Unhurt (but not unharmed)

by Unladylike (Lady_Kit)

Summary

Toriel has been using her healing magic to help Sans. His HP is up, and it looks like Papyrus’ brother is finally starting to act like himself again.

Too late, Papyrus realizes she’s not doing this out of the kindness of her heart.

Notes

Got this request in my inbox: "Would it be up your alley for something where Edge pushes aside his dignity and sacrifices his body to protect Red (or Rus) because there is no other option available with maybe some attempts at comforting him after the ordeal when it's relatively safe?"

I can safely say it is definitely up my alley. And, though I’m afraid this particular piece probably wasn’t what the requester had in mind, I will be doing something fairly similar when I revisit "Entertainment", so be on the lookout for that. I do hope you’re not too disappointed, Anon.
All characters are from Underfell. In this timeline, the other AUs either didn’t merge or don’t exist.

Papyrus tapped his pencil against the desk, thinking. He’d always enjoyed math, but he was finding that his college courses were somewhat more challenging than he’d anticipated. He scratched a few lines on the page, muttering to himself as he did.

Someone knocked softly on the doorframe to keep from startling him. “heya, bro,” Sans said, “c’n i join ya?”

Papyrus sighed and leaned back, rubbing the space between his sockets. “I don’t see why not.” He needed a break from his homework anyway. “What do you want?”

Sans sat across from him, raised his brow-bones in a comical display of innocence. “aw, bro, whaddaya mean? why d’ya think i wan’ sumthin’?”

Papyrus crossed his arms and sat back in his chair. “Because you’re rather insistent that you don’t.”

Sans chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck. “heh. caught me.”

“So? What is it?”

Red leaned forward twiddling his thumbs. “so...ya like tori, doncha?”

His brow-bone crept higher. “She’s pleasant enough,” he agreed, suspicious—more so when Sans’ smile grew broader and brighter. The former queen had befriended his brother, and better, she’d been using her skills as a healer to raise his base stats. His fragile older brother was now at a steady 15HP, bolstered to a comfortable 60HP with the new jacket she’d gifted him. Papyrus had nothing but good things to say about their former queen; she seemed to be a genuine and caring person, and he was indebted to her for what she’d done for Sans.

Of course, he wasn’t going to tell Sans any of that. “Why do you ask?”

“Well...” Sans scooted his chair a little closer, his hands on the table in front of him and his eyelights bright and eager. “she’s been askin’ bout ya. wants ta...get ta know ya better.” Papyrus furrowed his brow-bones, confused. Until Sans tilted his head and added, “ya know. uh...personally.”

“Oh stars!” Papyrus jumped to his feet, too startled to stay still. “You’re joking, aren’t you? The king would have my head!”

“hey, now—he ain’t like that anymore! ‘sides, he’s datin’ that old turtle. he an’ tori ain’t a thing anymore, boss.”

Papyrus crossed his arms. “Do you really think that would stop him?”

Sans leaned across the table, his hands clasped in a pose reminiscent of begging. “aw, boss. c’mon. ya said ya liked her.”

He raised his chin and said loftily, “I said she was pleasant. I did not say I wanted to—“

Sans hastily jammed his hands over his acoustic meati. “nnn—boss! i don’ wanna hear it! far as i’m
concerned, all you two’d ever do is hold hands.”

Papyrus rolled his eyelights and yanked his hands away. “Date her, Sans. I was going to say ‘date her’.” He scoffed at the visceral relief on his brother’s face. Papyrus’ sockets narrowed. “Though I do wonder—whose innocence are you trying to protect?” Sans’ heavy blush was answer enough. “She had a child, Sans. I’m quite certain she knows how to—“

Sans dashed away with his earholes covered, saying, “sheaskedifyacouldcomeovertomorrow!” at the top of his voice.

Papyrus snorted and shook his head, sitting down to resume his homework. He was smiling slightly, though, pleased to reacquaint himself with this version of his brother. They’d been so harsh with each other for so long, seeing him at ease and comfortable was a change he welcomed.

Perhaps that’s why, in the end, he sent a brief text to the former queen, politely accepting her invitation. He might be pleasantly surprised. If not? Then he could let her down gently. Surely giving her a chance couldn’t harm anything.

