXISTENCE!”

“That’s a pretty high title to earn” you snickered slightly.

“I AM NOT JOKING! HE HASN’T PICKED UP HIS SOCK OFF OF THE FLOOR IN FOREVER AND STILL HASN’T EVEN THOUGH WE MOVED! HE SOMEHOW SPAWNED IT IN THE APARTMENT!!” Papyrus sounded so distressed over a simple sock you couldn’t help but laugh a little. “Well, I am sorry about that Papyrus.”

Oh boy, if he was raging over one sock he would have gone absolutely insane at how your apartment had looked that morning.

The elevator doors beeped open and you both stepped off.

“No HUMAN! IT IS NOT YOUR FAULT! I SWEAR HE DOES THINGS LIKE THIS JUST TO MESS WITH ME!”

Ah siblings, both a blessing and a curse, mostly curse.

Chuckling you nodded to him slightly “Yea, siblings will do that” He agreed with you and nodded as well before he reached his door.

Before you could part ways however he stopped you. “HUMAN! BEING THE AWESOME NEIGHBOR THAT I AM!” A slight pose was posed “I INVITE YOU TO DINNER NEXT WEEK!”

Well, that was a shock. You couldn’t really remember the last time you had had a neighborly dinner.

“Sure” You agreed easily and pulled your phone from your pocket, biting your tongue at the pain you felt from the movement. “Want my phone number? So you can text me time and date?” Tapping on your contacts you looked up at him. He looked ecstatic, his eye sockets twinkling and his smile
stretching wide. “OF COURSE!! THAT WOULD BE FANTASTIC!”

Handing your phone over you couldn’t help but giggle and smile up at him. “Good.”

And with that, you finally reached your apartment.

The tensing of your shoulders relaxed and you felt your entire body loosen when you stepped into your apartment and closed the door behind you. You leaned back against your door and thumped your head against the wood before letting out a deep sigh.

Today had been insane. Absolutely crazy.

But hey! You got all you had needed to get done and as a bonus had cake……..You tried to forget the eggs you had dropped.

Unloading the boxes onto the kitchen counter you snatched a plate from the cupboard before loading the somewhat messed up chocolate beast onto it and plopping onto the sofa. Sinking into the sofa you could feel the already sore muscles in your back seem to soften and moaned slightly. You were going to be reallyyyyyy sore tomorrow.

Not wanting to get up again you simply booted up the game console that you had in there. Yes, you had more than one, No you didn’t think of it as a waste of money…..sometimes.

As you selected a first person shooter that you had recently started you couldn’t help but let your mind wander.

All the skeletons you had met had all been alright really. Well, most of them? The edgy one who had wanted to race sort of set off a few alarm bells in your head but he didn’t seem like a bad guy. And of course the weird first meeting with Red……..it..well it had been an experience. You had certainly not expected him to start laughing his ass off though and that threw you a bit.

Heh, ass. Did skeletons even have asses? Was that a rude question? Before you could debate whether it was or wasn’t your common courtesy said it was and you quickly moved on.

Not only that but you suddenly remembered your slightly forgot embarrassment from the meeting with the magnificent Blue and felt heat rise to your cheeks. That had a been wayyyyyyyyy to shame inducing event for you to really think about and you groaned before burying a hand into your hair and tugging it a bit.
If Blue was Papyrus's brother you were going to absolutely melt into the floor from embarrassment. You shook your head, no, there wasn’t really anything to prove they were siblings. Except their strange armor tops, and their loud voices, and their introductions……okay so perhaps you did think they might be brothers, just a little though!

But! Blue had seemed just as enthusiastic as Papyrus when introducing himself, he didn't really give off of a "lazy" feeling. That was more like Red.

Just because someone acted the same as someone else, and dressed slightly alike, and sounded alike, did not mean they were brothers. You tried to convince yourself of these facts as you mowed down enemies left and right on the screen.

But what was with the color names? Was that just a thing monsters did? Why Red and why Blue? Before you could really debate whether it was just another monster thing or something weird an enemy popped out from a corner and started shooting at you expertly.

Panic flooded your senses and you threw your character to the side, allowing it to hide behind a slightly crumbled wall.

Your thoughts were derailed as you tried to out-shoot the enemy.

Chapter End Notes

Sort of short chapter, sorry bout that. :/
Stay tuned for the boys pov, coming soon.
Let me know how I can improve.
Underfell Papyrus Pov. (aka Edge)

Edge was having a rather normal day, sort of. He was picking up paints for all their apartments and was still thinking of what color would look best in his kitchen. Yes, HIS. Not baby blue’s or the other marshmallow version of him.

And in HIS beautiful car, his scarlet red Lamborghini that he considered his baby. Sure it was just a car, but it was HIS car, and he loved it.

Today they were all going to move into that one apartment building that the original Sans had found. Thank God for that! It had been getting really getting crowded at the house.

He was currently going to the a store which specialized in paints, which Red had informed him of that morning when he returned from the grocery store.

Edge was excited for the move, Not only did they have more space but he and his brother got their own space! Finally! After what seemed to be forever he finally didn’t have to put up with his and his alternate brothers selves!

It would be like old times….mostly….sort of….maybe not. Okay so it would be slightly weird to live with his brother alone again after their...experience in their universe.

So Edge knew he was sort of jerk, But it was everyone elses fault for being so incompetent! Really! Why wouldn’t someone want the best of a product instead of something that sadly replicated it? Why would someone do something without putting their best efforts into it to get it done?
Having people around him half-assing stuff when he KNEW they could do better just irritated him so much.

That is often why he found himself angry with his elder sibling. It wasn’t that Red really was an idiot, or a moron, or an incompetent fool. Edge knew how smart and strong he really was, which is why he often grew upset when he saw Red putting little to no effort into things.

Ever since they had blipped over to this universe Edge noticed his brothers state more without having to worry about dusting or being dusted. And he didn’t know what to do. So he just did what he had always done before, push his brother into doing things and going places.

When living in a world where love for someone was used as a weakness and liability he had hidden his love for his brother so expertly that even after months on the surface and safe he couldn’t help but still hide it. And in truth he was frightened. Not that he would ever admit that out loud.

But what if their relationship did get better only for them to be returned to their universe? Wouldn’t it be a lot worse then? Would they even remember the time spent in this universe? If not, then it didn’t really matter if he tried to fix his relationship with his sibling or not…..right?

The melancholy thoughts vanished when he heard the roar of an engine and looked to his left seeing a human on a motorbike, revving their engine loudly. His sockets narrowed as he stared at the human. He knew what this was! He had seen it in a few of those movies he had watched since coming to the surface, this human was challenging him! Him the Great and Terrible Papyr-Edge! Ooo he was NOT going to back down from that challenge.

Edge Revved his engine, accepting the challenge the human had put forth and was pleased when the helmeted head of the human twisted in his direction. He let his engine roar again and inched his wheels forward slightly, Knowing that that's how they did it in the movies.

His smirk was wiped from his face and replaced with a scowl when the humans head simply shook at him. The human did not want to race? Why? THEY were the ones who had wanted to.

Letting his engine purr once again he inched forward once more. He was determined to get this race, he hadn’t done anything that seemed to be that fun in quite a while anyways.

The red light was counting down quickly and he stared intently at the human, trying to urge them with his mind to race with him. A few seconds before the light changed the humans bike let out a
loud growl, pulled forward slightly, turned their head in his direction, and revved again. AHA! That meant they accepted!

He smirked and floored the pedal when the light blinked green. Speeding down the road filled him with delight which he hadn’t felt in a while. The next light came into sight not to far down the road and his attention snapped to the human when he saw their motorbike start to drop speed.

What? Why? Didn’t this human want to finish the race? This is not what happened in the movies! Did the human not see him as a worthy opponent? He grew frustrated and started to slow his car too.

When they had both slowed to a stop he glared angrily as the humans shoulders dropped. He thought it was very rude to challenge someone and then stop when they hadn't declared a victor.

Ah! Maybe that was it? Perhaps the human was worried he would win and dropped the race before they could be proclaimed the loser! Edge scoffed and began to roll down his window, Of COURSE he knew he was going to win, that still didn’t excuse the rude drop of their game though.

As soon as the window was down he scowled at the human “WHEN YOU PROPOSE A CHALLENGE YOU SHOULD SEE IT THROUGH TO THE END YOU HUMAN SCUM” He was pleased when he noticed the humans shoulders jumped slightly with a flinch.

Then the human shrugged, as if not caring for his words. His scowl turned icy and the human lent forward. How dare this human ignore him! The human suddenly shot forward, the light having turned green while he had glared at them. He let out an outraged gasp before slamming down on the gas pedal. His Lamborghini roared loudly as he chased after the human, trying to catch back up.

How dare they try and cheat?!?!? That was frowned upon in street races! (Not that he would really know but still).

The humans blinker winked at him before the bike vanished around the corner. Quickly he swerved and felt his entire car skid with the turn. When he righted himself on the street once again the biker was nowhere in sight. He sped through the streets, dodging cars while looking down roads and taking often random turns before he gave up and returned to his original task. Fury now making his hands grip the wheel tightly.

How dare that lowly human do that!?!? They had a lot of nerve trying to cheat and then pulling the vanishing act!! Oooo He was gonna get vengeance, even though he hadn’t really learned anything from the human he was going to hunt them down! To find them and demand they race properly with no cheating nor ghosting away! He cackled as he drove, picturing the human begging him to have
mercy when he found them and insisted they play by his rules.

He planned to go searching right after he returned to the apartments with the paints.

Underswap Sans (aka Blue)

Blue was practically bouncing around the store in excitement. Running back and forth to get supplies for his and his brothers new apartment. Also picking up a few items which the others had asked for.

He couldn’t wait to have his own room again! And to decorate it with all the neat stuff the humans made!

Of course Papy (or Stretch as he was called by the others) had asked for more honey, even though Blue was sure that Red had bought enough to last at least a week. Paps wanting more honey is one of the reasons he had convinced his brother to stay and “help” unpack with the classic Papyrus.

He didn’t know if he should actually get the honey. His brothers obsession with the sugary substance wasn’t exactly healthy. But his brother hardly asked for much....should he get the honey?

Shaking his head he decided against it, besides, His brother really didn’t need that much honey.

With that he had all the groceries and supplies he needed then! His eagerness showed as he pushed his cart along. He couldn’t wait!

When he got in line he leaned against his cart and thought back on the past months.

Sure being brought to this universe wasn’t ideal but it hadn’t been so bad really. Just lots of things switched up from how they were supposed to be. Like how Grillby had a restaurant instead of Muffet, or how Alphy and Undyne had switched personalities. It was.....weird. And had been perhaps a little difficult to adapt, but other than that it wasn’t bad!

Well sort of, he knew his brother was sleeping less and less, and even though he acted really lazy all the time he was working hard on the machine they thought had caused it all.

He hadn’t seen Papy work hard on something in forever.
In the underground it always seemed like he was just going through the motions, as if the days didn’t matter and he was doing the same thing over and over again. He knew something had been bothering his brother for a long time, though he couldn’t entirely remember when he had started acting like he had.

He tried not to think to much about it, hoping that his brother would talk to him about what he was thinking about soon.

Blue knew that his brother and his other selves were trying to fix whatever had happened so stuff would be normal again soon.

But in the meantime, they got to see the surface! How cool was that! Sure humans might be a little more mean that he originally thought but not to bad! He was sure that if they were given the chance they could do better.

Not paying attention really he stepped forward, his cart bumping into a human and causing her to stumble, the product in her hand sliding under the shelf. He heard an almost inaudible groan as she crouched down.

Instantly he snapped out of his thoughts “OH! IAM SO SORRY HUMAN! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?” His question went unanswered for a bit before she glanced up at him, her mouth opened slightly and her eyes widening when they landed on him.

Oh geeze, was she a monster hater? Was she going to start cursing at him for bumping into her?

No! No, surely there were humans out there who didn’t want to cause trouble. The monsters rights and supporters were evidence of that.

He wanted to smile at the human, he really did, but from having humans get angrier when he had smiled before he simply stared back at them. Waiting for them to make the first move.

Finally her jaw clicked shut and he saw a blush start to overtake her face. “Fine! I am fine, sorry!” She was slightly squeaky and she looked away from him before stuffing her hand under the shelf.
Blue was relieved, he really didn’t want to deal with any angry humans. They were always a lot crueler when angry.

He saw her freeze in place before wiggling her arm around. What was she doing? Was she stuck or something? He tilted his head slightly before moving around his cart and crouching next to the woman, intending to ask her if she needed help.

However before he could the cashier spoke up.

“Uhhh, miss? It's your turn?” At those words Blue stared in surprise at the woman, her ears were red! He watched with interest the red blush that had spread to her ears darken slightly and he almost toppled backwards when she spun around quickly.

She yelped and jumped backwards, crashing into the shelf which released a few chocolates and rained down onto her. And in that moment all that Blue could really think was how Chara would have paid as much as they needed to to have chocolates rain down onto themselves.

The human grabbed all the chocolates that had fallen before tossing them onto the moving belt. His attention shifted to the black leather jacket that she had apparently abandoned and he picked it up before tugging on it slightly. Huh, it was stuck. Leaning down he peeked underneath the shelf and saw the sleeve somehow stuck onto the bottom of the shelf.

He started to reach his hand under before deciding he didn’t want his gloves stuck and instead used a little bit of magic to pull the jacket gently from under the shelf. When he successfully pulled it out his eyes caught on the object that had fallen. It was a bottle of honey! He narrowed his sockets at it slightly before he heard the squeak of a cart moving and glanced up to see the woman moving away.

Was she planning to leave her jacket? “WAIT!” He quickly pushed himself to his feet and rushed over to her, holding the jacket out to her. She stared at it, letting out a “Huh” before she reached out and grabbed it.

““T-Thank you?” He could hear a little bit of confusion in her voice, probably wondering how he had gotten it unstuck, and he smiled when she looked at him. “NO PROBLEM! I, THE MAGNIFICENT BLUE, WILL ALWAYS HELP THOSE IN NEED!” Blue posed, feeling slightly like a hero for saving her jacket from doom.

………..Of course if it hadn’t been for him the jacket wouldn’t have gotten stuck in the first
Before he could open his mouth to apologize again the woman had pulled the jacket on and was nodding at him slightly. “Sure, uh, magnificent Blue, Thanks and okay bye”

Her sentence rushed out and he saw the red start to spread over her face again before she rushed away.

He blinked slightly before heading back to his cart and starting to unload his purchases onto the belt. That….had been a strange encounter.

She hadn’t gotten mad at him for bumping into her, or had she? He often noticed how a lot of humans had a silent anger. A lot were good at hiding it, but he picked up on a person’s feelings easily and he hadn’t felt any anger from the woman. He had felt surprise though.

Had she never seen a monster before? Is that why she had been surprised? He went over his actions, trying to remember if he had done anything entirely rude or offensive. But other than bumping into her he didn’t know really what he could have done to have her so surprised.

Before he could swipe his card he froze and glanced at the shelf the honey was hidden under……..Perhaps he should buy honey after all.

Papyrus (Original Universe)

Papyrus was having a great day! They had all finally gotten bigger living spaces! Which meant that he got his own kitchen instead of being crammed into one with others who had their own ideas for meals.

Sure it hadn’t been that bad sharing a house with the others. But in truth Papyrus missed the peace of when it was just him and his brother. Not that that meant he didn’t like having the others around! He did! He enjoyed learning about them and what their timelines had been like, how different and yet alike they were and how other versions of him thought and acted.

He got along well with Blue better than Edge, but that's most likely because Edge thought he was
stronger and better than them both. That was fine though! It was good for a person to have confidence in one self.

Papyrus was hauling boxes into their apartments, Sans and Stretch “helping” by texting him encouragement and puns. Arugh they were both so lazy!

He scowled down at his phone as he exited the elevator, heading back to the truck they had rented to get more boxes.

_sans_ ational

bro, are you telling me to get a _move_ on?

_Papyrus_

I AM TELLING YOU TO GET OFF YOUR LAZY COCCYX AND COME AND HELP ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

_sans_ ational

hmmmm i don’t know paps

_Papyrus_

DON’T SANS!

_sans_ ational

i don’t really have the _muscle_ to haul all those boxes ;D

Papyrus wanted to scream with frustration, why did his brother have to be so punny?! And it wasn’t even the good puns! Just low (sad really) puns that weren’t even funny!

He knew his brother was far better with humor and suspected that Sans simply choose puns because he knew he could annoy him.
He huffed in frustration before yanking the door open, he really shouldn’t have. His sockets widened as he watched a human let out a small squeak before slamming backwards into the ground by his feet. A box and carton of eggs flying out of their hands.

He gasped loudly and knelt before their fallen form. “HUMA-” Before he could continue to ask them if they needed to be taken to the hospital the human held up a hand, the pointer out. Papyrus noticed the universal sign of “asking for a minute” and clicked his jaw closed.

“Shhhhhhh, I must mourn” The human sounded sad, depressed even as they lied on the ground, the only box they had saved resting on their chest. Guilt flooded him as he looked at the mess he had caused.

The eggs were somehow brilliantly scattered across the floor, and the box that had fallen lay a few steps away, slightly crushed from the impact of falling onto the floor.

The human let out a sigh and he let his gaze fall back onto them. Oh, Oh no. What was he going to do? Would the human be angry? Of course they would! Humans got upset over lots of things! Oh no, what was he going to do? They had just moved! He really didn’t want any problems with anyone! He curled his fingers around each other, waiting for the human to complete their mourning.

The human whined and he flinched. “?!?!?!?!?!?! ARE THEY INJURED BADLY!!?!?!?!?! ” His anxiousness grew slightly as he studied the human, trying to find any blood or bruise that usually indicated serious injury.

But hadn’t Sans told him something like humans having internal bleeding or something once? What if the human had an inside injury!!!!!

He felt like crying, he didn’t want to hurt them! It was an accident!!!! Oh he felt so terrible.

The human moved, rubbing their palms into their eyes and he watched them carefully. The human rubbed their face before opening their eyes and staring up at him blankly. She blinked, once, twice. Then she pushed herself up. Continuing to stare at him she leaned back into her hands and chuckled dryly and he waited for her to start cursing at him.

“So, come around often?” His mind stuttered slightly before he blurt out “OH!UM, YES!”

Was the human not mad at him?
“HUMAN, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?” Oh what a stupid thing to ask! Humans were fragile! Of course she wouldn’t be alright after crashing into the ground like that!

She smiled at him.

“I am alright” She replied before glancing at the eggs and box on the ground.

The Human moved to get up, WHAT!! No way she was alright.

He wanted to help her back to her feet but often found that many humans did NOT like it when he touched them. When she was standing she placed a hand onto her back and shuffled forward.

What was she DOING!?!? Humans couldn’t move after they got injured! It might make it worse! Papyrus placed a hand on her arm, stopping her from moving and really hoping she wouldn’t freak out at him.

“HUMAN ARE YOU HURT?”

There was a slight silence before the human shook off his hand and straightened.

“No no no, Its fine, I was just...stretching.”

Papyrus instantly knew the woman was lying. What should he do? Call her out?

She nodded at him before moving towards the box on the ground. When she had reached it she placed the box she had saved down carefully before opening the one that had fallen.

Seeming satisfied with whatever was in the box she picked it, and the other, box up and looking over at him.

He felt himself tense and curled his hands together again. He felt droplets of magic slip down his skull slightly. The guilt came back as his sockets flicked back over to the mess of eggs and he felt like he wanted to cry.
The human suddenly smiled and pushed a hand in his direction. “I am Y/n” Papyrus blinked before slowly taking her hand. What in the world was this human thinking?

She shook his hand confidently and he noticed her studying his sockets, he tried to not feel self-conscious.

“Don’t worry, I really am fine” He knew she was lying, he was no stranger to lies. Sans lied to him quite often and he quickly grew to notice the differences of when someone was lying and when they weren’t.

“No problems here” His sockets bounced to the mess before bouncing back to her. He took in a quiet breath “I AM SO SORRY! I DIDN’T SEE YOU THERE” he looked back to the eggs “I’LL CLEAN UP THOSE EGGS” Right! That was good, that’s what he would do. He patted himself before sprinting to the elevator.

He thought he heard the human saying something but before he could properly hear them the doors closed and the elevator shot upwards. He waited anxiously, hoping the human didn’t move around to much and cause further injury. His sockets widened, Oh no! What if the human wasn’t there when he got back!? He wanted to make sure they were at least well enough to walk properly!

When the elevator doors opened he punched the “open doors” button, hoping that they would stay open for slightly longer before he shot out and crashed through the apartment door. He let the door swing and slam against the wall as he rushed towards the pantry in the kitchen. Gathering the cleaning supplies and filling the mop bucket quickly he sped back out the door. The elevator was still open! He ran down the hall.

The elevator was closing! He hurled the mop in his hands towards the closing doors. The doors pushed against the mop before sliding back open. Success!!! He practically dove into the elevator and snatched up the mop before slamming the first button.

That was close.

Taking a deep breath he forced the beating of his soul to calm. The elevator reached the ground floor. His sockets widened when he saw the woman leaning on the wall by the elevator. She had moved!! He practically fell out of the elevator and rushed to stand by her. He lent the mop on the wall and brought his gloves hands together to wring them once more “I REALLY AM SORRY ABOUT THAT! DO YOU THINK THERE’S ANYTHING I COULD DO TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU?”
He really hoped you accepted his offer, his guilt still burning brightly. The woman blinked at him before speaking “Uhh, Do you think you could give me your name?” She winked and chuckled somewhat awkwardly.

Surprise rushed through him, He hadn’t even introduced himself!! Oh that was rude, he had already learned her name. “OF COURSE! I AM THE GREAT PAPYRUS! APOLOGIES FOR NOT INTRODUCING MY GREAT SELF SOONER” He felt his confidence as he posed brilliantly like he had practiced.

Papyrus grasped the mop and started to clean the mess, watching the human closely out of the corner of his socket.

“So... Great Papyrus-” Before she could ask whatever it was she was going to ask a thoughtful expression appeared on her face as she stared at him.

“Oh YOU CAN JUST CALL ME PAPYRUS HUMAN!” Many humans often got confused with his title. He saw Y/n smile “Okay, sure. So Papyrus, you do come around here often?”

He focused his attention on a particularly well scattered egg before answering “WELL, NOT REALLY. I MEAN YES, BUT STARTING ONLY TODAY” He pushed the mop into the mess, swiping it up with a circular motion before rinsing the mop out.

“Oh? Are you new in this building?” Papyrus smiled at the reminder of their new home.

“YES! ME AND MY BROTHER JUST MOVED IN TODAY!” His excitement from earlier started to return.

“Hey! That's great! Welcome to the building Papyrus!” The human welcomed him? That was great! He chuckled.

“What floor you on bud?”

Papyrus finished mopping and gathered the materials in his hands before smiling at her. “THE EIGHTH!!” He saw her freeze slightly before grinning at him “No way! I am on the eighth floor
“GASP! HUMAN! YOU ARE OUR HUMAN NEIGHBOR?!” Now he was even more excited! Y/n seemed kind and if she was close he could check on her a few times to make sure her injuries were not fatal!

“That's so cool! What a weird coincidence!”

What a good coincidence. He really wanted her to feel alright.

She grinned up at him “Well it's nice to meet you neighbor”

He smiled brightly at her. “NICE TO MEET YOU TOO HUMAN NEIGHBOR!”

They both entered the elevator and Papyrus saw her glance up at him, only know noticing how tiny she was. She didn’t even make it to his shoulders!

Y/n leaned against the elevators wall. “So, you said you have a brother?” Oh! Yes he had!

Papyrus remembered his brothers laziness and groaned dramatically. “YES, AND HE IS THE LAZIEST BEING THAT HAS EVER EXISTED IN EXISTENCE!”

“That's a pretty high title to earn” He heard Y/n snicker.

“I AM NOT JOKING! HE HASN’T PICKED UP HIS SOCK OFF OF THE FLOOR IN FOREVER AND STILL HASN'T EVEN THOUGH WE MOVED! HE SOMEHOW SPAWNED IT IN THE APARTMENT!!!” HOW! How had Sans moved that darn sock without him noticing!? Did he use his magic? If so why didn’t he just pick up the darn thing with his magic!?!?

“Well, I am sorry about that Papyrus.”

The elevator doors beeped open.

“NO HUMAN! IT IS NOT YOUR FAULT! I SWEAR HE DOES THINGS LIKE THIS JUST TO MESS WITH ME!” In fact he knew his brother did it just to mess with him, that's part of the
reason he hated that sock and refused to pick it up himself.

She chuckled “Yea, siblings will do that”

He agreed and nodded before reaching his door. “HUMAN! BEING THE AWESOME NEIGHBOR THAT I AM!” He posed slightly, which was somewhat difficult with all the cleaning supplies, but he thinks he managed “I INVITE YOU TO DINNER NEXT WEEK!”

Papyrus hoped that Y/n accepted. That way he could get to know his neighbor and make sure that she was still okay.

“Sure” Papyrus stood shocked for a moment, the other neighbors they had had refused any invitations he had sent them. Insisting that they were too busy to attend.

“Want my phone number? So you can text me time and date?” Y/n glanced up at him.

A phone number! Yes! He was on the path to making a new friend!

“OF COURSE!! THAT WOULD BE FANTASTIC!” He was so excited! He couldn’t wait till he had the dinner planned, he was thinking spaghetti with garlic break and still had to think of a suitable dessert.

Y/n giggled and he felt his excitement grow at the sound “Good”

After inputting his number into her phone they parted ways. As he put away the cleaning supplies and drained the mop bucket he couldn’t help but let his mind wander. Y/n seemed like a kind human.

She seemed to be someone who tried to understand a situation before jumping to conclusions. He couldn’t help but think she was kind.

As he went back to work unloading boxes, being very careful with the doors this time, he thought of the dinner. Should he invite the others? Wouldn’t that be too many skeletons to meet all at once? Heck, even meeting half of them was bound to be overwhelming.
He decided he would have to talk to Sans about it.

Chapter End Notes

Not entirely sure I got their characters right? Let me know how I can improve.
But hey! Finally skeletonboyz perspective (again).
Update will be soon.
Enjoy! :D
Rain Rain

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Pain, so much pain. It zapped through your back and shoulders, making moving seem impossible. You let out a pain filled groan before trying to push yourself up. It was a struggle but when you finally pushed yourself up you wanted nothing more than to just lie back down and go back to sleep.

Groggily you looked around. It looks like you fell asleep on the couch while playing a game. Great, that was sure to help your already sore back. You stared at the big screen in front of you blankly for a moment before letting out a sigh and hauling yourself onto your feet, wincing the entire time.

The muscles you had slammed against the floor yesterday protested all movements and the stiffness of them made your steps stiff and pain filled. When you finally made it to the kitchen pantry you decided that you were going to do nothing but eat, sleep, and play videogames. Moving was not going to work out today.

With your day planned brilliantly, you grabbed chips, snacks, and a drink from the fridge, before shuffling slowly to your room.

As soon as you made it to the doorway to your room you paused and glanced over to the screen in the living room. Dammit, you left it on!

