Cardinal Directions

by Mama_Comic

Summary

Your a very average girl who is starting to feel a little lonely. After meeting Cardinal, your new bitty, your life suddenly seems to get a lot more complicated then you care to deal with.

Notes

So! This is my first multi-chapter fic. It’s Beta-Read by my friend Von (hi Von) who’s character made an appearance in one of my other stories! I’ll aim for weekly updates, hopefully around 2k words per chapter (if I can help it).

Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Holy shit it can talk?

Your place just felt...too quiet. The fact of the matter was that you had nobody to talk to after your ex had walked out a few weeks ago. And with all his stuff missing from the apartment, it seemed a lot...emptier. Was that too cliché?

“Ugh.”

You groaned as you rolled over in bed, grabbing the TV remote off the nightstand and switching on the TV, absently flipping through the channels. Nothing good was ever on, and all the news stations were talking about the same thing. Some new trend. Everyone you knew seemed to be going crazy over these tiny little...things. some kind of pet, you had ascertained that much. You were sure the faze would pass within a few days, like every other trend. Remember silly bands? How about beyblades? Yeah, kind of like that.

It was kind of hard to keep up with the media these days anyway. A few months earlier, monsters had started appearing around the base of a mountain called Ebbot, and had been causing a media frenzy. Any actual news story was either never covered or quickly buried by all sorts of things about the monsters. To be fair though, it was pretty insane. So far the world seemed to be mostly in shock over the fact that real life monsters were roaming the streets, but here and there, hate groups were starting to pop up. That was kind of inevitable. You didn't really have much of an opinion on monsters...you'd never met one, and seeing as this was all happening in an entirely different state, you had a feeling you probably never would.

More channel flipping, more bullshits about...you paused as you saw what looked like a commercial with a talking skeleton. More specifically, a very tiny talking skeleton. What the hell? Was this what everyone had been going crazy over?

It didn’t seem like CGI.. in fact it looked pretty damn real, dressed in a blue scarf and boots, a grey shirt and dark blue pants. It was standing in a woman's palm as she rambled on about...bitties?..a quick google search brought up some care guides, To google's credit it took four whole scrolls downwards before you started seeing porn.

The idea of getting one of these little things was starting to seem Pretty appealing. A tiny creature that could keep you company, that wasn't against your apartments rules? Why not.

Of course, first you had to get dressed…
Finding the ‘BCC’ was a lot more troublesome than it should have been in your sleepy little town. Your GPS was leading you in circles, and you were running on two cups of coffee, an hour and a half of sleep, and pure willpower. Not that it was anyone's fault but your own, but it still made your life that much more difficult. Temporarily anyway.

When you finally spotted the building it was...kind of pathetic. A dilapidated, half burnt mess of a building with a pastel green sign over the door that proudly stated ‘Welcome to the Bitty Care Center!’.

_Huh._

You opened the door, internally wincing at the cheery sounding little ‘ding!’ Of the overhead bell on the door, it felt so out of place in the otherwise dreary building. The inside wasn't much better then outside, aside from the overwhelming amount of pastel colors. Enough to burn your retinas.. you didn't know it was possible for anyone to love Pastel colors colors this much. You looked around curiously, until someone grabbed your shoulder from behind, and you whirled around..only to come face to face with.. was that a giant purple rabbit?

You rubbed your eyes, surely you had to be hallucinating… right? Nope, it was still there when you opened your eyes again. Holy shit, that was a giant motherfucking purple bunny.

“Uh...hi..?”

The bunny smiled, showing a set of buck teeth that you kind of expected to see, yet they weirded you out anyways.

“Welcome to the Bitty Care Center! I'm Mama Cry, but please, just call me Cry.”

You had no idea how to address this, even as the monster took your hand and shook it. She seemed to finally realize how utterly _confused_ you were, and took a step back. “I'm so sorry, ahah. Are you here to adopt?”

Adopt? The hell.. this wasn't like getting a kid, jeez. Everything you've read had pretty firmly assured you that they were pets. Not sentient. **Pets.** Which was perfect. But you'd play along, maybe like there are crazy cat ladies and dog moms.. there are insane bitty monsters?
It hit you then that yes, this was a *monster*. In *your* tiny little town! You knew it was rude to stare but you couldn’t help it, you’d never seen a monster before, much less.. a giant purple one. Honestly she kinda looked like one of those fur suits you saw online all the time. You snapped out of your thoughts when she cleared her throat, clearly still waiting on your answer.

“Sorry, uh..yeah I'm here to buy a bitty.”

“Great!! What type?”

You felt like someone who had just walked into Starbucks for the first time. A bitty is a bitty, right? There's not grande, venti, and fucking trenta-what the hell is a trenta anyway?- sizes of Bitties are there?

“Uh...a...good...one?...”

Is all you could really think to say. The monster only laughed and took your hand again- and how touchy she was was still *fucking weird* -and lead you down the hall to a large room with, somehow, even brighter pastel colors.

This room however, was a whole lot bigger than the entrance, and was sectioned off in such a way that it looked like a bipolar brain vomited on the decor. Parts of the room was decorated in blacks and reds, parts in fluffy pink pillows, parts in muted and dull tones and the majority in more vibrant colors.. it was mildly confusing, sort of disorienting, and very headache inducing.

“This is the bitty room! Go ahead and look around, see if there's anyone you like..”

You started to slowly walk around, but you naturally gravitated towards the more.. is edgy the appropriate word? The more edgy looking corner of the room. Inside, you found some.. bitties.. that looked, well, *edgy*. Two little pudgy looking ones with gold teeth were fighting over some more feminine looking taller bitty, a few were sleeping, and a few *more* were now watching you warily. But you paid them no mind; you saw one that caught your attention almost instantly.

It was sitting on the windowsill in the next little ‘pen’ over, looking very.. grumpy. It was nothing like the other bitties; a bit bigger and with two sharp teeth jutting out of its lower jaw like tusks that curled up over its mouth. It wore a black jacket and tan cargo pants.. what was this? You looked around for the purple bunny, but she seemed to have vanished into the ether. Great.
You gingerly stepped into the pen, and internally groaned as a bunch of loud, bouncy bitties began to cling to your feet and shoe laces. It almost sounded like they were talking to you, but you didn’t really pay them much mind. You reached out and wrapped your hand around your target, only to yank your hand right back as it startled and sank those wickedly sharp teeth into your skin.

“Mother of fuck!”

You nearly smacked the thing off the windowsill out of reflex, then nearly did it anyway for biting you. The bitty seemed to be sizing you up now, standing and tense enough for it’s tiny bones to rattle, hands clenching and unclenching wearily.

“Tha’ fuck lady?!”

....

Did that little motherfucker just speak?

You felt dizzy. It had talked. Did that mean they all talked?! They were sentient. Holy shit, no wonder the purple monster had called it adoption! You gulped, unprepared for this new development. It-no, holy shit, he- continued to glare at you as if you had taken a shit in his cereal.

“Uh..I..um….guh?”

Very intelligent Y/N… let’s try that again.

“I’m sorry, shit, I didn’t know you were uh…sentient?”

The bitty scoffed at you, turning his back and facing out the window again. Fair enough, you had grabbed at him like he was a goddamn toy.

“...I really am sorry you know. Uh, do you have a name?”

The bitty turned just enough for you to get a better look at him. He had little lights in his eyes that
looked like deep red diamonds, the kind seen in those playing card games.

“....Cardinal.”

How Ironic.

“Well… I’m Y/N. I uh, came to… adopt?”

Cardinal snorted, rolling his eyes, and then pointed in the direction of the more colorful pens. “They’re yer’ best bet, these idiots couldn’ find ther’ asses wit’ both hands.”

You chuckled softly as he thumbed towards the other more ‘edgy’ looking bitties.

“Actually.. I was more interested in you?”

Wow, that sounded bad.

“Uh, if you want, I-I mean…”

Nice going, Y/N.

Thankfully Cardinal didn’t seem to take it badly, snorting in amusement as he sat back down on the windowsill, now fully facing you.

