Zoot Suit Riot
by YinYanChan

Summary

You had been leading a normal life up until the skeleton brothers entered your life. Nearly intimidated by their pursuit of becoming your best friends you couldn't help but like them. Their snappy dressed attire and natural ease around you... well not going to lie... has you somewhat smitten. When they found a place in the countryside they insisted you live there with them... who could say no to those faces? Yet things aren't what they seem with them. You keep getting the feeling you've been caged and often thrown aside now that you're living with them. It's not until some sudden newcomers come that certain pieces slowly begin to fall in to place.

Notes

Got the idea for this while on break and couldn't stop typing. Since these are all the mafia universes I decided to do some name changes. Sans and Papyrus are still the same though they are the suit wearing, smooth talking, mafia tale versions. I named them after tobacco brands do to some Head cannons I have specifically for the mafia versions. Especially for Blueberry vs Lucky... Lucky is well.. you find out in this chapter actually ;)

Underswap Sans = Lucky
Underswap Papyrus = Strike
Underfell Papyrus = Swisher
Underfell Sans = Sweets
Swapfell Sans = Black
Swapfell Papyrus = Mild

See the end of the work for more notes.
Gilded Cage?

Life was odd when monsters arrived.

It was humans oppressing the monsters and the monsters retaliating in some shape or form.

But not your skeletons though.

Sharply dressed to impress they both were. There wasn't a mean bone in Papyrus’ body and who didn't love a fun loving guy like Sans. Besides Sans was too lazy to do anything… even at his various jobs.

You were supposedly someone very special to them. Your soul called to them the day they arose from the underground and they had searched for it from then on.

Don't know why though. Nothing really special about you. Average at best. That's probably why the brothers went off on their own a lot. Needed to be away from your needy self.

The three of you had grown inseparable before the move.

You had to admit you were being pampered. The brothers had insisted on a large house in the country… and they were taking you with them. No if ands or buts.

It had taken the brothers a couple years to find you and when they did… your whole world changed in the blink of an eye.

They were surprisingly wealthy and flaunted it at you. It had intimidated you so much it sent you to your apartment and hiding there for a few days. It was strange for not just one man but two actively pursuing you and by any means necessary… let alone them being skeletal monsters.

Of course… they did find you and apologized profusely for scaring you off. All it took was a week of them begging for even the slightest attention to cave. Besides you could feel deep down that they would never bring you to harm.

They were lovable and admirable in their attempts. You weren't sure if it was to romantically woo you or not due to them being skeletons and monsters… could it even happen? To you they were the greatest friends you ever had… if they wished to pursue you romantically you doubt you'd mind. They pampered you already but you still couldn't see why though.

Then they'd be gone for almost days at a time. Come back with their crisp suits rumpled and wrinkled. You'd always asked but it was strictly business as they'd always say. It made you feel… off. Perhaps they needed some time spent away from you.

This week Papyrus had to leave on a business venture while Sans stayed behind. Though he took up most of his time in the basement, he would come out covered in oil and throw you a wink as he grabbed a ketchup.

You were starting to get a little lonely. The brothers absolutely refused for you to go out and burden yourself with errands. They preferred either to be with you or do it for you.

It didn't go so well the last time you decided to pick up a book you had ordered to save on shipping. They had been worried to death and that from now on they'd pay for the shipping.
You offered to move out at one point when it seemed like they worried about you constantly. Too much stress on them and you...

That went terribly...

Papyrus wept and Sans seemed startled and when you told them your insecurities… they told you it was because you were important to them. They'd ease off if it was bugging you but they were new to this aspect with a human. They weren't very knowledgeable about humans.

They would never tell you how or why but that you three were connected.

After that it was nice to have your favorite boys to cuddle up with and watch a good movie. Sans would keep you entertained with jokes and pranks. Papyrus entreated you to delicious meals that he spent time learning in the finest culinary school.

However, when they were both gone. You would try to do your old hobbies but… some of them required inspiration.

When was the last time you went to a pretty secluded spot to paint the day away?

You used to travel looking for your next scenic view. When Sans and Papyrus told you how they enjoyed the views on the surface, you were quite eager to paint their favorite spots one day.

Pouting and thinking maybe at least they might take you to one of those BYOB art classes and have a fun night.

Your brother hated them. Kept telling you to open your eyes and see them for what they were.

He even came by to take you away. Sans and Papyrus stopped him and you told your brother that they'd never hurt you. He was being paranoid was all.

He left cursing and saying you'd been brainwashed. If you'd ever get any sense to get in touch, his door would be open.

Now back to the day at hand… nothing to clean. Pap was always exceptionally thorough before he left. Sans was busy tinkering with a machine in the basement.

TV?

yep tv.

A loud explosion ripped you from your thoughts.

“Oh God! Sans!” You leap to your feet. Running straight for the basement door, that is now oozing smoke. It took some time trying to bypass the numerous locks on the door. Honestly there was no need for it but Sans had insisted. It took you at least a good 30 minutes to solve all the puzzles to open it from your side.

Slinging it open only to choke from the fumes.

“Sans!? are you okay!?” Desperate to hear him.

“I'm quite alright human!” said a smaller sans? With vibrant blue eye lights and different three piece suit? Also a bowler hat?

He appeared at the top of the stairs, nearly startling you as the smoke began to clear.
He looks you over and grins so big you feel his jaw could fall off.

“You know where we're at hun?” Papyrus!? When did he get back? Why does he sound like sans and sans him? Why was he wearing an orange leisure suit? The laziest of suits...

He to was giving you an appreciative look. They both seemed awestruck before you as you tried to comprehend what was going on.

All the while coughing from the lingering smoke.

This certainly was unattractive due to your smoke sensitivity. The boys wanted a smoke they'd have to do it outside because of it or smoke magic cigs.

“Lucky! Strike! Get down here! We're not finished!” you hear Sans yell up the stairs. Oh thank the stars he was okay.

Lucky Strike? Wasn't that a cigarette brand?

The leisure suit Papyrus copy rolled his eyes eyelights as the Sans look alike before you almost sneered. It was a split second before he threw the happiest grin on his face and grabbed your wrist.

“eh bro?” the strange Papyrus stands up straighter.

“Well, Sans, wants us all down for a talk. I figured he'd like the little lady of the house to come along… eh Strike?” Not a single change in... Lucky? Lucky’s happy features. The way his eye lights lit into stars made the well dressed skeleton adorable.

Strike seems nervous but nods and with that you all get down to see the disaster, that was once your basement.

And the bunch of skeletons in it.

Your sans, covered in soot, sees you and throws a glare at lucky… who was still holding your hand.

“The human was concerned for you so I brought her along.” Lucky puffs out his chest with an adorable smile adorning his features. Like a child who felt they had done a good deed. Cute.

Sans gives him the most terrifying withering glare that almost made you jump. As the others converge upon you in wonder.

One that looked more like Lucky but, instead of the vibrant blue suit, dressed in black with burgundy wine accents. Had a scar over his left socket and deep red eyelights. Oh and the rows of sharp shark like teeth… can’t forget those.

The tall one by his side was… Papyrus? Only with fangs, one of which being gold. Had a nasty looking crack that traveled from his golden tooth to his eye socket. Dressed also in a leisure suit but a dark burgundy. A loose black tie hung limply from the wide lapels… which was odd. A tie wasn’t typically used for the leisure suit but to each his own.

“Black and Mild get back over here!” Sans called to those two as they gained more ground approaching you. Earning looks of displeasure from both as the turned to glare at Sans. A bit of a stand off before Black and Mild sauntered over to Sans, who started whispering as soon as they got
Black and Mild? Wasn’t that a cigar brand?

Before you could figure out which one was which your unoccupied hand was gently lifted.

By a bigger sans. This one dressed in a black zoot suit, complete with fedora. His eye lights a vibrant red as he held your gaze. Then gently pressed his own set of shark teeth to your hand in a kiss. A gold fang that glinted along with all the gold rings that adorned his thick phalanges.

Blushing like crazy through the affectionate gesture as a very tall and edgy looking Papyrus approached. His teeth were like jagged points jutting from his jaws. Three scars went over his left socket making his brilliant red eye lights eerie. His suit crisp and slim but a three piece like most of the others in the room. Only his was black with bright red pinstripes.

Save for the soot, all these guys were dressed to impress.

“Swisher! Get Sweets off of her!” Sans bellowed in rage, once again setting you on edge. As he turned away from the discussion he was having with Black and Mild.

Wait Swisher Sweets? Again what is with the tobacco product names?

Besides the guy that still has your hand pressed to his fangs didn’t look like a Sweets.

“And don’t think I don’t see you holding her hand Lucky.” Sans growled at the now sad looking Lucky.

“B-But why!? I’m not hurting you am I?” Lucky looks up at you with the biggest sorrowful puppy eyes.

“If I am please let me know! I don’t want you to ever be uncomfortable Miss?” He trails as if to ask for your name.

“Oh I’m…” Suddenly you’re gripped with magic and sent back up the stairs as Sans finishes for you.

“Just leaving.” And the basement door slams in your face. Well wasn’t that nice?

In fact it left your blood boiling to be treated that way. Who were those guys, why did they look like different sans and papyrus’, how the heck did they get down there?

Sans had some explaining to do. You kicked the door back open startling everyone below when you came marching back down.

“Oh Y/N, it’s complicated. I’ll tell you later. How about that huh?” He throws his hands up defensively. The others started to look amused after calming down from their sudden start.

“Well if it’s too much for me to know, at this moment, then I should leave then shouldn’t I?” He knew what you meant from the way his sockets widen. You were going to leave the house.

“No need for that kiddo. Maybe get us a snack from upstairs?” Trying to find something for you to do while having top secret discussions. While the others stood in silence watching the scene with great interest.
Your glare leveled him and made the others flinch slightly. Probably glad it wasn’t directed at them, they began to smirk. Save for Lucky, who gave you a concerned look with those beautiful eye lights, as he patted your shoulder.