You debated whether to just leave it on and continue to your room but voted that option out. After all you had already left it on all night. Ugh, that was not going to look good for your electricity bill.

Before you made your way back over to the TV you tossed all your snacks onto your bed, not wanting to haul them around.

Switching the screen off you glanced out the window, it looked like it might rain. You liked the rain, it always left a pleasant smell in the air. Not only that but everything seemed so peaceful when it rained.

You stuck in place, watching the dark clouds curl around the sky and darken it. You really wanted it to rain.
Should you go on a walk? Walk rains were always so much fun. The muscles in your back pricked with pain, trying to convince you that that was definitely a bad idea if you weren’t sure you could even make it to the elevator.

However you did need eggs, the ones from yesterday having been mutilated by the floor. But you really didn’t actually want to go outside, you already had to much interactions yesterday which had left you drained.

But….you reallllyyyyyy wanted to walk in the rain. Besides, there shouldn’t be a lot of people outside if it was raining right?

You continued to stare out the window at the dark clouds. Urghhhhhhh curse your rain loving self and need for eggs! Huffing you decided you would head out only after it began to rain, that way you could have at least a few minutes to laze around.

Sort of, you actually needed a shower. A warm shower was sure to soothe your sore muscles at least a bit.

Nodding to yourself you started the search for your phone, finding it squished in between the couch cushions. Powering it on you checked the time. Huh, it wasn’t even that late. Only 10:30 am. You were sure you were going to sleep until at least noon.

Ah well, you could sleep more when you got back. You checked the weather reports next, It was expected to start raining at 1:00 pm. Great! That gave you time for a soothing shower and for lazing about before starting out.

You took your time as you showered, enjoying the warm water on your sore muscles. Washing the pain away actually worked better than you thought it would and by the time you were done the pain in your back had minimalized greatly.

You choose a big sweater and comfortable pants before flopping onto your bed, avoiding squishing any of your delicious treats.

With that you powered up your game console and wasted the minutes away while you waited for the rain to fall.
About at noon your phone beeped, interrupting your gruesome slaying and informing you that you had a text from someone. Which was strange really because you hardly got any texts from anybody. Well except Maria, but she was supposed to be working at this time.

Pausing your game you reached over to your phone and started at the blinking notification from an unknown number which read,

```
xxx-xxx-xxxx
HELLO HUMAN NEIGHBOR! IT IS I THE GREAT PAPYRUS!
```

Oh that's right! You had given him your number yesterday. Quickly you unlocked your phone and responded to his message.

```
xxx-xxx-xxxx
Hey Papyrus! Whats up?
You edited his name, switching it to “GREAT PAPYRUS!” before you got a response.

GREAT PAPYRUS!
NOTHING MUCH HUMAN! I WAS JUST WONDERING HOW YOU ARE FEELING TODAY?
```

You raised a brow, yea there was no way he bought your “just stretching” lie from yesterday.

Before you answered you switched your number over to the name “Neighbor Human”.

```
Neighbor human
I am good :) ! Just being lazy today.
```

You really didn’t feel as sore as this morning, you counted that as “good”

GREAT PAPYRUS!
OH! WELL GOOD!! THAT FALL YOU TOOK YESTERDAY MUST HAVE MADE YOUR HUMAN SQUISHINESS NOT WANT TO MOVE.

A snort escaped you, “human squishiness”? You guessed that to someone without flesh it would be strange to see someone with it. His text did confirm that he hadn’t believed your lies from yesterday, but you supposed that was okay?

You rolled your shoulders, trying to think of a good response while confirming it didn’t hurt as much as before.

Neighbor Human

I guess? I feel pretty okay actually.

Right, you did, you weren’t lying. You fell onto your back, plopping your phone onto the bed and looking to the window. It looked like it was going to be raining earlier than had been expected.

Lifting yourself off your bed you headed to the windows and threw them open, enjoying the heavy feel in the air and the fresh smell in the air. Strangely you also smelt the smell of cigarettes and honey?

You leaned down onto your arms, folding them onto the window sill and humming contentedly. “Its gonna rain~” you practically sung out as you stared up at the darkened sky.

“oh really? never would have guessed” The soft voice startled you out of your thoughts and you felt yourself almost tumble out of the window.

“FRICK” The shout seemed to echo in the silence that followed and you gripped the the window sill tight. Shutting your eyes tightly you then opened them and looked down, noticing the window in the apartment below you was also opened, curls of smoke drifting out of it before dissipating into the air and leaving the smokey smell behind that you had smelt before.

You let out a nervous laugh, “Gosh dude! Warm someone before almost scaring them out a window yea?” You tried to calm your racing heart and took deep breaths. That had been really….unexpected. How long has it been since you had downstairs neighbors? This was going to take some getting used to.
The low voice laughed and you couldn’t help but notice it was a very nice laugh, the soft tone of it helping your racing heart calm. It was soothing yet had a bit of a rough undertone to it. You guessed the person was a male due to the deepness of it, but hey, you never know.

“sorry sorry, thought you were talking to me.” Well, they didn’t sound very sorry, just amused and entertained with the scare they had gotten out of you.

You huffed and crossed your arms “Yeah right! Just you wait, I’ll get revenge for that!” the teasing in your tone did not go unnoticed and another pleasant laugh rang out.

Your lips twitched into a smile “I’ll play hopscotch in the middle of the night! Vacuum at ungodly early hours! Tap dance and practice tuba while you try and watch a show!”

The laughing grew louder and you couldn’t help but chuckle along. Leaning back on the sill you stared at the sky again.

When the laughing died down a pleasant silence settled before you broke it “Names Y/n, nice to meet you neighbor.” You kind of already liked your downstairs neighbor, their humor at least matched your a bit.

“stretch, nice to meet you hon” A soft chuckle followed “though I really would appreciate it if you didn’t actually follow through with those threats.” He was teasing, you could tell. And you decided to tease back.

You hummed slightly before answering “Well, I suppose since it was an accident I could just let it go.” A chuckle rumbled from the window and you smiled up at the sky.

For some reason it felt easier to talk to someone when you weren’t looking at them or have them looking at you. You were strangely comfortable talking and teasing this “Stretch” who you're sure you met like, no more than five minutes ago.

Your phone let out a chirp and you were reminded that you had been talking with Papyrus. Heading to your bed you snatched it up before going back to the window.

Unlocking your phone you were greeted with another text from Papyrus.
GREAT PAPYRUS

THAT IS GOOD!! I ALSO TEXTED YOU TO ASK IF YOU WERE OKAY WITH A FEW OF MY COUSINS ALSO COMING TO DINNER NEXT WEEK?

Oh boy, more people? You kinda sucked at socializing. The polite side of you however saw that wasn’t really an option here. Like really, were you supposed to say no? That sounded like a recipe for disaster and frankly would be really rude of you.

You narrowed your eyes at the text and chewed on your lip. There was no way you were getting out of that dinner either, Papyrus was way to nice of a guy and you really did want to get to know him. “Ahh what the heck, I’m sure I can socialize just fine with a few other people”

You typed out a “I don’t mind :D” before a droplet of rain landed on your nose.

“will you look at that! it really did start to rain!” You rolled your eyes at the teasing sarcasm Stretch aimed towards your previous words.

“Oh hush you” You started to pull the window closed before the rain could get any heavier.

“Have a good day Stretch. It was nice to meet you” You smiled when you heard him mutter back “yeah, it was nice to meet ya too” before closing the window all the way.

Well, That had been nice. At least your downstairs neighbor wasn’t a jerk. You remembered Mrs. Truthold telling you she had rented a few rooms that had been empty. From what you could remember the one above you and below you had been empty, plus a few more. You really hoped that nobody had gotten the apartment above you, and if they did, you hoped they were at least quiet.

As if the cursed gods heard your silent wish and knew just when to crush your hopes a thump rang out from your ceiling before you briefly heard muttered yelling from it. How fantastic……..Perhaps that was a one time thing?

The continued muffled yelling pointed towards it not really being a one time thing and your shoulders dropped sadly. At least it wasn’t that loud? You kept trying to think on the bright side of thing. Maybe they were just having a bad day.
You nodded to yourself as you gathered your rain boots and umbrella, preparing for your rain filled walk to the store.

It wasn’t long until you were ready and you paused when you remembered you had been texting Papyrus. Grabbing your phone from your pocket you saw you had another text from him.

You must have not heard it deliver.

GREAT PAPYRUS

:D ALRIGHTY! I’LL TEXT YOU LATER! I’VE GOT TO GO.

Shrugging slightly you shot back a “Sure, talk to you later :)” before pulling open your door, Ready for the beautiful rain to wash away your thoughts as you walked.

It wasn’t long until you were outside and you smiled when you faced a wall of rain, It was pouring! Raining cats and dogs!

It was going to be a bit of a long walk. Shaking your black umbrella open you stepped into the rain. It seemed to beat against your umbrella making you smile. You took in a deep breath and then started walking, deciding to walk through the park before going to the store.

You pulled the scarf around your neck slightly higher, the cold air chilling you rapidly. You stared down at your rain knee high boots as you walked, studying the rubbery blue and violet design as you thought.

How many cousins did Papyrus intend to have over at the dinner? Were they all skeletons? Hah! How hilarious would it be if there were a few skeletons you had met before!! That would be one heck of a coincidence. But you tried not to think that way, just because they were skeletons did not mean they were all related.

But really thinking about it it wouldn’t be so strange if a few skeletons, who you just happened to meet around the same area, and around the same time, were related right? In fact, they all had slightly looked alike too, Blue and Red, Papyrus and the edgy one, It wasn’t weird to think they were related……right?
No, you decided it wasn’t that weird. You did however decide that you were not going to think about it more and forced your thoughts to move on. Looking up you saw you had made it to the park. Perfect timing.

You looked around the park, searching for any passerby. Nobody, nobody at all. A smile found its way onto your face as you started walking down the pathway of the park keeping an eye out for what you were looking for.

Pausing when you saw a huge puddle a little ways away you looked around again, confirming that there was nobody around you pulled the scarf tighter around your neck before dashing towards the puddle.

You took a big leap and splashed into it. Water flying upwards and muddying your boots. You laughed loudly before twirling your umbrella and stepping out of the puddle. Feeling slightly childish but happy you started back on the path to the store.

Sure you were 24 and not really a child anymore, but that didn’t mean you couldn’t enjoy the simple things in life! Like the rain and puddles! And shiny bikes! And sweet treats!

Yes, you enjoyed the simple things in life.

When you made it to the store the rain had let up a little and was now pleasantly pittering down instead of falling like it was trying to flood the place.

You shook the drops off your umbrella before stepping into the store. Returning here made you remember the embarrassing show you had put on the day before and you pulled the scarf higher onto your face, hoping that nobody from yesterday was here.

The cold from outside had made your muscles rigid once more and you felt them complaining at the cold and exercise. You ignored them as best you could and went to gather your eggs. Of course you ended picking up a few more things, like some cookies. And then you couldn’t help but think of that jiggly cake you still had at home.

You almost started drooling at the thought of what it would taste like. Why hadn’t you had a piece last night? “Oh right. I fell asleep” Eh, whatever, you would have some as soon as you got home.
Starting to walk home you decided to take the route through the park again, perhaps planning on splashing through a few puddles.

Reaching the park you hummed as you stepped through puddles, enjoying the splash and drops that landed onto your boots.

About halfway through the park, when you were looking around the see if there was anyone about, you saw a hulking figure slumped onto one of the parks benches. Their head down and shoulders hunched high.

They didn’t have an umbrella, they were simply sitting in the rain. You could see their black jacket had a hood pulled over their head but it didn’t look like it was actually doing much to ward off the rain.

Suspicion entered you. Why would someone be sitting in the middle of the park while it rained? However those suspicions were somewhat shoved out of the way when you saw their shoulders were trembling…………….. Were they alright? Were they cold?

Nervously you headed towards them, praying to the stars that they weren’t about to murder you.

You paused about three steps away, you could tell they knew you were there. They had tilted their head slightly your way a few steps ago, most likely hearing the splash of your boots against the puddles.

Pulling your hood onto your head you took a deep breath before holding your umbrella out and over them. The rain pittered against your hood and you opened your mouth to ask if they were okay only to let it hang in surprise when they looked up.

“…………….Red?”

Chapter End Notes

Okay so I know its kinda short and boring but hope you enjoy. Lemme know what I can do to improve.

Update will be soon. :D
“................Red?”

He looked weary somehow, deep bags under his sockets...... How did that work?

His tired expression shifted into one of surprise. “dollface? what ya doin out here in the rain?”

You were wondering the same thing about him, but seeing the defeated slump of his shoulders you decided to answer him instead of asking him the same thing.

You shifted slightly, showing him the plastic bag that carried your eggs.

“I had to pick up some eggs,” You explained as you studied his face.

He let out an “oh,” but didn’t comment further, shifting his gaze away from you.

His eyelights were dimmer than you remembered, his grin which had seemed permanent wiped off his face. He looked tired, the kind of tired you can’t fix with sleep.

What should you do? Just say goodbye and continue home? You didn’t think you could leave someone sulking in the rain though. That was a good way to catch a cold. Could skeletons catch colds? You would ask later.

Besides, he looked like he needed someone to talk to. And you sort of knew him?

Despite not knowing what was wrong you felt that you understood somewhat. Understood that tiredness that dragged down someone. That couldn’t be cured by sleep. The tiredness that made you wonder if anything was really okay the way it was or if there was any point to continuing with days that felt like they didn’t matter.

And the weird feeling of either wanting to talk to someone or just not think about it.

Making up your mind you hummed slightly and rocked on your heels, gesturing to the bench with
your chin. “Mind if I take a seat?” At your words he glanced back at you before shrugging and 
leaning back against the bench.

Taking that as an okay you sat next to him, moving the umbrella so that it was covering the two of 
you on the bench. Well, sort of. You just noticed how broad Red was, it was like two of you side by 
side. He was huge.

Sure the bench was full of droplets and your butt was getting a little wet but whatever, time to try and 
comfort a dude who you have only met once……why were you doing this again?

To stall you pulled the cookies you had bought from the plastic bag and ripped the package open. 
You munched on a cookie before holding them out to him, asking without words if he wanted a few.

He stared at you, a strange look in his eyelights before he slowly took a cookie, watching you 
cautiously as if you would suddenly change your mind and snap at him. You rolled your eyes at him 
“Oh come on, nobody wants only one cookie.”

He grinned faintly “fine, but this is your fault,” With those words he scooped a handful of cookies 
out of the package.

You narrowed your eyes at him before munching on another cookie “That's fair I guess,” still, didn’t 
mean he should take all your cookies.

Huffing slightly you let your eyes scan over the park. The rain made the grass shimmer slightly and 
fell off the leaves of trees and bushes brilliantly. It almost looked like a painting or a scene from a 
movie.

“So…” You had no idea what to say. Glancing at him you noticed he had finished all the cookies he 
had taken and was looking at the rain falling, the blank look on his face suggesting he wasn’t really 
seeing it.

“So?” Ah, so he was listening. He sounded fatigued and you still didn’t know what to say.

Shrugging slightly you asked “Do...do you wanna talk about it?” your voice came out soft and you 
looked back to the drizzling rain.
Red sighed, a deep sigh. Then he let out a soft chuckle and looked over at you “would you listen?” his voice came out strained, the grin on his face an obvious fake.

You nodded and waited for him to speak as you studied the rain pitter into the concrete pathway, creating a puddle slowly.

“Well, just got someone upset at me. not a big surprise there though. he's always mad at me for one reason or the other.” He leaned back, stuffing his hands into his coat. And you couldn’t help but wonder who he was talking about, a sibling? A lover? A friend?

You didn’t ask, you just inclined your head slightly towards him to show that you were listening.

He paused for a moment, the only sound for a minute or two being the rain. You were beginning to think that's all he had to say but didn’t say anything. Simply listened.

Red chuckled humorlessly “i don’t know, just seems that whatever i do….it’s never really enough,” his voice went quieter at the end of his sentence and despite not knowing what he was talking about entirely you felt you understood slightly.

Understood the feeling of not doing enough, of feeling like there was something you weren’t doing and the days were slipping away so fast. Like you knew you could do something but you didn’t know exactly what.

Like you weren't living life…..like you were just waiting. Just waiting for something.

But that became normal, it became normal to just let the days pass, to let the feeling of being lost sink into the background noise.

But you didn’t want to say anything stupid, you didn’t want to say you understood when you might not even know what he was talking about at all. So you hummed, and held the pack of cookies out to him again.

There was hesitation before you felt him take more cookies from the pack. You both watched the rain, silence stretching between the two of you as you munched on cookies.
And when the cookies were gone, you spoke. “I don’t know what you are going through,” you paused, trying to gather your thoughts properly “But…….It sounds like you are tired, like you are ready to give up….and-” You looked over at him, eyes meeting his dim lights and hoping you were saying the right things. “-and even though its hard, and it feels like everyone is against you….you just got to take care of yourself, because someone does care”

You really hoped you were saying the right thing. “Someone always cares. Even if sometimes it feels like they don’t. Someone really cares” You took a deep breath and looked back out at the falling rain. Not sure if you had said the right thing.

A sigh left you before you stood up from the bench, brushing the cookie crumbs from your lap. “And hey, you never know” you shrugged and smiled at him “Today or tomorrow might just be the day everything feels like enough.”

He didn’t say anything, a few seconds passed and then you started to fidget, tugging slightly on your hood “I mean, uhhh, like I said I have no idea what you are going through so, ummm,” You pulled on the end of your scarf looking anywhere but at the skeleton before you and wishing the ground would swallow you.

Oh gosh, you didn’t even know the guy and you just sputtered a bunch of nonsense! He probably thought you were a weirdo, a nut, someone who meddled in other people's business.

A blush started to spread across your cheeks and you tugged the scarf higher onto your face.

Then he started to laugh softly and you had to wonder what was him and laughing at weird moments? His eyelight were no longer as dim and he wore a soft grin. And you couldn’t help but relax somewhat at the sight of that.

“nah , thanks sweetheart. that was good” he smiled at you felt your shoulders almost droop in relief.

“O-oh that's good” your voice shook slightly and you cleared your throat before trying again “That's good! Good, glad...glad it was good.” You could feel yourself making it awkward.

So you tried to change the subject, your brain scrambling to find a topic to dispel the awkwardness. “So do you come to this park often?” Eh, not the best topic to pick but whatever.
Red looked around the park before shaking his head “can’t say that i do, just moved close ta here and this is just where i ended up when it started to rain.”

You looked around the park too, noticing that the rain gave it somewhat of a melancholy feel. It was still beautiful though.

“Really? Well, welcome to the neighborhood! How do you like it so far?” A weird feeling of missing something important nagged at you.

Before you could completely investigate the feeling Red answered, his deep voice distracting you from your thoughts.

“it’s been a real walk in the park”

“Oh well thats-” You stopped, and his grin curled into more of a knowing smirk.

Your expression deadpanned “That was terrible.” And it was, you were pretty sure you could come up with better puns.

“eh , can’t win em all,” He said with a shrug, his smirk falling back into more of a lazy grin.

Red pushed himself off the bench, stretched (Did he even need to stretch? He didn’t have muscles, why was he stretching?) and plucked your umbrella from its place on the bench.

He held it out to you but you stepped back and shook your head “Nah man, keep it. I’ve got like four at home.” And you did. Besides, your apartment wasn’t even very far from the park, 5 minutes and you would be there.

He quirked a brow at you “ya sure?”

You nodded and stuffed your hands into your pockets, feeling the chill of the rain.”Yea, no prob. See you around Red,” Well, you didn’t know if you would. But seeing as you had already met him again and he said he had moved close you figured you would.
Again the feeling of missing something pricked at your mind, as if you had forgotten something.

And again you were distracted from your thoughts by Red.

“sure doll,” He winked at you before turning away and heading down the parks path.

You stared after him for a moment, baffled, How in the world could a skeleton wink?

You stood there for a moment, thinking of how skeletons had eyelids. You were thinking so deeply of how that could possible that you were startled when you felt your phone buzz in your pocket.

The rain falling onto you caused a cold shiver to run through you and you pulled your hood farther onto your head, trying to keep some warmth before you started walking.

You decided you would check your phone when you arrived back home, not wanting to risk getting it water damaged in the rain.

Surprisingly the drizzle of rain didn’t fizzle out, it got heavier once more and started soaking into your coat and scarf. And though it wasn’t a long walk back to your apartment by the time you got there you were quite soaked.

Cursing your luck you stripped the now dripping coat and scarf off you before slipping out of your boots. At least your clothes under your coat were dry.

You stuffed the coat and scarf into the washer, knowing that is you didn’t you would just toss them somewhere and forget about them.

Done with that you strode over to the couch, toppling over into it and sighing in contentment. Man, your couch was comfy.

Suddenly you remembered the reason why you had left in the first place and shot up into a sitting position. Your eggs!!! Your freaking eggs!!!! You forgot them on the bench!!
That's what you had forgotten!!! Cursing your luck again you dashed to your closet, pulling a warm hoodie from it and tugging it on as you rushed to put your boots back on. Sure a hoodie wasn’t best for rain weather, but an umbrella would fix that.

Now, where had your umbrellas gone? You hopped to the hall closet as you pulled your boots on.

You searched the closet but couldn’t find a single umbrella. You were positive you had at least one umbrella around.

Looking through your apartment, searching under your bed and in the pantry, nowhere, you couldn’t find a freaking umbrella anywhere.

You face palmed and groaned as you pushed yourself up from looking under the bed. Of course you couldn’t find any, Today was just going to be one of those days.

You wondered about your eggs, were they even still there? When had you even put them down? You didn’t even remember letting go of the bag!

Ugh this was dumb. Should you even go and get them?

Of freaking course you were going to get them, it would be a waste of money if you didn’t. Not to mention it would be the second carton of eggs you had lost.

Sure eggs weren’t that egg spensive (hehehe see you could come up with good puns) But you sure as heck weren’t going to buy some over the week (you were going to be busy with work) and you had bought really expensive goodies making your spending money slightly smaller than you wanted it to be.

So yes, it was dumb, but you were going to rescue your eggs.

Now, you were sure that you had a raincoat somewhere. However you had been sure you had extra umbrellas somewhere so you tried not to get your hopes up as you dug through the closer.

Success! You pulled a raincoat from the closet and paused to examine it, and you let out a snort.
It was a yellow raincoat with the cartoony design of a duck on the hood. You remembered when you got this! Your younger sister had actually bought it for you because “You liked playing in the rain like a kid,” as she had put it. Of course she had gotten the frog one and you had both stomped through puddles. That was at least three years ago. Man, you don’t think you’ve actually worn it since.

Well, now was a good time. You tugged it on as you headed towards the door and paused before going out. Self consciousness made your thoughts run everywhere, Sure you liked to do things considered childlike but maybe.....You shook your head. Trying to rid yourself of those thoughts.

It was harmless to go out wearing the silly coat, nothing and nobody could make you feel bad for liking something like a coat. Besides, it might make someone's day to see you walking around in it.

With positive thoughts (and wishes the gods wouldn’t take the bad luck you recently had and run with it) you headed back out. On a mission to save your now most likely soaked and ruined, wait, rain couldn’t do anything bad to eggs right? So you just mostly had to worry about whether they were still there or not….

Eh, you thought they would be there. After all, not many people did walk around in the rain. Of course there was always a few.....No, your eggs would still be there. After all who just took random eggs off park benches?

You made it outside and were met with an onslaught of rain, it was pouring, more so than before and you really hoped it would let up a little. Sure you liked the rain, but when it got heavier you would rather be inside, reading a book as it thundered or simply watching it fall through your window as lightning cracked across the sky.

Besides, heavy rain always brought colds. And you really really didn’t need a cold. Especially with work starting again tomorrow.

Hunching over slightly to keep the rain out of your face you ventured out, heading back to the park.

Of course lady luck for some reason hated you. And you simply got this fact confirmed once again as a car speed by, hitting a large puddle in the road. The muddy water flew upwards and you had simply a moment to lift your arms and cover your face before it crashed down onto you.
You were drenched, from head to toe. Muddied and covered in who knows what. Letting out an angry shout you shook a fist at the car as it disappeared around a corner.

This was fantastic, absolutely glorious. Your life couldn’t get any better from here……..your shoulders slumped and you trudged forward. Man, this sucked.

The rain coat had thankfully at least somewhat kept you slightly dry? You really needed a shower now and you figured you had better hurry if you didn’t want to catch a cold.

But you kinda figured with how luck was treating you your eggs wouldn’t even be there anymore.

Whatever, you were almost at the park anyways.

As you neared the entrance to the park you pushed yourself into a slow jog, wanting to just get everything done and over with so that you could go clean yourself.

Surprisingly your eggs were still on the bench. Sure they were slightly wet and the carton sagged but the bag had done a good enough job of protecting them.

Picking up the bag you exited the park. No longer jogging in fear that you would crack your eggs. And you didn’t actually want to jog but that was beside the point.

Thankfully no cars decided to drench you again and you made it back to your building without any other mishaps. Sure you were shivering slightly because of the cold which settled into your limbs. But it wasn’t as bad as it could have been……maybe….or perhaps you were jinxing yourself again.

You looked down at yourself while you rode the elevator up to your floor. The raincoat was covered in mud. So much so that the bright sunshine yellow color of it looked faded and more like a depressing brownish yellow.

The elevator opened and you looked up only to freeze as your eyes fell upon Papyrus. He was no longer wearing that armor-ish like top but a nice cozy looking sweater with some nice looking jeans.

Next to him was a short skeleton you swore you had already met twice, of course he looked slightly different but you were convinced he was just switching up his appearance to mess with you.
The new (or not) skeleton looked a lot like Blue and Red. But sort of a mix? He looked softer than Red, his skull soft looking like Blues and his teeth not razor sharp and menacing.

In fact you don’t think this guy could ever pull off menacing, he had a whole “casual” air about him that made you relax slightly.

The short skeleton was surprisingly slightly shorter than you, but you figured that was mostly because he was slouching lazily.

He was wearing a blue zip-up hoodie, it was open revealing a somewhat grey t-shirt underneath. His legs were covered by loose basketball shorts, they had a white stripe on each side. And on his feet, two pink fuzzy slippers.

Suddenly you wanted slippers too, those looked comfy as heck.

“man, you really are ducking soaked,” your eyes snapped up to his eyelights, his voice was a deep baritone. Though not as deep as Reds, yet deeper sounding than Blues had been.

His eyelights were pretty, simple white lights that reminded you of stars floating around in the darkness of his sockets.

Your brain took a moment to register his words, and as soon as it did you couldn’t help but break out into laughter. You pushed the duck hood off your head and grinned down at him.

“You quack me up!” You returned his pun with another and your grin grew as he let out a chuckle.

Papyrus groaned loudly and your gaze shifted to him. Surprisingly he looked in distress and your grin slipped off your face.

“Papyrus? What's wrong?” He sighed at you and shook his head sadly.