“Me, eh?...been a while since a human been interested in me fer something other den info.”

He shrugged his shoulders, then eyed you.

“Talk ta cry ‘bout it first. Maybe I’ll go witcha.”
Well, it wasn’t a ‘No’...

You went looking for the purple bunny and found her trying to comfort a crying little.. that one wasn’t even a skeleton, it looked like a goddamn tiny bunny skeleton hybrid. suddenly you were very uncomfortable.

“Hey uhh.. Cardinal said to talk to you?”

The bunny monster startled, then spun to face you, eyes wide.

“Really!? Cardinal?! ”

She squealed.. yes, squealed.. it’s every bit as awful as it sounds.. and put the sniffling bitty down, then hugged you. How lovely.

“I’ll get the papers started right away! Oh goodness!!”

She rushed off before you could say another word, and you were left wondering what the fuck just happened. At a loss for what else to do, you turned and went back into the room with all the pens and returned to cardinal.

“So.. looks like we’re good to go? She said she’d get the papers.”

He seemed surprised, but stood and.. well he just sort of stared at you. Was he expecting you to do something, or..? It suddenly occurred to you that he probably had to be carried. You laid your hand on the windowsill, palm up, and he gingerly crawled onto your hand and sat in the center of your palm.

You headed out back to the front where cry was practically bouncing on her heels behind the front desk, a rather intimidating stack of papers clutched in her.. paws? Hands?

Monsters are so weird..
You started reading and signing with one hand after she’d handed them to you and you sat down, until finally Cardinal seemed bored with watching you struggle to write with your non-dominant hand.

“Jus’ put me on yer’ shoulda.”

...Why hadn’t you thought of that? You gingerly put him on your shoulder, and he held onto your hair. Much better. You flew through the remaining paperwork fairly easily once you were able to use your usual writing hand. Finally, after what felt like years-in reality maybe twenty minutes-you signed off on the very last paper, and Cardinal was officially yours.
You ask some dumb questions, then take a shopping trip that doesn’t go so well.

The ride home was spent in relative silence. Well, awkward relative silence. Cardinal sat on the dash-occasionally grabbing the dash cam to hang on- and watched the world go by as you drove. You had no idea what to say. Or what to do, for that matter. Did bitties need special food? What would you do for clothes?.....was cardinal housebroken? Maybe you should have thought this through a little more..

You were too far into this now, though. No way were you taking him back to the BCC after getting halfway home. You’ll just have to swallow all your awful life choices and live with it. Or.. well, live with him.

Hah.

“So…”

Cardinal looked up at you, then looked away again when you didn’t continue. How do you even begin to ask all these questions? Or uh, admit you hadn’t thought to ask them before actually buying.. Er.. adopting him? It felt like that might be the worst part of it all.

“...do you shit?”

As soon as the words left your mouth you regretted them, especially when you saw the look cardinal turned to give you. If looks could kill, you would have burst into flames.

“How do I what?”

You blushed a dark red.

“Sorry that was uh.. I don’t know anything about monsters.”

He turned around fully, expression pinched into one of concern. Probably worried about the fact that the person many times his size, who just bought him, seemed very ignorant of how to care for him.
“So…. I was just-“

“No.”

You blinked down at him as you pulled into the parking lot.

“No?”

“I don’t… shit.”

He made a face at the thought of… well. No need to finish that sentence.

“Most monsters.. don’t? mean.. skeletons don’t. We uh, produce liquid waste, not solid.”

You nodded slowly. It was still weird, but.. okay. That works you supposed.

“And what do you.. eat?”

Now Cardinal seemed more amused then annoyed, resting his elbow on the dash cam and his head against his hand.

“What do you tink’ I eat?”

Part of you wanted to punt the little fucker across the lot for the cheeky tone, but you kindly refrained. It would probably look bad if you came back to the BCC with Cardinal half dead.

“I don't know. Monsters have magic right? Do you need magic stuff?”

Cardinal sat up a little straighter, the lights in his eyes becoming just a bit brighter as he grinned.

“Heh, finally a human wit’ some brains. Dat liquid thing? Happens when we skellies eat human food. Magic stuff dissolves, we’re built not ta waste.”

Interesting. You nodded, then scooped him up off the dash- much to his audible displeasure- and headed up the stairs to your apartment. It wasn’t anything extravagant or special. actually it was.. kind of messy. You hadn’t had anyone over since your ex left, so you hadn’t really had any incentive to clean up.

You set Cardinal down on the coffee table as you plopped down onto the couch, leaning forward a little.

“So..you can technically eat anything I eat, you only make liquid waste, um..”

“try jus’ thinking ‘bout us as tiny.. skinless humans? We sleep, we eat, all dat.”

You nodded thoughtfully. It made sense. They were.. sentient tiny magical skeletons. And you now.. owned one.

“This is giving me a headache..”

Cardinal patted your hand understandingly,

“You’ll git’ tha’ hang of it.”

You certainly hoped so. You hadn’t exactly planned on bringing home.. basically a very needy roommate. How exciting. At least he was cute?
Your first night with Cardinal was interesting, after what he had deemed the ‘interrogation’ about his eating, sleeping, and bathroom habits. Turns out you were severely lacking in supplies and things you needed to take care of a bitty properly. Which shouldn’t be a surprise, you never were the most responsible person in the world. Still, it was a little disheartening to know just how incredibly ill prepared you’d been for this.

But, it was a great excuse to take him shopping, which was exactly what you were doing right now. As you entered the mall and started down the hall that was lined with shops and those annoying booths in the center, it struck you that you… didn’t actually know what it was you were looking for. Did he need doll clothes? Utensils? You stopped beside a store, humming. Didn’t hurt to ask.

“Do you use like.. stuff for dolls?”

He gave you that same dry stare as before, the kind a teacher gives you when you ask a really stupid question.

“There’s.. a bitty store..right there.”

He pointed at the store to your left, and you felt your cheeks get red. So there was.

“Er.. aheheh… right.”

You headed inside, and were instantly overwhelmed by the sheer amount of Stuff. And the size of the place as well! It was the size of the average clothing store, but packed full of shelves and racks with teeny tiny outfits, Furniture, toys.. oh, jeez. Overwhelmed, you looked to Cardinal, who seemed mildly unimpressed.

“So uhh…”

You made a general gesture to the entirety of the store, looking hopelessly lost and confused. The corner of his mouth quirked up in an amused grin.

“What? You ‘spectin me to lead ya?”

Kind of, yeah!

You huffed, but didn’t say it aloud and instead marched forward towards the isle that looked to have clothes tailored more towards the edgy bitties. Only when you rounded the counter you gave a startled little ‘eep’ and ducked right back.

Slowly, you peeked back into the isle. Standing in the center was.. a skeleton. Like, a bitty, but.. a biggie? Uh.

“What the fuck is that?”

You had dropped your voice to a half panicked whisper as you looked at Cardinal, who scowled.

“Issa monster. Skeleton monster.”

Right. Monsters. How had you already forgotten- but to your credit, you weren’t exactly expecting to run into a walking, breathing skeleton. Slowly, you came back around and into the isle. Upon closer inspection, the skeleton wasn’t much different from the ‘sansy’ bitties-you’d spotted a little sign at the checkout when you’d bought Cardinal-at the BCC.
In fact, it seemed to have one of those very bitties sitting on its shoulder, but looked just as lost as you did a minute ago. Cardinal paid the skeleton no mind, tugging on your hair.

“Ow! What was that for!!”

The other skeleton and his bitty both turned to look at you, but your attention was all on cardinal.

“Pumme down, lemme pick ma’ own shit!”

You huffed and set him down on a shelf, then blushed a small bit when you noticed the white-eyed skeleton looking at you. He grinned.

“new to havin a bitty?”

You nodded, laughing weakly as you watched cardinal start shifting through shirts.

“Yeah, heh.. been a long time since I’ve had someone be dependent on me, it’s a little..overwhelming. Especially since he keeps surprising me. I didn’t know anything about bitties going into this.”