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Papyrus sat at the dining room table, pushing pieces of pie crust around the dessert plate. A small tumbler of brandy sat off to the side, nearly empty. He was uncomfortably aware that dinner was over, and Toriel was looking at him intently.

“So,” she drawled, leaning forward. “What did you think of the pie? It’s my own recipe.”

He thumbed the fork, trying not to fidget. “It was fine—“ Clearing his throat, he set the fork down and corrected himself. “Good, I mean. It was very...good. Sweet.” Too sweet for him, but that was subjective. “The cinnamon was a nice touch.” That, at least, was honest.

“I can give you the recipe, if you like.”

“Thank you, your majesty. I’d appreciate that.” Another lie, but a harmless one. The crust, at least, was very good. Delicate and flaky, and only slightly sweet.

She laughed girlishly and her foot stretched out to hook around his ankle. The back of his neck prickled. “Please, dear, I’ve told you—call me Tori.” Her lower paw rubbed against the back of his fibula. “I believe we’ve moved past formalities, don’t you?”

He swallowed, shifting to free his foot. “Your maj—“ He took a breath. “Tori..., I had a lovely time this evening. It was nice to get to know you better, after everything you’ve done for my brother. I’m afraid I need to be going now, though.”

“Oh? You’re welcome to stay the night,” she purred with all the confidence of a woman that knew she wouldn’t be denied.

He shook his head, standing. “No, I’m afraid I should be going. Your hospitality is appreciated, but I don’t want to impose further.” She stared at him, red eyes fixed on his face. “Thank you again for being a good friend to my family,” he said carefully, emphasizing ‘friend’. “If you ever need my help with anything, please let me know.”

He ducked his head in an abbreviated bow, then turned to leave. “Papyrus...” He turned at the sound of his name, unnerved by her tone. She was standing now, and he was uncomfortably aware of her
height and girth. She seemed to fill the room and he felt suddenly small.

“Yes?”

“I believe I need you. Now.”

His fingers curled and he searched the room. “For...?” His soul was tight. She came around the table and caught his shoulder, pressing him into the wall. “What are you—?!” His outraged cry was swallowed as she forced a kiss on him. He jerked his head to the side, breathing hard.

She leaned down, red eyes focused on his scarred face. Her hands caged him in, her body blocked all routes of escape. “I’ve done a lot for your brother, Papyrus.” Her voice was a sickly croon, her thumb catching his chin. “I only think it’s fair that you repay me for my kindness.” Her hand slipped down, pressing against his throat.

He shook his head, pressing into the wall. “I didn’t take you for a rapist, your majesty.”

He’d expected to be struck for that, but she only laughed. “Oh, my. You are feisty.” Her smile broadened, revealing sharp canines. “It’s one of the things I love about you.” She pet his cheek and he flinched away, freezing when she said, “I’d hate to see your brother regress. He’s made such progress. But I’m afraid I might just be too heartbroken to continue if you aren’t willing to keep me company.”

He stared at her, non-existent stomach churning. “I thought....” She raised an eyebrow and he cursed his own naivety.

Even on the surface, they were still Fell, weren’t they?

Turning his head to the side, he murmured, “I understand.”

She leaned down, red eyes focused on his scarred face. “I’ve done so much for your brother, Papyrus. I only think it’s fair that you repay me for my kindness.” Her hand slipped down, pressing against his throat.

Her fingers curled around his chin. He relaxed his neck and allowed her to turn his head. She planted her mouth over his, whiskers prickling his jaw, and a thick, rough tongue forced its way past his teeth. He clenched his fists, but otherwise remained limp and relaxed.

She pulled back, one thumb tracing his jawline idly. “You’ll have to be more convincing than that,” she murmured.

He jerked, staring at her. “You have to be joking. I’m not a fucking toy—“

He flinched away from her hand, but she only traced his scar with a gentle finger. “Certainly not. You’re my lover, aren’t you?” His soul started to pulse so loud he could hear the mana rushing through his skull. “I expect you to act like one.”

He stared at her, his whole body shaking. She didn’t just expect him to service her—she wanted him to play at love and affection. She wanted him to pretend to enjoy his own rape. “Go fuck yourself,” he snapped, ducking around her.

“How long do you think he’ll manage on his own before his HP starts dipping again?”