“HUMAN! IT SEEMS YOU HAVE BEEN INFECTED WITH THE PUNS ALREADY!! OH I HAD HOPED IT WOULDN’T HAPPEN SO SOON!” He sighed again before bringing his hand to his face.
“awe paps, waddle you talking about?” your grin twitched back onto your face when the short one spoke again.

“YOU KNOW WHAT I AM TALKING ABOUT SANS!! ENOUGH WITH YOUR PUNS!”

You had to bite your lip to stop yourself from laughing again. Seemed that Papyrus wasn’t a fan of puns. You stepped out of the elevator and put your hand forward.

“Hi! I am Y/n!” He moved to take your hand but Papyrus snatched his hand and flipped it over so that his palm was facing upwards.

Somehow strapped to his hand was a small whoopee cushion, which Papyrus tugged off and stuffed into his pocket. “NO!! GREET THE HUMAN PROPERLY BROTHER!”

Sans, you figured (since papyrus had called him that), Smiled up at his brother before taking your hand.

“sans, sans the skeleton”

Chapter End Notes

Here we go c:
Let me know what you think!
“sans, sans the skeleton’’

Surprisingly his hand was warm and somewhat soft? Like, you could tell it was bone, but how in the world did it move so freely then? In fact that was something you had been wondering about. How in the world did these guys pull off expressions?

And sure, you had shaken Reds hand but you had been to exhausted to really pay attention then. Also Papyrus had been wearing gloves when you had shook his hand.

You pulled yourself out of your thoughts as you shook his hand, which he sort of just let you do, like, he just made his arm limp so you could shake it……..weird.

“Like I said I’m Y/n.” You let go of his hand with a smile. “I’m your neighbor, it's nice to meet you!”

And it was, you just would have really rathered it be when you weren’t covered in muddy water and probably looking like a drowned rat. But oh well, it certainly wasn’t the most embarrassing encounter you could have had. (Were you just jinxing yourself again?)

“HUMAN!” Papyrus loud voice demanded your attention. You let out a “Hm?”

“WHY ARE YOU MUDDY?” You blinked at him before chuckling sheepishly and looking down at yourself.

You were dripping muddy water into the hall and you mentally apologized to the janitor of the building.

“Um, I got splashed by a car,” and you really needed to shower.
“sounds splashing,” you snickered at the pun while Papyrus huffed and crossed his arms.

You thought for a moment, trying to come up with a pun to counter it. “It-Um- dang I can’t think of one,” You snapped your fingers in defeat.

Papyrus looked relieved at your declaration of loss while Sans shrugged, wearing a smug grin.

“THAT IS GOOD HUMAN! IT MEANS YOU AREN’T FULLY INFECTED!” His gleeful exclamation made you bite your lip in an effort to not laugh.

Did he really dislike puns that much?

A sudden sneeze bounced your frame and you were rudely reminded of the cold you felt as a shiver ran up your spine.

Papyrus expression morphed into one of panic as he crouched down slightly to stare at your face.

You lent backwards when he did and almost toppled over. “Uhhhh, what you doing pal?” Usually people didn’t just get close to you like that, it was weird? Not like you thought he was doing it to annoy you or anything you just kinda weren’t used to people being in your space.

“HUMAN? ARE YOU SICK?” He ignored your question as he studied your face. Suddenly you could feel all the muddy spots on your face and had the urge to wipe them away. But you kept your hands at your sides.

You cast a puzzled glance at Sans and saw that he too looked somewhat worried.

“Not yet? I mean, I should probably go warm up before I do catch a cold but I don’t think I’ve gotten one yet,” Or at least you really hoped not.

“well, that's nothing to sneeze at.” Papyrus ignored his brothers joking tone as he lent back away from you.

“YES HUMAN! I BELIEVE YOU SHOULD GET WARM NOW BEFORE YOU DO GET SICK!”
You smiled at the two. “Yea, I’ll go do that. It was nice to meet you Sans.”. You give Sans a nod before starting to your door.

Papyrus waved enthusiastically, shouting out a “BYE HUMAN!” as they entered the elevator and you saw Sans wave lazily before the doors closed.

You chuckled as you fished into your pockets for your keys. Man, your neighbors seemed to be pretty cool, no bones about it…..that wasn’t a very good pun but eh, you tried.

Unlocking your door was a relief and you instantly wanted to go to sleep. It wasn’t even that late yet. Perhaps around 3 or something? Actually where had your phone gone?

Panic started to fill you as you started to pat your pockets, Did you leave it here? Oh lord you really hoped you had. If you didn’t-

Your thoughts cut off as you felt the phone in your back pocket. Biting your lip you pulled the phone from the pocket, really hoping you hadn’t gotten it damaged.

You clicked it on and were filled with relief when the screen blinked at you. At least you didn’t have to go phone shopping any time soon.

You strip the rain coat off and toss it in a bin before heading to your bathroom to take a long warm shower.

Connecting your phone to your speakers you searched for a song to fill the silence of your apartment. Hmm something classical and soft would work really well with the rain.

You picked a song before tossing your phone on your bed and gathering comfy clothes to just lounge in after you were done with your shower.

When you entered the shower your thoughts went over your days. It had been a very …..interesting couple of days.
New skeleton neighbors, one which seemed to be the embodiment of sunshine while the other seemed to be a pun king. They were...nice.

You supposed it was just weird to have such neighbors when you ran into so many skeletons all of the sudden. It was like the universe was trying to prank you or something.

Humming you thought of your downstairs and upstairs neighbors too. Downstairs, he said his name was Stretch didn’t he? You just realized what an odd name that was. Like “stretching”? Oh well, to each their own you supposed.

Anyways, Stretch seemed to be a humorous neighbor. You would like to get to know him better, perhaps bond over your fantastic sense of humor. Sans also had a good sense of humor, even though Papyrus didn’t seem to appreciate it. And that brought your thoughts to Red.

Come to think of it, they all had somewhat good senses of humor? That wasn’t strange, lots of people had the same sense of humor.

Then your thoughts drifted to your upstairs neighbors and you winced. They sounded…..loud. Not that you haven’t dealt with loud people before. Just there was different types of loud and the loud your upstairs neighbor was wasn’t the loud you wanted to deal with.

Like, there was loud like kids running around and screaming loud, and then there was angry shouting and fighting loud. Sure both were loud in the end, but it was somehow easier to deal with the first kind of loud.

And based on what you had heard earlier it seemed your upstairs neighbor was the latter.

Which was sort of a bummer.

Whatever, you supposed you would have to learn to deal with it.

Ending your shower you dressed into your comfy clothes and snuggled into your blankets. Not bothering to turn off your music as you flicked on your TV and searched for a good video game to play.
Before you could select a game however your phone buzzed and you almost toppled out of your bed because of how sudden it was.

Scowling at the offending phone you snatched it up and read the notification that flashed on the screen.

Huh.....it was your younger sibling......they hadn’t contacted you in a long time. At least a month or more.

Your sister and you got along surprisingly well. It wasn’t a very big deal to you but people often saw your 9 year gap as something that would make your relationship worse. Which you just thought was stupid.

Sure she was almost a decade younger than you but that didn’t mean you couldn’t get along. In fact your childishness is perhaps what had allowed you two to grow so close. Sure you two still had plenty of squabbles now and then but besides that you are pretty sure you would help her hide a body or a few if she needed it.

You tapped the notification and read the text she had sent you.

King Julian

yo bro :P I gottsa favour

Ah yes, she texted so brilliantly. You rolled your eyes before answering.

Mr.Sister

Whats up bean?

You scrolled through your social media as you waited for an answer, oh look, looks like one of your old highschool friends got hitched. Lovely.

Your phone buzzed again

King Julian
can you like, convince dad that i can come stay with you for a while?

Confusion curled your brow, wasn’t school still in session?

Mr.Sister

???Isn’t there still school??

You were sure it was, in fact hadn’t a new school year just begun? You checked your calendar and confirmed that yes, a school year should just be beginning.

King Julian

Please? School sucks and I am soooooo bored :( 

You bit your lip slightly, debating if you should or shouldn’t. Your sibling was smart, she had skipped a grade and had worked through the summer to advance in her classes. Surely your parents would let her come? She had been doing good in school and you saw no reason for her not to.

Mr.Sister

Fine, I’ll talk to him.

You had agreed, urgh, how were you going to convince your Dad? Sure he gave you a lot of freedom when you were young, but because of that he became more protective of his “baby”. Ah well, you would find a way.

King Julian

:D Danke, u da best

You rolled your eyes and snorted.

You decided to talk to your father later and plugged you phone in before going back to looking for a good video game.

What you hadn’t really noticed however, was that your phone volume was quite loud. It caught the
attention of a few of your neighbors. Not that a few minded, it was nice to hear music.

However one did, and he was not pleased to have to hear the garbage that the human considered music.

You were blissfully unaware as this angry neighbor stomped to the elevator and prepared to bite your head off. Not literally of course, he didn’t need any jail time.

You mumbled along to the song, your mind mostly distracted by the game which you finally settled upon. You weren’t the best at it, but hey, it was fun as heck and practice made perfect anyways.

The main objective of the game was simple really, survive with a team or get absolutely wrecked by a zombie hoard, in very intricate detail too.

Sure you weren’t always big on horror games, but hey, it was fun so future you was just gonna have to deal with a few night terrors.

You tensed as your team was surrounded by a hoard and you gripped the controller tightly as your character swung an axe, trying to thin the large hoard that was trying to devour you and your teammates.

The loud pounding on your door made you fly out of your bed and a squeak was pulled from you as you toppled to the floor.

The controller had gotten tossed to who knows where and you watched in despair as your character was brutally ripped limb from limb until the screen faded out slowly and a big “YOU DIED” appeared.

Urgh! You had been doing so well too! You felt like throwing a tantrum before the loud pounding of your door reminded you why you had lost in the first place and anger coursed through your veins before you forced yourself to breathe and calm down.

It was okay, it was just a video game, there was always next time. Being calmed down you shouted out a “Just a sec!” Before snatching your phone from its charger and practically sprinting to your door.
Who on earth was at your door? Mrs. Truthold never pounded on your door. Was it an emergency? Urgency started to fill you and you quickly yanked your door open.

And you were met with a knock to your head.

You yelped and toppled backwards, landing ungracefully with the momentum you had received and onto your bottom.

**SHIT! THAT HURT!**

You clutched your forehead and swore you could feel the blood pounding behind your eyelids. With a groan you lent back and allowed yourself to flop onto your back.

What was with you and getting beat up lately?

Suddenly everything sounded too loud and you reached blindly for your phone as stars danced in your vision.

Everything felt like it was spinning slightly so you didn’t bother to try and get up or open your eyes, you knew that would just make it worse.

Whoever had knocked you down was just going to have to wait. Panic filled you and you pushed yourself upwards. What if it was a burglar or something?! After all, who in the heck just punched someone down?!

You opened your eyes as your fingers finally clenched around your phone and forced yourself to look up.

Sparks still danced in your vision and you felt yourself sway but you willed yourself to focus on the figure that stood at your doorway.

It was a tall figure, as tall as Papyrus or more you were sure. They stood frozen, hand still in the air from when it had connected with your head and their wide sockets- wait a mother freaking second. You knew this guy, he was the dude who challenged you to that race!
He stood there in all his spiky and edgy glory. His sockets wide as he stared down at you. And silence rang around you, well, it would have, if it weren’t for your speakers singing out a loud song.

A song you couldn’t help but focus on as you tried to keep the swimming of your vision from getting any more spotty and fuzzy.

“So you think you can love me and leave me to die~~!!”

You fumbled with your phone before you successfully clicked the song off and you gazed back up at the skeleton towering over you.

Now silence reigned and you focused your curling vision back onto the invader which had knocked you down.

Suddenly you giggled, you didn’t know why. You just did. It just seemed funny! Why the heck was the spiky edgy dude here? It didn’t make any sense!

Did he want to race again? Your giggles filled the otherwise awkward silence. And you just stared up at his rigid frame.

Then when the swirls and spins of the room calmed down you tried to push yourself up. Somehow you succeeded, sure you stumbled and had to lean against the wall for a bit to calm the roiling of your stomach but eventually you straightened out (at least you think you did. You were unsure if the walls were swaying or if it was just you).

Then you did what any sane human would do, you held a hand out and smiled (perhaps a little to brightly) at the towering skeleton. Who had still not moved an inch from his frozen position.

You opened your mouth to introduce yourself but air didn’t seem to be reaching your lungs, even as you felt them move up and down as you breathed.

The dizziness came back ten fold and you felt yourself tilt to the side. You tried to catch yourself, you really did, but your limbs refused your command to move and you felt yourself falling to the floor again. This time with darkness swooping into your vision and you knew you were passing out.
That was great. What a great way to end a great day. Just mother fricking pass out on a possible intruder and leave your apartment open to the stranger.

Briefly you felt a hand grip your still outstretched one and felt your gravity shift as you were pulled forward instead of towards the unforgiving floor.

Then nothing.

Chapter End Notes

Heyo.
Did an update, I know its sorta short but hopefully you enjoyed.
Next update will be soon.
Lemme know what you think :D
P.S I made a tumblr for dis => https://vixenofawesome.tumblr.com/
Go check it out if you want? Ask questions there and stuff? Idk

(someone tell me how to do this plz)

Also skeleboyz pov will be out soon. Stay tuned for that. (or not , do what you want dude, I ain't gonna hold you here.....or will I?! Muahaha-)
I wonder......

Chapter Notes

So like, this chapter is super long and boring. Go ahead and skip if you want. Its like, not really essential to the story? (idk man)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Underswap Paps (aka Stretch)

Stretch was relaxing in his new room, though you wouldn’t be able to tell he just moved in due to the mess that was scattered across it.

Clothes dominated the floor and his bed sat unmade, the sheets crumpled and tossed to one side.

Other than that small knick-knacks decorated his shelves and the occasional cup or two was found within the mess.

Stretch didn’t even know how he had created the big mess so soon but he found that he didn’t really care.

It was still somewhat early, around noon and he watched as the sky darkened with thick clouds that threatened rain soon.

He was stretched out (heh) on a chair, his feet propped up on the window sill as he smoked a cigarette and puffed the smoke outside.

Sans didn’t really like it when he smoked. But right now he wasn’t home, so Stretch thought he could get away with it if he just kept the window open.

Keeping his sockets on the sky he watched as the grey clouds thickened and moved slowly.
He liked the sky, he liked watching the clouds curl and dance across it and he still remembered the first time he saw the sky.

It had been a long time ago. So many resets ago yet he found he couldn’t forget it.

That first full view of the sky and giant sun had made him feel so small, so small and so alive.

He blew a sting of smoke out the window, watching as it curved and danced through the air before vanishing slowly into the air.

Then the calm silence was broken by a voice that singsonged “Its gonna rain~” above him.

He paused for a moment, Before deciding to converse with whomever had decided to state the obvious.

“Oh really? never would have guessed,” His sarcastic remark was greeted with a loud shout and he unintentionally tensed.

Uh oh, did the upstairs neighbor know he was a monster?

Or worse!

Did they not know how to appreciate the great art of sarcasm?

He kept silent and puffed out more smoke as he pondered his options.

He could just stay silent and hope the neighbor went away or he could close his window and pretend that he hadn’t just been shouted at by his upstairs neighbor.

A nervous laugh broke him from his pondering.

“Gosh dude! Warm someone before almost scaring them out a window yea?” The tone of voice was slightly awkward and the nervous laughter added to it.
But he couldn’t help but relax when he heard those words. Is that why they had shouted?

Maybe they didn’t even know he was a monster. He didn’t know if the landlady had told the humans in the building that they were going to get monster neighbors.

He laughed softly as he pictured a human jumping high in surprise. And almost tossed out a pun of jumping out of ones skin before deciding that his neighbor wouldn’t entirely understand it without seeing him.

“sorry sorry, thought you were talking to me,” Well, not really. They couldn’t have even known he was there before he spoke up. But whatever.

He heard a loud huff before they spoke again. “Yeah right! Just you wait, I’ll get revenge for that!”

Stretch laughed again, knowing that they were teasing by their tone.

“I’ll play hopscotch in the middle of the night! Vacuum at ungodly early hours! Tap dance and practice tuba while you try and watch a show!”

His laughter grew as the teasing continued and a spark of companionship ignited within him.

The upstairs neighbor didn’t seem so bad. At least their humor seemed to be adequate.

They introduced themselves as Y/n and Stretch introduced himself in return before teasing back at them.

“though I really would appreciate it if you didn’t actually follow through with those threats,” He didn’t actually think Y/n would proceed to do the things which they had threatened, but he learned to always doubt humans.

“Well, I suppose since it was an accident I could just let it go,” At least they were still going along with his teasing.
What a lucky fellow he was to meet someone who appreciated good humor. He chuckled and a comfortable silence took over.

He continued to watch the sky as it darkened and sighed quietly in contentment as he thought of all the rain the clouds would bring.

Stretch liked the rain, even though clouds hid the sky and reminded him somewhat of the dreary underground.

It wasn’t the underground though.

And it was both terrifying and exhilarating to be reminded of that fact everyday.

He thought back to his universe and his mood dampened as he thought of all the resets that had dragged him back relive the same days over and over.

Then he couldn’t help but think of all his friends which most likely didn’t even notice that anything was amiss.

He felt exhaustion slump his shoulders as he thought of the work they needed to get done on the machine to even see if it would be possible to send them back to their own universes.

Shaking himself he banished the thoughts from his mind and couldn’t help but grin when the first drops of rain started to fall.

“will you look at that! it really did start to rain!” He said with as much sarcastic teasing as he could.

“Oh hush you,” was the very smart reply he received and he thought of how much fun it was going to be to banter back and forth with his neighbor.

He should probably close the window before the rain got any heavier, but he was really comfortable and didn’t really want to move.
“Have a good day Stretch. It was nice to meet you,” Y/n’s voice broke him out of his lazy spell and he flicked his cigar out the window.

“yeah, it was nice to meet ya too,” And he found he wasn’t lying as he muttered those words and shut the window.

He slouched as he strolled lazily to the living room before falling heavily onto the couch and sinking into the cushions.

Stretch then hummed thoughtfully as he debated what to do with the rest of his day.


Underfell Sans (aka Red)

Red jerked awake at the sound of the front door banging against the wall. A deep depressing sigh left him as he realized it meant that Paps what home.

For some strange reason Papyrus had dropped the paint off quickly before rushing away to do who knows what.

…..and he had left Red to paint the apartment.

Which had been an absolute joy (it hadn’t)

He really hadn’t gotten enough sleep to deal with Paps fits of rage or snide comments today and pondered the thought of going back to sleep.

Making up his mind he rolled over and pulled the blanket over his head. Trying to muffle the stomps that seemed to shake the walls.
But it was not to be.

The door to his room slammed opened and he had to stifle a groan at his younger siblings loud yelling.

“SANS! GET OUT OF BED!!! YOU MUST ASSIST ME IN MY QUEST!!!”

Red did not want to assist anyone with anything right now. Really.

He sighed deeply before rolling over and gazing at Papyrus with a sleepy grin. “what kinda quest ion is that?”

Papyrus sneered and crossed his arms as he glared daggers down at Red. “IT WAS NOT A QUESTION,“

Sure, paps was right, but it was hard to come up with anything when he felt like his thoughts were trying to leak out of his sockets. Heck, he felt like he was running on low battery. That his bone structure would collapse into a pile of dust if he so much as stood up.

But the world would not grant him the mercy of such a quick death.

(perhaps he was being slightly dramatic, but he was tired.)

Red slid out of the bed, literally, he took his sweet time as he slumped down to the ground as if he was made of sludge.

And once he reached the ground he just lay there, face down and ready to accept eternal rest.

He got somewhat of a sweet satisfaction when he heard Papyrus huff with annoyance and tap his foot impatiently.

“GET UP!!” Paps rage filled demand only served to put a smirk on Reds face and it was lucky he was facing the floor, because if he wasn’t he was sure that it would have been smacked right off.
The witty retort he was about to toss back at his brother vanished from his mind as he felt Papyrus grasp the back of his jacket. He felt his soul stutter with fear as he was yanked upward and left staring at annoyed eyelights.

Sure, things had been different ever since they had appeared in this universe and their relationship had….improved a bit. But Red still found himself nervous when his brother (or anyone really) got to close to him.

Quickly he cast his gaze to the ground and forced a relaxed grin onto his face. He stuffed his hands into his pockets and wiggled his shoulders , trying to get out of his brothers grip.

“come on boss, no need to get up tight about it,” he tried to keep his tone casual, even as his nerves jumped around and told him to escape quickly.

He couldn’t really help it. When you grew up knowing you were an easy kill for anyone and everyone you just learn to keep a distance.

Papyrus scoffed at him and let gravity take hold of Red as he let go of his hood.

Red landed heavily on his tailbone which drew a small hiss from him and he scowled up at Papyrus.

“I NEED YOU TO SEARCH FOR A HUMAN,”

The scowl on Reds face was replaced with confusion as he thought of what kind of human could have possibly caught his brothers interest. Probably a very unlucky one.

“ uh, boss, we aren’t supposed to kill anyone anymore,” Right, that was one of the rules they had to follow if they were going to be allowed to stick around.

At the reminder Papyrus rolled his eyelights and crossed his arms over his ribs “THAT IS A RIDICULOUS RULE. BUT NO, I IN FACT DO NOT PLAN TO KILL THE HUMAN. I SIMPLY WANT THEM TO CORRECT A MISTAKE THEY MADE!”
Oh man, that really was one unlucky human.

Red knew what the answer was if he didn’t want classic chewing him out and mentally prepared himself to being the target of his brothers rage before he answered.

“no.”

Papyrus raised a non existent brow “NO?”

He took a menacing step forward and loomed over Red, causing Red to shrink back and burrow into his sweater slightly.

His nerves caused a few beads of sweat to form and slowly slide down his skull.

Shit, he hated it when Paps used his height to intimidate him.

“yes?” his instincts started to scream at him again as Papyrus leaned closer and tilted his head. “YES?”

Red sputtered before stepping away “i mean no. no yes. no i won’t,” Great, so much for being prepared.

He took a deep breath before straightening and glaring at Papyrus. “no , i’m not gonna help ya search for a human just cause you wanna start shit,”

A sneer decorated Papyrus skull “AS I SAID BEFORE, IT WAS NOT A QUESTION,”

Red felt anger spark and this time it was his turn to scoff at Papyrus. “look paps, i’m tired. i’ve been working on the stupid machine an i painted the damned kitchen like you wanted. can’t ya just let me sleep for a bit?”

The angry glower Papyrus fixed on him felt like it was strong enough to melt anyone into a stuttering mess. And Red couldn’t help but admire his brother for that, man, his bro was cool.
“NO! YOUR LAZINESS WILL NOT GET IN MY WAY!” Paps stomped his foot like a kid throwing a tantrum.

Red felt the anger leave him and he deflated before shaking his head and sighing.

Laziness. Really? Sure he had a habit of being lazy a lot of the time, but more often than not he found himself working hard to appease Papyrus.

And now with working on the machine and following his brothers demands he found he had little time to be lazy.

He was trying. He really was. He was trying to fix up the fuck-up that the Sans of this universe had caused while also trying to keep his brother satisfied.

But enough, he would not help his brother hunt down a human again. Last time they had done that they had been lucky enough that classic had stopped them before they did anything entirely to damaging to the fragile human.

He shook his head “no paps, i’m not gonna,” shit, he hated how defeated he sounded.

Red tugged his hood over his skull before stepping through a shortcut to escape his brother.

He landed himself in an alley close to the apartment building. The griminess of the alley fitting the dullness of his mood.

He hunched his shoulders forward before trudging out of the dirty alley and began to wander aimlessly. Knowing that Paps wouldn’t be able to find him for a while.

His mind sunk into dark thoughts as he wandered and he hardly noticed as the rain began to fall.

He was tired. He just wanted to sleep. To get a good rest before having to face the world again.
Red laughed humorlessly at himself. Man, what was he? A babybones? He had dealt with worse before.

The resets, the genocide, the kid, his bro dying, the nightmares, the days seeming to never end…..

But it just felt…..like to much now.

Heck he didn’t know, perhaps seeing other versions of himself reminded him of what he could have been. Of how their universe could have been better, different, safer.

And it pissed him off.

But mostly just left him feeling drained, like he didn’t do enough to be better, to change, to raise Papyrus properly.

He…..he didn’t know anymore.

After a while of wandering the streets he found a park, a park that looked like a good place to sit and not think.

And so he entered and found a bench. And then he let his mind go blank as he studied the rain falling to the ground.

The loud sound of it splashing to the ground drowning out his thoughts.

He watched it fall from the sky and hit the ground. Watched it race delicately down leaves and cause ripples in the puddles it also formed.

And he found it beautiful.

He hadn’t always been a fan of the rain, finding it to be annoying when he got soaked and his clothes stuck to him.
And in the underground the rain in Waterfall had simply been a bitter reminder that the monsters might never get to witness real rain.

But for some reason the rain here on the surface had a weird calming effect.

The rain lessened and he found his thoughts clamoring back with the loss of the noise.

A deep sigh left him as he leaned forward, allowing his shoulders to slump as he cast his gaze to the ground.

And he let himself think.

Let the doubts and frustrations pound the inside of his skull.

Did he even want to fix the machine? It would just send him back to his fucked up universe and cause him nothing but more grief. And yet he couldn’t help the nagging feeling telling him that he didn’t belong here, that he was nothing here.

And he help a small hope, a tiny hope that one day the kid would stop the resets, that they would proceed as the Frisk of this universe had and allow the monsters to have peace.

But no, he did not really want to go back. He did not want to have to face everyday with the “Kill or be Killed” motto that had taken over the underground. Nor did he want to have to face each new day fearing that a reset would take place.

His thoughts fizzled away when he heard footsteps approaching and he tilted his head slightly towards the direction they were coming from. Now (mostly) alert and ready.

Then the rain was no longer falling on him and he looked up wearily.

“..............Red?”
He was shocked out of his weariness as he gazed up at Y/n’s face. She held a black umbrella over him and her mouth was opened in what he supposed was surprise.

What in the hell was she doing here?

“dollface? what ya doin out here in the rain?” Didn’t humans catch sickness from being out in the rain to long or something?

Red saw the confusion in her eyes before she moved to show him a bag.

“I had to pick up some eggs,” she said and he felt her eyes study him with curiosity.

He let out an “oh,” Not really wanting to answer her unasked question and then once again became lost in his thoughts.

Apparently that was not the end of the conversation.

He heard Y/n hum “Mind if I take a seat?”

Why was she asking that? It wasn’t as if he owned the bench or anything.

Red lifted his shoulders in a shrug and when Y/n sat down she fixed the umbrella so that is was covering them both.

Mostly.

His shoulder stuck out from under it and he noticed that Y/n’s shoulder also stuck out in the rain. Man, she had a small umbrella.

He heard her rustle around in her bag as he stared out at the park and briefly wondered what she was doing before a package of cookies invaded his vision.
What the fuck? Was she offering cookies to him? Why?

Deciding to take one he moved slowly, still wondering if she had actually meant to offer him the snack.