Either he discusses with you present or you get to leave the house. He didn’t seem to garner which was the lesser of two evils by the look on his face.

Honestly you knew he’d tell you something later but you wanted to go outside. You saw the advertisements on the new bookstore in town. You wanted to go and get lost for a few hours browsing without your skeletons. However this seemed important. You had every right to know what went on in this house as you lived here to.

“Let me call Paps…” He reaches for his phone.

“No doing Mister. If you want me gone then I’m going. No need to have a babysitter.” You growled. Bookstore it is then. Let him have his secrets.

With that you stomped back upstairs. Nope, not important enough to let you in on important stuff. You were beginning to feel like you were just some pet to them after this. Is this the special connection? Being their destined pet?

You grab the keys to your car as you head for the door. Opening it only to jolt back as Sans stood on the other side panting.

“Y/N. Please. Go back and we’ll forget this happened. You pick out a good movie and we’ll snuggle on the couch later.” Yep a threat and either you were their child or a pet.

“Brother what is going on?” Oh for fuck’s sake Pap had to arrive. Great, your benevolent babysitter.

“Pap! Thank stars! I have a bit of a situation going on in the basement. Could you watch her for me?” San’s sweating but smiling in relief seeing his brother come up the walkway with some groceries.

Once again Papyrus’ suit was messed up only this time it was tattered and torn in places making you grimace.

“But of course! Y/N will you help me with the groceries?” Paps award winning smile almost melted your heart.

Almost.

“I’m afraid I can’t Pap. Sans wants me out so I’m doing just that. Figured I’d go and get a breath of fresh air.” Papyrus jolts at your tone and looks between you both confused. Sans sends him a pleading look before disappearing back to the basement.

“Sans messed up didn’t he?” Papyrus asks you with a stern look on his face.

“What am I to you both?” You whimper and he immediately sets the groceries down to approach you. Trying to invite you in to one of his signature hugs but you step away from him.

The look of hurt that crosses his features makes your chest hurt equally in response.

“Are you sad? Mad? Hurt? Please tell the great Papyrus so that he may help his most important human.” He lays a gentle hand on your shoulder. Despite wanting to shrug it off, you let it stay.
You know that he means well. Your heart told you that he and Sans never would hurt you on purpose. Yet this still stings.

“I heard the most awful explosion in the basement. I was absolutely terrified because Sans had been down there all day. I thought the worst especially since it took me forever to open the locks…” You began to sniffle and you felt Papyrus lean in for a tender hug.

“Only to find there are other skeletons down there with him. Ones that look like him and you…” Making Papyrus flinch at the news as you continued but he didn’t interrupt you.

“I was still frightened but relieved to see he at least seemed okay. All he did though was yell at the other skeletons and obviously didn’t want me there. So much so he used his magic to send me back up the stairs and slam the door in my face. I had been so worried and he didn’t even acknowledge me directly. All focus was on these new skeletons and keeping them from me.” You growl as it sent a new wave of hurt to be ignored like that.

“From you?” Papyrus seemed shocked and his grip tenses.

“Yeah, and what’s even weirder is they all have tobacco product names. Lucky and Strike, Black and Mild, Swisher and Sweets.” You trail on but remembering your question to him look him in the sockets.

“How am I even here? Am I just a pet? Is that all I am?” Papyrus blushes orange.

“Well, we want you to be at ease with us. We care about your feelings, but understand that we are monsters and don’t respond with the appropriate responses at times. Just know we greatly care for you. Sans is probably beating himself up internally as we speak for his actions. Seeing how upset he’s made you of course.” His hug is warm and envelopes you.

“How about we put these groceries away and I take you to that new bookstore that’s caught your eye?” So he had seen how you lit up at the advertisements.

“Well, after I freshen up a bit of course.” Papyrus beams down at you.

“You don’t have to Pap. You look like you’ve seen better days. Just come in and rest.” Looking down at the ground. It would be selfish of you to put him out after him just getting home looking like he’s been in a fight… a fight?

“Are you okay? You look like you’ve been in a fight.” Paps jolts but chuckles.

“I’m afraid they had me doing strenuous activities that resulted in my good suit being reduced to tattered rags. I knew I should’ve dressed accordingly when they said heavy lifting would be involved... but darn it if I’m not a dapper gentleman!” His explanations eases your worry and you chuckle.

“Are you less sad now my little human?” You smile. Perhaps you got a little to heated but Sans still owed you an apology.

“When Sans offers a sincere apology for being rude. I think I’ll be a bit better.” You grin up at him and he nods.

“I’m sure he will or he’ll have to worry about the Great Papyrus giving him the business.” He releases you to pick up the groceries he had discarded quickly.

You go to the car to help with the rest.
Meanwhile… Before Sans had gotten back to the boys in the basement...

“God damn she’s fucking hot! Wouldn’t expect anythin’ less from my soulmate.” Sweets grins up the stairs where she had left.

“Your soulmate!? Back off you putz she’s mine!” The shorter yet similarly shark fanged sans copy yells back.

“Back off Black you skeevy little bastard.” Sweets glowered at his shorter counterpart.

“She’s all of ours.” Swisher grunts but his gaze was focused where you had last been.

Mild and Strike sigh in unison.

“And what makes you think a cocksucker like you has even an iota of a chance?” Lucky sneers at a surprised Sweets making everyone look at Lucky in shock.

“Sa-Lucky your true nature is showing…” Strike coughs slightly making Lucky jolt.

“I mean Mweh heh best of luck gentlemen?” His face becoming that of an innocent small bean.

“The actual fuck is up with him?” Mild looks concerned at Strike.

“The fact that I’ve been swimming in pussy thanks to being a cute wittle skeleton.” Lucky counters him.

Leaving just about everyone in the room slack jawed with surprise… just not Strike… He knows his brother to well for that.

“Listen you little piece of shit. Like hell am I going to let that little lady be another notch in your belt.” Black grabs Lucky by the front of his suit threateningly. The others concurring with hums of approval.

Lucky starts chuckling making everyone even more on edge.

“The fuck is so funny you fucking little prick!” Sweets growls.

“Oh such language Sweets! It’s really atrocious! I hope you have it in good heart and mind to not share that kind language around Miss Y/N!” He was back to being innocent again and they soon found out why.

“Ahem. Kindly not start a fight and please do keep cursing to a low minimum around MY soulmate.” Sans growled as he appeared on the stairwell and marching towards the group.

They all give Sans the ‘WTF how’d you miss him acting like a total asshole?’ look. Save for the still innocent looking culprit and his brother.

Black growls and relinquishes his hold on Lucky.

“So, how’d it go?” Strike chuckles at Sans

“Oh just swimmingly, not in the proverbial dog house or anything.” Sans seethes.

“She doesn’t know about the connection does she?” Swisher asks calmly.

“No, We didn’t want her scared off because of it. A lot of humans didn’t take to kindly to having
destined life mates with monsters.” He groans.

“So you trying to ease her into it bein’ all buddy buddy?” Mild asks almost boredly.

“Yeah, more or less coerced her into living with us and hoping it just works. She’ll realize it in time.” Sans sighs.

Lucky catches eyes with Strike briefly making the taller skeleton sigh.

“So… you’ve been lying to her?” He grumbles.

“No, We haven’t told her. What’s to lie about?” As Sans asks Lucky and Strike share a glance again.

“How about why she’s even here? I bet she doesn’t even know what you do.” Strike looks as if he’s judging him.

Sans growls and faces down Strike. His socket starting to glow blue.

“Like you know what I do.” Huffing at the still judging skeleton. The others tense and ready for things to go south.

“It’s only obvious form the way your dressed. You are in the same boat as us. Dirty dealings, weapon smuggling, monster alcohol making, money laundering, I’d say you were in the business alright.” Swisher scoffs at the surprised Sans.

“So doll doesn’t even know why she gets to be in a gilded cage?” Sweets sneers at Sans.

“And gets treated like she doesn’t have an opinion in the household? Deplorable.” Black raises his hackles. After all she was something precious to them all.

“She’s mine.” Was everyone's response at the same time.

Sans growls ferally and approaches them with his magic crackling.

“Don’t go claiming what isn’t yours.” He seethes

“Oh but Sans, She is ours. All of ours. Since you so kindly summoned us here against our will... You might as well get used to the fact.” Lucky chuckled sinisterly throwing Sans off his anger at, what was, the cute one.

“Greetings my fellow selves and brothers. I would like to remind you that this is our world and our home. As long as you're here you're expected to mind your manners especially near our mate to be. Or there will be dire consequences.” Everyone stunned to see Papyrus on the stairwell glaring down at them.

Sure enough they obliged when they saw the Tommy gun infused with his magic in his hands. Papyrus was ready to serve some justice if they stepped out of line.

“It would be wrong of me to harm my selves and my brothers but… for the greater good and all that.” His eyes lit and eerie orange. It was a promise.

“Forgive me, I do have a bit of a rude streak… mweh heh… just a little excited to have my soul join hers.” Lucky sneers and Strike slaps him upside the head, as Papyrus readily aims his weapon.

“He will at least behave around her. That, I can assure you.” Strike pulls his brother back with
sweat starting to appear on his skull.

Papyrus narrows his sockets with the gun still raised.

“Pity, I almost wish you'd let him keep talking. So that I might have a reason…” Pap fingers the trigger longingly as the others stiffen at the threat.

“Thank stars pap. Ya handled this so much better than I did.” San sighs in relief. Finally some control in the chaos. Only to flinch when he receives a glare from his brother.

“So what now?” Swisher asks his counterpart. Keeping a regal demeanor despite the threat.

“Well I suppose introductions are in order. Then the matter of rules in our household until we can figure out how to put you back where you belong. While I'm at it…” Papyrus sends a withering look to his brother.

“You have some apologies to be giving to our Lady.” Papyrus gestures back up the stairs and sans sweats.