Papyrus clenched a hand, but stopped in his tracks. “He’s stronger than you think.”
“Is he?” He’d be lying if he claimed her words didn’t sow doubt, and Papyrus’ confidence in his brother’s stability hadn’t been very high before. “He’s always been so frail. Now, he finally has some hope. Real hope. And you’re going to take that away from him? He kept you alive in the labs, didn’t he? But you won’t do this for him? What kind of brother are you?”

Papyrus spun, stalking toward her. “How do you know about that?”

“My dear...your brother tells me everything. We’re like this.” She crossed her fingers. Which also meant her betrayal would cut him to his core. Papyrus’ soul dropped. This would require a greater degree of delicacy and careful handling than he’d realized. And time, of course. He needed to buy himself—and Sans—more time. He swallowed hard, staring up at her. She smiled indulgently and stroked his cheek again. “Is it really such a hardship? All those years in the guard...you must have been lonely. I’ve been lonely too.” Her other hand crept to his waist, squeezing his iliac crest. “We can keep each other company.”

What choice did he have? Later, he’d have time to formulate a plan, time to pry Sans away from her, time to find a new healer. For now, though....

Swallowing hard, he leaned into her hand. “Forgive my rudeness,” he said, voice hoarse. “It’s been a long time since I...took a lover.” She smiled, pulling him in.

“Don’t worry, my dear. I’ll show you what I want.” She caught his hand and brought it to her chest, guiding him to the heavy breast. He didn’t try to control his breathing—let her mistake it for enthusiasm.

“Like this?” he asked, sliding a hand under her blouse. Her thick fur pricked his bones, the sensation uncomfortable and unnerving.

“Hmm...yes.” She pressed into him, and he could feel the heat coming off of her. She giggled again, playing with the back of his neck. It made his magic prickle. “You’re so cute,” she cooed. “So small. I could just eat you up.”

He repressed a shiver. “There are limits to what I’m willing to do for my brother.”

She laughed. “Cute and witty. I think I like you entirely too much, my dear.” She scooped him up then, with his hand still inside her shirt. It bunched up around her shoulders, partially freeing her breasts. He felt nearly dizzy with anxiety, and his dinner rested uneasy in his soul. “Take off my shirt.”

He obeyed, silently cursing his shaking fingers. The buttons of her blouse evaded him, and she giggled again. “You’re nervous! How precious~. Am I your first?”

“No!” he snapped. Not his first partner. Not his first woman. Not even his first rapist.

She laid him on the bed, the gesture mockingly gentle. “It’s nothing to be ashamed of,” she purred, pinning his thighs to the bed. “I think it’s adorable.”

His breathing was rough and uneven, and when she cupped his pubic bone through his trousers, he jumped—earning yet another amused giggle. She kneaded his crotch, and he turned his head to the side, his sockets shut. He squeezed his hands closed, clutching the comforter. He could smell her on the sheets, he realized. Something animal—musky and pungent.

She straddled him, careful not to rest her full weight on his hips. She was huge compared to him, tall and broad and heavy. “Look at me, Papyrus.” He turned to her, and she pulled her blouse off the rest
of the way and palmed her tits. “Come taste.”

He shut his sockets, bracing himself. No matter how gentle her commands, he knew an order when he heard it. He sat up, now at eye level with her breasts. She lifted them, like an offering, and he knew what he was supposed to do.

He palmed one breast, tweaking the nipple—pinching out of spite, though she gave a throaty moan when he did. He bent his head to the other and, using magic to cushion his fangs, sucked the nipple into his mouth. She sighed and cupped the back of his head encouragingly. “Good,” she murmured, “Very good. Maybe you’re not a virgin after all.”

The gentle praise, the teasing—she really did want to pretend they were lovers. Worse, half of him wanted to buy into the fantasy. It would be easier to pretend. Easier to let himself surrender to the lie. This wasn’t wholly unpleasant; she was offering him a very gentle kind of rape.

He clung to that word, though, to the reminder that he hadn’t chosen this, that his only other choice had been no choice at all. They weren’t lovers, no matter how gently she was treating him.

She pushed him down, her eyes narrowing. “You seem distracted. Am I boring you?”

Spite welled up and he deliberately looked her over, keeping his features bored and blank. He raised a brow-bone in challenge. “What do you think, your majesty?”