She rolled her eyes at him “Oh come on, nobody wants only one cookie.”

Huh, she did. Well, not his fault then.

“fine, but this is your fault,” With those words he scooped a handful of cookies out of the package and almost snickered when she narrowed her eyes at him.

“That's fair I guess,” She huffed and turned away from him, letting her gaze roam over the park.

He did too, and again watched the rain as it fell.

He stuffed the cookies into his mouth, Red wasn’t always a sweets guy but the cookies weren’t so bad.

Now Papyrus, papyrus had had a big sweet tooth when he was a kid. Red wasn’t sure if he still did though. He couldn’t even remember when his bro had stopped insisting that he bring back a sugary treat every day for him.

“So….”

He held back a groan, really not wanting to talk right now and wished that Y/n had allowed the silence to continue.

“So?” he tried to not sound tired when he spoke but knew he didn’t succeed and started to prepare himself to take a shortcut to get out of there.

“Do...do you wanna talk about it?” Her tone was soft and made him pause the preparation to his escape.
Did he want to talk about it?

He felt like he didn’t really, after all, he would get over this slump sooner or later.

But…perhaps he just needed someone to listen.

He sighed and chuckled at how pathetic he must look.

Pathetic enough for someone he had only met once to take pity on him.

Red tried to quickly think of a joke, a pun, a prank, anything to get him out of this situation and forced a grin on his face.

“would you listen?” He expected a “yes” which he would then say to “it’s nacho business” before he would leave.

But she nodded, which was not the plan. She was supposed to say something so he could make a joke and vanish.

She had just nodded……..he could still make the pun? He watched her as she watched the rain.

Ah what the hell, yea, he was going to talk about it.

“Well, just got someone upset at me. not a big surprise there though. he's always mad at me for one reason or the other.” He leaned back, stuffing his hands into his coat.

Yep, not a surprise.

Paps was always mad at him for some reason.
……What had he done wrong?

Sure, he did lot’s of things wrong, but he had always tried to give his brother what he wanted, always tried to raise him as best he could.

He knew he wasn’t a good example nor a very good brother and he just wanted to know why everything he did was never…..enough.

She tilted her head slightly in his direction, showing she was listening and he stared at her for a moment. Wondering why she was willingly listening to him whine.

Red chuckled humorlessly “i don’t know, just seems that whatever i do….it’s never really enough,” his voice went quieter at the end of his sentence and he despised it. Not wanting to show weakness but at the same time no longer caring if anyone saw him broken down.

A silence stretched before Y/n hummed and held the pack of cookies out to him again.

He hesitated slightly, trying to think of a reason why he had actually said anything, and then took some more cookies from the pack before returning his gaze to the still falling rain.

“I don’t know what you are going through,” a pause, and he looked over at her, wondering what she was going to say.

“But…….It sounds like you are tired, like you are ready to give up….and-” She was right there.

Her eyes met his and he noticed the pretty color that they were.

“-and even though its hard, and it feels like everyone is against you….you just got to take care of yourself, because someone does care. Someone always cares. Even if sometimes it feels like they don’t. Someone really cares,”

She looked away from and sighed before rising from the bench and dusting her lap.
“And hey, you never know,” A shrug and a smile were tossed his way “Today or tomorrow might just be the day everything feels like enough.”

Red didn’t say anything as he tried to register her words.

Someone cared? Did she really think that? That someone always cared?

No, Nobody cared he knew that…..And yet…..he doubted it.

In fact, why did Papyrus even bother with him? Why not let him dust away quickly? Was it simply for the convenience of having someone around?

Maybe...maybe he did care?

There had been many times in his life when Papyrus had helped him without reason and he now began to remember those times.

The time he had given Red a collar to show others he “owned” him (of course he hadn’t realized at the time it had been somewhat of a weird…..thing to do) and that if anyone messed with him they would be messing with the Captains loyal pet.

The times he had dragged him home from Grillbys after he was to drunk off his ass and couldn’t even walk in a straight line.

He was snapped out of his thoughts when Y/n spoke again.

“I mean, uhhh, like I said I have no idea what you are going through so, ummm,” He watched her tug on the end of her scarf as her eyes darted to and fro.

And a light blush started to spread across her face and she pulled the scarf up to try and hide it.

It caused him to laugh softly, trying to figure out if she was right and enjoying the feeling of relief her words had brought him.
He didn’t know if a day would come when anything would feel like enough, but perhaps she was right and there would be a time when it would.

“nah, thanks sweetheart. that was good,” It strangely was.

Casual conversation followed but he couldn’t really keep his mind on it, trying to decide if he should talk to Papyrus or just let their relationship continue down a rocky road.

His pun wasn’t the best, he knew, but it at least made him feel more like himself.

Strangely she let him keep the umbrella, though he didn’t think he really needed it, seeing as he was just going to shortcut to Muffets to pick up some sweets…..he wondered what flavors his bro liked best.

Chapter End Notes

Holy Mother of Heck......
So um, the chapter got to long so I split it into two parts.
I know that Underswap Paps perspective is a little to short and Underfell Sans a little to long......BUT HECK (idk)
Hopefully it wasn't to long and boring.
Even more perspective……..

Chapter Notes

Again, not really a chapter you need to read.(I think)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Undertale Sans (aka Classic Sans)

Sans had work to do, so much work to do on that cursed machine.

He groaned and rolled over out of his bed and onto the floor, which resulted in a dull thud and a small pain spreading through his bones.

At least that woke him up.

Pushing himself up he sighed when his eyes fell upon the glowing clock on a shelf by his bed. He didn’t get much sleep.

But that was the way things were when you messed with a weird machine and the multiverse.

He still thought it was strange how versions of himself were present in this universe.

They all had a few things in common but more often than not he found himself not really getting along with his “other selves”.

Wasn’t there a weird human saying about something like that? That you wouldn’t like you if you met you or something? Eh, he didn’t know.

It wasn’t like that all the time, the great humor made up for a lot of other things.
But he found that his counterparts were often a little more like him that he would have liked.

They knew how to keep secrets, how to play things off, how to dodge questions easily and were sneaky and manipulative in many small ways.

Mainly it didn’t work on him though because he knew those tricks too, and recognized when someone was using them.

It had lead to many arguments in the household and seeing as how they were all crammed into a place originally meant for two……well there was really no way to have peace and quiet.

Just when he thought he was going to go insane from all the noise he found someone who was willing to fairly rent to monsters and he thanked the universe he hadn’t gone crazy in the time he had had to share the small living space with so many others.

Of course they had to leave the machine at the house, which was now more of the “lab”, seeing as how there wasn’t really a way to move it properly into the apartment building.

Sans slowly pulled his jacket from the floor and onto his shoulders as he thought of how they could get the machine to reverse its effect, he was going to have to talk to Stretch about his theories.

And he would have to gather Red to help him set up the machine properly so it didn’t blow up.

Sighing deeply he opened his door and headed to the kitchen where he knew he would find Pap, most likely practicing making spaghetti …..again. Man, it was so cool how dedicated Pap was to do something right.

Speaking of spaghetti, didn’t Pap tell him yesterday that he had met the neighbor human or something? And that he had invited them to dinner?

He flopped into a chair and watched Papyrus hum one of Mettaton's songs as he clattered pots and pans onto the stove.

“So paps, the human is coming to dinner next week?” Sans asked as he tried to recall what he had
talked about with his bro the night before.

Papyrus nodded happily as he stirred a box of spaghetti in a water filled pot…..with the spaghetti still in the box…..

“YES! IT IS SO EXCITING!!! THEY SAID IT WAS ALRIGHT IF EVERYONE ELSE WAS THERE TOO!”

Sans chuckled at his brothers excitement and briefly remembered he had told Paps to tell the human that their “cousins” would be joining the dinner.

Sure it was a lot of monsters to meet at once and it would probably get overwhelming, but that was his goal.

The more overwhelmed the human was with them the less likely they were to seek their companionship again.

After coming to the surface and sticking around a while he came to learn that many humans weren’t exactly ecstatic with the appearance of monsters.

He quickly found it was better to just get humans to leave them alone than to have their annoying noses stuck in his business all the time.

So the faster he bothered a human into leaving them alone the better their lives would be.

Following that logic had kept him from getting into a lot of problems before.

Sans informed Pap that he would be fetching Stretch before going over to the lab and Papyrus insisted of accompanying him. Refusing Sans the quick work of simply using a shortcut to blip downstairs and then blip away with Stretch to work.

Not that he really minded the short walk downstairs, it was just fun to see how lazy he could get before Pap would do something about it.
“hey, hey pap?” His grin stretched as he thought of a pun.

Papyrus stared at him with distrust as he locked the apartment door and started down the hall.

“NO SANS, NO PUNS!”

How in the heck did Pap always know when he was about the tell a pun?

With a shrug he followed after Pap.

“Alright, i was gonna tell a skeleton pun but-” Pap whipped his skull around to send a warning glare at Sans, and Sans grin curled devilishly “i figure i don’t have the guts for it.”

He was rewarded with a loud and drawn out groan as Pap brought his hand up to facepalm.

“I SWEAR YOUR PUNS ONLY GET WORSE WITH TIME,” Papyrus clicked his boots as they waited for the elevator.

Sans grin didn’t leave his face and he pointed at the elevator “don’t say that pap, you’ll bring me down!”

Before Papyrus could answer the elevator doors opened and the skeletons froze in surprise at the sight that greeted them.

In the elevator was a soaked human, muddy and dripping water everywhere. Sans couldn’t really even make out their face features under all the mud that covered them.

What really caught his attention though was the dirtied duck raincoat that they were wearing.

He had the perfect pun, “man, you really are ducking soaked,”

The humans eyes snapped to his face and he waited as he watched their slightly confused expression light up with realization.
And they laughed loudly as they pushed the duck hood off their head.

“**You quack me up!**”

A surprised chuckle left him when they responded with another pun. Usually humans just laughed at his puns or ignored them.

It was pleasant to find someone who could trade puns.

Papyrus groaned loudly in distress and Sans watched the humans glee fade quickly as their eyes scanned over Pap.

“**Papyrus? What's wrong?**”

Oh, the human knew his brother? Were they the resident in the apartment across the hall?

If so they must be the neighbor that he was told about then.

Hmmmmmm, interesting.

Papyrus sighed and shook his head sadly “**HUMAN! IT SEEMS YOU HAVE BEEN INFECTED WITH THE PUNS ALREADY!! OH I HAD HOPED IT WOULDN’T HAPPEN SO SOON!!**” He sighed again before bringing his hand to his face.

“**awe paps, waddle you talking about?**” Sans watched as a grin spread back across the humans face.

“**YOU KNOW WHAT I AM TALKING ABOUT SANS!! ENOUGH WITH YOUR PUNS!!**”

He turned his attention to Pap and was about to fire out another pun before the human stepped forward and moved a hand in his direction.
“Hi! I am Y/n!”

Well that was surprising, Usually humans weren’t the ones who initiated handshakes with him.

The classic whoopee cushion in the hand trick was perfect for this moment and he reached out to grasp their hand.

Of course Paps knew what he was trying to do and his hand was snatched before he could shake the offered hand.

The cushion was pulled from his hand and he felt a sense of loss. Ah well, he had a few more around.

“NO!! GREET THE HUMAN PROPERLY BROTHER!” Sans smiled up at his bro and took the humans hand.

“sans, sans the skeleton”

He let his arm go slack, having found out that humans often got uncomfortable when he did.

“Like I said I’m Y/n.” She let go of his hand with a smile. “I’m your neighbor, it's nice to meet you!”

Yeah rightttttt, that's what all the humans said to maintain a politeness. Not many of them ever really meant it though. At least this one hadn’t done anything to Paps (yet).

“HUMAN!” Papyrus loud voice pulled the humans attention away from Sans. And he used the opportunity to take a glance at her soul.

It was…..interesting.

Not that he hadn’t seen souls like it before.

It shone bright, the light radiating the gold and swirling green colors, suggesting that Y/n wasn’t a
bad human.

No LV either.

But humans soul traits worked weirdly, so he still kept his guard up as he thought of what kind of problems this human could bring into his already troublesome life.

The human answered his bros question and Sans inserted another pun into the conversation.

And then the human sneezed. It made Sans jolt slightly, only a tiny bit.

Humans were weird.

Papyrus leaned closer to the human and Sans felt his grin dip with worry.

A lot, A LOT, of humans did not like it when they got close to them.

He watched anxiously and was ready to interfere should the human do anything.

He forced a joking and casual tone when the opportunity for another pun arose and only relaxed when Pap lent back away from the human.

Sans relaxed even more when the human finally left.

When they were finally in the elevator Pap started lecturing him about his sad puns.

“can’t help it, i’ve got a funny bone,” Paps didn't talk to him for a while after that pun.
Underfell Papyrus (aka Edge)

Edge was furious! How dare Sans refuse him and then just use that vanishing trick on him!

He had spent the previous day and today searching for the human which had cheated him but now all thoughts of the creature disappeared from his mind.

He wasn’t really only irritated…..more sort of worried for Sans as well. Not that he would ever admit it.

Sans had just looked so……tired and done.

Edge did not like that look on his elder brother, but what could he do to get rid of it?

Pacing back and forth in the living room he thought of the possibilities, of how he seriously needed to do something before things would get worse.

After a time quiet music started drifting from the floor below him and he ignored it as best he could while he paced.

He circled around the apartment, going in and out of his room without really doing anything as thoughts swirled in his head.

Should he ask for assistance from the creampuff? Surely he knew how to help someone who was depressed……But he didn’t want to really ask…..

Frustration caused him to pace faster around the apartments rooms. His mind trying to find a solution without letting him appear weak.

What he had been doing was obviously not working…..but he loathed the idea of having to acknowledge that he needed help.

He didn’t want to admit that there was something that he couldn’t do.
No!!! He would not give up that easily! He would figure it out.

…………….But now what should he do? Perhaps go to a library and get books on how to help someone out? Of course the internet was also an option, but would it be a reliable source?

The surface internet was always slightly confusing to him and he often found that you couldn’t trust everything you read online to be the truth.

His frustrations rose and he paced faster back and forth.

There had to be a library somewhere close right? He quickly pulled out his phone and looked up the nearest library. Which happened to be about 30 minutes away…..that was alright, he could work with that.

But would books be reliable?

Hmmm, what would be more reliable than books?

He snapped his fingers as he thought of the perfect solution. Didn’t humans have specialists that dealt with problems like this? He just needed to find one and ask….them...for...help….

He didn’t want to ask for help! Especially from a human! Their weird and disgusting selves would probably twist things up anyways.

But wait! Wouldn’t the books written by humans also just twist things? Perhaps there was a reliable monster out there who studied such things.

He just needed to find them.

Now, how was he going to do that? Irritation surged through him and he clicked his jaw opened and closed as he planned how to find the monster.
He tapped his boot on the ground rapidly and suddenly his thoughts were drowned out by the music surging through the floor.

In reality it wasn’t that loud, but the clamoring of his thoughts and silence of the apartment allowed him to hear it almost perfectly.

A growl left him and he glared at the floor, willing the downstairs resident to silence their horrid music.

Alas, the music just seemed to grow louder and he scowled before spinning towards the door and stomping out of the apartment.

He was going to get his horrid music playing neighbor to be quiet so that he could properly think!

Huffing impatiently, he waited for the elevator to arrive and thought of what he should say to the human to shut them up.

A simple “Shut up,” didn’t seem satisfying enough and he started mentally preparing a lecture about keeping noisy racket down to a minimum so as to not disturb him.

By the time he arrived at the lower floor he had a perfect speech thought out and he stormed to the door which the music was emanating.

Raising a fist he pounded powerfully on the door, wanting to get this interaction up and over with so that he could go back to planning on how to assist Sans.

He crossed his arms over his ribs and huffed as he waited. And waited a bit more. And some more.

….What was taking so long?!

He hammered harder on the door, knowing the human couldn’t have possibly not heard the loud knocks.
Edge heard a “Just a sec!” and tapped his foot impatiently before counting a slow second.

A second had passed and the door was still not opened.

With a scoff he rose his hand to once again slam it against the door.

However he didn’t get a chance to. Instead his boney hand smacked against the head of a human when the door yanked open with strangely unlucky timing.

He froze when the human let out a yelp and toppled backwards, not knowing how to react to unintentionally attacking a human.

All thoughts running through his skull froze and the only thing he realized in that moment was that he had greatly fucked up.

Humans…..were not the kindest of creatures. And he said that coming from a universe in which the literal motto was “Kill or be Killed”.

Just as quickly as his mind had frozen it began racing with the possibilities of what could happen.

The human could claim a monster had attacked them and hate for his kind would raise even more, the small freedom they had gained in this universe could be taken away quickly and things could rapidly spiral into chaos.

That would not be ideal.

Then his thoughts drifted to how best get rid of a human body. After all, a dead human couldn’t make any claims to being attacked by a monster, right?

But of course last time he had almost strangled a human he had received a big punishment from this universes Sans and he did not want a repeat of that.

His thoughts continued to race around. Technically the human couldn’t prove he had attacked them.
But he knew that the other humans would willingly believe their own kind over his, so that wouldn’t do much help.

Then the most unexpected thing happened.

The human giggled…..it giggled!!!!!

What the hell!?!?

He watched tensely as the human pushed themselves to their feet and leaned on the wall for a second.

Edge didn’t say a word, waiting to see what the human would do.

And he found he was wrong. The human giggling had not been the most unexpected thing, the most unexpected thing that happened was when the human stuck out a hand in his direction.

All smiles as they swayed uneasily from side to side.

Now he was frozen in shock at how absurd this human was acting. Who the hell shook hands with someone who had attacked them? That made absolutely no sense.

The swaying of the human worsened and he watched as the tilted a little to far to one side, their eyes slipping closed as they slanted towards the floor.

He acted mostly on impulse as he reached out quickly and grasped the still outstretched hand and yanked them towards himself.

The weight of the human was almost nothing and he crouched down to stare into their face, trying to see if they had actually died from a small blow to the head.

Hadn’t Sans said something about humans being unbelievably fragile?
The once thing he really noticed was the quickly whitening skin of the human and unease gripped his soul as he thought of what he should do.

………………Shit, he had fucked up.

Chapter End Notes

Finalllllllyyyyyyyyyyy done with those dudes

Look out for the next chapter, chaos will reign. >:3

lemme know what you think :D

visit my tumblr here
And some more......

Chapter Notes

Omigoshhhhh (°□°)
The comments are always so sweet!!!! I have no idea how to respond most of the time!!!!
I'm sorry my response is always awkwardddd! (>人<)

I just have no idea what to say!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Underfell Papyrus (aka Edge)

Well......This was definitely not the way he had pictured the interaction going.

Looked like he was going to actually have to learn how to dispose of a human body.

Where could he get useful information though? Perhaps Sans knew?

But he had no idea where Sans was……

He shifted the human before picking them up easily and tossing them onto his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

Pulling his phone from his back pocket he clicked Sans number before looking into the apartment which was still open. It was adequate.

The phone started to ring…..and continued to ring……and ring……

Edge hung up with a grumble, Sans must have left his phone somewhere or he was still avoiding him.
Now what?

A groan from his shoulder made him twitch slightly.

Ah ha! The human was not dead! Brilliant. No need to look for ways to get away with murder then.

But that didn’t fix his problem entirely.

What should he do?

He looked back into the apartment. Should he just dump them in there and hope they never brought up the attack to the authorities?

No, that was too risky….He was going to have to do something to make sure they didn’t spread the word that they had been assaulted.

He wasn’t very good at persuading others (without torturing them, and the classic Sans said that that was not allowed……he also said it wasn’t allowed to smack humans around but Edge had…..perhaps it didn’t matter if he broke the other rules?) that was more of a Sans thing.

Letting out a huff he tapped his cheek, thinking of what was the best course of action.

Torture would be inconvenient without a place to do it properly, he didn’t think his apartment walls could keep the humans screams inside.

Not only that, but further injury to the human would most likely result in…unfavorable result for him.

He snapped his phalanges as he came up with the perfect solution.

Threats!
Intimidation worked wonderfully on pathetic humans!

Now he just needed to wait until they woke up.

With that figured out he shut their apartment door (he may have hit them but that was no reason to let their apartment be broken into by someone) and strolled to the elevator, planning on frightening them out of their skin (oh no, Sans why?) in unfamiliar surroundings.

He waited for the elevator, trying to decide which tactics would work best for this strange situation.

The doors opened and he almost strolled in before he noticed a familiar figure in the elevator.

Ohhhhhhh SHIT! This was not good!

Edge froze mid-step, posing awkwardly and trying to shift the human out of view.

Of course he didn’t get away with it.

“EDGE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?” Blues loud voice was cheerful and a pleased smile was on his face before he spotted the human hanging limply at his shoulder.

The grin dropped off Blues face faster than Edge thought was possible and his nerves jumped around uneasily as the eyelights vanished from his sockets.

For some weird reason Edge always found himself uncomfortable around Blue, perhaps it was just because he looked so much like his brother yet acted so differently. He didn’t know.

Now……what to do……

Edge slowly looked around, trying to find an escape route. Of course there wasn’t really one. Unless he wanted to backtrack to the apartment or jump out a window.
He might make it safely out the window. What was it? Like the eighth floor? Yea, he thought he could land that properly.

Before he could make an amazing exit he felt his soul grow heavy with blue magic and his attention snapped back to Blue.

He felt a droplet of sweat slip down his skull.

“THIS,” He raised a hand and began to wave it wildly “THIS IS NOT WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!”

“OH REALLY!?!? BECAUSE IT LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE YOU ARE TAKING AN UNCONSCIOUS HUMAN SOMEWHERE!” Blues eyelights were back and burning with anger. Which was a weird thing to see from the mostly joyful skeleton.

Oh, he supposed it was mostly what it looked like then.

Blue let out a deep sigh before pinching his nose ridge “Look, We Have Talked About This! You Can’t Hurt Humans!” His voice was hushed as he glared up at Edge.

Edge cast a glance to the apartment where the originals resided and he lowered his voice.

“Look Babyblue, I’m Taking Care Of It!!So keep your nosy self out of my business!!!” Edge reallllyyyyyyy didn’t need things to get a lot more problematic than they already were.

Apparently that was not the right thing to say.

The glare he that had been burning into his skull intensified and Blue took a bold step forward.

He then held his arms out and made a grabby motion “GIVE THEM TO ME, I’LL TAKE CARE OF THEM,”

Ohhhhh that was not a good idea, The dramatic Babyblue would definitely blow this way out of proportion.
Edge fought the blue magic weighing him down and took a big step back “NO!”

He felt himself grow heavier as the magic intensified, but Edge knew that Blue was not the best at blue (heh) magic and that he wouldn’t be able to use much more.

An annoyed sigh left Blue and he took another step forward. “COME ON EDGE!! I’LL FIX THIS SO EVERYTHING IS OKAY!” Blue smiled reassuringly.

Edge sneered down at the mini skeleton, he knew his tricks and would not fall for them!

Nobody moved for a fraction of a second, Then Edge shook the magics hold over him and darted down the hall. His long steps easily carrying him to the humans door.

He heard a loud shout that sounded something like “STOP!” but never once faltered as he rushed into the apartment and slammed the door behind him.

Twisting the lock he then rushed down another hall and dumped the human onto a couch.

He.....might have not chosen the smartest of moves.

The door exploded with knocks and his mind started racing.

There was no way that the classics wouldn’t learn about this now!!!

Perhaps he could awaken the human and convince them to tell the others that he hadn’t actually done anything???

“EDGE!! OPEN THE DOOR!!” The yell from the other side of the door caused him to jump into action.

He pulled the human towards himself and lightly smacked their cheek. As gently as he thought was possible to not cause further injury.
Another groan slipped out of the human before their eyes slowly slid open and stared blankly at him.

Ah ha! Success!

Underswap Sans (aka Blue)

Blue was having a good day! He had gone shopping again to get more things for their awesome apartment and couldn’t wait to show Stretch the neat kitchen utilities he had bought.

He didn’t get the chance to do so when he arrived and found the classics at his home chatting with his brother though.

They had come to visit! How sweet!

Stretch, who smelled suspiciously of smoke, was talking with Sans (man it felt weird to call someone else by his name) about the machine and trying to come up with a way to get it to reverse its effects.

Blue showed Papyrus what he had bought and they both marveled at the glorious kitchenware.

“Well, I suppose we should get red and head out then,” Sans lazy voice snatched Blues attention and he jumped up while tossing a hand in the air.

“Oh! I CAN GO GET HIM!!!” Blue hadn’t had the opportunity to see how the Fell brothers had decorated their apartment!!

He didn’t wait for confirmation before he rushed out and towards the elevator, happily bouncing as he waited to reach the ninth floor.

The elevator rushed up before slowing down quickly and stopping at the eighth floor. Someone must have called the elevator.
Blue stepped into the back of the elevator, not wanting to get in anyone's way and humming quietly as the doors opened.

He studied his blue boots, noting that they needed cleaning before he noticed the person still had not entered the elevator.

Looking up he was greeted with the sight of Edge, posing somewhat weirdly with a leg in the air and looking anxiously at him.

“EDGE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?” Didn’t he live on the ninth floor? What was he doing on the eighth?

His eyelights caught on a figure hanging limply over the taller skeleton’s shoulder and he felt the smile on his face fall.

Oooooo this did not look good.

Blue remembered the last time Edge had messed with a human and internally screamed in panic.

Last time they had gotten sued quite largely by a speciest human who Edge had …..silenced.

It had not been a good time and had caused A LOT of tension to raise between the humans and monsters.

It had actually caused a sort of chain reaction and many more humans took to claiming that monsters were violent towards them.

So why was Edge hauling an unconscious human around? Didn’t he learn last time what kind of trouble he had caused?

Blue felt frustration rise.
Didn’t he care if he caused more problems for the monsters who just wanted peace?

He saw Edge glance around slowly and realized he must be looking for a way to escape.

No way was Blue letting him get away!

Blue used a little bit of blue magic on Edge and watched as his expression became slightly panicked.

“This,” Edge raised a hand and began to wave it wildly “This is not what it looks like!”

Blue thought it was exactly what it looked like.

“Oh really!?!? Because it looks suspiciously like you are taking an unconscious human somewhere!”

Blue pinched his nose ridge and sighed deeply, this was not okay, getting angry wouldn’t solve anything.

He tried to calm his anger as he thought of how to fix this problem without it getting out of hand.

“Look, We have talked about this! You can’t hurt humans!” In fact they had had a very looooonnnngggg talk about this with everyone, so that nothing like what had occurred would occur again.

He saw Edge glance at the classic bros door “Look Babyblue, I’m taking care of it!! So keep your nosy self out of my business!!!”

Blue felt his anger return and he glared stonily up at Edge.

Then he took a step forward and held his hands out for the human. Blue would fix this, he would make it okay.
He could talk to the human, hopefully they weren’t a speciest…..

Perhaps he could use his small charm to convince them to not press charges or rain hell down on monsterkind once again.

“GIVE THEM TO ME, I’LL TAKE CARE OF THEM,” Yes, he would make it okay.