“Right… I'm on it.” bowing his head in shame and left the others in the capable hands of his brother.

You were in the kitchen peeling vegetables, like Papyrus had asked you to do, before his leaving to freshen up.

You thought you had heard him go to the basement rather than upstairs… maybe checking in on sans and the others.

You were seriously considering your options… was your brother right? Should you call him?

Firstly did you feel threatened?

No, but you felt like your feelings had taken a very low blow.

Do you still love and care about them?

Yes, probably a little more than what they want… stupid puppy love.

Do you think they might like you the same?

Nope, they were good friends. It was a little weird that the pursued me just to be my friends. The whole soul thing has me confused… every time I get a book on soul meanings with monsters… it disappears.

“Heya…” It was so quiet you almost missed it. Turning you see sans leaning against the counter.

He was sweating bullets and looking awfully sheepish.

“I messed up. I'm sorry. I wasn't so sure they'd hurt you or not. So my solution was getting you out of there pronto… without asking and very disrespectfully.” He starts fiddling with his tie and shirt collar.

“So… Who are they? Why and how are they in our basement? Also why in the world would they try to hurt me?” You were going to get answers and now.

“Um… Family?” He gulps
“Why do you sound so unsure of your own answer?” You raise a brow sternly as he shuffles about.

“It’s complicated.” He sighs and the look you give him, lets him know you have all the time in the world to listen.
Ruffled Suits

Chapter Summary

You've got questions and Sans won't answer... or will he? Meanwhile you've all decided to gather together for dinner.

Chapter Notes

My Birthday was yesterday and I had meant to post this but... I forgot during the celebrations. Also an apology to all those waiting so long for an update. Long story short I wasn't well and am still in the process of getting better. Had a minor procedure done and waiting to see if it's all I need or if I need to have a major surgery down the road. So far so good and I'm not immediately falling asleep after work because of anemia so that's always great. Hopefully this means I can power through and start a better posting schedule when I start feeling more like me.

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So, you're telling me they are your cousins?” Disbelief evident in your voice.

“Twice removed” Sans awkwardly grins as he nods his head. Fidgeting with his cufflinks.

“That look like near replicas of you and Papyrus…and has their own brother counterpart?” You narrow your eyes at the sweating skeleton before you as you put down the knife you were cutting vegetables with… for safety reasons...

“What can I say? Family resemblance … we come in sets…” Sans gives you a big shrug as if that explains how any of this makes sense to you other than a big fat lie.

“Really Sans?” Quirking a brow and adding some edge to your tone had him flinch.

“It's a Monster thing.” He floundered a bit with his hands. An excuse he has used a lot to cover anything he didn't want to further explain. Once again he goes back to messing with his cufflinks.

“To have a nearly identical complicated genetic brother set but as cousins?” This was what wasn't making any sense to you. How was that even possible? Magic couldn't work like that could it? Granted you didn't know as much as you probably should... living with skeleton monsters... but this? This didn't seem possible.
“Magic sure is blowing your mind right now isn't it?” Sans smirks at you leaving you baffled for a moment but not today dammit! You were not going to take this lightly. Then you see it once again… his phalanges scrapping over his cufflink…

“Sans Skeleton, do you take me for a fool?” You asked him calmly. Ever so slowly crossing your arms before your chest.

“….no…” He wavered… good that means you might get somewhere.

“perhaps an idiot then?” you glare and he looks stricken.

“Of course not!” Sans is on the defensive trying to placate you.

“Then stop lying to me and tell me the truth!” You demanded stomping your foot down for emphasis.

Sans looks at a complete loss for words and struggles a moment until he finally speaks.

“How exactly am I lying to you right now?” He reaches and gently pulls your hands into his grasp.

“Because you always play with cufflinks when you're not being honest. You do it to keep yourself distracted.” Glaring harshly at him and he seems surprised by this knowledge.

"Only because this has been one hell of a day Y/N. I've gone and broken a very important machine that I don't think even with the help of my family combined can fix. I've brought my family into this. Now… I've upset you." He's giving you big sorrowful sockets with dilated eyelights.

"I am sorry Y/N. I really am but things have just gotten really complicated and all I want is to keep you safe. My cousins didn't exactly come from the nicest parts in the underground and with the machine acting funny I don't want you near it." You feel your soul twinge as he seems to at least be honest in his worry over you… Perhaps he isn't lying then.

So you decide to give your worry stricken skeleton a break.

"Okay Sans." His shoulders give with relief from all the tension they held… that was until…

"Howdy... cuz." It was Mild as he comes and sits at the kitchen table. Plopping down in a seat… almost conforming to it.

Papyrus was in not long after him and shot Sans a very dirty look briefly before looking happy to see the marvelous job you did with the vegetables.

Then the rest of them filed in, all of them seemed to make a point in calling Sans cousin.

As if he didn't already know?

Yet they seemed delighted in doing so but Sans on the other hand seemed a bit upset. Looking up at Papyrus as he helped you with the food.

Pap seemed to pointedly ignore Sans concerning gaze so you turn to him instead.

"Everything okay Pap?" You ask but then things got weird.

You got a chorus of "fines."

You turned and looked at the other "papyrus" look alike cousins and notice that though they
seemed nonchalant about it… they were sweating a bit as Sans started grinding his teeth.

Your Papyrus on the other hand merely glared at Sans and not at the others.

Then manages an award winning smile as he looks at you.

"I'M QUITE FINE! THANKS FOR ASKING!" He is quick to guide you into helping him prepare a larger meal for everyone. His loud voice is back… Papyrus only seemed to use it around others. It was not easy to get back into the habit of bracing your ears but something that was indeed the norm whenever your sweet skeleton got over zealous or anxious.

The others have managed to find a place at the table along with mild and so has Sans. Thankfully you have such a big table as your kitchen is basically the dining room connected together as one… all the skeletons have a seat and there are a few open spots for you and Papyrus to join later.

Maneuvering back into a cooking zone it isn't long until it hits you… you've got goosebumps...

You are certainly aware of every movement you make being watched… like a predator stalking its prey… and you are definitely the prey.

Everytime you glance back however, everyone seems to be either chatting or lounging comfortably and not a single socket in your direction. Save for Lucky… he watched you intently with a sweet grin and waved happily whenever you caught his gaze.

That's when everyone would chance a look at you. You felt so small and weak under the magnitude of their stares.

Getting the distinct impression that the cousins were indeed hungry but not for food.

Papyrus would quickly distract you with something else that needed to be done and you could hear Sans say something to them under his breath.

Soon you had a jumble of pots and hot pans due to the enormity of your guests sure to be appetites.

"May I help!" Lucky seemed eager to join but his brother held him by his cuff.

"I think not." Strike sends him a pleading look as Lucky pouts. Wondering what that was about but Strike sends you an imploring look to not let his brother help. You get the feeling that everyone would regret it if you let Lucky help so you abstain from welcoming him further into the kitchen.

Papyrus outright ignored the offer… which was odd but kind of left it to your decision anyways.

"Indeed that is to many pots. I would be happy to assist you if I may?" Black speaks up with his offer to help. You may or may not have seen a quick sneer thrown at Lucky as Papyrus seems to consider Black's offer instead of Lucky's.

Even the quiet Swisher seems to look on with great interest.

"Well, we will need help getting the food to the table… won't we Pap?" Papyrus smiles at you and nods.

"WHY DON'T YOU GO SET OUT THE TRIVETS AND WE WILL HAVE THIS BUFFET STYLE NYEH?" Papyrus asks you sweetly and you quickly grab some trivets to do just that.

As you lean in between skeletons to place them on certain places on the table… you are hyper aware of how close they are… and the feeling of being prey has returned tenfold.
"ALRIGHT EVERYONE WHO WISHES TO HELP! GRAB A POT AND PLACE IT ON A TRIVET. THEN WE WILL ALL MAKE OUR PLATES." Papyrus is quick to call out once you approach Lucky to lay down the final trivet.

You get the feeling that Papyrus doesn't like him. Is it because he is sweet and enthusiastic like Pap? You are not sure but there is something that is a little off about Lucky… you can't seem to put your finger on it.

"Mweh heh heh! You are so cute the way your nose is scrunched up in thought there." Wide eyed you turn your head to look and you are face to face with Lucky.

You haven't pulled back up all the way from setting down the trivet so you are very much level with him… and supporting yourself slightly and unknowingly with a light hand on his shoulder.

"E-excuse me?" Papyrus and Sans only called you cute if you went out of your way to dress or act it. Now you have a skeleton just randomly telling you that something you do out of habit… is cute.

You know you're blushing because you weren't expecting his forwardness. Or the sweet? intentions behind it.

"Has nobody ever told you?" Lucky seemed a little perplexed at even the idea that anyone would neglect to tell you such a thing.

As Lucky leans in a bit more towards you… you find yourself leaning back… to the point you are pressed up against another skeleton.

A low rumbling chuckle had you glance behind and it was Sweets. He gave you a wolfish grin with that gold tooth gleaming in the light.

"Now that just won't do Sweetheart. No one around here telling the truth?" You see him give a bit of a leer at Sans before Black cuts in.

"Positively dreadful!" He looks absolutely astounded at the information and slams a fist on the table.

Mild also looks a bit perturbed by this news but chooses to stay in his reclined position.

Taking a quick look at Strike to maybe help calm things down but he seemed to be enjoying himself. In fact, Lucky seemed gleeful as he and the others seemed to stare down a very anxious Sans.

A couple of pots slammed simultaneously down on the table.

"THANK YOU SWISHER, FOR HELPING." Papyrus… Smiles? Yet it didn't feel like a friendly smile and it was directed to the rest of the table.

"OF COURSE, WHAT KIND OF GUEST WOULD I BE TO NOT HELP?" Swisher was doing the same exact thing and it was kinda freaking you out a little.

You think the rest of the table got the memo because everyone busted their sorry butts to get up and help… well… some more quickly than others.