The skeleton nodded his agreement.

“it can get kinda confusing, no bones about it.”

You gave him an odd look. Did he just..?

He winked, and the bitty on his shoulder snickered, but remained quiet.

“so human, you got a name?”

“Oh, uh, yeah. I’m Y/N.”

He turned to you and held out his hand.

“the names sans. sans the skeleton.”

You eyed him for a moment, trying to determine if he was serious, then inclined your head slightly when you realized he was. You took his hand and shook once, and the bitty on his shoulder looked mildly surprised. At what, you weren’t sure, but Sans seemed incredibly proud of himself.

“Oh, and this is ketchup.”

He poked his bitty in the stomach, and the tiny- he was nearly half cardinals size!!- thing gave a little grunt. Ketchup huh..

wait.

That was a sansy bitty.

“..your name is sans, and you have a-“

“a sansy, yup.”

He was grinning so wide you almost feared his face would split in half. Was this skeleton just a walking pun? Seriously.

….you had to admit, though, that smile of his was pretty cute.
You looked back at Cardinal when a tiny black boot was thrown at your face.

“Watch it, you could-“

You stopped short when you saw the look on your bitties face. It was something between panic and fear. You picked him up off the shelf-Holy shit, he was shaking too. You’d taken your eyes off him for what, two minutes?!

“les’ git’ outta here. Now. Please?”

“Why? What’s up?”

He didn’t answer you, but kept looking around as if expecting someone to jump out at him. Sans took a step closer, concern etched into his features.

“everything okay?”

“Yeah I.. I think so?”

Cardinal growled, but the sound was weak and sounded more scared then threatening. You took a few steps towards the exit of the isle, then booked it when cardinal glanced past your arm at something behind sans and proceeded to sink those teeth of his into your hand. Damn it, if he fucked up your hands there’d be hell to pay.

You were too focused on getting your increasingly distressed bitty out of the store to notice Sans’s confused, worried look.

. . . . . . . . . .

Cardinal didn’t ease up on the bite until you were in the car, and even then he still looked spooked. You did your damndest to ignore the thin line of blood that ran down your skin once he let go of you.

“You.. wanna tell me what that was about?”

Cardinal shifted and slid down your arm, into your lap, then silently clambered into the passenger's seat.

“I mean.. if you don’t want to talk about it it’s fine, but-“

“Can we not?”

You stopped, and slowly nodded. He rubbed his arm, seeming pretty damn uncomfortable. Okay. You could respect that. Even if it was really confusing.

Was it sans? No.. can’t be, sans had already been there, he’d spotted ketchup before the freakout too.

You quietly started the car and pulled out of the lot, a little bit bummed that you hadn’t actually bought anything, but you couldn’t really shop when cardinal was still so shaken up, not that you would. You kept an eye on him on the way back home, wishing you had even the slightest clue how to help, but he seemed to be calming down well enough on his own.

You went to pick him up when you both got home, and just about got bit again. You noticed the little diamonds that seemed to be his pupils were gone, though you had no idea when they’d actually disappeared. They flickered back on when he actually looked at you.
“...sorry.”

He sounded so.. small. And yeah, he was small, but since you’d gotten him he’d had this.. smug, confident air about him, and now none of that was there. Was vulnerable a better word for it?

“Don’t be, I’ve had worse.”

You gingerly picked him up and took him inside, setting him on the coffee table as you plopped yourself down on the couch...you really needed to get in shape, your feet shouldn’t hurt this much after standing for like...maybe half an hour. Or maybe that’s just a natural reaction to being in a store.

Cardinal wouldn’t even look at you, making s point to stare at the table as if it had insulted him. You sighed.

“...I can make some clothes for you I guess, for now anyway. But uh, I can’t sew, so I hope you like dresses.”

That got a smile out of him, alibet a small one. Small victories, right?

“Well, um…. are... you hungry?”

No response. Great. You were completely inept at comforting people, and now you had a silent, visibly upset bitty standing on your table. Worse yet, you havn't the foggiest fucking idea why he was upset to begin with. Fan-fucking-tastic..

You got up and headed into the kitchen after switching on the TV so cardinal wouldn't be sitting in silence. You thought about it for a moment, then got down a shot glass and poured him a ‘glass’ of milk. You popped it in the microwave after some internal debate, then headed back out and gingerly set it on the table as you sat back down. Cardinal stared at it for a long moment in relative quiet, then shuffled forward and took it. He had to lift the glass with both hands, but managed fairly well.

“‘Thanks..”

You nodded, content to let him calm down and think. You ended up spending the better part of the night sitting quietly with your bitty-who fell asleep pretty quick after he finished his drink-thinking back on the day. You’d learned some stuff about bitties, met a skeleton named sans and his bitty ketchup.. and the cardinal had.. what was that? A panic attack?

You sighed wearily and absently pet cardinals back as he slept.. what a day.

Chapter End Notes

Psssst, I have a discord!

https://discord.gg/r6smEnp
How to: Cheer up a Bitty

Chapter Summary

You screw up, go shopping, and get laughed at. And Cardinal is a little shit.

Just par for the course, really.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay guys, and any upcoming delays. I graduate Highschool in just a little over a week, am moving to a new house this month, have to set up college classes, and as I write this I’m about to take a final exam. The art made for this story by the people in my discord (check us out!) are keeping me motivated though!! I will most definitely not give up on this story. There shouldn’t even really be a hiatus. Just.. sorry if chapters are a day or two behind or ahead, I post them as I finish them!!

tl;dr, real life sucks and I may be behind sometimes.

Thanks to FireDrakeGirl for helping beta-read this chapter!!

The next morning, saw Cardinal in a continuing bad mood. Well, less ‘bad’ and more ‘depressed’ you supposed. Not that you had the foggiest idea why he was like this. The little shit had continued to give you the silent treatment. Granted, neither of you had left your beds yet. But still. The way he was acting was starting to get on your nerves.

You rolled onto your stomach, pillow supporting your upper half as you tried to google ‘bitty acting strange’, and unsurprisingly you were met with nothing helpful.

Thanks, google.

So next you searched up ‘bitty depressed’ and got a good number more results. You clicked on the first one, titled ‘what to do if your bitty is depressed’... oh sweet lord it was a wikihow. It didn’t tell you much you didn’t already know; a lot about what depression was, but then near the end it mentioned.. something about bitty types and abuse, and PTSD.. huh.

Come to think of it, you didn’t know anything about Cardinals past. Or anything about his bitty type. You lifted your head to talk to your bitty, but your jaw clicked shut again when you saw he wasn’t in the pile of blankets that was his bed. Well shit.
“Cards?”

You stood—ever so reluctantly, your bed was almost too warm to leave— and peered into the blanket.

Oh.

There was a small spot of wetness, about the size of a dollar coin, where Cardinal had been sleeping the night before. You felt a bit bad for not talking to him more about what was going on before he went to bed last night, but what could you do? Too late now.

You were careful to watch your step as you made your way into the hallway but it ultimately didn’t matter, once you spotted Cardinal in the bathroom. How he’d gotten all the way up onto the sink counter you had *no idea*.

“Uh.. hey Cards..”

He jumped, startled, and you scrambled to catch him when he lost his balance and tipped over the edge of the counter.

“Jesus! Careful, dude!”

He wheezed quietly, the little diamonds of his eyes so small they were barely visible in his shock, and you slowly eased him back into the counter. He didn’t move, so you gingerly picked him back up.

“You uh.. want some help?”

*That* got a reaction. A rather firm ‘fuck no’ before a magic-wrapped wet washcloth smacked you in the face on your way out of the bathroom once you plopped him into the sink. For not the first time, as you stood outside the now closed bathroom door, you considered drop kicking Cardinal across the room… and, for not the first time, decided that was probably a bad idea.
So you headed to the living room to do some research. You very vaguely remember skimming through that paperwork you’d signed when you ‘bought’ Cardinal, and.. couldn’t remember what his bitty type was called. Ugh, who’d have guessed your habit of not reading the fine print would come back to bite you in the ass…?