Unsurprisingly Edge forced himself to take a step back “NO!”

Blue tried to bury his irritation as he increased the blue magic.

And yet he couldn’t help the annoyed sigh left him as he took another step forward. “COME ON EDGE!! I’LL FIX THIS SO EVERYTHING IS OKAY!”

Yep! He could do it! He could convince the human! He knew he could! Edge just needed to hand them over.

He smiled reassuringly at Edge, really hoping that he would just give them to him.

Edge sneered at him and he felt the smile die on his face. Right, this was not going to be that easy.

Nobody moved for less than half a second, and then he felt Edge break his magics hold and shouted after him as he dashed towards a door.

Blue sprinted after him but failed to reach the door before it slammed closed.

He heard the door click with a lock and slammed a fist upon it.

What was Edge doing?!?!?! He was going to make everything worse!!!!
No! No, he forced the negative thoughts trying to cause panic away.

Perhaps Edge wouldn’t make things worse??

He again thought of last time something like this had happened and felt his panic dance around.

“EDGE!! OPEN THE DOOR!!” Blue didn’t want anything bad to happen again!! What should he do!??!

He paused his attack on the door……..he could break down the door?

But this was the humans apartment, right? A broken door would just make them madder!!

Not entirely having a plan Blue sprinted to the elevator to get his brother and the others.

He was going to have to have help to fix this.

Chapter End Notes

I Lied! °Д°
Chaos has not entirely reigned!!!!
Plz wait for the next chapter for the chaos to take over.
Also chapter is super short!!!! Sorry!! Longer chapters will be coming!!!!

Lemme know what you think!

(chapter coming out soon!)

Go visit my tumblr here!

Ask questions, give me ideas, send memes, idk!
Okay, so you lost a door.

Chapter Notes

So this took a while but here it is! Yay!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Oh gods.
You did not feel good.

It felt like your brain was trying to escape your head by sliding out your ears.

You felt something tapping your cheek and groaned. Noooooo, no waking up todayyyyy. You felt like someone had tried to make a smoothie out of your brainnnnnnn.

Positive that your eyes were glued shut you ignored it, but the tapping didn’t stop so you forced them open and tried to focus on the blurry figure in from of you.

Blinking away the fogginess you managed to see who was holding you.

……it was death.

No, like seriously. The Grim Reaper held you, Probably trying to finish killing you off.

So….this is it huh? You had lived a simple life. So simple you couldn’t currently remember doing anything to exciting.

And you were so young! Why had you died so young!?

Wait a second, how did you die? You found you couldn’t remember. It felt like a deep fog had invaded your brain and a dazed spell settled upon you.

The Grim Reaper was holding you up awkwardly by one of your arms and his other hand rested your cheek. He wore a mildly panicked expression, his features scrunched into a worried scowl. Which was strange to see on a skull. Like, how the heck did he move his face if he didn’t have muscles and all that? ………..you think you’ve thought about that before.

The rest of your body was draped somewhat uncomfortably over a couch (wait a second- that was your couch!).

For some reason the Grim Reaper looked a lot more pointy than you thought he would look. In fact he wasn’t even wearing a cloak or carrying a scythe. Wait, no body actually knew what the he looked like right? So perhaps he didn’t even have those things.

Not only that but he looked somewhat familiar….

You saw his jaw move and realized the Reaper was trying to tell you something. What in the world did you talk about with the Grim Reaper? You realized that you were way unprepared for this moment in time.
The tapping on your cheek returned and irritation blossomed when you felt your head thump uncomfortably with each tap. Turning your head to the side you tried to get him to stop.

“Das rude Mr. Grim,” Your words came out slightly slurred and confusion took over your senses. Why did your head hurt if you were dead? Why couldn’t you talk properly?

The ringing in your ears that you hadn’t even noticed began to die out and you felt yourself relax as it did.

“ALRIGHT HUMAN?” Oh BOY this guy was loud. You really had imagined death to be more of a quiet dude.

Wait, did he ask you something? You opened your mouth to ask him to repeat whatever it was he said but you were interrupted.

An explosion of knocks sounded from somewhere and you whimpered at the agony it caused to your head.

You felt yourself being dragged upward and stumbled clumsily when you were set on your feet. Two gloved hands settled on your shoulders, which you were grateful for because if they hadn’t you were sure the spinning of the room would have you falling ungracefully (and probably painfully) to the ground.

You really wanted to lie down.

You were pushed forward towards a hall….wait a second. Was this your apartment???

Making yourself limp you started to fall, only for the hands on your shoulders move quickly to catch you by your arms. Holding you up so that you didn’t crash to the ground.

Glancing back your befuddled brain started to clear and you realized you recognized the skeludedude. It wasn’t death! You were still alive!

“Hey! I know youuu!” Your tongue still felt clumsy and you let your head roll back as you stared up at him.

Man, this dude was tall.

His scowl looked like it had a touch of anxiousness mixed with it and his eyelights darted from you to the front door. Where the knocking had turned more frantic and you now heard muttered curses from behind it.

“YES, YES!! NOW OPEN THE DOOR!” He tried to set you back onto your feet but you refused, making your knees buckle as you studied him. What was he doing here?

The pain in your head wasn’t helping your mood at all and you felt yourself frown up at him.

“Why di’ja hit me?” Like really, You saw no reason why he should have done that to you. Was it because of the race?

He let out an annoyed sigh before just hauling you forward, your feet dangling as he advanced towards the door.

Before he could reach the door the knocking stopped, “DAMMIT EDGE!!” The loud shout followed by a booming sound drew your attention forward.
And when your gaze settled on the door it was to watch it flying towards you at speeds you were sure doors should not be moving.

Mr. Spiky (The name which you oh so creatively decided to give to the spiky skeleton) let out a scoff before jerking backwards and dragging you with him.

Luckily (you think) Mr. Spiky twisted you around so that you were now shielded by him. He let you go, your balance twisting the world before you leaned on a wall. He raised a hand quickly, A sharp bone appearing out of nowhere and slicing the door easily.

The two halves of the now destroyed door clattered sadly to the ground, a silence punctuating the depressing sounds of its death.

Oh man, what were you gonna tell your landlady?

You studied the halves, noticing it was cut quite cleanly, that must have been one insanely sharp bone. You felt that you would have been freaking out more if you felt more like yourself.

Peeking around the skeleton who had mutilated your door, you were greeted with a few stunned looking skeletons crowding your front doorway.

And hey! You knew those guys too! Well most of them, there was a tall one in an orange hoodie you don’t think you’ve ever met.

What in the world were they all doing here? Did they know the spiky dude?

You gave them all a wave and a “Heya,”

As soon as the greeting left your mouth all the skeletons sockets fell upon you. And in turn you studied them.

There was Blue, the one you had embarrassed yourself really badly in front of. Sans, which you're sure you met like an hour or so ago, Papyrus, who had killed your eggs, and another one that looked like Papyrus, but he felt more……You don’t know. Easygoing? Not as enthusiastic? Tired?

A few seconds passed and not a sound was uttered, you're pretty sure you could hear a pin drop.

Then like glass shattering the silence broke when Blue pointed at you with recognition on his face and a surprised shout. “YOU?”

The rest of the skeletons threw puzzled glances at him. Papyrus then looked back to you and gasped loudly before he rushed forward.

“pap!”

“PAPYRUS!?”

“wait!”

“HEY!”

Hands reached out to grab him but he dodged and ducked before appearing by your side. You're not even sure how he managed to get around Mr. Spiky.

His hands grasped your arms and he stared intently into your face. Blinking at him you smiled somewhat awkwardly.
The still screeching agony of your head not allowing you a full smile.

“Heyyyyy awesome possum,” Why the hell did you say that? You tried to think of a reason but it just hurt your head so you shrugged to yourself and let it go.

“OH MY WORD!! EDGE WHAT DID YOU DO TO MISS Y/N ?!?” He sounded panicked, his loud voice not doing your headache any favors, and he carefully brushed one hand against your forehead.

You flinched when his phalanges touched an incredibly sore spot and lent your head back to get away from his hand. “Nooo, don’t do that! It hurts!”

It did!! You wiggled away from Papyrus and escape his grasp. He let you easily slip out of his surprisingly lax hold, but the second you did the world trembled under your feet.

“hon, i think its best you let him help,” The orange hoodie skeleton stepped forward, his posture relaxed despite the strained look of his grin.

Sans and Blue nodded as they glared at Edge (you think that was his name, due to Papyrus demanding to know what he had done), who was glancing back and forth between you and the rest. An unreadable look on his face.

Man, monster names were strange. Like, was he named “Edge” because he looked edgy? Or did he decide to look edgy because his parents named him Edge? Or did he just change his name because he thought it was cool?

Whatever, you weren’t gonna think about that anymore.

You reached a hand up and felt your forehead carefully, it felt like it had a bump, maybe a small bruise too.

Staring blankly ahead you tried to decide if you needed to go to a hospital or not. Well, you had passed out, you felt terrible, and your vision still occasionally sparked. That sounded like a concussion to you.

Papyrus gently grabbed your hand, not allowing you to poke at the bump anymore. Your gaze fell back onto him and you noticed a strange green glow to his hand.

“Please Stay Still,” He spoke in a surprisingly soft and quiet tone that you didn’t think he was capable of as he proceeded to do whatever the heck he was doing.

“edge, what did you do?” You pretended not to hear the harsh whisper and continued to stare at the pretty green glow, noticing a few of your muscle pains easing.

“I DIDN’T DO ANYTHING!” Perhaps that was supposed to be a whisper, but it came out more of a whisper yell.

You saw Edge gesture to you from the corner of your eye.

“IT WAS THAT HORRID MUSIC!” At those (supposed to be quiet) words your wonder over the pretty glow emanating from Papyrus hand vanished and you yanked away from him to face Edge.

You marched right up to him and making yourself as tall as you could you jabbed a finger into his chest….ribs?
“HEY!” You failed to notice how every skeleton tensed, or the magic starting to buzz through the air.

The menacing skeleton snarled down at you and crossed his arms. An unimpressed look in his sockets.

“That was not horrid music!” Is this why he knocked you out? Because you were playing your music a little too loudly? The nerve of this dude! He could have just shouted for you to shut up like any other normal neighbor!!

Shock replaced the snarl and you couldn’t help but think if he wasn’t scowling all the time he would look a lot more like Papyrus.

“In fact!! Its one of the greatest songs of all time!” You gestured wildly with a hand as if that would prove your point.

The world rocked beneath your feet and you felt your balance tilt before someone gripped your upper arm, saving you from another topple.

Why did everything feel so badddddddddddd? Your back felt like someone had danced on it with golf shoes, your head felt like someone was trying to split it open, and you really needed to throw up all of the sudden.

“MISS HUMAN?” The loud voice rang through your ears and you shook your head to try and clear your head. Not that it really helped any, if anything it only made you dizzier.

Looking over you saw that Blue had saved you from the fall.

You wanted to weep.

Because of course all these strange and embarrassing things would happen with people you had just met.

What were they even doing here? Did they live close? Were they Papyrus and Sans cousins?

“ARE YOU ALRIGHT?” The concern in his eyelight reminded you of the time Papyrus had asked you that same question. Hadn’t that been just yesterday?

You paused, trying to decide if you should tell these dudes you needed to go to the hospital or lie and try to go to sleep.

Not wanting to really go to the hospital on your freaking day off your decision lent towards the second option. But you also knew that if you did have a concussion it would be dangerous if you didn’t go.

You must have thought about it to long because Sans voice brought you back to reality.

“kid?” He sounded nervous, as though he had done something wrong.

“Huh?” Your gaze moved from Blue to the anxious looking Sans still standing in your doorway with the tall orange hoodied one.

Oh you did not like that anxious look. It was like he was waiting for a bomb to go off, like he was......well a little helpless.

You straightened despite the still spinning stars in your vision and tried to give a big grin. Hoping it
didn’t just turn out to be a grimace.

“Well, wouldn’t want to get a-head of myself, but I think I need to go to the hospital,” You snapped finger guns at Sans, trying to make light of the situation.

The most stunned expression you think you have ever seen on anyone was the reward for your (not very good) pun and you couldn’t help but snort at it and start giggling.

Soon enough the tension in the air dispersed as Sans and orange dude started to chuckle along with your giggles.

The other three skeletons sighed deeply, wondering how the human had been corrupted by the sad puns.

You tried to calm your giggling when the headache got worse and forced yourself to move to the doorway.

Blues hand fell from your arm as you moved forward and you hummed as you studied the doorway. It looked absolutely destroyed, the hinges curled in a way you didn’t think they should be and a piece of the door frame had a large crack running through it.

Ah well, you could deal with this when you didn’t feel horrid. Time to go to the hospital! Yay. It wasn’t like you went there almost every single day and were sick of the dreary and blank walls!! Nope!

Sans stepped in your way before you could exit the apartment. You tensed and felt the strained atmosphere that had snuck back. Suddenly you didn’t feel very safe.

Not that you think he would hurt you! ( kinda) But weren’t these two cousins or something? If so……well, let's just say your earlier thought of willing to do anything for your sis came back to nag at you.

“So, kid. mind telling us what happened here?” He tilted his head towards the Edge, all while keeping eye contact with you.

You narrowed your eyes at him, feeling something unfriendly under that casual mask he had.

This dude had a surprisingly good “friendly” face. But you had met so many people with that face before, the casual smile that hid true intentions…..

Whatever, you didn’t feel like playing whatever game he was trying to start and relaxed your tensed shoulders before pretending you didn’t see through his mask.

You shrugged “Well, I figure Skeletor over there was angry about a race or something?” you looked over to said skeleton, trying to confirm your guess.

You heard someone mutter quietly "he got to race?"

Confusion curled his non-existent brow before he let out a “GASP!!” Huh, he and Papyrus apparently said “gasp” out loud…. weird …. But also strangely cute?

“THAT WAS YOU!?!?” Edge pointed at you in disbelief and rage. His scowl deepening as he took a step towards you. You refused to be intimidated by him.

“You didn’t know it was me?” You tilted your head in puzzlement as you tried to ignore his glare. It
wasn’t easy, you hadn’t had many people look at you with that much anger before.

He let out a scoff and crossed his arms again as he continued to glare down at you.

“IF I HAD KNOWN THEN THIS WOULD HAVE TURNED OUT VERY DIFFERENTLY HUMAN!” an evil smirk was added and that with the glare was enough to get you to look away.

"EDGE! DON'T SCARE THE HUMAN!" Papyrus scolded Edge with a huff.

You weren’t scared! You just….preferred to stare at people who didn’t look like they wanted to kill you.

You found yourself staring at the tall skeleton next to Sans. He was tall too, not as tall as Edge or Papyrus, but at least a head or two taller than you. They were all so tall!!

“So, who are you?” You heard a sharp intake of breath from the skeleton who you just ignored.

But a hushed whisper from someone made sure that the shouting never came.

A amused grin stretched across the new skeletons face as his eyelights darted to look behind you before focusing on you again.

He stuffed his hands in his hoodie and rocked back on his heels slightly.

“names stretch. i’m assuming you’re Y/n ?”

How in heck did- Wait…..That’s where you heard that voice!!! It was the downstairs neighbor!! Now with a grin of your own you answered.

“Correctemendo!! Nice to meet you in the flesh Stretch!” You wondered if your next words would be offending, “ Or should I say,” You paused for dramatic effect and glanced at Sans.

“Sans the flesh?”

There was a silence which had you sweating and wondering if you had really offended them.

But your nerves were quickly settled when both Sans and Stretch howled with laughter. Their shoulders bouncing as they leaned against the doorframe.

“NOOO! HUMAN?! WHYY!?!?” Papyrus wail of agony caused you to snicker. Yet the defeated slump of his and Blues shoulders put a damper on your glee.

“Awe, no, come on guys!”

They both stared at you with betrayed expressions and weighed down shoulders.

“Don’t get so blue!” You pointed at Blue with a grin.

The laughter from the punning skeletons rang out again, and though you’re sure it was making your headache ten times worse, you were glad things hadn’t gone south.

Meanwhile, Both Papyrus and Blues expressions dropped into weirdly alike pouts. While it seemed like Edge was ignoring the entire exchange, studying his gloved hands with a deep interest.

Blue stomped a boot and huffed sulkily, his cheeks puffing out adorably.
“I INSIST THE HUMAN GOES TO THE HOSPITAL!!!!” Blue crossed his arms and huffed again when the laughter just grew louder.

Papyrus raised a hand “I SECOND THAT!”

The pounding in your head also agreed.

“i’ll go with her,” Stretch volunteer with a lazy grin, Chuckles still bouncing his shoulders.

Well, that was good. You honestly didn't think you could make it to the hospital without at least falling over a few more times.

Sans nodded, his laughter fading before he once again moved to stare at Edge. “good, we’ll stay here and fix your door;” Again, he sounded casual, but you could hear the unsaid command as he continued to stare at Edge.

You rose an eyebrow at that. They were going to fix your door? Sure, they were the ones that broke it, but unless they had a spare door lying around or something you had no idea how they planned to get that done today.

“Uh, thanks. That would be appreciated,” Oh gosh, you were so awkward. Whatever, you could blame it on the concussion.

Waving at the four staying skeletons you started off to the elevator with Stretch lazily strolling by your side.

Trying to keep the crashing in your head to a minimum you didn’t start conversation. Simply starting to zone out as you stared at the shiny doors as the elevator carried you down past the floors and to the lobby.

The silence wasn’t awkward, just slightly uncomfortable? Like, you had the feeling Stretch wanted to say something but was waiting for you to say something.

“sooo…….” he trailed off, waiting for you to acknowledge he had said something.

Your head was cursing you as you answered.

“So?”

Briefly you remembered that that was how you had started talking to Red and inwardly chuckled at yourself.

“how do you know blue?” Stretch popped a sucker into his mouth, where he got it you didn’t know, perhaps from one of his pockets.

A blush started to heat up your face as you remembered your meeting with the enthusiastic skeleton. You wanted to keep that exchange….well you didn’t want to look like a big fool.

“I-its kinda a long story???” Despite you wanting that to be a statement it came out as more of a question, your cheeks heating up rapidly. And oh you prayed that he wouldn’t continue to pursue this line of conversation.

Stretch looked over at you with a small relaxed grin as you both exited the elevator.

“i think we’ve got time,”

Your heart sunk and you felt the heat crawl farther up you neck. Right, the universe wanted you to
And so, as you walked with Stretch to the hospital you told the embarrassing story, pausing every now and then when a person walked to close or dizziness stole your breath away.

By the end of your tale you could tell that Stretch was trying to keep himself from laughing, his shoulders shaking with the effort and covering his face to try and hide the amused and outright gleeful curl of his grin.

“t-that sounds-” he interrupted himself with a choked gurgle of laughter before continuing “like a *skele-ton of skele-fun ,” You snorted at his cheap puns.

“You *coat* say it was a real *sticky* situation,” You punned back at him, a challenging gleam in your eye. You felt like you could totally out-pun this guy.

Instantly he straightened and grinned triumphantly at you, accepting the challenge you put forth and acting as though he already won.

“*tibia* honest with you, i feel like you’re *ribbing* me. i’m not saying you’re telling a *fibula*, but that’s to *humerus* to be true,” He rose a brow at you, still wearing that grin.

Your jaw fell open and you sputtered while Stretch started to laugh again. At least you knew now that he wouldn’t be offended if you made a few skeleton puns.

“That’s so not fair!” trying to sound upset didn’t work, seeing as how laughter bubbled out of you and a grin broke your pretend pout before you could even finish your declaration of unfairness.

Stretch was charming in a way, he still joked while beautifully using sarcastic humor that sent you into fits of giggles. And you realized you hadn’t felt this comfortable with a person in a long time.

Sure, there was Maria who checked up on you and hung out with you, but you were both always busy. Having occasional shifts that collided with plans to hang out and all that.

It felt….nice. To just joke with someone, to have a nice friendly atmosphere that would allow you to relax.

And you were glad he was your neighbor. You began to wonder if any other if your new neighbors were as laid-back as Stretch.

By the time you reached the hospital your head was buzzing angrily at you and your eyes were watering from the powerful laughter caused from Stretch’s puns.

Nurses and patients buzzed around the floor, scurrying down halls and entering rooms. It looked like a busy day. Thank god you didn’t work today.

Noticing many people pausing to stare at Stretch you stopped before realizing that they most likely thought it was odd to see a monster in a human hospital.

“If you wanna go now you can,” You waved a hand at Stretch, not wanting him to be uncomfortable with humans staring at him like he was an exotic animal “I’ve got it from here,” Momentarily you thought of the walk back to the house and regret started to pool in your gut before you shoved it aside. You would find a way to get back home without an escort. Future you was gonna have to find a way to deal with it.
Stretch hummed as he studied you, his eyelights lingering on your forehead before he shook his head, “nah, i think i’ll stick with you. that good?”

Relief chased the regret away and you smiled thankfully at him before nodding.

You ambled up to the front desk and realized you recognized the receptionist. His name was something like Josh? Jake? John? Eh , something like that. If you weren’t sure you could always just take a peek at his name-tag.

And when you leaned your arms on the desk that's exactly what you did. His name was Josh! And you had seen him around with Maria a few times, they seemed to get along well.

“Miss Y/n? What are you doing here on your day off?” Josh looked puzzled as he tapped away at his keyboard, glancing up only briefly to address you before going back to stare at the glowing screen.

Before you could tell him that you had most likely gotten a concussion and that you really would rather be at home relishing your free hours, Stretch spoke up and stole away your attention.

“you work here?” He said, sounding surprised and disbelieving.

Had you not mentioned that? “Yep,” you said, popping the P loudly and tapping the desk with a finger.

“CNA, crazy work,”

He let out an interested sound before letting his attention wander around the room, and you turned your attention back to Josh. Whom was looking at Stretch with a raised brow before looking at you with the same expression.

As if silently asking you “The heck is he doing here?”

You ignored the look and instead distracted him by telling him you were pretty sure you had a concussion.

From there you were quickly admitted and taken to be checked out. Surprisingly they let Stretch tag along with you.

Turns out you did have a mild concussion, and the doctor was also worried due to the pain in your back. When he asked you how you had gotten a concussion you hesitated in answering honestly.

…..how would people react if they heard that a monster had been the one to give you a concussion? Hadn’t things between the two species just started calming down?

You gave a quick side glance to Stretch only to see him watching you with an indifferent expression, snacking on another sucker while his eyelights darted around the doctors office.

Sighing faintly you answered, “Yeahhhh, I’m super clumsy and just,” You waved a hand “Smacked into my doorway, like, really hard and passed out for a bit,” You chuckled, trying to make the lie more believable.

But by the blank look the doctor gave you he either didn’t really care or didn’t believe you. Whatever, that's all you were gonna say to him.

With orders to take a week to rest your back and recover from your concussion you were given pain killers and kicked out of the hospital. Calling your boss you told them of your situation and they
reluctantly gave you the week off.

You felt slightly guilty about that, but hey, it wasn’t your fault you got beat up by someone!!

….and you were quite glad you got to have a free week, you were totally gonna laze around the entire week and sleep as much as you could.

With that all done it was now starting to get dark outside and you were shocked to check your phone and see that the time was now around 7.

Honestly time had flown by with all the craziness that happened earlier had make the day fly by. Which was fine by you, at least you could go lie in bed and sleep for as long as you wanted to tonight. Brilliance.

The entire time you had been in the hospital Stretch hadn’t really said anything, except to ask a question about something he found interesting or something like that. So in all honesty you didn't expect him to initiate conversation again.

“so how long have you been working as a cna?”

Surprise! He did!

Had he been wanting to ask that question since you told him? Or was he just trying to make conversation?

“7 years, almost 8 now,” You shrugged and moved to the side to avoid a group of teens who apparently thought they owned the sidewalk.

“oh, thats cool,” Stretch moved around the teenagers too, either not noticing the dirty looks they shot him or not caring.

“Yes!” Sort of, you supposed. It wasn't exactly what you wanted to do, but then again you didn't know what you wanted to do so it was cool, something to keep you afloat in the world of money.

“What about you? What do you do?” You rubbed your arms, trying to keep the cold away and focused your attention on Stretch.

For some reason you genuinely wanted to know.

“just work with machines, big ones and such,” He said with somewhat of a knowing smile, as if he was saying a joke and waiting for you to get it……you didn’t.

You nodded “Neat,” and now…..what to talk about…..Oh, you knew!

“So, how do you know Blue?”

At your question Stretch grinned teasingly.

“Well, i can say for certain our meeting wasn’t as interesting as yours,”

With a dramatic groan you shoved him playfully and he raised his hands in surrender with a deep chuckle.

“he’s my bro,”
Your brows rose in surprise, “No kidding?” then you bit your lip in thought. “Are you guys Papyrus and Sans cousins?” Your curiosity over that had been nagging at you forever and you were glad to finally be able to confirm or deny it and put your curiosity to rest.

“you could say that,” He said with a shrug, which was a weird answer to your question?? But you could accept it as a yes, confirming your guesses and finally settling your curiosity.

Well, finally having that solved your thoughts moved onto what games you were going to be splurging your week on.

Not knowing that some skeletons had very different ideas about how your week would actually be going.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so :< this didn't exactly turn out as chaotic as I wanted???? I just couldn't seem to write it any better no matter how much I tried???

Reader: Maybe if you actually had a plot lin-
Me: SOOOO hope you enjoy anyways!!!!

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Lemme know what you think.
...Are....Are They Trying To Kill You?

Chapter Notes

This took forever! I know!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

In all honesty you knew it wouldn't be done, but in some small part of your mind you had had hope that it would be….But that's not how reality works.

Your door was still not fixed, and that was fine! Because you really didn’t think that they would be able to fix it that fast or anything! It just……caused a few problems for you.

…..You didn’t know what you were going to do.

Sure you could just sleep in your room and lock the door but having your front door missing, the one to keep people out of your apartment and keep you safe inside, was kind of unnerving.

So it was with a heavy heart that you dialed up Mrs. Truthold (aka, your Landlay) and informed her that you had accidentally……destroyed your door in a series of unfortunate events that (you said) involved a very frustrated you because you couldn’t find your keys. (You didn't think she really believed that though)

“Oh, are you alright dear? Do you have anywhere to stay?”

You pinched your nose ridge between your fingers and willed yourself not to sigh at the headache still drumming away at your temples. “All good Mrs. Truthold, I’ll…figure something out,”

You darted your eyes to the skeletons talking in hushed tones to each other, the louder ones nodding along or shaking their heads frantically at whatever was being said. They sounded as if they were arguing. About what, you had no idea.

“I am sure I can dial up a few repairmen to come and fix it, but I am not sure how long that would
take. I am sorry dear,”

A huff of tired laughter escaped you. The situation was certainly not the best, but you could deal with it, perhaps go bunk at Maria’s place if she would let you.

“All good, Thank you. I’ll talk to you later then,”

With her confirmation that she would call you once she got a hold of the repairmen, you hung up with a sigh and focused your attention on the skeletons.

The very skeletons who had broken your door……… and you still didn’t know why they even did it. In fact, you felt as though you were missing a very important piece of information.