Soon plates were loaded and everyone was able to eat.

In fact… They were so stunned and impressed with Papyrus' cooking that nothing else was said
during the hearty meal.

You felt safer by Papyrus' side at this point but was thankful to wedged in between both your boys. Though you did still get the impression from Papyrus that you should still be mad at Sans.

When plates started to stack up and pots started to empty… that's when the banter came back. Though it was oddly hushed between each brother set… until…

"So little one, what is it that you do?" Swisher asks you in a far more hushed voice than earlier. Despite his very sharp and eerie features… it was a gentle way in which he spoke to you.

Cautious and almost timid as if not to try and frighten you. He even seemed to be less straight in his posture to seem more submissive and less intimidating. Like he knew just how terrifying his presence could be.

You were very aware of how quiet it was after he spoke to you. Noticing how very straight and rigid the skeletons were on either side of you… but Swisher was not threatening.

You could see it in his sockets that he was genuinely curious and meant no harm. He just wanted to know more about the human that was staying with his cousins… no harm in that right?

"Oh, well… I did have a job in the city but I gave that up to live out here. I do have some hobbies that I like to do whenever they get the time to help me." That didn't sound right… you didn't need their help or their permission to do the things you liked but… to get supplies, go get a new book, or go adventuring for the most picturesque view to paint… they had to be with you.

The others seemed immediately curious and we're waiting for details it seems, as so was Swisher.

"Don't leave us hangin' Darlin'." Mild replied while arching himself up to lean over the table with interest than to recline as he had been.

"Yeah Sweetheart, surely ya do somethin' fun around here to occupy yer time." Sweets has his head in both hands while leaning on the table. He looks completely enamored but that can't be right? You've only just met the skeleton today… then again… they've all been watching you very intently…

Is it because you are a strange human they are unfamiliar with? Or is it something else entirely?

You are still unsure about your boys… if they can have anything or want anything further than what you've got currently relationship wise…

"Well… I enjoy reading… a lot. However my favorite hobby is to paint." You say and as they all look starstruck you miss the sad expressions Sans and Papyrus had on their faces.

"You must show us!" Lucky pipes up with bright blue stars adorning his sockets.

"Oh yes! I… oh… I'm sorry… I just realized I don't have any paintings here currently." You trailed off sadly. Had it really been that long? What was left of your paintings were either in that small gallery in the city… or in the possession of your brother.

You hadn't painted a single thing since you had moved out here with the brothers… you had always meant to… wanted to desperately even… but they had to free up time to take you to find your next masterpiece.

They refused for you to go alone.
"I can make some time next week and take you by that one spot you said had potential." Sans is already sifting through his calendar… something he always did when you would get anxious about going out.

Thing is, something always came up. Papyrus would end up picking up the pieces of your shattered hope filled heart.

Then Sans would make it better… he always found something to make it right but not always in the way you hoped it would be. The only time you could count on Sans to actually follow through was to get him to promise but those didn’t happen as often as you had hoped.

Papyrus would always keep his word to you but it could never be long engagements. He and Sans both worked multiple jobs and at odd times.

The only time you had them fully was times like this… and it felt selfish to ask them to take you somewhere after they've been working so hard. You wanted them to get their rest.

"Well we have nothing better to do. How about Mild and I take you out?" Black is grinning at you but his eyes keep glancing at Sans... and the tension is back and everyone seems to be glaring daggers at each other.

"Not fair! I was about to suggest that!" Lucky looks as though Black has struck him. Strike seems to be holding onto Lucky’s sleeve as the skeleton had propelled himself forward in his outburst.

“Gentlemen, I think it’s time that we have a family meeting about our machine problems? I do believe that is why Sans has called you here right… Cousins?” Papyrus has his normal speaking voice back but the chill in it sent a shiver down your spine.

The others seemed to look at Papyrus warily and nod slowly in agreement without breaking eye contact.

“Well, I’m going to put the dishes away and then go to bed.” You say to break the awkward silence that washes over the table. Clearly things haven't been discussed yet and Papyrus didn't even know that the family was going to be here either… he would have at least told you had he known. Something tells you a boundary has been crossed with him and it was time to skedaddle.

“Oh Y/N! No need my sweet human! You’ve had quite the exciting day. Let me handle the dishes and you retire to your room. Just promise me you’ll do me one thing before you leave.” Papyrus gives you that warm loving smile that just makes you melt… and swoon.

“And what is that?” You ask yet you know what is coming… but it never got old.

“That you give it your all in getting a goodnight’s rest.” Then he promptly stands and helps you out of your chair. Always the gentleman to pull a chair out for a lady, hold a door, or help you up… it always left you flustered.

“Then a promise I shall make.” You smile up at him… you two always had this moment if he was home when it was bedtime.

Sans would always chuckle and watch you two fondly… however… you now had an audience that were watching with either annoyed or angry? looks… it couldn't be jealousy.

Glancing at Lucky he had his bowler hat pulled down over his face and Strike seemed to have a firm grasp on his shoulder.
Maybe the poor guy had a headache and Strike was just being a good comforting brother.

Black was fiddling with his high collar and adjusting his tie… aggressively… while Mild kept a wary eye on him.

Swisher looked on with a stern yet curious attentiveness but Sweets was rolling his eyelights… pulling out a cigar from an inner pocket.

“Oh um Sweets?” You call to him and so sweetly it had his attention immediately.

In mid pause of cutting the end of the cigar he was holding with a look of pure shock… he quickly shook it off to give you his heavy lidded gaze and wide cheshire grin.

“Yeah Sweetheart?” He gives a low rumbling purr as he asks and you know you're blushing but not because of him… but what you are about to say.

“No smoking inside the house please.” You ask with a genuine ‘please don’t take this the wrong way’ voice and attitude.

Everything was going okay… Sweets awkwardly grinned and put the cigar back in his pocket. The tension seemed to be ebbing… until Sans laughed at him.

You never thought you'd see a skeleton bristle like a cat but Sweets was ready for a fight. Concerned for your smaller skeletons well being only to find that he had a look about him… one that suggested that he knew just how big Sweets was, did not care, and neither was he worried.

"Yes, I'm afraid I forgot that one…” Papyrus sighs… and you quirk a brow at him… had he discussed some things with them?

The thought is quickly dismissed as he promptly leans forward and you feel a sudden pressure on the top of your head. With the added sound effect of a “Muah”

Well… that was new… him actually kissing you goodnight… you are certainly a hundred shades redder.

In a daze he expertly leads you out of the kitchen and escorts you to your room. You could hear loud noises explode in the kitchen but all you could focus on was how gently he held your hand… and how warmly he held your gaze.

Seeing you to your door he jovially grins and pats your head.

“I’m sure Sans will be along shortly to say his own goodnight to you.” Papyrus shines his radiant smile down upon you and all you can do is float. After all your heart had waited for a little bit of physical affection outside of the norm.

“Oh yes… Wait! That was completely rude of me!” Before Papyrus could catch you, you were off like a shot and hoping that they weren’t thinking you a rude hostess.

Just as you are rounding the corner you call out to the noisy kitchen.

“Hey Guys!” Calling out to the noisy kitchen that suddenly goes quiet.

“Sorry I…” As you step into the kitchen you are caught off guard. Everything was just as you had left it… just not the skeletons. In fact they somehow looked a little rough and their suits not so pressed. They all looked like they were… sweating? And were definitely fidgeting nervously in
your presence. Still sitting around the kitchen table and trying to act casual by leaning on it somewhat.

Wait… where was Sans?

“Hey kiddo, thought you were going to bed?” Looking behind you, Sans was up against the wall with his casual grin but he was in very much the same condition as the others.

You narrow your eyes and flinches.

Yep, they were all fighting.

“Well, I had come to apologize…” A cabinet door fell to the ground and everyone looked petrified in slight horror… not making eye contact with you.

“…because I realized I had been rude and not said goodnight to everyone…” One of the kitchen table legs gave out and made the now awkward skeletons in even more awkward positions trying to act like this was normal.

Glancing back at Sans he too isn’t making eye contact and rubbing the back of his skull nervously.

*Sigh*

“Okay, elephant in the room… what is going on?” You glare at them knowing full well Papyrus isn’t going to be happy that his precious hardwood table had to suffer… and his cherrywood cabinets.

“Anyone want to fess up to this? Anyone or ones involved?” You grumble as they all including Sans decide not to come clean. Yet they all scream guilty.

Well Lucky just looks nervous like he doesn’t want to rat anyone out… Perhaps he will if you lay on some charm.

“Lucky Sweetie?” You give your best cheery voice and he’s instantly focused on you with a little bit of sweat running down his skull.

“You’ll tell me what happened won’t you?” You look at him with big pleading eyes and he looks dazed. His eyelights dilate into big blue almost… hearts?

“WEGOTREALLYHEATEDOVERTHEKISSL…” He says really quickly and then shakes himself out whatever trance like state he seems to be in. Yet you couldn’t make out what he said do to his raise in pitch and the fast pace in which he spoke.

He seemed relatively shocked that he even said anything at all. Strike even looks at him slack jawed. Black scoffed at Lucky for his loss in composure it seems… well… you were going to put the charm on him see if you got any results.

“Black Dear, would you be so kind?” Throwing him the same look you gave Lucky and with just about similar results….

Only… Black was speechless. His dilated stare was intently focused on you but he couldn’t say a word. Lucky is glowering at him but Black is in a world of his own and you try waving a hand in front of his skull with no results.

Great.
Well… you could do this all night.

"Sweets Sugar?" And he froze on the spot. You bat your eyes sweetly and his eye lights also dilate.

"You would tell me right?" He seems to be sputtering trying to find something… anything to tell you. Oh come on… where was that smooth talker that was here a minute ago?

“Swisher Darling?” You glance at Sweets brother as he turns red and rigid at the sweetness in your voice. Yet still no answers...