Okay so maybe it wasn’t **that** shocking…

You started by just searching for bitty lists, but holy god the sheer amount of variations was fucking **asinine!** Half of these little fuckers looked identical! What the fuck was the difference between an edgy and a cherry?!

*They look the same!!*

You groaned and clicked off the list. Okay. That wasn’t going to help, you had no idea what category to start in.. so next, you tried searching up ‘bitties with tusks’. That brought up a much smaller list, and therein you found what you were looking for.

**Sabre Types, Huh?** Moody, ornery little buggers that had a tendency to break things and bite. Well, you’d been bitten.. what, three times? So that made sense. But nothing in the description mentioned anything about something like Cardinals behavior. So it must be something more personal?

You started looking at results for ‘how to cheer up a Sabre bitty’, when something in particular caught your eye. A picture of a bitty very like Cardinal, but he-or she, you guessed-had a deep maroon collar around his neck. Huh. You’d seen bitties with collars, but..

You hadn’t realized how much time had passed until the bathroom door creaked open and you got a good look of a small naked Cardinal making a beeline for the bedroom. At least he’d been able to clean himself up.. you still felt a little bad that he had ended up wet, though you still not completely sure how it had happened. Probably the milk you’d give him the night before.

He came out some twenty minutes later in.. oh. Oops. He had a tissue wrapped around him. That’s right, he’d been sleeping in the clothes he’d come in. So they were wet, and.. well **shit.** Now you felt **more** like an ass, if that was even possible.

“Hey um, I-“
“C’n we go shoppin?”

You blinked at him in surprise. You hadn’t expected him to actually want to go back, or at least hadn’t expected him to say ‘we’.

“Yeah, that’s.. what I was gonna suggest. Also- are you okay?”

You felt compelled to ask. He was your responsibility, and honestly it felt like you had failed at just about everything so far. Not only had you managed to give him have some kind of panic attack, but he also avoided you for a night then wet his bed, probably because you hadn’t thought not to give him milk right before he went to sleep.

*Real nice, Y/N.*

When Cardinal didn't answer, instead just looking away, you let out a weary sigh and felt your shoulders drop.

“I’ll get your clothes in the wash alright? Then we can go to the store.”

When he stiffly nodded, you felt your heart breaking for the bitty. Shit, can’t you do anything right?

“..a different one this time.”

At that, he relaxed and nodded, finally shifting his eyes up to look at you. A small smile pulled at the edge of his teeth, and you found yourself offering one in return

“thanks.”

You shook your head.

“No need to thank me. Just… trying to be a good owner.”
As if I haven’t already fucked that up big time.

You got his soiled clothes off the side of the sink and began to hand wash them, thinking about what you’d do when you took him shopping again. You knew better now, even if you didn’t know exactly what had caused Cardinal’s freak out. That part wasn’t your fault, of that much you were sure. Well, fairly sure anyway. He hadn’t exactly offered up any solid explanations as to what had really been going through his mind, and you didn’t feel comfortable pressing.

In hindsight, you probably should have.

.................

You sighed as you parked in front of a much smaller store titled ‘Bitty Clothes’. A bit on the nose, and it wasn’t in the best neighborhood, but it was the only other bitty-specific store in your city, where monsters weren’t really as common. Cardinal was silent as you placed him back on your shoulder and headed into the store, which smelled like cigarettes and bad life choices.

Lovely.

You once again gravitated towards the more edgy clothing, and set Cardinal down on a shelf to look through things. This time though, you kept your eyes on him as he shifted through pants and shirts, starting to create a small pile of items. You noted that each one was wrapped in plastic, and internally bemoaned what a pain in the ass they were going to be to open.

As he picked out various outfits, your gaze shifted to a small glint you kept seeing in the corner of your eye, and saw a rack of teeny tiny collars. You hummed, drawing Cardinals attention.

“Wha’cha got?”

“Collars it looks like.”

From the way he perked up, ever so slightly, you had the feeling he was interested. You smirked and picked him up so he could be eye level with the rack. They didn’t have the biggest selection, but they had a couple different styles and colors. Of course, Cardinal being the little shit he is,
ended up picking the most expensive one. A deep maroon leather band with a curved, blank metal plate on the front. You could have sworn you were hallucinating when you saw the price, who the fuck charges sixty dollars for a piece of leather the size of a pinkie ring?!

“see anythin ya like”

You spun around-probably giving your bitty whiplash in the process-heart feeling ready to jump out of your chest. You immediately looked down when you realized whoever addressed you was really.. short..

“ Sans? ”

“in the flesh”

He sounded annoyingly smug at that little joke, but you were still reeling. Why was Sans here? And.. wearing an.. employee uniform?...

“You work here? ”

He shrugged, hands resting in his pockets. Honestly the ‘uniform’ looked more like a recycled Walmart greeter vest, and the one Sans wore specifically was about nine sizes too big. It was goddamn adorable.

“gotta pay the bills somehow. didn’t answer the question though.”

“Er-right. Yeah I think we are…. is this price for real?”

You showed him the collar, and he gave you a sympathetic look.

“yup. after the recall of the bitty type who liked those specific designs, the prices got jacked up pretty quick”

You didn’t really understand how that worked, but to each their own. And from the pleading look
you were getting from your own bitty, you had a feeling you were going to buy it if you liked it or not. Oh well.

“but hey, the front plate is customizable, so there’s that”

*And there goes my wallet, too.*

You reluctantly began to put everything Cardinal had picked out into a pile. You could practically feel the loss of money as you did so- why the fuck was clothes that small so expensive?!

“Why do these cost so much?

“s’cause bitties are uh, seen as luxury.. items.”

You gave Sans the sideeye.

“Bitties aren’t items.”

Sans shrugged, his voice going quiet as he bowed his head slightly.

“that ain’t a very popular opinion.”

That… bothered you, a great deal. It had only been a few days and already you knew bitties were more human than more humans. It struck you then just how horribly misinformed most people must be. Even you had gone into the BCC thinking they were just pets. You felt a little sick, eyes shifting back to Cardinal who was watching you.

“ya gettin’ it now?”

You gave a little nod and then picked your bitty up and situated him in your shoulder. Sans sighed.
“i’ll ring ya up.”

You nodded, then hummed.

“Where’s… Ketchup?”

Sans looked mildly confused for a moment, before realizing you were talking about his bitty. Because yes, people ask for condiments in a clothing store. Better then the time the one guy asked for soup, back when you worked in a store like that, except tailored to humans.

“Oh uh, he’s…”

Sans looked amused, and was visibly failing not to snicker.

“feeling a little heated.”

You felt Cardinal shift uncomfortably on your shoulder as you set the items he’d picked down on the checkout counter. It was amazing how quick Sans was scanning such tiny clothes.

“Heated?”

Cardinal groaned, and Sans outright laughed.

“man, you really are clueless aintcha?”

You scowled slightly. Just because it was true didn’t mean it was nice. Besides you had been getting better! Doing more research, asking better questions. Those strange white lights in the skeletons eyes shifted to look at Cardinal instead of you.

“feel bad for ya bud. Timma the year is gunna be rough.”
Cardinal looked like he was trying to drown himself in the fluff of his hood, his cheeks a dark red. You were most definitely missing something here. Whatever that ‘something’ was though, neither monster nor bitty seemed overly eager to tell you, the little shits.

For not the first time, and not the last. You considered punting a skeleton across the fucking room. Just one that was much bigger this time.
Hot Water

You ended up getting Cardinals new collar engraved with your name, per his request. It costed an extra twenty bucks that you hesitantly spent, but the smile your bitty gave you was well worth it. It brightened his mood considerably, and to your delight he was finally back to normal. You had asked a few more times that day what exactly had gone wrong with your first shopping trip but he still wouldn’t answer you. At least you had everything he needed now though.