He’d hoped, perhaps, to provoke her to violence, to push her past pretending. Instead, she tweaked his nasal ridge and said, “I can fix that.” There was a disconcerting note of mischief in her voice, and he had to silence his dismayed cry when she knelt between his legs and undid his fly.

She licked her lips, and his soul jumped when he realized what she had planned. “Wait—!” He tried to scramble back, but she gripped his femurs and held him in place, grinning lasciviously.

“So nervous~,” she teased. “I won’t bite...unless you ask me to.”

He shook his head, soul pounding as she pulled his pants off. She paused then, brows furrowed as she studied him. He started to laugh; from her expression, she’d clearly never been with a skeleton before. The irony was delicious.

His amusement was cut short when she pinched his pubic symphysis. He couldn’t hold back a swear, and he couldn’t stop the sweat from beading on his brow as her fingers dug into the sensitive cartilage. “Show me what you like, Papyrus. I don’t want to hurt you by accident.”

For a few moments, he resisted, but the pain was too much. He lifted a shaking hand and dipped his fingers between his legs, exhaling in relief when she released him. She sat back on her haunches and watched his hand, watched him rub the bones gently. “Don’t be shy,” she ordered, smirking again. “Show me how you touch yourself.” He shook his sockets and turned his head to the side, his fingers clumsy. She tsked. “Now, I know you don’t touch yourself like that. Show a little enthusiasm.”

“I can’t!” he snapped, chest heaving. “I can’t! I’m not—! I’m not going to perform for you!” His voice broke and his sockets stung, though no tears fell, and he hated himself even more for giving her that much.

He tried to pull in on himself, tried to hide his nudity, but she kept him spread. “Poor thing,” she cooed, but he could hear the delight in her voice. He cursed himself for giving her exactly what she really wanted—to watch him break. “Another time, then.” He wanted to throw up. “I think I’ve seen enough to make you feel good.”
Despite his unfamiliar anatomy, she didn’t hesitate to begin exploring. Her clawed paws rubbed over his pubic arch, his pubic symphysis, his coccyx. She thumbed his hip joints and fingered his sacral foramen. All the while, she watched him intently, looking for sensitive spots.

He threw an arm over his sockets, trying to hide his reactions, but she pulled his hand away. “I want to see you,” she said. “I want to see what I do to you.”

His chest hitched—he felt miserable and defeated. Because she was making him feel good. Against his will, those soft touches were bringing heat to his pelvic bone, and magic cradled in his pelvic cavity. Seeing that, she smirked. “Can you make a cock for me?”

He shut his sockets and leaned his head against the pillow, resigning himself. He relaxed into the somewhat unfamiliar shape, grateful in the worst way for the disconnection he felt as it formed. He felt a little like he was floating. Her tongue, hot on the head of his cock, snapped him back to the present, but he started to drift again when her mouth engulfed him. Lightheaded and distant, he stopped trying to resist his own body, and gave in, even as he seemed to grow more and more distant from it.

He watched her pull off him as if he were watching it happen to someone else. He embraced the feeling, and he didn’t fight her when she exposed herself and sat on his cock. For a moment, panic scrambled to the surface, and he was suddenly hyper-aware of her cunt clenching at his cock, of the the cotton sheets beneath him—damp with sweat—and her claws on his pelvis as she started to ride him. He choked down a cry and welcomed back the mental fog as it rolled through him once more, obscuring the details. She spoke, but all he heard was a faint buzzing, and when she touched his face, he barely felt it.

He didn’t know if she came or when, and was only dimly aware of his own body’s release. She drew away from him, and as she looked him over, Papyrus thought he could see himself through her eyes—a broken thing spread out before her. He blinked and looked away, watching the wall instead. He studied the paint, finding the smallest imperfections to focus on and memorize.

The bed dipped and a hand settled on his shoulder. He traced a faint pattern in the paint with his eyelights, trying to make sense of it. Was that a face? A hand?

Hot air ghosted over his earhole. “Stay here tonight.”

He didn’t know what he said, if he said anything at all. The lights went out and a heavy arm draped over his spine, the hand resting on his sternum. He drifted, sleepless in a timeless, sheltered realm. Later, he wouldn’t remember slipping out of the room, and he only remembered the drive home in brief flashes and sharp, shockingly clear snapshots. Only when the first rush of cold water hit him did he come back to himself—he breathed hard, chest compressing as the cold water sluiced down his bare bones. Still panting, he looked down at himself, watching the water track down his legs in thin, pink rivulets.