“Mild Precious?” He avoids your gaze like the plague with sweat dripping off his brow. Obvious you were not getting a single word out of him let alone eye contact.

“Strike Honey? Please?” Strike was frozen as you turn your sweet merciless gaze upon him. You could see the want in his eyes to do as you ask but there was something holding him back.

“Y/N? Why did you run off like that?” Papyrus walks into the room and sees the table.

The room is suddenly far more electric than when you had rounded the corner.

“T had forgotten to say goodnight to everyone and then I stumbled upon this disaster. No one is fessing up I’m afraid Pap. I’m sorry but it looks like your good table and cabinets are ruined.” You turn to him sorrowfully. A good chef prides himself over a well maintained kitchen.

“Well… I will attend to this. Say your goodnights and this will all be taken care of come morning.” Papyrus smiles that… none to friendly smile at his cousins.

“Well everyone I hope that everything gets straightened out for the better. I’ll see you all in the morning…Good night.” You smile at them regardless of the apparent family aggression… they’ve not been unkind to you. In fact they seem to really like you which has kinda flattered you to an extent.

It has been somewhat creepy but you've never felt this… wanted before. Yes Sans and Papyrus pursued your friendship quite persistently… yet these skeletons were acting like you were some hot young thing strutting your stuff…

And they were interested in what you were about…

Blushing at the chorus of good night's they gave you, save for Black still being in a stupor that you had to contain a giggle for, obviously not paying attention to Papyrus' ire… you turn to go off to bed.

"Miss Y/N! Perhaps you'd like a bedtime story? I love bedtime stories!” Lucky has vibrant stars shining in his sockets as he nearly bounces in his seat with excitement.

You chuckle at his childlike wonderment but he is an adult. You don't know how you feel about the sweet skeleton being in your room at this hour when you don't really know him.

You would have said yes but something in your gut told you not tonight. Odd to not trust the sweetheart after he has been so kind but your gut warning has always been a good instinct. Maybe he was just a little to friendly and would want to snuggle you… he's cute/handsome enough but he's an adult you barely know.

"Maybe another time Lucky." You smile and make your way out not noticing how Lucky's face
"Guess Lucky ain't gettin' Lucky" Mild chuckles darkly.

"That always works... how did... she resisted my cuteness Strike!" The pure look of astonishment crossing his features as he looked at the doorway from whence you left.

Even Strike seemed quite shocked at this.

"Yeah, try anything like that again and your not gonna be so cute anymore capiche?" Sans growls and everyone at the table stiffens as Papyrus looms over Lucky and Strike.

"Gentlemen... I do believe we had an agreement on boundaries... yes?" Papyrus' sweet smile not matching the look of pure venom in his sockets.

Nodding stiffly both Lucky and Strike try to appease him.

"Then why are you so dead set on breaking them?" Papyrus' sockets lit an eerie orange and behind him Sans socket was glowing blue.

"I think you guys are in for a bad time." Sans makes comment.

"Not to say I wanted Lucky to get what he wanted but this is not fair." Swisher speaks cordially but slightly miffed.

"Her soul keeps callin' us. Those pet names she gave us damn near dusted us." Sweets groans

"The names or the way she batted those sweet eyes?" Strike sighed as Sweets seemed to contemplate which was really the kicker.

"M'lord is still speechless." Mild waves a hand by his brothers face and he still seemed a bit out of it.

Sweets leans over, with a shit eating grin, and boops Black on his nasal Ridge and that gets the smaller skeleton back out of his stupor... and riled.

Black swats at him as he comes to making Sweets snicker.

"Well, you know what the business says about being fair right boys?" Papyrus looms and they all nod.

Sans looks proud of his brother as the other skeletons recite as if by mantra.

"Fairness is just a formality used by those of higher station to keep peace."

"And what would be keeping peace?" Sans asks them sweetly.

They all seem to grumble but both Sans and Papyrus smile with big broad grins.

They knew that they said to stay away from you.

Sans barely had time to conceal his weapons when you had arrived earlier. He was going to dust someone if he had to...to prove a point.

The others only had their magic and as powerful as that sounds... infusing it with a weapon made it far more accurate and deadly.
Sans was sure they had their own version of gaster blasters but they could get messy… and they wouldn't dare with something so precious and delicate to lose nearby.

"Well, come along then… I hope you don't mind sharing rooms with your brothers… we weren't expecting to have company." Papyrus sighs and makes his way out with Sans right behind him.

Lucky chuckles low earning everyone else's attention…

"Turnabout is fair play." Lucky's grin wasn't the snide or playfully jovial one he tried to trick you with earlier…. No… the others could only describe it as downright sinister.

Yet…

As his words rang in their skulls they found that they too were grinning in an almost similar fashion.

Who said anything about playing fair? After all fairness was just a formality.

As far as they could see… this timeline versions of them had their chance to woo you.

It's their turn now.

As you turned out the light you got a sudden chill run up your spine.

You blamed it on the autumn air….

None of the household any the wiser that the machine down below flickered to life once again.

Silently whirring and gears turning… then a blinding light but all of it a soft droning hum.

Then nothing.

Pitch black darkness in the eerie silence…

Two very distinctive laughs quietly reverberated around the room.

Chapter End Notes

?????? = Kentucky
?????? = Twist
Kentucky Twist

Chapter Summary

POV's and new chapter introducing our new boys Kentucky and Twist.

Chapter Notes

First part is the POV's of the boys when reader called them by those terms of endearment.

Underswap Sans = Lucky
Underswap Papyrus = Strike
Underfell Papyrus = Swisher
Underfell Sans = Sweets
Swapfell Sans = Black
Swapfell Papyrus = Mild

For those of you wanting a little POV… I will give you the guys the POVs when reader called them by pet names to try and charm some info out of them.

Starting with Mild who had been called Precious:

Mild:
'Don't look at her don't even give her the satisfaction that she got to ya… dammit I'm sweatin' like a damn guilty stool pigeon…' Guilt among other emotions crawling through his metaphorical skin.

'Precious? Really? Am I? Damn it... if I so much as look into those eyes I'm gonna end up like my bro… to beautiful for a skeleton like me ta be destined for.' He means it… Mild had never had high self esteem and lived to serve his brother… whose esteem was high enough for the both of them… however if Black caught him like this, he was sure he'd be given quite the talking to.

All he could do was avoid your unwavering stare and sweet words. His soul couldn't take it.

Black:

Honestly from the moment you uttered dear your wedding was being planned… from how many guests to what would be served. Then, if you would have a mansion in the city or by the cove but he eventually said screw it because you were a painter so you deserved all the vacation homes he could afford… so that you could always have your choice in a destination to paint.

Black had never really considered himself a family man because he felt raising Mild was enough… now he wanted kids… bushels of kids. Imagining you swollen with his children… happy and cared for… his future with you was being planned to the most miniscule detail… but then as he was thinking about it more in depth…
Where did his brother fit into all this?

Mild was your soulmate too… Black almost balked that he'd have to share…

And that's when Sweets decided to boop him back into the present.

Sweets:

Sugar? Well that was a new name for him to be called. He thought he heard them all but not this one apparently.

'Oh shit she asked me something… what was it?' All he could do was go through the motions of trying to comply with you but he was blank.

'Anytime now stupid! Say something!' All he could do was flounder and embarrass himself in front of you.

You then turn to his brother and even though he was relieved to no longer be in the spotlight so he could recoup… all he could think was 'smooth… real smooth ya idiot.' he scolded himself the entire time.

Swisher:

You had called him darling… his soul had swelled in tremendous joy… but he knew better from the way you were using it.

If only it were a true term of endearment that you fondly called him. He'd gladly answer you in a heartbeat. However, the Papyrus of this time line isn't a fool and has made it clear to keep you out of the loop as far as possible.

He would have done the same as selfish as it sounds… you only get one chance at a soulmate.

How unfortunate his chance happens to not only be his brothers but several others from completely different universes.

How he coveted your beautiful gaze… he wished to stare into it for an eternity…

'I will not give up this chance.' He thought to himself as you moved on down the line.

Strike:

'Why? Why does she gotta do this to me?' Strike thinks to himself while caught in your gaze.

'I want to answer her… my soul tells me I must… then there's my bro… then there's these guys and I really don't want to get into it right now.' He knows his mouth is moving with answers on the tip of his tongue that he has forced to silence.

'Those eyes… are so compelling. I must really admit she stunned me getting my brother to actually tell the truth. I can see why… so warm and inviting… beckoning you to be open and honest with no hint of malice… only concern.

'Windows into the soul… yet they seem slightly shuttered… I wonder what she's hiding deep down inside.'

He was thankful to be saved by this universe's Papyrus. You might have gotten your way had you pressed any further.
Lucky:

Normally a skeleton that hated any terms of endearment because they were things like cutie pie and of course sweetie. Because of his appearance… his adorableness… he was never treated with the respect he deserved… Especially for his line of work… they always found out too late that HE is the one in charge.

He hated those terms… but when it came out of your mouth… he didn't hear the condescending tone in his head that followed.

What he felt was his soul leap from hearing his soulmate call to him. Begging him for an answer that he must attend to. What kind of mate ignores such a request?

"WEGOTREALLYHEATEDOVERTHEKISS..." His eye lights bulged as he divulged

'The hell is wrong with me!? he wasn't a snitch. He never told the truth unless his enemies were expecting a lie to do the opposite.

Hell he even lied to own his brother... even though his brother is walking lie detector… didn't stop Lucky.

Now Black was daring to scoff at how easily he caved… he was furious and… If he was being honest with himself... mortified.

His future mate had far more power over him than he thought… which was completely dangerous.

And as you cocked a determined brow at Black…

Lucky always knew he liked living dangerously.

Chapter 3

Sans loved your take charge attitude… but he didn't like the fact you gave them pet names.

He and his brother were the only ones you should ever be fawning over. Yes he knew this was a tactic of yours and a very clever one at that… it usually got you your way with him on most things… but the way they coveted your sweet words and your beautiful eyes…

His anger could have split his soul in twine.