You sighed, pausing in your task of washing the dishes. You hadn’t cleaned up the apartment in.. too long. And when it started to feel gross to you, there was a problem. You hummed as you filled the sink to let some of the harder shit soak, and returned to your laptop in the living room

There was still one little thing you were curious about. Heat. What the hell was heat, or being… heated, like Sans had said about ketchup. Asking Cardinal only made him look like he wanted to shrivel up and die, so that was a dead end. And google….

Well, google gave you porn.

Monster porn, specifically. At first you were fascinated, and then you were.. confused, by what you saw. A lot of strangely shaped dicks and.. you weren’t even sure if that qualified as a vagina. Images weren’t really helping.

But before you could click on any of the articles, Cardinal himself called your name from the kitchen, and you all but slammed your laptop shut. The last thing you needed was your bitty seeing… that … on your computer. Yeah, no thanks.

“What?”

There was a beat of silence, then a soft plop. The hell? When you heard nothing else, you slowly opened your laptop again and clicked on an article titled ‘monster heats for dummies’. A bit on the nose, but it’d work.

You reread the second paragraph about five times before shutting your laptop again to go see what cardinal had wanted. It was bugging you that he had gone silent again. It was beyond distracting. When you got into the kitchen, nothing seemed to have been changed. And there was definitely no bitty in sight.
There was no reply, which was starting to weird you out. You began to shift through cabinets—had he gotten stuck or something?—when a glint of silver caught your eye from the sink. It felt like time slowed to a crawl as you turned and saw your bitty laying at the bottom of the water.

If someone asked you what happened in the next few seconds, you wouldn’t be able to tell them, because you froze up. You could only stare. For a solid five seconds you could only stare back into his sightless, empty eye sockets. Your body wouldn’t move.

And then time seemed to speed back up and you plunged both hands in and yanked him out of the cold dishwater. He wasn’t moving, was he breathing? Did he breathe before? Why couldn’t you remember?

Fuck!

“Cardinal?!?”

There was no response. He was so cold. The kind of cold you associated with dead people.

You scrambled to yank his soaked clothes off. His dark red ‘body’-ecto body he’d called it—was dim, dimmer than usual, and you had no idea what the fuck to do. Should you try CPR? He suddenly felt so much more fragile in your hands. He was so tiny. The prospect of pushing too hard or too sudden and breaking his tiny ribs terrified you.

You had to do something though.

So, with all the hesitancy in the world, you pushed down on his tiny chest. Did things like this even work on monsters? You didn’t know.

Once. Twice. Three times.

Then, Cardinal jerked to the side and began to cough and sputter, water spilling out onto your hand from his mouth. His eyes flickered back on and you could have cried from relief.
He seemed dazed and confused, taking rasping little gulps of air as tears beaded in your eyes and you pressed him to your chest. You felt his little hands press against your skin, fingers curling into little fists.

“Y-Y/N?..”

You sniffled, relieved more just to hear his voice.

“Yeah?”

He looked up at you at the same time as you looked down at him.

“What happened?”

You gave a breathy little laugh, sitting down slowly on the couch as you absently rubbed his belly with a single finger, touch so light the pad of your finger barely grazed his tummy.

“You.. fell into the sink I..god, Cardinal you almost drowned. ”

The bitty looked confused, hands coming to rest on your finger. He looked up at you guiltily as he put two and two together.

“I…wanted to help out..”

You stared down at him silently. He’d tried to help? But.. why? You didn’t know, and honestly couldn’t care at the moment.

“Don’t… do this again. Please, god.. fucking.. just…”

He shook his head, looking down and curling up in your hand.
“I won’t.”

You and Cardinal didn’t talk about the… sink incident. It still scared you to think about what could have happened if you hadn’t gone to check on him. But you had, and he was okay, if a little skittish around water now. Understandably so, considering.

But after the shopping trip he had seemed so…out of sorts. So you had decided to take him out to the local park. Maybe he could meet some other bitties? You weren’t really sure exactly what you were expecting to happen, you just wanted to cheer him back up.

He was quiet on the drive over, but when you got out of the car, he seemed to liven up a little, peering around the wide open field that was littered with bitties and their owners. You sat down on a bench and lightly plopped him down on the pavement. The place was meant to be a sort of.. safe-haven. He wouldn’t get stepped on, at least. You made him promise to be careful and safe, then let him wonder off.

At first you kept a very close eye on him, hover-parent style. But, he quickly became sick of your shit, and politely told you to ‘fuck off’ and that he was a ‘goddamn adult’. So after getting pelted by a barrage of tiny needle-like bones, you fucked off back to the bench.

Or, you would have, if a familiar skeleton wasn’t splayed out over the entire thing. How the fuck did you keep running into Sans?

“Uh. Hey..?”

The skeletons white eyelight drifted to you, before he yawned and grinned.

“oh, heya y/n. what’s up?”

You took a seat on the ground in front of the bench, shrugging as you saw cardinal meet up with a.. Sansy in a red jacket.. probably ketchup, considering sans was here.
“Not much, had a.. pretty bad scare the other day though. With Cardinal I mean.”

Sans sat up, mouth pulled into a frown.

“scare?”

“Yeah he uh, tried to help with the dishes when I wasn’t in the kitchen. Just about drowned.”

“woah, that’s.. yeah that’s scary. looks like he’s okay now though?”

You nodded, humming softly as ketchup and Cardinal wandered off towards a little canopy built for the bitties. It was almost comical, seeing how far ketchup had to look up to talk to your bitty.

“Yeah, he’s okay. Not sure what he was thinking, though.”

“did you ask him?”

“Yeah, course I did. But he wouldn’t give me a straight answer.”

Sans hummed thoughtfully, eyes squinted a little as he too now began to watch your bitty.

“he’s a sabre isn’t he?”

“Yeah, why?”

“they don’t usually bother themselves with chores n’ junk. not that i’ve ever heard of, anyway. that’s usually a taught behavior, and it’s not easy to teach a sabre something they don’t wanna learn.”
You hummed thoughtfully, turning to face Sans. You weren’t sure what he was implying.

“So what does that mean?”

When sans turned to look at you, his gaze was calculating. He stared at you with a cold gaze you hadn’t expected, and for a brief moment it felt like everything you were was exposed to the skeleton. It was.. scary, honestly, but the moment passed as suddenly as it had begun.

“How long did you say you’ve had cardinal?”

You gulped a little. You had never thought of Sans as scary until now.

“Uh.. couple weeks..”

Sans relaxed, turning again towards where his and your bitties had wandered off to, now both out of sight.

“Right. if i were you, i’d keep a close eye on him. sumthin feels.. off.”

“Any chance you could elaborate further?”

Sans said nothing—of course he didn’t, the shit— and you turned back to the canopy area.

“Wonder what they’re doing..”

“probably sex.”

You choked, and whipped your head around to stare at him so quick your neck hurt.

“What?!”
Sans snickered, and you looked back at the canopy in horror.

“ketchup is fresh out of heat. still got the scent on him, poor guy. probably riled up cardinal, an’ kets ain’t one to really say no when it’s his fault.”

You groaned.

“Can you tell me what the hell heat is and why it leads to my bitty……”

God, you didn’t even want to say it. When you looked back at Sans, his grin was-shockingly- more sympathetic than amused.

“heats sumthin every monster gets, how often depends on the monster. or bitty type, in this case. It’s uh.. it causes increased libido, pretty severe fever, and usually an altered mental state. though that all depends, again, on the type of bitty or monster. same with how long they last when it hits. kets is pretty intense but only lasts two days. i’ve hearda bitties that it lasts a week or more, but they hardly notice it.”

You hummed, nodding slowly. That.. made a lot more sense, now.

“But what’s the point of it?”

Sans hummed.

“weeell… if ya mean why it happens, it’s for reproductive purposes mainly. when a monsters in heat, they’re at peak fertility. ain’t to say it’s the only time a kid can be made, but it’s when it’s the most likely to happen.”

Your eyes drifted back to the canopy.

“But they’re fine, right? They’re both guys.”
Sans smirked

“They’re skeletons. well, skeleton bitties. they can change their physical genders. either of them can carry a kid. but nah, i doubt anything will come of one romp, especially with neither of them being in heat.”