All you remember was passing out, and then waking up to skeletons invading your space. Sure you were acquainted with them, and now knew that they were all your new neighbors, but that didn’t really make it better???

Urgh, you would deal with thinking later, you had to seriously sleep now. Your shoulders sunk when you thought of the time it would take to get to Maria’s house. Yay for you.

“Alright so!” you clapped your hands in front of yourself to gain the skeletons attention, their whispers cut off as their skulls swiveled in your direction, and you continued “The landlord figures she can get the door fixed in a bit, so no need to really worry about that,”

You scratched the back of your neck awkwardly, fumbling with your phone and shooting a “needz a favor” text to Maria with your other hand. Trying to figure out a way to ask them why they had broken your door.

“WE WEREN’T WORRYING ABOUT IT,” Edges statement had your face falling into a deadpan look. That was it, you weren’t going to deal with this anymore. Let it always remain a mystery why they had broken down your door. Finally deciding that was best you stored your phone in your back pocket, hoping Maria would text you soon, but knowing that her shift was going to occupy her for a while.

“WHAT EDGE MEANT TO SAY-” Papyrus quickly spoke up, giving Edge a quick stink eye, which he completely ignored.
“is that we’re sorry for the inconvenience and would like to make it up to you,” Sans spoke up before his brother could finish and your brows rose in surprise at his words. Sure they had given you slight problems, but you didn’t really think they owed you anything for it.

“YES HUMAN, WE’RE SORRY,” You swore Blues eyelights were bigger than previously, their largeness making him seem more squish-able….somehow??

Squish-able skeletons…..life no longer made sense.

Before your line of thought could continue down the path of trying to find an impossible solution to the squishiness of skeleton cheeks, you forced it to focus on the here and now, trying to come up with something to say.

“It’s really alright,” Well no, it kinda wasn’t, not entirely “I mean, it’s not that big of a deal!” Your broken door and pounding head would beg to differ.

“you have a concussion and a broken door, pretty sure that’s a bit of a bit deal,” At Stretches words you could practically see the guilt radiating off of Papyrus in waves, his shoulders hunching slightly and his hands fidgeting as they curled around each other.

He shouldn’t feel guilty though, because he hadn’t been the one to knock you out. Edge however, didn’t look to concerned with the fact, and was staring at you with a glare. It seemed that glaring at everyone was just his normal response to everything.

You sighed and face-palmed, you saw no reason for them to have known about your concussion, unfortunately it seemed that Stretch did.

“you aren’t going to be staying in your apartment, right?”

You let your hand drag down your face and nod slowly at Sans, not entirely knowing where the conversation was headed.

“how about you stay with us ‘till your door is fixed? it’s close to your apartment so it’ll be convenient,” He gave you a friendly smile, but alarm bells were ringing in your head.
You hardly knew these guys, they had broken your door, one had knocked you out, and now they insisted on making it up to you by letting you stay in their apartment………Well! Life could be weirder. And at this point, you really didn’t care if you did fell asleep in your apartment, so long as you got to sleep.

“You know what? Sure, let me just get ready for bed,” You caught Sans shoulders drop slightly as he grinned at you and nodded.

“mmk’ the door will be unlocked, whenever your ready is good,”

“GASP! I WANT TO HAVE A SLEEPOVER TOO!”

“IT ISN’T A SLEEPOVER YOU IMBECILE.” Edge turned his glare to Blue.

“awe, no need to be jealous edge,” Stretch grinned lazily at Edge, his grin never faltering as Edges glare turned sharper, it almost looked like he was trying to glare a hole through Stretches skull.

“I'M NOT JEALOUS, ASHTRAY!”

Ashtray?

“YOU GUYS CAN SLEEPOVER TOO BLUE!! IT’LL BE SO FUN!” Papyrus bounced in excitement, all previous gloom and doom wiped away. Which relieved you for some odd reason.

Nodding along to with their excitement you gestured to your apartment “I’ll just…” They didn’t seem to entirely hear you over their excited planning, which basically sounded more like a movie night.

The thought of watching a moving screen with your headache almost made you wince, and you slipped away to your home, wanting to go through your routine and quickly fall asleep before they could add anymore movies to the already long list.

You rushed into your apartment, gathering night clothes quickly before hurling yourself into the shower for a quick scrub. Moving fast still made you dizzy, but you thought you had a better chance
of surviving through the night, which was suddenly packed with plans, if you hurried so you could just crash later.

Hopefully they didn’t expect you to be able to stay up all night.

You paused mid scrub, and blinked in amazement at the situation you found yourself in.

Not even 10 minutes ago you had arrived from the hospital because Edge had given you a concussion, and now you were going to have a sleepover with the people who had broken down your door……what even was life?

Whatever, you could do it. Roll with the punches and keep moving forward, life would go back to normal soon enough. It always did.

You threw your pajamas on (a simple t-shirt with comfy, fuzzy pants), tugged your wet hair out of your face, and brushed your teeth hastily. The usual calm process ruined by your haste to not keep the skeletons waiting longer than what was polite.

Which, again, was odd. You just...felt like it would be rude to keep them waiting?

You stopped at the hall and picked up the pieces of the door, marveling at how well it was cut and pushing the pieces together to see it fit together again almost perfectly.

After huffing and puffing a bit you settled the pieces against your door frame, hoping that if it looked like the door was still functioning that nobody would enter and leave your apartment alone.

It wasn’t like there was much of a possibility of someone coming up here, seeing as how there were only two apartments up here and both were occupied.

And sure, someone might just come in and steal a few things.....which actually worried you a lot more than you were trying to think about. BUT! So long as you were safe and there was a slightly smaller chance you would get murdered in your sleep you were alright.

Actually, you hadn’t thought this through very well, had you?
You were going to stay at someone's house, someone who you had met not long ago and didn’t know very well. People who had wrecked havoc in the small time frame that you had know them. And the “stranger danger” universal rule came barreling into your thoughts.

But you shoved it aside and focused on the positive things. Wasn’t there a claim somewhere that monsters were made of love and compassion? That their souls were full of the stuff? If so, you’d be fine......You hoped. (man, you really should have thought this through better)

You moved the broken slabs of the door around a bit, trying to make it stay up while also making it look like it was closed properly. But kind of gave up when a part of the door slipped down and clattered to the ground.

You scowled at it as if it had offended you before huffing and picking it back up.

Shoving the pieces back together you managed to somehow balance it and were satisfied when it didn’t tumble back to the ground.

It did wobble dangerously though and you scowled and pointed at it angrily.

“Stay.” you ordered the broken door and it wobbled once more before obeying your command.

Satisfied with that, you spun on your heel only to freeze when you saw Blue by the elevator, his eyelights staring your way and looking like he was trying to keep a grin off his face, but the twitch of a smile pulled at his mouth and you would see the mirth dancing in his blue eyelights.

You felt an all to familiar heat start to climb onto your cheeks and cleared your throat awkwardly, before nodding a greeting to Blue and striding to your neighbors door, trying to act as if a blush wasn’t crawling up your face as you knocked loudly.

A loud “IT’S OPEN!” from the other side of the door had you pushing it cautiously, enough for you to peek your head inside.

The first thing that you noticed was that their apartment looked different from yours, it had no hall that lead into it and just opened into a living room. The space feeling big and open.

There was a weirdly colored green couch, which Sans was dozing on, facing a large TV and a few differently colored bean bag chairs gave the room a cozy feel. Shelves were filled with knickknacks, and two large bookcases were on both sides of the TV. You recognized a couple of the books.
Entering, you quietly clicked the door shut, not wanting to wake the sleeping monster. You looked around for Papyrus, wondering where he was and noticed a few pictures hanging from the walls.

Many were of the two brothers, and a few held others monsters which you were sure were the king and king of monsters. Neat.

Strangely there was a large picture of a bone decorating a vast proportion of a wall, and you tried to make sense of it as you studied it. Your head tilting in puzzlement as you thought of what the picture could possibly signify.

Perhaps nothing, or perhaps something you wouldn't understand. Hmmm you should ask about it later.

“paps is making dinner,” Sans sleepy voice caused you to jump out of your speculations and twirl towards him in surprise. You thought he had been asleep.

But he apparently wasn’t, he was watching you with one eye socket cracked open, looking very much like he was going to drop into sleep any second.

Sans tilted his head to the left “over there's the kitchen,” and with that he closed his eye socket (which you still didn’t think should have been possible) and a soft snore emanated from him not even 10 seconds later.

……..You wished you could fall asleep that fast.

Glancing from Sans to the open archway which he said lead to the kitchen you eventually quietly inched your way that way. Not wanting to wake him by making noise, despite the loud clanging you now heard coming from the kitchen.

It almost sounded like someone was banging pots around just for the heck of it.

Peeking into the kitchen you saw Papyrus happily plopping a large pot onto the stove, a loud clang and some water spilling over its sides as he did so.
You kind of didn’t want to disturb him so you moved silently to one of the beanbags, Not entirely knowing what to do.

Pulling your phone out you started scrolling through your social media, reading the recent news and seeing pictures of people you barely knew as you scrolled.

There wasn’t really anything interesting, and the screen made you queasy so you stored your phone away and returned to just sitting there awkwardly.

Soon enough you felt your eyes droop with tiredness and struggled to stay awake. Pushing the sleepiness away and trying to focus on different things, like the noises coming from the kitchen and the quiet snoring still coming from Sans.

But it just seemed to be spinning into a tuneless lullaby, and you were pushed back into the days when you were dozing on the couch with your dad.

Mom in the kitchen humming away as she fixed up a delicious meal, and your Dad trying to catch a quick nap before he had to go back to work. The familiar, comforting sounds drawing you in to a snooze.

Flashes of dreams flickered in your vision, yet far to soon a murmur of voices pulled at your consciousness.

You did not want to wake up, but remembering what you had been doing, and what you were waiting for, you forced your eyes opened and were greeted with the sight of Papyrus picking up a still snoozing Sans.

Sans body was limp, his legs dangling as he was carried under his brothers arm. Snores still sounding from him suggesting that he was still sleeping, despite the (most likely) uncomfortable position he was in. The sight making a small giggle leave you.

Papyrus paused comically when he heard you, another giggle leaving you when he did, and he threw a big smile your way.
“HUMAN! YOU’RE AWAKE! PERFECT!”

With that he plopped Sans back onto the couch and went into the kitchen, Sans smaller body bounced before flopping sideways onto the cushions. You're not sure how he didn’t wake up from that.

A knock sounded from the door, before in strolled Stretch and Blue. You briefly wondered where Edge was.

Just looking at Blue reminded you of all the mortifying things you had done around him, and you quickly looked away from him before a blush could bloom onto your face from recollecting.

Stretch wandered in and plunked heavily next to you, bouncing the bean bag and causing you to fly off before settling back onto it. A small squeak of surprise almost left you, but you bit the inside of your cheek, not wanting to have any more embarrassing things happen while you were around these guys.

Stretch's arms were filled with snacks and he dumped a few onto you, causing you to sputter out a laugh at the dramatic flair he added when he did.

“snacks: necessities for sleepovers,” he said it in such a certain way that you found that you couldn’t really disagree even if you wanted to. He was right of course, snacks were necessary when having a sleepover.

…..Again, why did you agree to a sleepover?

“BROTHER! YOU SHOULDN’T EAT SO MUCH JUNK!” Blue approached and snatched a few treats away from Stretch's arms. Gathering a good amount of the goodies before his grin turned suspicious inducing and an evil glint glimmered in his eyelights.

Blue then zipped away with his hoard and jumped onto the couch, startling Sans awake with the bounce and his evil “MUEHEHE” s as he clutched the treasures close to himself.

Stretch just sighed in defeat and leaned back. Hooking his hands behind his skull and trying to mold his grin into a frown.
“that's cold bro,” despite his words he wore a big grin. A fond look on his face which had you thinking back to your sibling.

“but it’s snow problem, i’ve got more snacks over here,” He reached a hand out and plucked a bag of chips out of your lap.

“heh, that was a nice one,” Sans pitched in, making no effort to move from his slouched position on the couch.

Blue let out a pained groan and glared at the two punning skeletons, Though he didn’t really pull off the angry look to well. You brought a hand up to your mouth to try and smother your giggles.

“awe, come on bro. chill out,”

“yea , no need for the cold shoulder ,”

Blue huffed and stood from the couch, gathering the treats as best he could before dashing to the kitchen, calling out for Papyrus and demanding he get his brother and Sans to stop punning.

“ sounds like he’s having a meltdown ,”

You couldn’t do it, the snickers started leaving you at their continued punning. And both of their grins stretched wider when they heard it.

“ water you talking about? i think he rather lakes our puns,” Sans threw in a wink and it caused your giggles to grow louder at the cheesiness of it all.

“i truly ponder that,”

“ENOUGH OF YOUR HORRID PUNS!” Papyrus burst into the room, his declaration interrupting their punderful conversation and being met with silence. And then Sans spoke up.
“but paps, they aren’t horrid. just-”

“SANS DON’T YOU DARE!”

“punbelievable!” He sounded so gleeful. Ready to accept the consequences of his punning with a big smirk.

You burst out laughing, the exchange really being what had pushed you over the edge, and you gripped your sides before flopping down on the beanbag. Trying to control your laughter.

Papyrus shrieked in outrage while you laughed, but despite looking so cross you could see slight amusement in his sockets. Which only made your laughter grow, the punning skeletons chuckling along with you.

Papyrus crossed his arms in what you were sure was mock anger, and started to scold Sans. Informing him that it was not polite to deteriorate others humor with his puns.

Your laughter finally calmed, a smile still lingering as Stretches shoulders bounced into yours with his chuckles.

Blue skipped back into the room, his arms no longer loaded with snacks, and he headed straight for you.

The smile slipped off your face, and you pushed yourself up, trying to get out of his way so that he could talk to his brother. Before you could lift yourself off the seat Blue was in front of you, a happy grin and stars dancing in his sockets.

Like, actual stars had replaced his eye lights! The sparkling cartoon stars shining bright as you studied them. They were cute!

“HUMAN!” You were startled out of your amazement over his shaped eyelights, and focused your attention on what he was saying.

“HAVE YOU EATEN DINNER YET?” His question made you blink dumbly at him as you
thought of your day. Had you even eaten anything today? You couldn’t remember.

“No, I don’t believe I have,”

Stretch let out a loud cough, which was weird because you didn’t think skeletons would need to cough?

“OH GOOD!! I’VE PREPARED SPAGHETTI FOR DINNER,” Papyrus clapped his hands and gestured to the kitchen. Which you took as a cue to stand up and follow him into.

You missed the panicked looks the two lazier skeletons shot your way.

As you entered the kitchen the smell of burnt spaghetti assaulted your senses and you went still when you saw the spaghetti on the table. Your eyes widening as you took it in.

It looked….well, you didn’t really want to grace it with a description.

Papyrus pulled out a chair, looking at you expectantly as he waited for you to take the seat.

“Thank you Papyrus,” You smiled at him and tried to not think of the abomination before you as you sat.

Maybe it didn’t taste as bad as it looked? Or smelled? Was…..was that glitter?

You swear you just saw it move!!! You quickly averted our eyes from the monstrosity and looked at Papyrus.

He was eagerly watching you, waiting for you to take a bite of the meal that he had made and you didn’t know if you could spare his feelings for your death.

“Is that glitter?” you asked, trying to make it sound casual and not like you were desperately hoping it wasn’t.
Sans fell into the chair next to yours, a tight grin on his face as he nodded stiffly, and pulled a plate towards himself.

Blue and Stretch sat as well, Though Blue looked excited and Stretch looked as though someone had sentenced him to his death. He did hide it quite well though.

“YES!! YOU ARE QUITE OBSERVANT HUMAN!” Papyrus sounded excited, watching you as you slowly picked up a fork.

…..did he expect you to eat it all? You supposed you could manage a bite or two to be polite, but you really didn’t think your body would feel well when trying to digest glitter.

Hopefully you wouldn’t get poisoned by the meal (if it could even be called that) in front of you. But with how your luck was, you really weren’t expecting anything different.

You slowly turned your head to Sans, shooting him a look that said “I am going to die if I eat this!” The response you got was a stiff grin and slight tilt of the head. And though you didn’t know him well enough to read his expression, it looked like he was either trying to tell you he would do something about it, or he was daring you to refuse his brothers meal……….You didn’t know which.

Desperation had you glancing around the table at the other skeletons, only to see them all watching you. As if waiting for you to take the first bite.

Even Stretch simply watched, someone whom you thought was your companion,  a pitying grimace on his face that you think was originally supposed to be a comforting grin.

……..well you suppose this was your fate then. They hadn’t killed you before, so now they were trying again. Sure, you were aware that they….might not be trying to kill you, but your dramatic mind sent a quick prayer to the deities of the universe. Begging them for anything to save you from this situation.

You could always just say you weren’t hungry? Another look at Papyrus dashed that thought away. His sockets watching you now with a touch of anxiousness that grew the longer you waited.
You really hoped that he had in fact, tried to cook this out of the goodness of his heart, and not because he was trying to kill you.

Time almost seemed to be in slow motion as you plunged the fork into the somehow stiff, yet soggy noodles. You had to fight with the plate to actually get anything on your fork, and when you finally did you wanted nothing more then to just crawl into the ground and disappear.

The smell was somehow worse, and you had to fight back a cough from the odor as you maneuvered the fork closer to your mouth. Still desperately praying for salvation from the sickly, smelling monstrosity.

However, your prayers were hardly ever answered and you tried to hold back your gags as you plunged the forkful into your mouth. It was not pleasant to say the least.

The burnt crustiness of some noodles crunched loudly and unpleasantly as you bit down, while other soggier ones squished disgustingly and caused nausea to explode in your stomach.

The glitter stuck to the roof of your mouth, and clung to your teeth unpleasantly. You were sure it would take weeks to wash the taste out of your mouth.

The sauce didn’t soften the blow any. It actually felt like it was burning your tongue with acidity, and you tried to swallow everything so you no longer had to taste the awful creation.

You gulped it down, your throat fighting it all the way to your stomach. And you could feel it hit the bottom of your stomach with a lurch that had you fighting to keep it there.

Taking a few steady breaths, you closed your eyes and tried to focus on not vomiting. You clutched your fork tightly to try and focus on something other than the distressed roiling of your stomach.

When you heard someone clearing their throat (wait- did these guys even have throats?) you opened your eyes and focused on Papyrus. Trying to think of a proper word to describe the stuff which now fought your insides.

“It’s like nothing I’ve ever tasted Papyrus,” You forced the wobbliness of your voice away and pulled a smile onto your face. Really hoping that it didn’t turn out as a grimace.
Papyrus absolutely beamed at you and you swore you saw stars in his sockets.

“OF COURSE YOU HAVEN’T! IT'S MY SPECIAL RECIPE!” With those words he dug into his own plate and you stared at him in shock as he ate, unperturbed by the taste, at least from what you can tell.

“We SHOULD MAKE FRIENDSHIP TACOS FOR BREAKFAST!” Blues excited announcement had you looking to Stretch in panic. Trying to ask telepathically if his cooking would create anything like the spaghetti before you.

You received a solemn nod that had your insides withering pathetically in pain as you thought of how tacos would also destroy your stomach. The night could never be long enough if you faced another stomach roiling foe in the morning.

Taking a deep steadying breath you faced the enemy before you and willed yourself to stay strong.

Surprisingly, the spaghetti on your plate looked to be a lot less than last time you had taken a bite and you furrowed your brow in confusion as you stared at it. Trying to will it to shrink further.

Unsurprisingly, nothing really happened and you steeled yourself as you once again fought a forkful from the pile. Though you didn’t really want to succeed in tugging a chunk away. You almost wept when you did.

“So kiddo, what do you do for a living?” Sans conversation starter was a lifesaver and you smiled before placing the fork down carefully.

“I am a nurse assistant,”

The proportion of you spaghetti looked to be shrinking again, and you couldn’t help but notice that Sans plate was already empty.

“No kidding? That's pretty neat,”
“A NURSE ASSISTANT?” Asked Blue while he wrestled with his plate, which would have been funny to you if you didn’t feel the bite you had swallowed still aggressively struggling to be free from your stomach.

“It’s basically the same as a nurse, really,” you said with a shrug.

Well not really, you actually weren’t certified to do all duties that registered nurses did. But cna was mostly the same, it just took a couple more things to become a nurse.

“I help patients who are recovering from surgeries, sicknesses, and take on assignments the nurses give me,” You poked the spaghetti with your fork, willing it to vanish while you talked.

“THATS SO COOL!” Papyrus said as he slurped up a noodle. The only normal looking noodle you had seen this evening…………suspicious.

You distracted yourself from your thoughts with a smile and a nod to Papyrus.

“Yea, It is. It can get busy though,” Shrugging, you entertained the thought of what would happen to you if you ate any more. Most likely death.

“So what about you guys?” You wanted the conversation to keep going, to at least distract you from your morbid thoughts.

Papyrus puffed his chest(….ribs?) out and placed a hand proudly onto it (….them?). The pose radiating confidence in oneself. Which made you feel admiration towards him.

“I AM THE MONSTERS MASCOT!” He said loudly, The pure self confidence he emitted almost blinding you.

You rose your brows in surprise at that, you hadn’t even known the monsters had a mascot.

“And I am a security guard!” Blue too, posed proudly. Though it was somewhat ruined by the spaghetti sauce and glitter dotting his skull.
That was also a surprise to you, most security guards looked intimidating, and like they could run you over like a bulldozer. Yet Blue looked so soft and small!

Sans shrugged with a funny grin “i have lots of odd jobs, doing a bit of everything.”

Stretch just winked at you, and you noticed that his plate was also empty.

You nodded with a hum, showing you understood as your mind raced to find something to talk about.

But the splitting headache really made it hard on trying to come up with decent conversation.

“That's interesting,” you narrowed your eyes at the clump you had pulled from your plate before taking a deep breath, and stuffing it into your mouth quickly.

Perhaps if you just swallowed it you’d be free of the taste faster. With that thought in mind you gulped it all down, almost choking when you felt the gross, soggy noodles slide down your throat, in a way that felt much like you were trying to eat a slug.

You tried to suppress the shudder that ran through you.

That was about all of that you could handle. In truth, you didn’t think you could handle the two bites you had already taken. Your insides churning reminded you that it did not enjoy the stuff you were trying to feed it, and you tried to convince yourself that you weren’t dying.

“So, you guys just moved in right?” Distractions. Distractions would save you from the pain.

They nodded, some more enthusiastic than others.

“Well, what do you think of the neighborhood so far?” you asked, curious of how your neighborhood looked through new eyes.
“WHAT I HAVE SEEN HAS BEEN RATHER PLEASANT,” Papyrus answer brought a soft smile to your face.

“YEAH!! I SAW A PARK WHEN I WENT TO THE STORE AND IT LOOKED NICE!” Blue chipped in and hummed while munching on a bite of spaghetti.

Stretch shrugged “people around here seem to be decent enough,” He said, as he leaned back in his chair.

“eh, it’s alright,” Sans propped his elbow onto the table with a mischievous grin.

“wasn’t to sure about moving here at first,” His grin grew “ anelli didn’t,”

Papyrus groaned in misery, Blue joining him with an added face-palm.

Your brow furrowed in confusion before it hit you, and a grin started to grow onto your face.

Stretch chuckled and opened his mouth, probably to add to the pun, but before he could Blue launched himself up and shoved the pasta on his fork into Stretches mouth.

Instantly the merriment you had felt from Stretch died, replaced with a blank expression as he gulped (what?) and stayed silent.

Blues grin turned smug, and he and Papyrus high-fived before going back to their plates.

Pity for Blues victim wiped the grins off your and Sans face, and apprehension kept you from trying to pun. You had no doubt you would suffer the same fate if you did try.

Turning back to your plate, you noticed it was empty, and though you didn’t know how or why, you thanked the stars for that mercy.
Well.....that happened.
Ehehe.

Your comments and kudos fill me with DETERMINATION!!

Seriously, they do!

Go visit my Tumbler here!

Send me ideas, Ask questions, Give me a plot! Anything! (／_root)*/・° ◆

Lemme know what you think and how I can improve :D

P.S Anelli is a type of pasta. Just in case someone didn't know.
It doesn't make sense

Chapter Notes

THANK YOU COMMENTATORS & PEOPLE WHO LEFT KUDOS! <3 <3
u guys r so sweet.
:
) this took me forever, and its so freaking short.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After dinner (if you could even call it that) you found yourself squished onto the couch between two, very excited skeletons. Who were prattling on about someone named Mettadon and Napstaton?

You knew about Mettadon, his face was plastered on almost every surface after the monsters had gained rights, but you hadn’t ever heard of Napston.

Which was strange, because Blue kept insisting that he was better than the robotic celebrity.

And you were pretty sure that you would have heard of this other famous monster. When you brought it up that you didn’t know the “FAMOUS AND FANTASTIC NAPSTON” - Blues words not yours- then they both went oddly silent, before gushing about the movie they were putting on.

For some reason you had a faint feeling that they were trying to change the subject, but you let it go. It couldn’t have been too important anyways.

“AND THEN HE FIGHTS OFF THE HUMAN FOR THE KNIGHT!” Papyrus popped a VHS tape into a player and bounced back onto the couch. Excitement obvious on his skeletal face.

It must be an old movie if it was on VHS, you hadn’t seen any of those around for a while. Everything was mostly online these days.

“IT'S SO AWESOME!” Blue settled onto the couch comfortably, his sockets glued to the screen as it brightened and started to play.

You hummed thoughtfully as the movie began. Not really knowing how all the drama that they had
mentioned could fit into one movie.

Sans and Stretch were huddled comfortably into their own bean-bags, their level of comfort almost making you wish you had sat on a bean-bag as well. Though sitting with the two excitable skeletons was good too.

Music and dramatic lighting caught your attention and your eyes stayed transfixed on the movie as it played.

As you watched, your brain was thrown into a flurry of confusion.

It made no sense.

At ALL.

It made about as much sense as four, 2 year olds putting on a sock puppet play, without informing each other of the plot.

…..Well, perhaps that was a bit of an exaggeration.

It sort of made sense? You could tell everyone loved the robot because his “boxiness was just so sexy!” but other than that, the plott was all over the place!

Shenanigans passed, and the story went from high-school loves and gossip, to the robot battling an army to save one of his fans.

And then all of his fans, that had been captured by an evil magician.

You sneaked a glance at the skeletons to see if they knew what was going on.

Blue was absolutely glowing, gasping dramatically at all the right moments and looking very emotionally invested in the movie.
Papyrus shared the look, though he was slightly more dramatic with his gasps and murmurs of encouragement.

And Sans and Stretch…..were asleep.

Snoozing away peacefully as if a loud, shout filled, exploding film wasn’t running.

Jealousy of how deeply they could sleep stirred within you, but you shoved it down with a sigh and turned your attention back to the movie.

You tried to reason with yourself that it was stupid to be jealous of how deeply someone could sleep. Or how fast they could. But a tiny, sleep loving part of you wouldn’t let it go. You proceeded to try and bury that little voice with the epic sounding explosions ringing from the TV.