You were his. NOT theirs.

It took him and his brother everything to find you. Cost a great deal to get to you and when they finally had you? It took moving mountains to keep you hidden and safe in this nice little nook of a place they found.

Now enter, admittedly his fault, these other selves and brothers from different timelines/universes.

Sans can only imagine the great upheaval this will create in the quiet setting they've tried to create here.

Not only will they not keep their grubby hands to themselves… they will upset the balance and potentially put you at risk.
One skeleton monster shows up people will dismiss… a hoard? They'd be on the radar for sure.

'Y/N doesn't even know about the riots… I've censored the TV for only show programs and local news… and I've made sure she gets distracted should anything gets discussed.' Sans sighs as he watches you play detective still.

Monsters and humans weren't mixing as well as some would have hoped.

Old habits die hard for both sides. One side being tough prejudice and the other shady business. Monsters had to survive off of bad habits and crooked dealings on one another. Now they got to experience this for not just monsters but humans. Sans and Papyrus got by because they knew how to read people. They knew easy marks, exceptional deals, and when the chips were down or throw down.

Monsters and humans were all the same… greedy. Give them something worth talking about and you had more information than you knew what to do with.

Had the rare someone who was a loyal idiot? broken bones spoke in volumes.

These... well... thems weren't going to play nice… he knew because hell they were him and his bro. They weren't going to be swayed either… they wanted one thing… you.

It was abundantly clear in the way they watched your every move. Taking great pleasure in the almost blatant gall to do so openly.

They were afraid of Papyrus it seemed but they've yet to truly witness Sans style. The other Sanses should know a lethal weapon amongst them but they've shrugged him off due to his metaphorical tail tucked between his legs because of you.

They don't see him as a threat but a pushover. You, aside from Pap, are the only one who can talk to him that way. He has allowed the snide comments because you were present.

You had no clue what he and Papyrus were capable of. To you, they were just your sweet hard working boys and Sans planned to keep it that way.

No sense in you getting caught up in any of the messes they make. Not that they didn’t clean up their mess… just didn’t want you involved in any way… your safety was important… plus they weren’t too sure if you’d be comfortable knowing that your comfort came from their… dealings...

Sans wasn’t sure about the lies hes said… or hasn’t said… he hasn’t kept track of them all and Papyrus has not been happy with him about it.

At first Papyrus was just as anxious as he was about you… but then he wanted to come clean when they moved you to this place but to do so he wanted Sans to as well. Papyrus had thought it’d be the best way to move forward in their future relationship but… Sans couldn’t see it as nothing but a problem when her brother showed up.

John… Stars how he hated that almost mind reading asshole. Knew instantly the moment he saw Sans and Papyrus and could just tell what they had been up to that very day... as if he could read them.

John was an overprotective big brother from hell… or well from any suitors perspective. The fact that he was a detective was already a red flag for him but you were their soulmate… Sans couldn’t forget you and move on and highly doubted his brother could as well.
Your brother helped raise you after certain events in your life and well Sans could attest to that, as he and his brother were in a similar situation, and respected him for it. Then you grew up and got your own place and John? He hovered like an angry mother hen protecting her chicks… For Sans… It was like looking in a mirror… Even if his overprotectiveness wasn’t noticed by Papyrus because he stayed in the shadows.

John… observant, smart, and cunning was just the tip of the iceberg. You had mentioned something to him about the skeleton friends of yours and suddenly Sans and Papyrus realized they had someone following them around… John was a very hard one to shake.

Even if you have shortcutting abilities… apparently John had a knack for knowing where Sans would go if he felt he was followed and blipped away. That kind of knowledge worried him… and Papyrus? Knew all his favorite cuisines and things… Even knew that his favorite food wasn’t even spaghetti but the damn dinosaur egg oatmeal.

Stuff that you couldn’t know unless you knew them on a very personal level… they had suspected you might have just gotten excited and over indulged in your brothers questioning but… when they had asked you casually about how often you kept in contact…

Apparently you check in from time to time and only do the “same old same old” talk with nothing really new mentioned. If John tried to grill you over Sans and Papyrus you immediately had shut him down and told him that he wasn’t on duty. Surprisingly you and John weren’t as close as Sans and Papyrus.

It all had to do with Johns overbearing mothering… he smothered you to the point that as soon as you were old enough to work… you leapt at the chance to save up for your own place… with the excuse that it was for future schooling to John.

Though… John adored you. You were his precious baby sister who meant the world to him… in every encounter, Sans could tell these were the actions of a concerned sibling.

A sibling forced into the role of a caregiver and didn’t quite know how to handle things. Sans liked to think he did things... well... not right but at least to standard. Papyrus at least seemed happy and well cared for as far as meals were concerned… that’s all that mattered right? He hovered some but not in sight. Sans knew Papyrus had to do things on his own and left him alone for the most part. When things came down to business though… Sans wouldn’t want anyone else in his corner backing him up than his brother.

Family ties and the trusting bond that came with their connection was essential. Papyrus grew up to be a badass and Sans couldn’t be more proud…

Now Papyrus is mad at him for continuing a lie because John decided to show up on the doorstep like a raving mad lunatic threatening to drag you out himself.

“Y/N are you blind!?” John had screamed at you making you wince. Sans and Papyrus had just gotten home from another exhausting day to see a familiar vehicle parked at their cozy new home.

They don’t ever remember telling John where they lived or even you telling him.

So they quickly came to your aide knowing this was not a friendly little visit for tea and biscuits.

“John, please, I beg you not to do this here. This wasn’t some rash decision that was suggested yesterday. This was something that was offered in advance. I thought long and hard on this before I accepted. So now I live here with them.” You groan as he taps his foot impatiently.
“Really? Because you really aren’t thinking long and hard about the real questions now are you?” John is absolutely livid and it shocks you to silence.

“Have you even thought about what it is they do for a living? Why they decided to move you all the way out to the middle of fucking nowhere? Especially if they are just so called friends Y/N. Have you even asked them what they want out of whatever fucked up relationship this is? NO YOU HAVEN’T! SO DON’T EVEN LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT YOUNG LADY!” John is stomping his foot as you glare at him in defiance.

“I’m happy here John. Why can’t you just let me be?” You bow your head and he growls and shakes in frustration.

Before John can continue his onslaught and put more thoughts into your head…

Papyrus is the first to interrupt and be your knight in shining armor as always.

“HELLO, I DO BELIEVE I’M INTERRUPTING BUT DUE TO IT BEING A NEGATIVE SITUATION… I DON’T THINK I MIND INTERRUPTIONS AS MUCH AS I THOUGHT I WOULD.” He is beside you in an instant to throw a comforting arm around you… but his stance is defensively between you and your brother.

"W-We are in the middle of…” John tries to continue but Sans pops right in at the forefront… right in close to John.

"Sorry pal, but if'n you're here to start trouble... we can't have that. I'm gonna have to ask ya ta leave." Sans says with his usual grin leaving John floundering for words.

When he finally finds them he's quick to start mouthing off to Sans.

"Listen monster. I know damn well who you are and you don't scare me. Y/N, we are leaving." The way John looks at Sans… if looks could kill he'd have dusted a thousand times over.

"YOU ARE UPSETTING HER! PLEASE STOP." Both turn to look and indeed you were upset. Papyrus has abandoned his defensive position in order to hold you to him in comfort.

You look at your brother and shake your head no. You didn't want to leave them and it was a relief in San's very soul. Sans sees John become furious once again and stands firm between you and him.

Over his dust would someone take you anywhere by force.

Looking at Sans and then back at you, John makes a noise of pure frustration. He looked utterly betrayed.

"Fine! Get involved in this mess! When you've regained your Goddamn mind, come home! ...Door is always open for you..." John had seemed sad at the end of it when he stormed off but he was leaving you alone. That's all that Sans cares about right now.

Sans didn't have to threaten or use force... which would've probably turned things in John's favor. If you had seen what he and Paps were capable of. Lucky for Sans that John, was in a way, like him. John couldn't be the one to hurt his dear sibling… not when it was so visibly apparent. John just wanted what was best for you… or what he thought was best.

You couldn't be safer here. With your soulmates.
Not that he'd understand.

Not that these newcomers would understand. What it cost to have you in their lives.

He could hear them now chatting away in the kitchen… probably plotting. For men in the "business" they sure didn't know the meaning of subtle. Sighing he looked up at his brother only to be startled at the glare he received.

"I'm very disappointed in you Sans. This was our chance to make things right… and you sullied it with your lies." Papyrus tone was stern but wavering slightly.

"Pap I…" Sans tried to explain that you just weren't ready to know yet.

Sans didn't know if you would ever be.

"I will always stand beside your decisions… but I don't have to like them." Papyrus sniffed and continued on to ready the guest beds. Leaving Sans to linger and wait for their uninvited guests.

He knew Pap had wanted you to know… Pap thought it would help you all move forward relationship wise… but to Sans… he feared you'd leave. Not until your relationship with them was finally secured and the bond in place would he consider it.

You were to sweet of a person to just let things be… knowing what they were. You'd put an end to the business for sure… and then where would you all be?

The house was paid for but you still had to pay taxes… and considering the acreage they purchased to keep you hidden… it was a pretty hefty percentage. There was no way the people in this community would let them work… he's seen the way they look at him and his bro.

There's no way he and Papyrus can go legit now. You would just have to fall in love and understand. Just now you need to fall in love with the right skeletons.

He growls as he feels the others approach and glares at their smug grins.

"This way gents." Sans says. He knows Pap has turned down the beds that are farthest from you. He knows his little brother won't stand for there to be any chance they could try to sneak into your room.

As they all clamoured up the stairs… they were unaware of two skeletons listening to everything inside the walls.