Skeletons can change genders huh? Your eyes drifted to sans, and you snorted imagining him with a more feminine figure. Or hell, Cardinal for that matter. No way was he topping, poor ketchup would be split in half.

Sans rolled his eyes, probably guessing exactly what was going through your mind at the moment. Though, it wouldn’t be that hard to figure out.

You both sat in silence for a little while, watching the other bitties and owners play, before sans tapped your shoulder lightly. You looked up at him, and he nodded towards the canopy. Sure enough, cardinal and ketchup were on their way out of it, ketchup tying the strings of his shorts and Cardinal shrugging his jacket on. You quietly snickered as they wandered back over, and scooped up your bitty, who yawned.

“Tired?”

He nodded as Sans did the same for ketchup.

“Guess when you bump the uglies, your bound to get tired~”

You really, really, really wish you had a camera as cardinals eyes went wider then you thought physically possible, and his entire skull flushed maroon. Poor ketchup looked like a little blueberry with his blush, and both you and sans laughed.

“Y-y-!!!”

Your bitty stuttered out your name, but nothing more, yanking his hood up over his head and whining loudly in embarrassment.
You were still laughing as you and Sans ended up trading numbers, just in case you had more questions. And, he requested you keep him updated on cardinal. You still weren’t sure what sans was seeing that you weren’t in your bitty.

When you headed home, for once, you didn’t have the urge to yeet any skeletons down a hallway. You were extremely proud of yourself.
The Worst Kind Of Aunt

Chapter Summary

Aunt Flo comes to town, Cardinal has a crisis, and Is sans stalking you?

Just your typical Tuesday, really.

Chapter Notes

Aaaaaaa I’m so late hhhhhh I’m sorry guys. I’m still in the process of moving- in fact this is my first night in the new house!! Today was super stressful, but I felt really bad about how long y’all been waiting. So around 11 I decided to get off my ass and finish what I started, now here we are!

BUT HEY, ALSO, I MADE A DEVIANTART!!! That Discord Server that’s always in the bottom of the story? Some awesome people love this story and kept drawing fanart! I really wanted to be able to show it off, and they agreed to let me put it into a DA! Their credits are always in the description of each image. If you make something and want to submit it to me, discord is always the best way to do so. BUT HEY HERES THE LINK, CHECK OUT ALL THE AWESOME ART!!!
https://www.deviantart.com/0mamacomic0/gallery/
There’s new art almost every single day! Come see what all the fuss is about ;0

It was late at night when you were woken up by the sound of.. cursing. You groaned and rolled over to face your nightstand where your bitty’s makeshift bed was.

“Cards..?”

Your voice was raspy from sleep, and Cardinal froze in place from where he had been trying to untangle himself from his blankets. Slowly a dark maroon blush crept onto his cheeks.

“Uhhh.. sorry?”

You rolled your eyes and sat up, and plucked him out of his bed and dropped him onto your own.

“What’s up?”
“Nothin. Jus’.. couldn’t sleep.”

Something about the way he said that made you doubt he was telling the truth. Honestly, you were getting sick of him always keeping things from you. You understood that his past was.. probably not good, but you’re his…

The fact that you had almost considered yourself entitled to his private thoughts because you owned him made you feel sick.

“....okay.”

Cardinal looked up at you questioningly when your voice dipped low. You sighed and pet his head with a finger, prompting a slightly more annoyed look from the pajama-clad bitty. But he remained silent, perhaps sensing your shift in mood. You both sat in silence for a while, before Cardinal began to lean onto you more, probably falling asleep.

“...I’m sorry.”

There was no reply other then soft snores from your bitty. You sighed and gingerly picked him up, then placed him on his bundle of blankets as you yourself laid down.

.................

When you woke up next, it was to tiny hands smacking your cheek.

“Y/n!!?? Y/N!!”

You nearly smacked the little shit off the bed, but managed to remember he wasn’t a bug or some shit before you launched him across the room.

“What? Jesus Christ.”
You sat up, rubbing your eyes as they shifted to look at. Cardinal...he looked absolutely panicked, and you carefully picked him up

“What’s wr-“

“I smell blood?!”

You frowned, then paused, then began to count the days in your head. You groaned and plopped him onto the nightstand and lifted your covers and peeked downwards— yup. Aunt Flo was in town.

“God motherfucking damn it. ”

You got up and marched into the bathroom, slamming the door behind you. You had JUST washed those goddamn sheets. You sighed, grumbling unhappily as you first took a shower, then went back to strip your bed.

In your frustration you’d managed to forget the panicked bitty, who had apparently been staring at the tiny spot of blood on the sheets since you left the room.

“Uh.. Cardinal?“

Your Bitty jumped a little, then looked at you anxiously.

“Are you okay?“

You smiled a little, walking around to the other side of the bed and scooping the bitty onto the palm of your hand.

“Yeah, I’m fine buddy.”

You sat down on the edge of the bed, smiling faintly. You really didn’t feel like explaining… the female reproductive system. Ugh.
“But yer bleeding!”

But it looks like you might not be given a choice. You were so not in the mood to do this. You could feel the first cramp slowly starting since you’d started to move around, and knew you were going to end up exceptionally cranky.

“Yes, I’m bleeding. Human women bleed.”

You hoped that would be enough information, but of course it wasn’t. You ended up setting Cardinal in front of an informational YouTube video and leaving him there while you hunted down some chocolate in the kitchen.

Chocolate obtained, you made your way back to where you’d left Cardinal. The video had ended, and the poor bitty looked absolutely traumatized.

“Humans er’ fuckin disgustin!”

You cackled as you closed your laptop, picked up Cardinal, then situated yourself on the couch. Cardinal crawled up your shirt and seated himself on your shoulder as you switched on the TV. After a few minutes, he spoke up again;

“Do… does it hurt?”

You shrugged a little with the shoulder he wasn’t perched on.

“Sometimes. My cramps aren’t usually too bad.”

“So… so you’ll be okay?”

You hummed softly, glancing at him. He…really did sound concerned. That was new. You knew Cardinal had never outright disliked you, or distrusted you. But you hadn’t earned anything of that nature from him yet. Well, until now anyways.
“Yeah, Cardi.. I’ll be okay.”

He nodded, and that was that for now it seemed.

. . . . . . . . . . . .

You hated your period with a passion you could not begin to describe. Especially since now with every irrational moment of anger or need to stuff your face with salty things, you had Cardinal silently looking at you as if you were about to keel over.

It was the second to last day-finally- and...well, honestly, it wasn’t as bad as you had been thinking. As much as you hate pity, Cardinal’s concern for you was.. touching, and honestly refreshing. Your ex hadn’t had any sympathy for you, and you’d been on your own most of your life. It was a comfort you hadn’t known you needed.

So, you and Cardinal had spent all week indoors, Getting to know each other properly with some well deserved downtime. It had been a very eventful...god, had it only been two weeks? It felt like so much longer. Your eyes drifted back to Cardinal, who was wearing a shirt far too big for him-the sleeves covered his hands- and gnawing on a piece of popcorn the size of his head. It was kinda funny, actually.

You both jumped as the doorbell rang, and you whined as you heaved yourself off the couch, and lumbered towards the door. When you swung it open, ready to bitch out whoever was at the door, you paused when nobody was- oh, no, it was just a short... Sans.

“...Why are you at my house?”

Sans gave you an embarrassed smile, scratching at the back of his head.

“well.. it’s a long story?”

Ketchup peeked out of his shirt pocket, looking very unamused. “no, it’s not, he followed you home last week and hasn’t seen you around, so he’s been annoying me about seeing if you’re okay.”
You slowly took a step back and began to inch the door shut again, and Sans groaned and stuck his foot in the door

“at least let me explain?”

You wearily eyed the monster. Despite his stalkerish behavior you had no idea about, he had.. seemed okay..? Even though now you were very much reevaluating all the life choices that may or may not have lead to a skeleton stalker.

You-very reluctantly- let Sans in and lead him to the living room, where Cardinal was watching you both with interest from the bitty-sized couch.