The sudden reek of spent magic had him gagging, and he bent over, hand pressed to the shower tiles as he spat out thick, rancid magic. It spattered against his shins, stark against the white bones.

Chest tight, he leaned his forehead against the shower wall and tried to remember how to breathe.

He needed help. Needed to pry Sans away from the queen, needed to find a new healer for him. And he needed to do it delicately so that he didn’t damage his already fragile brother further. Otherwise, everything he’d gone through tonight would be worthless. Pointless.

He heaved again, but only a thin red stream of magic hit the tiles and swirled down the drain.
Breathing slowly through his nasal aperture, he leaned into the wall and adjusted the temperature until the water grew scalding. He ran his claws down his bones, entertaining a brief fantasy of scrubbing himself down with steel wool or a metal brush. Sockets shut, he vividly imagined the bone being scraped back to expose the marrow underneath. There was something gratifying in the image, and he held it in his mind, taking a kind of comfort in it.

As he exhaled, he let the image go, and turned the temperature down to a more comfortable level. He lathered soap over his bones, his mind going fuzzy again when he ran his hands over his pelvis. When he was finished, he started over again. Rinse and repeat and repeat and repeat. He only stopped when he realized Sans might start to suspect something was up if they ran out of soap.

He shut off the shower and wrapped a towel around himself. His bones shook and he had to clench his jaw to keep his teeth from chattering. A huge part of him wanted nothing more than to crawl into a closet and curl into a ball. Another wanted to pretend it simply hadn’t happened, that he was fine and the queen hadn’t...hadn’t....

He wrapped a hand around his throat and squeezed. It didn’t hurt. He wasn’t trying to hurt himself. But the pressure was somehow comforting—it gave him something else to focus on, a physical threat that eclipsed the mental one. He listened to his own breathing and counted each pulse of mana. When he felt like he was in control of himself again, he walked down the hall to his own room, thankful for once that Sans wasn’t an early riser. He couldn’t find out, and Papyrus wasn’t confident he could keep this secret right now.

He dressed in long pants and a long-sleeved shirt, gravitating toward thicker, softer materials on instinct. Too warm for a summer morning, but he didn’t care. He opened the window and dropped to the ground, thankful that his bedroom was on the ground floor. He trekked across the undeveloped field behind their house, toward Undyne’s. He scooped up a handful of pebbles on the way, then hopped the fence.

For a moment, he hesitated, looking down at the pebbles as he tried not to remember the feeling of furred claws on his bones or a hot mouth enveloping his—

His mind shut down briefly, like it was filled with static. His breathing was slow and even. He closed his hands around the rocks until their edges bit into his bones. He exhaled slowly.

He needed help. Undyne would help him. He trusted her as much as he trusted anyone. So, still feeling like his skull was echoing with the empty buzz of static, he lifted an arm and threw rocks at her window until she opened it.

“What the fuck do you want, gutter-rat?! It’s six in the fucking morning!”

A smile spread across his face—it felt hollow and unreal, a memory of amusement rather than the real thing. “Get your ass down here, fish-bitch. I need—“ He choked on his words, but soldiered on. “—to call in a favor.”

She studied him through one narrowed eye, and he felt suddenly too hot and too cold all at once. “Yeah...” she said slowly, “Gimme a minute. Don’t. Move.”

He nodded, trying not to tug on his shirt. He wondered what she saw in his features, wondered if she knew. His soul froze at the idea. Unbearable to think that he had been marked by Toriel. That anyone could just look at him and see that she had—

His hands tightened into fists and he exhaled shakily, forcing them open. That was ridiculous. He wasn’t marked. No one could see. He was being stupid. Swallowing, he smoothed out his shirt and
tugged the hem down, trying to calm his own racing thoughts, but it was very loud inside his own skull, various inner voices talking over each other about what he should have done, how stupid he was for letting this happen, how he was stupid for coming here to beg for help, he shouldn’t be bringing this mess to Undyne he fucked up he should be the one to fix it he shouldn’t have let it happen in the first place he—

“Papyrus.” Undyne stood in front of him, looking both worried and wary. “Get inside, kid. I’ll make tea.”