Dressed in bloody and ratty suits and look like the kind of skeletons you'd find as Halloween lawn decorations, they inched their way after them. Disfigured forms creeping soundlessly within the plaster and wood. They parted ways only when the group dispersed … following the banter of certain individuals that caught their interest.

"Lucky, Strike, you two get the room closest to Pap." Sans smirked as they looked ready to object as Papyrus gestures them in.

"Black and Mild… the room closest to me right there." Sans points the one as Black is obviously looking around to see which one could be yours. He harrumphs and stomps in with Mild behind him.

"Swisher, Sweets… I hate to say it but you get that room." Sans had left you that end of the house so it could feel more private. He didn't want to crowd you.
Though he didn't exactly trust Sweets… he felt Swisher was enough to keep him from doing anything ungentlemanly. So that won them the room close to you.

As Lucky already proved he had no qualms about being in your room at this hour. Black was hard to get a read on as he never voiced anything other than simple opinions but… his magic spoke volumes. It wasn't hostile magic but I guess having just met your soulmate can do that to a monster. Mild and Strike were content to just go with the flow… for now. Yet Sans could feel that they were very formidable opponents should they open up and forge ahead for your affection.

Sweets smelled the air as he went by and stopped by your door.

"I feel like I just hit the jackpot." Sweets grins and sure enough Swisher looks at him annoyed and drags him away to their room.

"Goodnight all. Please remember which rooms Sans and I will be in and certainly the one you are not to go in." Papyrus is quick to remind them.

"What if she invites us in?" Lucky quips but is soon dragged inside by his brother.

"Sorry, he's tired. It's been a long day." Strike excuses them as he shuts the door after them.

Sans and Papyrus look at one another after the last door closes.

"I've got first shift bro. You go and rest alright?" Sans Pat's his arm.

"You had best not fall asleep on this job brother. It is far too important." Papyrus is stern but gives Sans an imploring look.

"I won't." And with a nod Papyrus almost staggers to bed… he had used up quite a bit of magic from the job he had done and now this mess. Thankfully he learned the art of bluffing like a pro.

Sans hunkered down near your door. He knew you were already asleep from the silence within your room. He screwed up.

He needs to make this right. If you were ever going to accept him and Papyrus as your rightful mates… he was going to have to do some heavy amends.

Just…. how?

***************

They didn't have to wait long for the "Sans" in the hall to taper off to sleep.

From what they gathered these… tobacco branded other selves had landed here unexpectedly like themselves. This world seemed a lot calmer, less deadlier, and stars above far more abundant in food.

The underground was terrible enough as it was but finally getting released into a world that was also starving? Dreadful. The humans called it the Great Depression. You had to keep certain food alive to ensure future food… same went with plants for seeds.

Many couldn't afford the canned goods or commercial farmers wares. The local farmers and gardeners barely had enough to feed their own and pay for anything else.
Food was always just barely out of reach and for monsters… there was no greater sin. Because there was always something that could be traded. Even the word of a favor was as good as gold.

That's why Sans and his brother did what they did to survive. They'd offer trades, services and food for their fellow monsters... and for humans… you were the food even after they had done work for you.

Too many loose lips as Sans said.

As they reflected and felt their bones rattle in need. They knew they could find a fully stocked kitchen below. That wasn't the issue… the issue was the constant pulling of their soul to the room that "Sans" was guarding.

All this talk of her this and her that.

Well count them curious as to forgo their needs and craving, to fill their magic starved bodies, to hush the longing ache inside their chest.

Silently they clamber through until they find a vent into the room.

Crawling in and taking in what appears to be a young human woman fast asleep in her bed.

Their souls throbbed having seen her and they knew instantly that she was their soulmate.

Speaking was not an option because of the light sleeper outside the door. So they left from whence they came and headed for the kitchen.

"W-What do we do now?" The lanky skeleton shivered.

"Easy bro… so she's human. She'll love us. She'll have to. First off we need to get supplies. We ain't nowhere near as powerful as these guys yet with as hungry as we are. I say we polish up first… eh Twist?" This "Sans" gives a wink with his good socket and closing the massive red pupil as he does.

Twist seems to perk up in realization.

"Oh! I get it. Kentucky." He also winks with his tiny socket.

They had seen many empty bags in the dirt or blowing in the street of Kentucky Twist Chewing Tobacco.

Kentucky also thought it fitting for them. The others could dally and smoke but he and his brother had fallen on desperate times. Chewing tobacco could have readily been a food source to them had the bags not been empty.

So this will give them something to chew on when they reveal themselves to their lady.

"Yer better at stealth bro. Snag us some outfits would ya? I'll get us some food and meet you in the attic." It was a fine deal and the brothers set to work.

All in such hushed tones that no one could hear.

You got up relatively early. With all the excitement and everything you had fallen asleep hard and fast. Didn’t even stay awake to give Sans his usual goodnight.

A little chilly due to the crispness of autumn outside you bundled up in a sweater and sweatpants
and put on your favorite lounge socks. Cute ivory ones with a little bit of lace at the top and some button accents on the sides.

Opening up your door you’re surprised to see Sans asleep by your door.

Sighing you go over and grab a blanket off your bed and cover him up. You don’t like to disturb him when he gets a chance to sleep. Heading downstairs into the silent morning…. Man it really is early if Papyrus isn’t up and about.

Deciding to make some fresh honey lemon tea to ease the chill while you get some coffee brewing for the guys…. you set to work in the kitchen.

Setting up a kettle for you and getting the coffee pot ready with your boys favorite coffee beans ready to grind fresh.

Taking care of the coffee you set to work on an easy breakfast for you. Some oatmeal will do fine and opening the cabinet you are sad to say that you can’t even find Papyrus’ favorite kind. You move on to the fridge and notice that it doesn’t seem like you had just stocked it… at all. It looked as bare as it had before Papyrus had come home with the groceries.

At least there were a few things left and you opted to boil a few eggs for a light breakfast.

Perhaps having so many guests here would mean Papyrus would have to do more shopping than just for the three of you.

Setting a timer for your breakfast you go into the living room to watch TV.

Kicking back and relaxing with something playing in the background for some noise as you pick up the book you had been reading. Papyrus would scold you if he found you were using the coffee table to prop your feet up but this felt too comfy for the moment.

You hadn’t noticed a sleepy skeleton make his way downstairs and freeze upon seeing you… or rather you in your socks.

Lucky felt his nickname this morning. He was about to shake off his disgruntled sleepiness to throw on some of that adorable charm to wish you good morning until he saw the socks.

It wasn’t like it was a fetish… no….

Monsters had a certain view on socks. They were underwear… more importantly the ‘come hither and take me now’ lingerie of underwear… they weren’t to be seen by just anyone. Yet here you were displaying them proudly before him.

Stars his soulmate was a damn tease… and he very much liked it.

Lucky didn’t know how long he had stood there staring… possibly drooling… until Black came along.

“DO I SMELL COFFEE?” He utters and you without looking up from your book answer him.

“Yes, It shouldn’t be long till the pot is ready.” You cheerfully respond. Black just grunts as he tries to wake up but notices that Lucky is pulling a him from last night.

He nudges Lucky carefully not knowing what the skeleton might do but all he gets is.

“Lace.” In a hushed tone barely above a whisper. Carefully Black tries to line up his sight with
whatever Lucky is staring at to make him this way and that’s when he notices you are wearing socks… on proud display on the coffee table… and he hadn’t even noticed it.

His sockets widen as he takes in the lace and button accents and how they suit HIS mate. He ends up like Lucky just staring at them not wanting to move or they could just disappear… he might still be dreaming and one sudden movement could make it vanish.

Swisher sees them staring when he comes down but doesn't think about what just who. Rolling his eye lights he continues into the kitchen.

Sweets isn't far behind him and groggy. Not liking the fact he's had to get up as early as his brother and wearing the same thing as yesterday… but then again he isn't the only one.

He notices that Black and Lucky aren't staring each other down but rather focused on a distracted you.

Blearily blinking in confusion he decides to take in what's so interesting other than the fact you're their gorgeous soulmate… because they weren't staring like some braindead idiots yesterday… aside from Blacks little episode that is...

He doesn't see it at first so he tries to get Black to talk.

"Black, whatcha doin'?" Sweets tries to earn some kind of brain activity but all he gets is…

"Buttons…" In a hushed tone.

Then right along with him.

"Lace..." was Lucky's equally toned whisper.

Sweets was now awake and curious. Looking at you his eye lights look down and his face flushes immediately.

The cutest little socks adorning your feet…. YOUR feet.

Sweets couldn't look away. The blatant gall of you to walk around with those kind of socks on…. Nay the very fact you had them propped up for them all to see.

Did you know what you were doing?

Just as he thought about it… Swisher came into the room with what looked to be some eggs in a dish.

He made a noise as he presented them to you and as you looked up about ready to thank him…

"HRNK!" Swisher almost drops the plate as he stumbles back. His face bright red and the dish stretched out at trembling arms length towards you… but he's decidedly turned his face to not look at you.

You can only sit there stumped until he lifts the dish again to get your attention.

"Oh!... um... thank you Swisher, for getting my breakfast for me." You say taking the dish from him and before he can say anything or even do anything…

"GOOD MORNING!" Papyrus is down the stairs and stretching. He seems cheerful until he takes in the scene and looks at you. You notice his gaze slips down and almost widens.
"Y-Y-N! I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE UP AND SO COMFORTABLY SO!" He's anxiously loud again but you don't understand. There's never been a problem with what you were wearing before… but that's what he seems to be hesitant over.

"Why's it loud?" You see Mild joining everyone. His suit is wrinkled heavily and the tie is undone… which still was unneeded for a leisure suit.

His focus is immediately on his brother whom you notice is staring at you… and Lucky… Sweets too?

"M'lord?" He asks, hopeful to get his attention and all he got was a quiet murmur of what sounded like Buttons to you. You weren't sure.

Strike wasn't that far behind and noticed the whole interaction with a curious look.