It mostly worked.

Sort of.

Oh, now the fans were finally saved. The plot seemed to be moving back to the “high-school” setting and all the love that it held.

At least you sort of knew what was going on?

Nope, scratch that. A large, talking sword was the least thing you expected.

Your thoughts started to wander by the time the sword sent the robotic protagonist on his 12th quest to find the true meaning of life.

Unsurprisingly, you began to think of the simpler things in life.

Like how you still had to talk to your dad, and somehow convince him to let your sibling visit you.

And then your thoughts moved on to more complicated things.
Like how on earth you were going to convince him.

Sure, you knew he didn’t really have a valid reason to say no, but your dad treated your baby sis as if she were made of glass, as if she didn’t know how to take care of herself.

He wanted the perfect little princess in her. He wanted to raise her so that she would never want for anything, but the way he did just didn’t sit right with her.

Your dad was pretty old fashioned actually, insisting on your sis being all “proper” and having strict rules.

It wasn’t bad? But not always good?

You didn’t know, sometimes you wished you knew how he thought so that you could understand.

Because of his way of wanting to raise your sis, she had hit a very large rebellious stage at a young age and continued with it.

Telling you that she wanted to do things that he didn’t want to let her do, saying that it wasn’t fair how he let you do whatever you wanted, and then turned around and never let her do anything.

It wasn’t fair to her.

So, she just did what she wanted, whether he wanted her to or not.

Of course, she never took it too far. But she liked showing him that she could do things without his permission.

To show him that she was her own person who he didn’t have control over.

Their relationship had turned….rocky at best.

It wasn’t bad! Just ….because of her willingness to go against him, it wasn’t good?
A bag of chips landed into your lap, pulling you out of your thoughts. You looked up, and noticed that Stretch once again had a hoard of goodies. He must have found where Blue hid it.

Stretch grinned at you and winked before tugging open a bag of “chisps” and digging into it.

Blues hyper-fixation on the TV kept him from getting caught, and most likely scolded.

Not wanting to get scolded, you proceeded to carefully turn the bag until you would be able to open it.

As quietly as you could, you peeled open the bag of chips. Wincing whenever a particularly loud crinkle seemed to echo in your ears.

But Blues attention was still fixed onto the movie, and you were grateful in that moment for it’s loud, random explosions, that hid the sounds of you rustling the bag open quite well.

A tension curled up your shoulders as you worked carefully, as if you were diffusing a bomb and didn’t know what made it tick.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, you carefully opened the bag and breathed a small sigh of relief when the opening was big enough to reach into. You reached a hand into it, to appreciate the treasure that you had opened.

Only for Papyrus to gently push a empty bowl into your hands. You froze, and tilted your head back to stare into his face.

He wore an amused grin, and you could tell by the twinkle in his dim eyelights, that he had most likely watched you ever so slowly open the bag. The recollection of you dramatics and tense silliness, made your cheeks start to heat.

Why was it that you always put on silly displays for the skeletons to remember?

Before you could dwell on that to much, you pulled the bowl close to you and tipped the bags contents into it. Not caring for the crinkling that alerted Blue that someone had gotten into the snacks any longer.
As expected, Blue noticed the suspicious sound, and turned his eyelights away from the TV to investigate.

His sockets narrowed when he spied the chip filled bowl in your lap, and he let out a sigh, his eyelights moving to Stretch.

Who was almost buried in all the snacks he had gotten.

Blue let out a quiet huff before holding his hand out, silently demanding a few goodies.

A packet of chips smacked him in the face, and he let out a startled “MUEH!?"

You snorted as you tried to restrain your laughter, so you wouldn’t choke on the mouthful you were currently chewing.

You heard a huff of laughter from Sans, and Papyrus let out surprisingly quiet “nyehe” at the display.

“PA-STRETCH!” Blue pouted as he ripped the bag open, all while giving his brother a playful glare.

Stretch just shrugged with a wide grin before nodding to the TV.

“You’re gonna miss the part where they rescue the princess,”

With those words, Blues eyelights darted back to the TV. Successfully distracting him from scolding Stretch.

You muffled your giggles with another mouthful of chips, though you almost coughed it up when Stretch wiggled his non-existent brows in your direction with a silly grin. As if boasting of his abilities to sidetrack his brother.
Papyrus snickered quietly by your side, munching on his own bag of popcorn while watching your and Stretches exchange.

A blush started to climb up your face, but you just grinned happily at him before going back to watching the movie.

Which seemed even more twisted up and confusing than before. And you had only glanced away for like, five minutes!

You tried to make sense of what could have happened in the short time your attention had been diverted. But the continuation of crazy and unexpected twists threw you for a loop.

And by the time the movie was over, you didn’t think there was any possible way for you to be surprised by anything anymore.

Blue and Papyrus cheered at the happy ending and you joined in awkwardly, hoping that they couldn't tell that you had no real idea of how the ending had even happened.

It had been something of someone, who had most love for the robot, and then something to save him from becoming a second rate celebrity? You honestly didn’t have much of an idea. The entire thing kept bouncing back and forth from adventurous explosions, to everyday mundane things in life.

It really wasn’t too surprising when Blue shot off the couch to start another movie. And you snuggled comfortably into the couch, hoping that you could at least make more sense of the next movie so that you wouldn’t fall asleep.

“so , what did ya think of the movie?” A hint of teasing in Sans voice notified you that he knew, that nothing from the movie had made any sense to you. You didn’t know how on earth he would know, but you knew, that he knew, that you knew nothing.

Papyrus was now looking at you, a big smile on his face as he, too, waited for you to answer.

You gave Sans the stink eye, which only caused his shifty grin to grow. You barley held back from clicking your tongue at him in disapproval.
“It was pretty epic!” You aimed your words at Papyrus, and watched him nod so fast that it looked like his skull would pop right off.

You caught Sans grin stretch out of the corner of your eye.

Blue hopped back onto the couch, his bounce causing you to bounce slightly.

“RIGHT?” He fiddled with the remote “I LOVE THAT MOVIE! THE STORY LINE IS JUST SO PERFECT!” Blue hummed happily and made a triumphant sound when the screen blinked.

And you tried to not let your brows scrunch up in confusion. The story line had not made any sense to you, but you figured maybe you just missed important parts or something?

“I AGREE!! METTADON PLAYED HIS PART PERFECTLY!”

The mention of the celebrities name had you recalling the one that Blue had been ranting about earlier.

What had it been? Napstoon? Napablook? Napstone?

You opened your mouth to ask, but Sans drew your attention as he lazily pushed himself to his feet.

He slumped heavily, as if gravity was weighing him down more than normal and he threw a blank look at his boney…wrist? Was it a wrist? Wrist bone? Man, you suddenly felt like you were very under educated.

“Well, lookit the time.” He grinned crookedly, which caused Papyrus and Blue to narrow their sockets at him.

“I better get to work, before my boss gets ticked off,” Stretch chuckled, but this time you joined the dynamic duo in their dramatic groans. Which you think only made Sans grin grow wider.

Wasn’t it kinda late for work? Eh, maybe he worked night shifts.
“GO! TAKE YOUR HORRID PUNs ELSEWHERE!” Papyrus waved him away and gathered the chip bags, striding to the kitchen to most likely throw them away.

Stretch sighed, before he too, slumped upward.

“yea, i gotta go to work too,” He shared Sans silly grin “gonna work myself down to the bone ,”

You cracked a smile at that one, yet instead of looking exasperated or annoyed with Stretch, Blues eyelights darted over to him with what looked like concern.

And your smile faltered, you hadn’t expected that sort of reaction. Was something wrong? Your eyes bounced back and forth between the two, and you noticed Stretches grin slip off his face. Apparently he hadn’t expected that reaction either.

Blue looked like he was about to say something, but he hesitated, and the concern was wiped off his face to be replaced with a big grin and a soft, somewhat awkward, chuckle.

“OF COURSE ,STRETCH! GO, BEFORE THE HUMAN HAS TO HEAR ANY MORE OF YOUR PUNs,“

Stretch nodded, his grin still absent, before strolling by you. He gave you a wink as he passed, which made the grin return to your face for some odd reason.

“see ya later y/n”

Sans gave you a lazy wave “have fun with your movie night,”

You chuckled and waved back “You guys have fun at work,”

Stretch snorted and muttered something you didn't quite catch, while Sans just chuckled and shook his head.
Then they both vanished out the door, off to do whatever it was they did.

As soon as the door clicked shut, you had all your attention on Blue. Noticing the slight slump of his shoulders as he fiddled with the remote. Looking like he was just trying to occupy his hands with something as he thought.

He looked troubled, as though something bad had happened. But you honestly had no idea how Stretches pun could have caused it. Sure, he had shown that he didn't like puns all that much, but he hadn’t reacted that way before?

Making up your mind, you decided to ask him if everything was alright. Only for Papyrus to bound back into the living room, carrying three big bowls filled to the brim with goodies.

“WHAT MOVIE DID YOU PICK?” He plopped back onto the couch and handed you a bowl full of m&ms. Delicious.

With the opportunity lost, you sunk back into the couch, watching closely as a genuine smile lit up Blues face “ITS A STORY OF A BRAVE HERO, WHO HAS TO FIND HIS TRUE LOVE AFTER BEING SEPARATED FOR A LONG TIME!” Blue played the movie and tossed the remote aside, happily accepting the bowl of chocolates that Papyrus held out to him.

Papyrus nodded approvingly, shifting into a comfortable position while munching on his own goodies.

You popped a chocolate into your mouth as the movie began, and you inwardly thanked Blue that it wasn’t anything as crazy as the first movie had been.

It was actually pretty good, full of humor that made you all laugh, full of dramatic twists that had you fearing for the hero, and a happy ending that satisfied you.

Papyrus began another movie, this one making more sense than the first he had picked, and you happily watched. Trying to ignore the loud complaining of your still aching head.

And so time slunk by, the 3 movies turning into 5, and the hour going from relatively early to past midnight.
You could feel your eyes slipping closed, and you tried to push your sleepiness away to see what would happen next in the action packed film.

Alas, it seemed that the day had worn you out far more than you had thought previously. And unwillingly, your eyes fell shut. Sleep whisking your consciousness away before you could see the end of the movie.

Papyrus and Blues fixation on the screen caused them to miss your tired self fall into sleep. Which they both felt rather guilty about after they noticed.

You were stirred from your sleep by the feel a blanket falling onto you, and you mumbled out a thanks before your consciousness was taken away once more. Drifting far into dreams that made no sense whatsoever. Which were probably heavily influenced by the jumble of movies you had watched.

And then, there was nothing.

A deep black surrounding you, pushing tightly on all sides, making breathing feel impossible and your limbs feel locked into place.

Your breath came in short gasps as you tried to make sense of where you were, eyes darting everywhere, trying to see, trying to find to figure out where you were, trying not to panic.

Pressure was applied, and you were crushed tighter and you squeezed your eyes closed, it felt as if you were being buried alive!

Then a loud popping sound rang through the empty space, followed by everything falling away and your breath returning, all in a short moment.

The feeling of falling sized you, and short panicked shout escaped you as you hurled towards the ground. Or at least towards where you thought the ground was.

You spun as you fell, still nothing but blackness surrounding you endlessly.
A sudden voice rang out from the darkness, seeming to come from all sides as the garbled, broken words reached your ears.

“This seems,”

A white hand reached for you out of nowhere and you flinched back from it, still feeling like you were free-falling and not trusting anything you saw in the darkness.

“Very,”

Another voice, deeper, less garbled, and another hand trying to grasp you as you fell.

“Very,”

Again another voice, echoing powerfully like the others hadn’t. And a third hand finally caught you by your arm, the drop stopping with a jarring halt that rattled your teeth and jolted your body painfully.

“Interesting.” The voices merged, the garbled word echoing in the darkness and making your head ring.

Three hands clutched you, two holding your arms and one gripping you chin and tipping it upward.

Your eyes met with countless faces, none of which were there previously, all staring your way, yet none meeting your gaze. You didn’t get a chance to study them before you were let go, and were left plummeting downwards again.

Sucking in a breath you tried to do something, anything, flailing your arms around and trying to reach to the hands that abandoned you.

You didn’t know how, but you felt the ground growing closer, panic finally setting in as you realized there was nothing you could do. Holding your breath, you waited for the inevitable, trying to prepare
yourself for what you knew would be a painful landing.

Though you were expecting it, it still shocked you when you hit the ground.

You jolted.

And almost toppled off the couch you had been resting on. Legs tangling into a blanket and causing your panic to skyrocket.

Where were you?! What was that?!

You kicked the blanket away, trying to make sense of the alarm that had startled you awake.

Your eyes darted around the unfamiliar room, inky blackness pressing down on you and causing your nerves to prickle with unfamiliar anxiety.

You weren't scared of the dark!! Or at least....you thought you weren't? For some reason you were unsure of whether you were or weren't at this moment.

Forcing your lungs to calm their rapid pace, you blinked quickly, trying to get your eyes to focus on something. And you slowly let yourself relax when you recognized the room as Sans and Papyrus living room.

The rapid beating of your heart slowed, the panic sinking out of you, being replaced with drowsiness that didn't feel like it was going to go away any time soon.

It was dark, and almost unsettlingly silent.

You must have fallen asleep during the movies. Which was..... rude to your neighbors really. You'd have to find a way to make it up to them.

But for now, it was still dark, which meant sleep. The thought of sleep disturbed you for some reason, and you figured it had to do with your previous dream.

Speaking of, you found you couldn't really recall it. You just remembered falling, which was strange really. You didn't have much of those "falling" dreams, mostly just ones of floating around.

As you picked up the blanket from where it had fallen, you tried to make sense of the feeling of dread that hung over you.

Except you couldn’t. The more you tried to think about it, the more it seemed to drift away, slipping through your minds grasp like fine sand.
By the time you were snuggled into the comfy couch, (you made a mental note to yourself to buy one like it) you couldn’t have cared less for the previous dream, and sleep claimed you quickly once more.

Chapter End Notes

kay, sooooooo I know updates are taking a while, and previously I did say I might update a lot more regularly.....yua, that was when I had a few chapters planned.

Reader: *struggling to escape from the closet * "YOU’RE JUST SAYING THAT CUZ YOU STILL DON'T HAVE A-

BUT HEY!!!! Updates will still be happening about every week, or week and a half. Something like that.

Btw, I know this chapter was just kinda eh. But hopefully the next is filled with more stuff u ppl will enjoy :D

Lemme know what you guys think! What I can do to improve and such :D

Visit my Tumblr here!
What you didn’t expect to be woken up to, was a loud blaring ringing through your apartment. You thought you had turned off all your alarms.

Wanting the loud sound to be silenced so you could fall back into your beautiful sleep, you pushed yourself out of bed, almost falling onto your face when your legs went over the edge a little too fast.

Letting out a muffled curse you corrected your footing. Not wanting the haze of sleep to leave your mind just yet, you rubbed your face, somehow trying to catch the dreams that were still lingering, wanting nothing more than to try and continue sleeping.

And in your hazy, half-asleep state, you stumbled towards the living room where the annoying ringing sounded to be coming from. You must have left your phone in there before you went to bed. Yay.

Unaware of your surrounding, you bumbled, and tripped your way to where your bedroom door should have been.

Only it wasn’t there, and your nose had the honor of meeting a wall that someone had placed into your apartment some time in the night.

The pain shocked you out of your zombie like state, jolting you unkindly into the plane of the living.

With a squeak, you fell back, trying to keep your balance as you clutched your nose, you hoped it wasn’t bleeding.

Blinking away the lingering sleepiness from your eyes, you looked around while trying to rub the pain from your nose away, the memories of the previous night rushing into you and allowing things to make sense.
The brothers living room greeted you, as the loud alarm you had heard continued to blare loudly from somewhere.

You didn’t know who had the need for such a loud alarm. And it seemed to be coming from the kitchen???

Still rubbing your nose, you peeked into the kitchen, and felt your eyes almost fall out of your head with the sight that greeted you.

Papyrus was bating at the fire alarm, most likely trying to get it to stop its persistent beeping, as the stoves flame engulfed a blackened pan. The contents inside it unidentifiable as far as you could tell.

That called for action!

You rushed to the stove, twisting the one of the knobs in what you hoped was the right direction, thankfully the fire sunk down.

A cough rattled your frame, and smoke burned your eyes and stung your throat.

“HUMAN! YOU'RE AWAKE! AND EAGER TO HELP I SEE!” Papyrus finally got the alarm to stop beeping, a happy smile on his face. Though he looked somewhat silly with his white bones blackened by smoke, and his apron having multiple singe marks decorating it.

You would have chuckled, had your lungs not felt like they were trying to escape your body.

Huffing, you tried to clear them. Trying to answer Papyrus without feeling like you were choking on the smoky air and your own saliva.

Papyrus had presented a life saving opportunity to you, and you were not going to let it get away.

“Y-Yes!” You tried to not hack up a lung as you spoke “I would love to help you Papyrus!”
Though you were not the best at cooking, you were willing to take your plain eggs and bacon over charred, unrecognizable, coal like food.

Before you started to clean the pan out, you threw the kitchen window open, hoping that the smoke would disperse quickly so you could breathe without thinking you might die.

Papyrus reached over to turn the stove back on, and panic rang through you at what your best course of action was at the moment.

“Papyrus!” You called out his name before he could reignite the tragedy, he paused, and tilted his head slightly at you with a confused “HMM?”

You scrambled for a suitable excuse to try and cook something else besides whatever he was currently cooking. Your eyes darting around the room, searching for something to save you in your moment of need.

When nothing caught your eye, you found yourself holding back a grimace, trying not to show the alarm on your face as your gaze snagged onto him once more.

“Uhhhhh-” out of the corner of your eye you saw the lump in the pan fizzle pathetically, you held back a wince, “Do you know how to make cinnamon waffles?!”

You held your breath, hoping that he would answer the correct way so that you could save yourself.

Curiosity radiated from him, and you let your shoulders relax at the interested gleam in his socket.

“CINNAMON WAFFLES?”

With a nod, you carefully nudged the still smoldering pan out of his reach. Trying to make it seem casual as you placed it slightly farther from him.

“Yeah! They are really good! I could show you how to make them?” Oh gosh, You didn’t mean to make yourself sound so pushy.
“I mean—” waving your hands around, you let out a nervous chuckle “If you want?”

Papyrus blinked his sockets at you, as if trying to process what you were saying.

“We don’t have to! I kinda just thought it would be fun? I mean, It would be fun to cook anything really! I just wondered—” Greattttt, you were rambling, yet despite knowing it, you didn’t seem to have the capability to stop at the moment.

“Like, it would be nice to cook breakfast for you guys? For, uh, letting me stay the night? It was very nice of you and I kinda—”

“I WOULD LOVE FOR YOU TO TEACH ME HOW TO MAKE THEM!”

Your tensed shoulders relaxed, rambling instantly cutting off when he, thankfully, interrupted you.

“Oh ...Ok,” A genuine smile found its way onto your face as you and Papyrus shuffled around the kitchen, gathering the necessities for making the cinnamon waffles.

It turned out that Papyrus wasn’t necessarily bad at cooking, he just tended to take a few instructions a bit to seriously.

Like if a recipe said that it was best that the dough have a pinch of salt to add flavor, he decided more salt would mean more flavor.

You had to double up the recipe a few times because he did that more than once. And by the time you knew it, you had gone from a small batch of waffles, to one that could feed at least 15 people.

“Papyrus!” You giggled, brushing some cinnamon off his skull “It says just one teaspoon of cinnamon here!”

A strange, pretty orange glow lit up his cheeks as he grinned down at you, brushing a gloved hand against your forehead to probably get rid of some of the cinnamon that he had more or less tossed into the batter. It was like a confetti bomb of cinnamon had exploded, you were definitely going to have to take a shower.
“BUT MORE CINNAMON WILL EQUAL MORE DELICIOUSNESS!”

He carefully stirred the batter, like you had shown him after he had stirred far too fast, causing batter to fly everywhere. You were sure you had a few bits of it in your hair. But you would worry about that later.

Right now you had to somehow help Papyrus not create a atomic bomb out of the waffles.

“MORE OF SOMETHING IS ALWAYS BETTER! ESPECIALLY WHEN THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS INVOLVED!” He posed brilliantly, the whisk placed against his chest and dribbling batter down his apron.

You laughed lightly, pointing to the whisk. And he quickly removed it once he noticed the mess he was adding to his already chaotic clothes.

“I think I know what you mean, but I also think that doesn't necessarily apply to everything??” If that concept was applied to everything, a lot of people would find themselves in trouble with many things.

You placed the cinnamon back into a cupboard, dusting the remaining powder off your hands. “It's like-hmmmm,” You brushed your pajamas off as you thought of a good way to put it. “For example, if someone is eating a lot of sugar! Sugar is good, but too much of it could hurt someone's stomach,” Yea, that made sense.

Papyrus slowed in his stirring, nodding in understanding at your example, and you smiled in relief.

After searching for a bit, you pulled out the waffle maker, humming as you plugged it and went to search for butter.

You waited for Papyrus to say something as you casually searched through the fridge, successfully getting the butter and buttering down the waffle maker.

“Do You Suppose Someone Could Get Overwhelmed By Greatness Then?”
The butter almost slipped from your hands at his soft tone, your eyes widening in alarm as you realized you might have touched a sore spot or offended him in some way.

Your gaze snapped over to him, only to see him sluggishly stirring the batter, a contemplative look as he stared blankly at the wall.

It looked like he was thinking seriously about something.

Concern pricked at you, but you bit your tongue and continued to butter the waffle maker, despite it being perfectly buttered up already.

“Uhhh! I mean, Humans in particular get overwhelmed by lots of things easily,” You kept your casual air about you, trying not to dig into business that wasn’t yours, and shove yourself in where you were most likely not wanted.

It sort of felt like you had done that with Red, and almost with Blue too. The feeling of needing to give people you just met space sprouted in your mind.

You didn’t know what Papyrus issue was, but by the way he was lost in thought, it might have had nothing to do with you.

Setting the butter to the side, you opened your hands and waited for him to place the bowl of batter into them.

He snapped out of his particular state and sent a lopsided grin your way.

“YES! I SUPPOSE THAT HUMANS ARE DIFFERENT!!” Papyrus carefully placed the bowl into your hands, making sure you had a hold on it before letting go and brushing some cinnamon off his apron.

Relief flooded you when he went back to his loud way of speaking. And you nodded along to his statement while pouring a small amount of batter into the waffle maker.
A bit of hair fell into your eyes and you blew it away with a small puff, focusing intently on not overfilling the waffle iron.

Papyrus chuckle of “nyhes” had you looking up to him in confusion.

Only to giggle as you realized he was absolutely covered in batter. Different kinds of powders sticking to him in splotches, not to mention his bones were also still stained black from the earlier smoke.

You didn’t think you looked any better at the moment.

“Uhh, I think that we are both going to have to get cleaned up after this,”

Papyrus agreed with a nod and a snicker, pulling off his gloves and smacking the dust off of them.

You tried not to stare at his skeletal hands, but you found your eyes studying them with interest.

They looked slightly thicker than normal human bones, and you tried to recall what each bone was named as he moved them about. Tiding the counters expertly and efficiently.

Snapping out of your staring, you scolded yourself and took the waffles out before carefully adding in more batter.

All the while informing Papyrus how long each batch should take to fully cook, and telling him that cooking them too long would leave them a bit inedible.

He listened carefully, taking your instructions to heart before taking over the cooking station.

And you took over tiding around, cleaning away the mess that had formed.

You paused a few times, to ask Papyrus were something was, but soon enough the kitchen was clean. No signs left of the chaos you and Papyrus had built.
Satisfied, and feeling a lot grimier than normal, you hummed as you placed the dried dishes away.

You turned to Papyrus, halting when you were greeted with the sight large stacks of waffles taking over the cupboards. It looked like he was trying to feed a small army with nothing but waffles.

Which was truly a wondrous sight to behold, you didn’t think you’ve ever seen so many waffles in once place.

“Well, I hope everyone is hungry, because we cooked enough to last someone a week or two at least!” You carefully stacked the waffles so they weren’t threatening you with a tumble. It would be a tragedy if they all fell down.

“Yes, I think we have enough now,” Papyrus said, eyeing the still half full bowl of batter. Looking like he just might consider cooking up the rest anyway.

You grabbed a bag and wrapped it around the bowl, Making sure it was sealed properly so it wouldn’t go gross in the fridge.

“There! You can put this away and save it for breakfast another time!”

“Good thinking human!” Papyrus patted down his apron, and begun gathering plates “Now, I do believe we should clean ourselves up!”

With a grimace, you tugged a bit of hair your out of your face, grumbling when your fingers came away coated in flour.

“Yeah, sounds like a good plan,” A very good plan, considering you felt absolutely filthy.

“I am gonna head over to my apartment,” You said with a hum, wondering what to do with the rest of your day.

Papyrus whirled around, his apron flying brilliantly and leaving a trail of flour to float downwards.
“WILL YOU BE JOINING US FOR BREAKFAST, HUMAN?” He asked, smiling happily as he waited for your answer.

“Oh! Uh, I guess?” You said uncertainty, not wanting to be a bother to the sweetheart.

He clapped his hands together with a big smile, a poof of powder jumping away from his gloves with the action. “BRILLIANT!! FEEL FREE TO MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME!” And with that, he skipped out of the kitchen. Leaving you to stand somewhat awkwardly around, trying to decide what you should do.

You hadn’t really ever had anyone just leave you unsupervised in their house, and it was lucky for the skeletons you weren’t a real prick, because if you were they might be missing a few things about now.

You decided that you would later tell Papyrus that it wasn’t good to just leave someone he had just met alone in their house.

Soon enough you found yourself in your own home, carefully looking through your apartment to check if anything had gone missing. But it looks like you got lucky! Nothing seemed to be out of place at all.

Satisfied with that, you headed to your room. Gathering necessities for a shower, and being careful not to let any of the mess hanging onto you dirty anything, hopped into the shower gratefully.

When you were finally cleaning yourself off in the shower, you found that your head and back still ached. The pain reminding you clearly of the strange encounters which led you to staying over at the skeletons apartment.

The one who caused you the most confusion at the moment was Edge.

He hadn’t joined the movie night, which caused a few of your nerves to bounce around.

“Is he angry at me? For the race? Or what?”
You found yourself frowning at those thoughts. It felt kinda dumb to actually worry about it, if anything, you should have been mad at him for knocking you out. But strangely, you weren’t, you just hoped that he wasn’t going to stay mad at you forever.

You shrugged to yourself as you patted your hair dry, whatever, if he continued to be frustrated with you for something kinda silly, he would have to learn to get over it, or try and be reasonable about it.

With those thoughts in mind, you dressed yourself in comfortable clothes, figuring you could just go back to sleep after having breakfast. Gods know you need it.

Settling on your bed, you continued to dry your hair. Trying to get it dry before you went over.

Despite everything, you still had standards for yourself, granted, they were rather low standards, but eh, you felt to lazy at the moment to put too much effort into anything.