He nearly protested the ‘kid’, but at some point, his throat had closed up, and he knew he wouldn’t be able to speak without his voice cracking. He mutely followed her inside, surveying her kitchen. Another hollow smile touched his mouth when he saw the scorch marks on her ceiling over the stove. He clung to the bit of normalcy, tried to get it to ground him.

It wasn’t working. (This was a mistake.)

“Sit.” She shoved a chair at him, and he glanced at the door, fingers curling as he wondered if she’d let him leave. “Pap.” Her voice was uncharacteristically soft, but she didn’t get close, didn’t crowd him. “Sit down.”

Swallowing, he sat and took a deep breath, his hands splayed out on the table in front of him. When the kettle started to whistle, she set a mug of tea in front of him. The salty-sweet scent of the sea-tea was warm and inviting. It smelled like home. “Thank you.” His voice was a rough whisper, but it didn’t crack. He took a shuddering breath. “I...I need your help.” She reached her good hand out toward him, and after a moment, he took it. Her fingers squeezed his, her skin cool and just a little damp.

“What happened?”

He shook his head and pushed away the memories that threatened to resurface. “It doesn’t matter.” She looked like she was going to protest, but he held up a hand. “Please. It doesn’t matter.” She swallowed back her protestations and nodded. “I need a new healer for Sans. Tor—” He stuttered over her name and took a breath to regain his composure. “The queen is...no longer suitable.”

Her grip on his hand grew tighter. “Papyrus—“

“Please.” He swallowed past the tightness in his throat. He couldn’t meet her eye. “It’s not important —“

He was pulled into her arms abruptly. At first, he lashed out, teeth grit and eyelights flaring. He knocked her arms away and pulled back to glare at her. Then he met her gaze, and he saw the pain and compassion in her features. She reached for him, and he froze, unsure.

“Pap, you don’t have to tell me what happened. But...don’t tell me it doesn’t matter.” Her voice was thick, and on instinct, he took her hand. She pulled him in, her good arm wrapped around the back of his neck to lock him against her chest. “Do you need a doctor?” she asked, mouth pressed against his acoustic meatus. “Should I call the police? We can report her—“

“No!” His breathing was hard. Unsteady. “No police. No doctors. No one....” He swallowed. “This can’t get back to Sans. If he hears about it, his HoPe will drop. He wouldn’t be able to forgive himself. There’s no reason she should be allowed to hurt...” He exhaled slowly. “To hurt both of us.” Finally beginning to relax into her arms, he said, “This stays between us.”

She exhaled hard—not quite a sigh, it was more forceful than that. “Fine. I won’t tell anyone.” With
a huff, she settled into the embrace, resting her chin on top of his skull. “Guess this means kicking her ass is off the table?”

Forehead pressed to her collarbone, he nodded. “I need to find a healer for Sans. Someone to replace—“

She squeezed him. “We’ll take care of that later. Right now, we’re gonna take care of you. Are you sure you don’t need a doctor? We don’t have to get the police involved for that.”

His soul started to hammer. “N-no.”

“Pap, if she hurt you—“

His soul seized and his hands clenched closed, grabbing fistfuls of Undyne’s shirt. “Sh-she didn’t.” He swallowed hard, but couldn’t convince his hands to let go. In a too-soft voice he hardly recognized as his own, he asked, “Is it bad? That I—that I wish she had?”

Undyne’s grip on him grew almost painfully tight. It crushed the air from his thoracic cavity, but he clung back just as hard, trying to control his sudden shaking. “Say the word,” she growled, “and I’ll kill her. She may be a boss monster, but together I bet we could take her.”

He laughed, the sound bitter and hoarse, but very nearly amused. “I’ll call you,” he said, voice thick, “For now though....” He sighed and relaxed into her hold. “Thanks.”

“I didn’t do anything, gutter-rat.”

He squeezed her briefly. “You did enough.”

She rested her chin on top of his head again and just held him, loosening her grip just enough so he could breathe comfortably. “It’s not,” she said. “But it’s a start.” He might have imagined it, but he thought he felt her lips brush against the top of his skull. Her good hand ran down the back of his neck, the gesture soothing. “We’ll take care of this, okay?” There was a promise in her words. “Whatever it takes. We’ll take care of it.”

He nodded and burrowed into her, letting himself be held.

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