"Bro?" Strike called out to Lucky and got a mumbled… Lace? You couldn't hear from your seat on the couch.

Both Strike and Mild shared a look before coming into the room further to see you fully.

They froze almost instantly.

Lighting up in a blush of their own magic color… they paused and couldn't find the words to say to you.

Was it the pants? You could change into something less comfortable but really don't want to.

Until Lucky flops down on the couch beside you.

"Is that book any good?" He tries to break the air in the room with his bright grin at you.

"W-well I guess? I've only just started this series but I've heard good things." You say taking the distraction for what it was.

Sending Lucky a grateful grin he seemed to swoon over.

The others are made to disperse into the kitchen when you hear Sans come down the stairs. He seems grumpy but had you slept on the floor you'd be grumpy too.

Seeing Lucky with you he pauses with a glare… especially with the cheeky grin Lucky seems to be wearing.

Looking you both over suspiciously you see Sans freeze up when his eyelights hit...your cute socks?

"Lucky, go get some breakfast." Sans says through gritted teeth.

"I'm fine..." Lucky is trying to talk back but Papyrus is quick to come back out of the kitchen.

"Now, Lucky. If you don't mind?" Pap grins that unwelcome grin that left chills running down your spine.

Lucky is still hesitating but doesn't linger long before begrudgingly following Papyrus into the kitchen.

"Okay, what was that about?" You ask Sans as he sits beside you with a pained groan.
"It's the socks, kiddo. Paps and I don't mind it because it's somethin' that humans do and are comfortable with. I don't blame you for comfort but to monsters... it's sexual in context... you, having your feet on display with those cute little numbers, were basically sending them a message of I'm open, ready, take me." Sans isn't hiding his shameful blush as you gape in shock at him.

"I've been like this in front of you and Paps before and you've said nothing!?" You almost squeak in embarrassment trying to pull your sweat pants bottoms over the offending articles.

"We, understand. They do not." Sans mutters and then it makes something in your heart ache worse... you've technically presented yourself to them... and they haven't acted even remotely interested.

"Oh... I see." You see clearly how one sided your affections are. It's hitting you pretty hard.

"You ok?" Glancing over you see him giving you a worried look at your saddened response.

"I should be asking you that my vigilant door defender." Earning a slight nervous chuckle from him as you deflect.

"Yeah.... Thanks for the blanket by the way." Sans nudges you a little getting at least a grin from you... despite the bottomless pit of emotions you feel you've been dumped into.

"Welcome... I'm gonna take the eggs up to my room... and change into slippers so that I'm not accidentally advertising myself." You grab your breakfast and hurry up the stairs.

You know you have a few stray tears by this point but no one is up there to judge you. Opening up the door to your room however... standing by your window you see...

"Sans...please... I need some me time..." yet as Sans turned around you get the feeling you've stepped into a nightmare.

It was Sans...but it wasn't.... His clothes were ragged and stained with what you hoped to be his favorite condiment. A torn fedora adorned his skull that seemed dilapidated, faded, and worn. His smile was manic as a huge bright red pupil seemed to zero in on you from only one eye socket. The other was a black void with the rim scuffed and marred.

He reaches up to take his hat off and then places it back... a normal gesture in greeting but only makes you quiver at the sight of the open jagged crater in his skull.

This is definitely not your Sans.

Yet....

This could be some sort of sick joke... right?

"Sans?" You manage to whimper as your voice seemed lost.

"Sorry Sweet Pea. I think the rule of thumb here doesn't allow me that name as of now." He comes closer with that eerie sharp smile.

You want to scream. Your mind is telling you to and demanding answers as to why you haven't yet... but there's a looming presence behind you... you haven't seen it... but you feel it.

The not knowing is what's keeping you from shouting.

"Guess you can call me Kentucky seeing as this Sans seems so keen on the idea of tobacco product
placement for names… Say little lady… how's about you turn around and meet my little brother Twist?" You turn around to see a gargantuan horror clad in a ripped suit. Stained crooked, jagged, mismatched teeth. sunken sockets…his stance signified spine problems... hunching over to keep himself from touching your ceiling made him look gnarled in form...So here was a twisted, mangled version of your Papyrus and he was right behind you… it was something so sudden… seeing the people you loved in such gruesome condition…

"Pap?" You meekly ask as you feel the blood drain from your face.

"Oh dear, you look faint. I know we aren't quite dressed to impress but you caught us before we could find suitable suits." He says reaching out to you with claw like phalanges...and that was it.

Your vision gets darker on the edges and starts to unfocus… This… Twist either gets taller but judging from the falling sensation and the thud before blacking out completely...that was not the case.

"Well...that went well." Kentucky sighs and nods towards the wall vent from whence they came. Twist looks reluctant to leave you but knows that the others might've heard the noise.

"I could've caught her…. I should've…" Twist berates himself as he clambers in and starts tucking himself into the tight enclosure with ease.

Kentucky right behind him.

"Yeah bro, thought ya had that or I would've stepped up. What happened?" Not really one to question his brother as both their minds are addled but Kentucky thought he had read Twist right in wanting to catch you.

"Sorry Sa-Kent… I got distracted by her socks." Just before Kentucky closed up the board covering them he shot a glance at your prone form… and the cute lacey socks with buttons.

It took everything he had to hide his blush from glowing through the wall as Sans appeared and the sound of thundering footsteps.

*************

You awaken to Papyrus gently brushing a stray hair from your face and jolt from the memory… or was it a dream?

What happened?

"Are you alright? Is anything hurting? Do we need to take you to a place to provide medical assistance?" He's anxiously asking as your mind is swimming.

"Bro. Chill. She fainted… You feeling a little better at least? You have some color back but I guess this is a bit of a stressful situation with them here." Sans glares at your doorway where you see you have curious onlookers. None of them are the skeletons you had seen. Just the usual gang.

"But...I...Kentucky...Twist…" You look back at Sans to see if the names ring a bell but he only seems mildly confused.

"Didn't take ya for a chewer darlin'." Mild tries to joke but its lost on you… the others are named after smoke tobacco… why would you have some weird dream of a couple of cousins that look like deranged malformed copies of Sans and Papyrus named after chewing tobacco?
It was just a dream… you had fainted before dreaming it all up. Your mind decided to give you a made up reason for it.

Yet as you try to rationalize it… Strike speaks up.

"What was it honey? Don't downplay it… you saw something didn't you?" He looks suspicious but not about you… just about how things were.

"Hmmm...I smell iron but you swear she isn't bleeding?" Black comes forward and starts to inspect some things in the room and forces Mild into certain spots with a mere point of his finger.

Sweets and Edge saunter in and begin helping with the inspection as does Sans.

Lucky and Strike join Papyrus by your bedside.

"You claimed earlier at breakfast that certain items had gone missing that you know had not been used?" Strike asks almost like a scenario you'd find with your brother involved.

Lucky grips your hand as he sits on your bed. Leaning he catches your ear.

"Strike can catch any lie and anything out of place. Once he gets to the bottom of things I'll handle this for you." He grins his bright bubbly grin but you have a chill running down your spine.

Strike seemed done questioning Papyrus and was turned to you.

"So honey… what was it you saw?" The shudder that ripped through you had Lucky and Papyrus quick to embrace you.

Everyone looked at you with shocked as you began to describe in great detail the Sans and Papyrus gruesome lookalikes, Kentucky and Twist.

Lucky looked pleasingly at his brother who seemed to get more rigid and straight with it all.

"Strike?" Lucky asked him as he had stayed silent.

"She's telling the truth." He whips around frantically and starts to look around the spot where you fell.

"You know she could have also seen them in a dream?" Sweets asks confused at the hectic skeleton who now has his brother joining him.

"Dreams are white lies or they can be honest truths but for honest truths they have to be memories! So unless you two are hiding something about yourselves..." Strike is serious as spots something. A shoe impression in the carpet.

"Lucky!" He points and Lucky locks in on it but to you that could be any of their shoe prints. Yet Lucky takes a quick glance around and seems slightly perturbed.

"You, You, and You. Bottom of your left shoe. Let me see. Swisher, Papyrus, and Mild seem curious but do as he says and raise their foot to where he can see.

After he gives them a quick once over you see Lucky sweat.

"No hole… Gentlemen… we have a Kentucky and Twist to be on the lookout for." Sans scoffs and walks over to him.
"You didn't check your brothers shoe. He get special treatment?" You get the feeling that Sans wants this to be nothing more than a dream.

"Nonsense! I shine his shoes and try, despite his deplorable taste in fashion, to have him presentable! I toss them if they show any kind of wear!" You are shocked to get a grunt of approval from Black.

So…. These horrid images you saw weren't figments of your imagination. They were real and quite possibly still here. You felt yourself pale a little… not of them being a threat… but… just who were they? Kentucky straight up answered when you called him Sans… in fact the others seemed to perk up or turn whenever you said either name.

Someone is lying to you. You can almost feel your brothers patented "I told you so." Yet you shake it off… there was probably an excuse like always.

Was it going to be a lie?

Here in your room were several different Sans and Papyrus… that's all it boiled down to and Sans and Papyrus didn't want you to know that fact.

You are a little curious as to why.

You feel as though your answers are with Kentucky and Twist. Your immediate terror in seeing two beings that looked like your boys needing immediate medical attention caused you to faint.

Knowing that's what they look like because they are another Sans and Papyrus… still pulls at your heart at what could've happened to them but… that is just how they look now… right? Couldn't possibly be anything else…

Twist said they were looking for suits.

"Pap, check your suits… Sans… you to." You voiced making them both look at you puzzled.

"I'll go check mine bro. You stay here." Sans was gone in the blink of an eye.

A few seconds and he was back and furious.

"Which one of ya took my good suit?"

This sealed it for you. If they could not find them you would and you would be getting the answers you needed.

Chapter End Notes

MERRY CHRISTMAS/ HAPPY HOLIDAYS.

End Notes
Hope you all enjoy!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!