You gave yourself the excuse that you had a concussion, that it was enough reason for you to be lazy.

Plopping back into your comfiness of your bed, you tossed the towel towards the hamper. Missing by a few feet. You groaned, the missed shot causing you to sink further into the bed. You really didn’t want to get up to fix that. You figured you could do it later.

Drowsiness pulled at you, your thoughts fogging over as you snuggled into your suddenly cloud soft bed.

What time was it? Had you slept properly?

A small hum left you as you reached blindly for your phone, only to realize that you didn’t know where your phone currently was.

With a huff, you easily dismissed your worry.

It was probably on Papyrus and Sans couch or somewhere. You could get it when you went back over in a minute.
The world unknowingly faded away, and you fell into sleep easily.

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You jolted up, your heart hammering rapidly against your ribs as you scrambled upward. Trying to find what had woken you from your glorious sleep.

A loud knocking was coming from somewhere, and you buried your face into your hands as you felt a headache drumming against your temples, matching the loud knocks.

You mentally cursed at the universe as you rolled out of bed, trying not to grumble as the knocking persisted.

Slouching out of your room and into the hall, you spotted Edge beating a fist against your door-frame.

It was polite of him to not have barged in at least.

You rubbed your eyes, about to ask him what he needed, but he interrupted your train of thought with his loud tone that had you grimacing as it rang through your head.

“FINALLY! WHAT ARE YOU?! HALF DEAD?!” he sounded pissed, and the idea of him ever being polite was thrown out the window.

“I might as well be,” you muttered under your breath, but Edge continued on, either ignoring your complaint or not having heard it.

“HUMAN!!! DUE TO YOUR COWARDLY ESCAPE FROM OUR RACE, I DEMAND A REMATCH!”

You blinked, thinking you misheard him,
“Wut?” you answered intelligently.

Edge let out a low growl, a sneer dominating his face as he rolled his eyeilights “A REMATCH HUMAN! NEED I SPELL IT OUT FOR YOUR SLOW BRAIN?”

Irritation started to bloom in you, but you tried to force it back.

“Look, Edge,” You pinched your nose ridge “Can we do this later? When I don’t feel like absolute garbage?”

A sudden remembrance of your agreement to go to breakfast with Papyrus startled you out of your annoyance.

“Shit!” You hissed out, tugging your shoes on quickly and stumbling past Edge.

“I WILL NOT LET YOU ESCAPE AGAIN, TRASH!”

His words had you freeze in place, and you felt him bump into you at the sudden stop.

Taking a deep breath, you tried to stomp down your aggravation, telling yourself it really wasn’t worth it.

But despite your efforts, you could not will the physical aches away. It would probably best to try and reschedule the breakfast for another day.

With your mind made up, you let out a huff, and crossed the hall to knock on the brothers door. Ignoring Edge as well as you could as he prattled on about being the best at racing, and that he understood you being a coward, but it was far below his-

You swore you were gonna break down the door if someone didn’t answer soon, just to get away from Edge.

Knocking again, you finally heard someone call for you to enter. You let out a relieved sigh when
you did, but your relief fled when Edge entered right behind you, still saying something or other about how he knew how to race perfectly or something.

You spotted Sans slouching into the couch, a book in his hand as he slowly chewed on a waffle.

You found yourself entranced as the waffle vanished behind his teeth, wondering where in the world it went if he had no stomach.

A soft ringing sounded through the room, Edge finally growing silent as pulled out his phone.

His brows scrunched up and he shoved his phone back into his pocket with a grumble “IT ISN’T MINE,”

Sans buried a hand between the couch cushions, a few moments passed before he let out a triumphant sound and pulled out your phone from where it had been hidden.

A frown pulled at his face in confusion “huh, this isn’t mine,” He flipped the phone around, trying to figure out who it belonged to.

“Oh! That’s mine!” You held a hand out, ignoring Edge muttering something about someone ignoring him or something.

With a shrug. Sans held the phone out to you, you took the phone, giving him a thanks as you answered the call.

You turned away from the two skeletons, excusing yourself as you headed towards the door.

“How?”

“Y/N!”

You recognized your Dad’s voice, it was a surprise he was calling you at this time.
“Dad?” You closed the door behind you and paused in the hall, your brow wrinkled in confusion as you thought reasons why he might be calling you.

“Is everything okay?” Worry seeped into your words, and you tried to will away the worrying thoughts that ran through your head.

“No! Your sister wants to leave!!!” He sounded depressed, as though he honestly thought it was the biggest crisis that had happened in his life.

Your shoulders slumped in relief and you sighed deeply, trying to not let your earlier annoyance affect your current mood. But with your aches burning at you, it was somewhat difficult.

“Yeah, I know Dad. I was going to ask you if she could come and visit me for a while?”

“But why does she want to leave?! School is just starting and she needs to concentrate on her studies!”

Please, please, please could the universe just let you have this easily?

“I don’t know. Maybe she just needs a break from everything,” You answered, realizing that you seriously didn’t know the answer, she had only told you that she was bored.

“A break?”

“Yeah, I mean,” You shrugged even though he couldn’t see you “She did study through the summer, right? I think she deserves a bit of a break.”

Silence answered you, and you chewed on your lip. Hoping that he would approve and not do something crazy that would piss off your sis.

“I guess…” he finally said, sounding sulky and very much like he was beginning to pout.

A sigh sounded in your ear “I’ll have to talk to your Mother, but something tells me she’ll agree with
you,”

A grin split your face, and a small joy filled you. At least your day didn’t seem to be going downhill.

“Thanks Dad, Let me know when she’s headed over, okay?”

“Will do, Talk to you later sweetie,”

A chuckle left you “Yeah, love you Dad,”

You could practically see the soft smile you heard in his voice “Love you too, take care,”

And with that, it was settled, you would have your annoying little sibling visit soon.

You snorted at that and shot her a text.

Mr.Sister
Heyyyy, Dad said u could visit :D

Not expecting a reply, you stuffed your phone away. Gathering strength momentarily to face Edge once more.

You opened the door, and were greeted with the strange sight of Edge shaking and ranting at a skeleton you definitely weren’t surprised to see anymore.

“DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT A PHONE IS FOR YOU BUFFOON!”

“i swear i was gonna come home last night! i just got sidetracked!” Red gripped at Edges hands, which were grasping the neck of his shirt and rattling his body back and forth.
You stood there awkwardly for a moment, then closed the door quietly and started to sneak past them into the kitchen, trying to slink by without being noticed.

You just needed to find Papyrus, apologize that you had taken so long, and tell him that today you didn’t entirely feel like you could go through breakfast.

Hopefully he took it well.

Sans was concentrating on his book, entirely ignoring the arguing of the edgier skeletons as he flipped the pages tiredly.

He seriously looked like he needed a nap.

“HUMAN!”

You grimaced at Edges snapping tone, a defeated sigh leaving you as you turned to acknowledge him.

With a short wave to Red, who was now staring at you with wide sockets, you let out a “Hmm?” Willing yourself not to feel defeated so easily.

You could do it, you just had to roll along with this, pretend that the pain making you want to weep was not that big of a deal.

You just had to make it through a couple of minutes before you could go back to sleep.

“Just a couple of minutes,” you promised to yourself.
Where is this going~~ Nobody knows~~

Lemme know what you think in the comments.

How I can improve, or any ideas you might have that I should put in here :D
Before Edge could continue his rating at you, most likely about another race or how pathetic you were, Papyrus emerged from the kitchen.

His friendly smile putting you at ease, feeling as though he would somehow save you from the persistent Edge.

“EDGE! SO GLAD YOU DECIDED TO JOIN US! MISS Y/N IS ALSO GOING TO BE HAVING BREAKFAST WITH US TODAY!” His loud announcement had the smile on your face freeze in place.

Well shit. Papyrus had thrown you out of the frying pan and into the fire.

You couldn’t back out now!

The basic structures of etiquette wrestled with your grumbling headache. The two tangling, rolling, and screeching at each other in your head.

In the end, the polite side of you stood victorious, pushing aside all other thoughts as you tried to make yourself not seem like a dick to your new neighbors.

Although based on previous events, you guessed that they already didn’t think much of you.

“Yep!” You somehow managed to sound enthusiastic, perhaps you could be an actress in the future.

“REALLY? HOW WONDERFUL!” Blues voice came from behind you, and you had to put a real effort into not jumping out of your skin at the unexpectedness of it.
Turning around casually, or at least in a way you hoped was casually, you gave Blue a smile. Which he returned brilliantly, and you couldn’t help but notice his casual clothes. He looked...really nice? His figure looking oddly fit with the styled T-shirt and dark jeans that suit him.

“miss y/n?” Red questioned, though you felt he wasn’t exactly talking to you. He was staring at you quizzically, though you could see slight suspicion in his narrowed sockets as his eyelights watched you skeptically. You understood his suspicion in a way, Like, what kind of crazy coincidences led to all this?

In truth, you were slightly suspicious of all of them too, not entirely trusting their kind actions. After all, there was a reason you didn’t hang out with many people in the first place.

People……weren’t always kind.

And you had learned through life, that because of your optimism they often thought you were naive.

No, you knew when someone was trying to scam or fool you, you just mostly choose to ignore it or change it up in a way that left them confused.

“Yes! She is our neighbor! Y/n, this is Red. Edges brother.” Papyrus helpfully introduced you to the skeleton you had already met. You grinned as you gave Red a wave, waiting to see how he would react.

Surprisingly, His face fell into a flirty grin, his hands falling into his pockets as he gave you a wink. “nice ta meet ya doll.”

You rose a brow at him, was that the way he was gonna do things? Act as though you two hadn’t met before? Whatever, you decided to roll with it.

Giving him a grin that translated to “I see what your doing~~” You held your hand out, grin brightening when you lazily shook it.

“Likewise.”
It wasn’t long after that you were all seated at the table in the kitchen, and you found that you really should have taken a pain killer before journeying over.

The urge to slam your head against the table until you passed out was strong, and you stared blankly at the surface, munching slowly on a waffle as loud voices rang chaos around you.

Chaos reining around you as waffles flew through the air every now and then, the voices of everyone cutting each other off and continuing as they talked about the best kind of waffles that existed.

For some reason, every time Red finished a waffle, Edge saw it fit to throw one more at him. You were sure that he had at least eaten 20 waffles by now and had no idea why Edge thought it was a good idea to continue pelting Red from the other end of the table.

Edge must have been pissed off for some reason. Though, being pissed off seemed to be his entire character, so who knew really.

The rest of the skeletons continued eating as though this were normal, as though the flying waffles didn’t bother them in the slightest.

In fact, you had seen Sans pluck a few of them out of the air to settle onto his own plate as he lazily flipped through a book. His focus entirely dedicated to it as though it provided the answers to the universe.

“LASAGNA WAFFLES ARE CLEARLY SUPERIOR!”

You had never heard of such a weird combination of food existing. Was it like, waffles mixed with lasagna? Or a waffle made out of lasagna?

“TACO WAFFLES TASTE BETTER!”

Was... was that an actual thing? Were they trying to mess with you or something?

Papyrus waved his fork around, wearing an expression that suggested he had explained this quite a
few times already. “I RESPECTFULLY DISAGREE! SPAGHETTI WAFFLES ARE A LOT MORE DELICIOUS!”

Your head was begging you to give up and sleep, and you wanted to, Oooh how you wanted to just fall asleep. Was that too much to ask of the universe these days?

“MISS Y/N?”

Apparently it was.

Not sparing the effort to answer, you just looked up at Blue with a raised brow, continuing to slowly munch on your waffle. Using it as an excuse to remain nonverbal. Man, these were good waffles.

“CAN YOU PLEASE PASS THE SALT?”

A mental image of tossing Edge across the table filled you with glee, and you had to suppress a giggle as you passed Blue the salt shaker. Being careful to dodge a flying waffles soaring through the air.

Why would Blue want salt for…..never mind. Gosh, you didn't think you’d ever seen anyone eat a waffle with salt, was it even good?

“ENOUGH THROWING WAFFLES AT HIM EDGE!” Papyrus scolding was met with a waffle to the face. The splat of it sticking to his skull silencing the room.

Sans looked up from his book then, a slightly annoyed expression on his face. “bud, you might want to watch yourself there,”

You casually ignored the veiled threat as you went back to munching on your waffle. You just wanted to eat your waffle in peace and go to sleep.

“watch yourself vanilla,” Red growled at Sans, his warning being mostly thwarted by having to peel a syrup covered waffle off his head.
It was sort of funny watching it un-stick from his skull as syrup left stains behind.

Your eyes caught Stretch motioning for you to lean closer to him, as if wanting to whisper something to you. The request was somewhat odd, seeing as he was on the other side of the table.

“easy red, just saying. i don’t exactly think you’d like it much if i was tossing things at your brother much, hmm?”

“was that a threat?”

You rose a brow and leaned over the table slightly, Stretch mirrored you, opening his mouth to tell you something over the other mutters happening around the table.

“threat? never-i could never threaten you, my pal,“

A deep growl rumbled out of Red, and you leaned over the table more so you could properly hear Stretch over it.

Stretch looked satisfied, and just as he opened his mouth to speak, you heard something whiz through the air.

“wait, don’t-”

The feeling of something smacking against your head had you freeze in unpleasant realization.

Stretch’s jaw hung open, bewilderment on his face as his eyelights trailed to the offending object that had attacked you.

……You slowly slumped back into your chair, trying to pretend that there wasn’t a waffle currently dripping syrup down your face as well as you could. As if convincing yourself would make it not real.
Perhaps you were still dreaming, maybe this was all an illusion, something that you crazily thought up after getting that concussion.

Yeah! That sounded about right, Perhaps this was all a dream. None of it real, you had fallen asleep during your shift and thought up craziness that could never actually happen to you.

“miss y/n?”

Nope.

The soft voice shattered your pathetic thoughts and you sighed deeply as you felt syrup slide down your forehead.

Not a dream, nor an illusion. This meant you had syrup in your hair. Which was fantastic, simply fabulous.

Oh Gods, you seriously needed to go back to sleep.

Slowly, you set down your utensils, trying to ignore the snickering coming from someone as you faced Papyrus.

“Papyrus?” you said softly, still trying to pretend you didn’t have a waffle on your head.

The waffle that had decorated his own head was now laying on his plate, a blotch of syrup decorating his skull. Though he was trying to remove it with a napkin, he was failing somewhat pitifully.

“YES?”

A nervous frown curled his brow as he stared at you anxiously, as if expecting you to blow up or something along those lines.

Your mind began to wrestle with whatever it was you wanted to say in that moment. Whether you
wanted to bounce out of there and go sleep at home, or fight through this challenge that the universe
had presented to you.

Determination flooded you, answering the debate easily.

“May I borrow your bathroom?”

The snickering cut off, stunned silence meeting your request. Which sent a surge of victory through
you. Though it was short lived as more syrup oozed down your neck. A disgusted shudder shook
your arms slightly at its cold, gross stickiness.

“OF COURSE!” He stood quickly “LET ME SHOW YOU WHERE IT IS,”

Instant regret of accepting the challenge flooded you as you stood. Your knees felt weak, your head
spun, your stomach felt like it was trying to rip through your skin in protest, and your lungs never felt
full enough when you took a breath. You needed to not be so stubborn.

What was with your luck? You hadn’t been feeling this bad earlier. Sure, you had had something of
a headache, but nothing near as bad as what you were experiencing now.

You were unaware that you hadn’t moved at all since standing until a voice snapped you to attention.

“y/n? you , uh, your not looking so hot,” Red was at your side, looking troubled as he hovered a
hand close to your shoulder. Which was very odd, because you hadn’t noticed him move from his
seat.

A few of the skeletons at the table murmured in agreement, and you’re pretty sure you saw Edge
rolling his eyelights in annoyance.

Well, frick him then.

You opened your mouth to reply, when the syrup rudely interrupted you as it slid dangerously close
to your eye.
Shutting your eye, you tried to convince yourself that you weren’t currently dying, and put the best smile you could manage at the moment onto your face.

“I am alright, just a little dizzy,” Not an entire lie.

You turned your attention to Papyrus, who was still looking nervous as he wrung his hands.

“Pypurs, I’m really sorry, but I think I might need to go lie down for a while,”

“Or forever,” Your brain supplied helpfully.

Papyrus nodded quickly, moving to your side and standing to attention. “WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO SHOW YOU TO THE GUEST ROOM?”

You blinked at him dumbly, trying to process his words as you tried to fight back the throbbing of your head.

“Oh no, I will be going back to my apartment for now. It’s just-” you gestured to the waffle in your hair “I’ve gotta shower, and clean up over there, and call the landlord again and just a bunch of stuff,”

In reality, you felt like you had imposed long enough on your kind neighbor. Disliking the amount of favors you already owed them.

Papyrus nodded in understanding before softly grabbing your hand. You had no idea what he was doing till he gave it an awkward shake “THANK YOU FOR COMING. I AM SO SORRY ABOUT THE WAFFLE,”

A mischievous grin took over your face as you shook his hand back “No problem it isn’t that-” You paused for dramatic effect, enjoying the moment you saw Papyrus puzzled expression morph into horror “waﬄe,”

With a groan, Papyrus dropped your hand and covered his face in despair. Other groans and snickers were heard around the room and a sense of accomplishment patted you on the back.

As if saying “Good job, you made light of another troublesome problem. Keep up the good work,”
With a dramatic bow, you said a few thank you’s, basking in the snickers and groans that increased as you did.

“And with that,” You gave a final bow as you began backing out of the room “I bid you all Adieu,”

When you successfully made it out of the kitchen, you spun on your heel and headed for the front door, freedom already feeling so sweet.

Of course, you couldn’t let yourself get ahead or yourself. You practically held your breath the entire time you crossed the living room, expecting your rotten luck to pull you back somehow to socialize with your neighbors. Not that you would entirely mind, but you thought it was best to save socializing for when you weren’t feeling like death.

The moment your hand curled around the doorknob you let out a sigh of relief, quickly rushing out before lady luck could change her mind.

Your tense shoulders relaxed once you exited, and you drooped in relief as you slumped over to your apartment. Ignoring the still broken door as well as you could.

Once you entered your room, you leaned back against the door, tilting your head back as you slipped down until you were sitting against your it.

……you needed to shower...again.

With your limbs feeling like lead, you pushed yourself upward, giving an extra dramatic sigh so that the universe would know just how unfair it was to you.

Gravity pulled you down with each step you took as you dragged yourself to the bathroom. You didn’t think you could stand long enough for a shower, so you started filling the tub.

As it filled up, you carefully removed the waffle from your hair. Wincing every time a few hairs decided they liked the waffle better than your head.
By the time you had finally removed it, it had a decent amount of hair on it that left you wondering if you still had hair on your head.

A quick look in the mirror revealed that yes, you did still have hair, and that was syrup trying to take over your forehead.

You grabbed a washcloth and ran it under the water, feeling relieved once you cleaned the syrup off your skin.

Now you just had to get it all cleaned out of your hair. Fun.

You slowly sunk into the tub, sighing in satisfaction as the warm water enveloped you.

It took a while to get the stickiness out of your hair, but with lots of scrubbing and shampoo you had finally succeeded. Your energy depleted and in the negatives as you slugged your way to bed. Barely bothering to dry your hair before you were lost in peaceful sleep.

It was the first time in the last couple of days that you could remember waking up peacefully.

As you curled deeper into the blankets, you peeked out the window, seeing the sky swirling with dark clouds that promised a storm. Which was perfect weather to drink tea and doze away to.

Shuffling out of your bed, you pulled a blanket with you, letting it cover your head and drag behind you as you wandered to the kitchen.

You felt like a very tired king who just got news that a threatening war had been called off. Like you wanted to weep in relief from having taken a restful nap, and feeling relieved that you had taken the right steps earlier that day.

And so you straightened out, walking with long, dignified steps as your cape swept dramatically across your floor. After all, a king couldn’t let anyone see that he was ever tired. It was his duty, no matter the circumstance, to show strength for his people.

The quest for tea turned into one of hot coco, since the king declared that it was best to celebrate
merrily and enjoy life.

The dramatics of a story started swirling in your head as you thought up possible scenarios which would cause the kingdom great despair and joy.

All the while preparing hot chocolate, planning to enjoy it through the storm that would break across the sky at any moment.

You almost dropped the mug in your hand as a knocking rang from down the hall. The impressive story you had thought up scattering away as you tried to balance yourself out before losing the mug.

When you succeeded in setting the mug down, you called out to the knocker and took quick steps to meet them. Wondering who on earth it could be at this time of the day. Wait, what time was it?

Patting your pockets revealed that you did not have your phone on you. Which was great, because that meant you probably lost it somewhere, again. Whatever, you were sure it would turn up sometime.

You let the blanket drop away from your shoulders as you approached, trying to give whoever it was the impression that you had not just woken up. After all, you were supposed to be an adult or something, and apparently they didn’t take absurdly long naps. They were supposed to work and be serious all the time and blah blah blah.

Rolling your eyes at your ridiculous thoughts, you push them out of your mind and faced the intruder at your doorway. Fully expecting another skeleton from previous experience.

Surprisingly, it was not one of your new neighbors, but repair men who had said that the landlady had sent them up to fix your door. Figuring you had missed her call, you thanked them and got out of their way. Going back to fixing up your coco.

As you listened to the two repairmen fix up our door, you prepared more chocolate, figuring you could share a bit as a thanks.

You readied two cups, carefully maneuvering your way back to the repairmen.
“-and i heard a bunch of monsters live here too…disgusting”

Your steps faltered as you caught the end of the sentence, furrowing your brow at the fear you could hear in the man’s voice. Eavesdropping was rude….but it was by chance that you had heard that, so no real worry there.

A disproving grunt was heard, “If you ask me, those things should have stayed where they belonged. Down below our feet and long forgotten.”

A displeased frown tugged at your lips, and you huffed angrily at the laughter that followed that rude statement.

Rude people did not deserve your chocolate delicacy…..should you just drink it all? You bit your lip in thought.

Surely your stomach wouldn’t feel bad again, would it? Giving the chocolate a suspicious stare, you decided not to chance it. Heading back into the kitchen to put the chocolate away.

A brilliant idea struck you, and you hurriedly pulled out the cake you had bought a few days ago out of the fridge, admiring its jiggyness before cutting a few pieces from it and placing them on a large serving plate.

You then proceeded to make more chocolate and pour it into a medium jug. Being carefully to make sure it wouldn’t get to full and spill over the edges.

Balancing the serving plate with the jug was a challenge, but somehow you managed. A giddy feeling ran through you as you approached the door, watching the repairmen watch you approach with grateful smiles as they fixed up your door.

One of them stepped up to you, carefully taking the jug from your hands, still wearing a grateful smile as he opened his mouth.

Before he could speak, you beat him to it, “Oh! Thank you so much! Do you think you could help me get that over to my neighbors? I’ve been meaning to get this cake to them for a while!”

Which of course was a lie. Well, not entirely, you had been meaning to get it to them since 30
minutes ago or something.

A little bit of a sadistic joy entered you as you watched his smile drop slightly. Though he kept it up and gave you a nod “Of course, Glad to be of assistance.”

There was a hesitance to your step as you approached your new neighbors door, briefly wondering if this was actually a good idea at all.

You pushed aside your doubts, a strong sense of wanting to prove the two wrong for some reason.

Though you couldn’t help the slight shaking of your hand as you knocked on the door, your thoughts trying to push you into thinking of every possible scenario in which this could go wrong.

You really should have thought this out better. What if the men tried to do something to the skeletons? What if they said something absurd? What if they didn’t even want the cake and chocolate?

Lady luck never actually seemed to be on your side, so this would likely head south as well.

Now you were entirely trying not to panic, really hoping that nobody answered the door as you waited for it to be answered.

Perhaps they had gone somewhere, maybe they left, to go shopping or work or something.

The door creaked open, and you felt your hopes fall flat on their face.

“Papyrus! Hi! Me again,” You gave the tall softy a smile, trying to keep yourself from rambling.

You lifted the plate slightly, showing the cake and gesturing to the jug that the, now very displeased looking man, was holding.

“I was wondering if you guys wanted some cake and chocolate milk? As a thanks for letting me stay with you guys!” You felt a nervous sweat start to build on your hands, but you kept up that smile, not daring to hope things would go well lest the universe try and destroy it again.
Papyrus looked confused, his gaze moving from you, to the cake, to the man holding the jug, before settling on you again.

A large smile almost blinded you, and the worry seeped out of you as Papyrus carefully took the plate of cake from your hands. “OF COURSE! THANK YOU HUMAN! I AM SURE WE WILL ENJOY THIS!”

Giving him a genuine smile, you turned to take the jug out of the repairman's hand, not daring to meet his gaze as you muttered out a thank you.

Placing the jug in Papyrus other hand, you made sure he had a good hold before letting go.

“Well, I’ll see you later then!” You said awkwardly, hoping that the brief interaction hadn’t been too strange for Papyrus.

Not wanting to test fate, you quickly re-entered your own apartment, skittering past the repair man who was still fiddling with your door, a scowl on his face as he fiddled the hinges into place.

When you entered the safety of your kitchen, you exhaled in relief.

A nagging feeling was tugging at you, telling you that it was really sort of rude of you to have done that to the two fixing your door. You tried to reason with yourself, saying that they deserved it because they were saying stupid stuff and blah.

The feeling however, didn’t go away. So with a sigh and roll of your eyes, you started preparing two cups again, all the while pouting and trying to talk yourself out of it.

By the time you had them both ready, you had come to a compromise.

If you heard them speaking rudely again, then you wouldn’t bother, but if you didn’t, well, then they would get your precious chocolate.
You approached your door agonizingly slowly, knowing you were somewhat cheating by doing so, but not entirely caring much.

You strained your ears, trying to hear the words that would have you drink your delicious chocolate, saving it for yourself.

Of course you didn’t hear them, and you reluctantly gave them both chocolate. Keeping up your smile to try and at least seem polite.

By the time the two had finished with your door (and your chocolate) you were still displeased.

With angry muttering about rude people, you tested your door, making sure it was all in order before heading to make yourself more chocolate and snack on that wonderfully jiggly cake.

Unfortunately for you, as you were heading down the hall, your feet expertly caught the edge of the blanket you had dropped, and you were sent sprawling to the ground in a mess of flailing limbs and creative curses. The mugs flying out of your hands and landing somewhere with distressing shattering that had you mourning the loss of the wonderful mugs.

You lay on the ground, ignoring the whimpering of your aches as best you could. With a depressed sigh, you rolled into the blanket. Figuring that if you were already laying down you might as well take a nap. After all, you deserved it for ......you didn’t know, you just knew that you needed a nap.

Cushioning the blanket as best as you could under you, you snuggled into it and drifted off into sleep. Smiling sleepily when you heard the rumble of far off thunder.

Chapter End Notes

THIS TOOK AGES....srry

and i have no excuse except writers block :p

Chapters are still super slow paced! Guess that sort of my style or something.......(or i don’t know how to make it faster paced......who knows)

Lemme know what you think in the comments! How I can improve or any mistakes you notice :)
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!