“Visitors?”

You nodded and gestures to the couch, where Sans sat down and smiled sheepishly at you. You have him a very unamused look, one brow raised.

“so I know it looks bad..”

“No shit?”

The skeleton ran a hand over his skull, nodding.

“I..saw someone following you a few days ago. er- a week ago I guess. at the park.”

You narrowed your eyes at him, and he gave you a pleading look.

“no, really! I.. it gave me the creeps, it looked like a human, I was worried alright? you.. seem like a good person, I couldn’t just..”

“Just what? Let me know you thought someone dangerous was tailing me?”
A frown pulled at his teeth. A part of you wondered if you were being just a *little* harsh, probably due to the fucking PMS, but you also felt pretty justified in being angry.

“I thought I could just.. you know.. make sure you got home safe, and that’d be the end of it.”

“And if it hadn’t been? And you hadn’t told me something like this?”

Sans looked down.

“I… hadn’t thought about that.”

You pinched the bridge of your nose, and took a slow, deep breath.

“... *Sans.*”

You finally opened your eyes again and looked at him. All the while, Cardinal had been watching the exchange in quiet confusion.

“I’ll.. let it slide. But if you see this.. whoever, *tell me?*”

He nodded guiltily, and Ketchup huffed, vanishing from the skeleton’s shirt pocket and reappearing next to Cardinal, who jumped slightly, then gave a small grin. As the two bitties began to chat, you focused your attention back to Sans.

“...and you came over here today why, again?..”

Sans sighed.

“I hadn’t seen you around town, I.. I got worried.”
You have a slight nod, plopping yourself down on the couch beside him wearily.

“Right. Worried. So… you came to my house.”

Sans winced slightly.

“I—when you put it that way..”

You waved your hand dismissively.

“No I… I get it. I mean, not really, but I appreciate the gesture. Just…maybe don’t be so creepy about it next time?”

Sans gave a little laugh, nodding his agreement. The four of you spent the better part of the next three hours watching a movie, when Ketchup refused to leave his newly claimed spot on Cardinal’s couch. Really, Cardinal barely fit on it anyway—he didn’t at all, in actuality, but he liked to pretend he did—so it was probably for the best it got some proper use. With the way Cardinal sprawled out on it, you’ll probably have to replace it sooner rather than later.

Eventually, Sans made to leave, only for Ketchup to whine.

“it’s late, can’t we just stay here?”

Sans paused, then looked at you.

“I.. don’t..?”

You sighed, then shrugged.

“Doesn’t matter to me, you haven’t tried to kill me yet, so why not?”
Sans made a bit of a face at your faulty logic, but shrugged and sat back down. It wasn’t even a full half an hour before the skeleton was asleep beside you, and one glance towards the table confirmed Ketchup hadn’t been far behind. Cardinal turned off the power on the TV—it was kinda funny watching him use both hands to press the button on the remote—and turned to you.

On unspoken request, you picked him up and carried him first to the bathroom, then to the bedroom, letting him crawl into his ‘bed’, which was still just a blanket wrapped into a spiral. He hadn’t complained, and you were too lazy to do anything about it. Why fix what wasn’t broken?

You laid down as well, but after a stint of silence, Cardinal quietly spoke;

“Humans are confusing.”

You rolled onto your side to look at your bitty. He wasn’t facing you, instead staring straight up, a thoughtful expression etched into his features.

“What do you mean?”

He shrugged noncommittally, taking his time to choose his words carefully.

“…before ya, I thought.. humans were jus’ nasty, selfish meatbags.”

You raised a brow at the term, not that he was actually looking at you to see it.

“I… ain’t never had good experiences with humans. Not ‘till you I mean. N’ yer so… different from what I’m used ‘ta.”

You nod slowly, sitting up a little, propping yourself up on your elbow.

“Not every human is the same.”

He nodded.
“I know. But.. seems da’ bad outweighs tha’ good.”

“...how bad?”

Your voice had gotten quiet. You still had no idea about Cardinal's past, but you felt like maybe you had a chance to learn. He remained silent for a time, then shook his head.

“...bad ‘enoff.”

You nodded slowly, laying back down and assuming a similar position as Cardinal.

“...it’s over now, though.”

“is it?”

His voice had an edge to it that.. you really weren’t expecting. What was he trying to imply? Before you could ask, though, he rolled over to face away from you entirely.

“Cardi..”

“Forget it. Night, Y/N.”

You frowned, but.. didn’t argue. Really, what could you say? You weren’t going to force him to talk to you about whatever had happened. You just hoped he’d tell you.. preferably sooner rather than later. It would happen one day, you were sure.

But who knows when that would happen.
I’m. So. Sorry.

Delay was due to my rapidly declining mental health. Good news is chapter seven is already written!! I’ll be getting a start on chapter 8 when I don’t feel like death, and so I tecchhhnically have two weeks off? Tentatively? Not really. I’ll have chapter seven out next week for sure, pop your beautiful faces back in around Saturday!

PS, I fuckin live off your art and comments, throw words and booty at my stupid ass and I’ll love you forever ♥️

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sans visiting became a common occurrence, so much so that from time to time you would come home from shopping and he would... somehow already be there, with Ketchup, keeping Cardinal company, if you hadn’t brought the bitty with you. It had been about three weeks since you’d learned Sans followed you home. It was still extraordinarily creepy to think about, but you supposed it could be worse.

It was midday, actually around noon. After some searching around, you found Cardinal in the living room flipping through TV channels. You leaned against the doorway of the kitchen, taking a minute to look at your bitty. You’d both been getting to know each other better over the past few weeks, and honestly... it was refreshing to not feel like strangers anymore.

But from what you’d been reading online, you still weren’t at the typical level of relationship owners had with their bitties after this long. It was a little discouraging, but... you were starting to paint a picture of Cardinal’s past, and it wasn’t a pretty one.

He had only undressed near you once, and it was because he’d thought you were still asleep- and you’d saw a scar on his spine. It was a brief glimpse, but still an alarming one... he’d once explained that bitty limbs could be replaced- arms, legs, even ribs and individual hands and feet. There were prosthetics that could function just like old the limb through magic. But if the spine of a skeleton bitty goes… they were dust.

So the thought of your little Cardi having that scar, coupled with his odd behavior, was... nerve wracking. And he dodged your questions whenever you asked them, but you felt like you were starting to wear down at the wall he kept around himself.
On the brighter side of things, Sans and Ketchup had been coming around more and more often. You’d grown kind of fond of the short skeleton, and you both had become friends. Likewise, Ketchup and Cardinal had both been increasingly friendly with one another.

Speaking of, Sans was set to meet you later that day to take you all to the aquarium, and you were trying to wrangle Cardinal into actual clothes. He’d spent the past four days in just pajamas.

“Come On Cardi! We’re supposed to be there in an hour!”

“So?!”

“So you need actual fucking clothes on!”

Your bitty hissed at you and darted under the couch… little fucker. You had no idea why he was acting this way. He had insisted just the day before that he’d be fine going to the aquarium, had seemed excited to see the exotic fish and such. Now he was acting like it was the worst goddamn thing in the world.

You swear, this bitty had to be bipolar or something.

It took twenty minutes to get Cardinal into day clothes. You had no idea what was up with him. He’d insisted just the day before that he was fine with the water. In fact you’d sat him down, and had an almost two hour conversation about it.

“Cardinal- OW!”

You nearly flung him across the room when he sank those goddamn teeth into your skin. You were extraordinarily proud of yourself when you managed to refrain from yeeting him out the nearest open window.

“Pumme down!”

Instead, you opted to place the bitty onto your shoulder, and he bit your eart in retaliation. Thankfully not too hard, that one would really hurt. The bitty was finally calming down, but you
weren’t sure what to do about the aquarium trip when he was behaving like this. Honestly, he was acting like a child.

“Cardinal, talk to me. What’s going on with you?”

Your bitty grumbled and just gripped your shirt for balance as you left the house. You suspected he was having second thoughts about going to a place with so much water, but if he wasn’t going to tell you what properly then you weren’t going to tell Sans no.

Was that petty? Probably, and you were having second thoughts about making the trip at all.

“Cardinal do you still want to go?”

You did your best to lower your voice despite your irritation. Cardinal grumbled, crossing his arms over his chest.

“s’ jus... a lotta water...”

“Cardi, you said.”

“I know what I said!”

He sounded just as frustrated as you were. The bitty wouldn’t look at you, pointedly turning away when you set him on the dash of your car. You sat back in your seat and looked at him, waiting. You were already late, and part of you knew if Sans got there first he’d probably just find a place to nap until you got there.

“....m’sorry.”

You hummed quietly.

“For what?”
Cardinal growled under his breath and gestured pointedly at you.

“Fer… bitin’ ya.”

You sighed and gingerly picked him up.

“It’s alright…. it’s not your fault. I wasn’t exactly acting mature either”

Your bitty turned and gave you a look of confusions then shook his head.

“Let’s… lets go.”

“Are you sure? I can call Sans and-“

“I’m sure, now start the fuckin car ‘fore I change my mind!”

You huffed as he started settling back into his cranky mood, and started the car.

It took nearly an hour to drive to the aquarium, and then twenty minutes to find Sans. You’d been entirely correct in your assessment of what the lazy skeleton would be doing when you got there. Sans was splayed out on the bench at the front entrance, Ketchup asleep on his chest. Honestly, it was adorable, and you couldn’t help but snap a photo. That was a keeper.

You and Cardinal shared a look of mischief, before you leaned over Sans and flicked him in the nose. The skeleton jerked as his eyes snapped open, and he gave a little squeal as he sat up, sending an equally startled Ketchup tumbling into his lap.

You snickered as he looked up at you, visibly pouting.
“that was mean.”

“Maybe, but you’re awake now at least, let’s go in!”

Seeing the signs and pictures of exotic life had gotten you pretty excited. Cardinal tugged sharply on your hair from his place on your shoulder, and you turned your head to look down at him before being damn near blinded by a burst of light-magic—directly in your goddamn face, as Ketchup appeared on your shoulder beside Cardinal. It smelled... oddly of blueberries.

You gave the Sansy the stink eye, but Ketchup just winked and threw one arm around Cardinal’s shoulders. Your bitty pretended to be irritated with him, but he was sitting a lot less tense now. Huh.

Sans pushed the door open and you followed him into the labs lobby, shivering at the rush of cool air as you stepped in and the glass door closed behind you.

The ceiling was enormously tall, a dome at the top, and the back wall was covered in fake stone with a small waterfall pouring down into a tank full of turtles and little fish. You cooed, but didn’t go closer when you felt Cardinal go tense.

You went up to buy two adult tickets, but Sans waved his hand at you.

“nah I got it.”

“I can’t let you pay for mine-“

The skeleton smiled at you, and you felt a bit of a blush come across your cheeks.

“it’s fine pal, really.”

You nodded dumbly and let him buy the tickets, then soon headed into the first section. None of the tanks here had open tops- and you were glad when it seemed Cardinal was more relaxed.
Maybe it was only issues with water that was open at the top, and therefore he had a chance of falling in? You weren’t entirely sure, but it was a solid theory.

Sans seemed to enjoy it too, his eye lights bigger then usual in the mostly darkened area, and the way he looked at all the marine life made him seem a lot younger.

“So what’s your favorite exhibit here?”

Sans blinked as he looked away from the tank with sunfish and such.

“I... dunno, I haven’t been here in a long time.”

You smiled.

“My favorite are the sharks.”

You laughed as the skeletons eyes appeared to open even wider, if that was even possible.

“They got sharks here?!”

You nodded and grabbed his hand, pulling him in another direction. You were too busy hearing Cardinal bitch about the change in direction to notice the dark blue blush erupt over Sans’s face as you grabbed his hand.

The large tank you brought Sans to had a small rail on the edge of the viewing area, for what you weren’t sure, but you gently set Ketchup and Cardinal down on it as Sans watched the nurse sharks slowly swim along near the sand. Your attention was for your bitty though, and his focus was on the colorful coral and fish.

He had pressed his hands flush against the glass. You’d never seen him so... you didn’t even know the word for it. His eyelights were so large they nearly took up the entire sockets, and his mouth slightly ajar. Childlike wonder, you’d call it. Beside him was Ketchup, and it was impossible to miss the enamored look he was giving Cardinal, who was none the wiser.
You lightly elbowed Sans, and he gave a big grin as you took a picture of the two bitties. It was a sweet sight, and you were glad Cardinal hadn’t decided to stay home.

After hours of looking at different species of fish and a few large whale skeletons—which had unfortunately prompted a slew of puns from Ketchup and Sans—you’d all decided to head back to your place for dinner and movies.

You’d parked near the entrance so you offered to give Sans a lift to his car, only for him to tell you he hadn’t driven, but he’d taken a ‘shortcut’... which you still didn’t entirely understand. So you ended up driving him, not that it was an issue since you were both going to your place.

Cardinal and Ketchup were fast asleep only a few minutes into the car ride, but surprisingly enough, Sans didn’t fall asleep. He actually seemed wide awake for once.

“my brother wants to meet ya sometime.”

You glanced over at the skeleton.

“Our brother? You have a brother?”

Sans bobbed his head in a nod, expression becoming almost wistful.

“heck yeah, haven’t I told you about him? he’s amazing. his name is papyrus.”

You smiled.

“I’d love to meet him. He sounds nice.”

Sans nodded again, and you both lapsed into a comfortable silence.
When you got home, Sans carried both Cardinal and Ketchup into the house. He flopped down onto the couch with such expert precision that he didn’t even jostle either sleeping bitty, both of whom were out like a light after the excitement of the day.

You sat down on what space was left on the sofa, propping your feet up on the coffee table.

“So. Today. Success?”

Sans grinned and nodded, gesturing to the bitties asleep on his chest.

“I’ve been listening to my little idiot fawn over Ccardi for weeks.”

You laughed, gingerly picking Cardinal up off Sans’s chest. The bitty sleepily rolled onto his stomach in your palm, even though it ended with his arms dangling off the sides of your hand. He didn’t seem bothered.

“Cardinal hasn’t said anything, I think he’s just clueless.”

Sans nodded in agreement.

“Sabre types usually are. How has he been?”

You heaved a sigh,

“he’s been… better. I mean, you saw him earlier by that turtle tank right? His weird little habits are still there though. I think the water part is new- he hasn’t tried the dishes since he fell in.”

Sans nodded, brows furrowed.
“I still don’t know what to make of it.”

You bit your lip, thinking back to the scar you’d seen.

“...do you think he’s been abused?”

Sans readily nodded.

“Most definitely. Or... well, I don’t... it’s... I have the feeling that’s the case, the signs point to it. Things add up too well for anything else to be going on.”

You felt your heart sink at the confirmation of your fears. Still, though, the extent of the abuse remained to be seen.

Sans stayed the night, sleeping as easily as ever, and you went to bed that night feeling bittersweet about the day.

Chapter End Notes

DID YOU KNLW THERES AWESOME FUCKERS WHO MAKE FANART AND LET ME POST IT?

CHECK THIS SHIT OUT YO!
https://www.deviantart.com/0mamacomic0/
Rainstorms

Chapter Summary

you get answers.

you just wish the answers had been different.

Chapter Notes

Haha, remember when I said one week? Whoops. Mental health continued to plummet and I ended up leaving home for a few days altogether because it got so bad.

I also neglected to work on chapter eight because I’m brilliant like that! And! Wasted a headstart oppertunity!

So, my birthday is Saturday, and I’ll have a solid six hours doin absolutely nothing in a car! So I’ll be using that time to write more then is probably healthy to write in one setting.

Did y’all know all this is written on a cellphone? Oh boy will my poor thumbs hate me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was Friday night, and you and Cardinal were both bored. You’d both been watching reruns all day, Cardinal half asleep on your head. Neither of you were keen on moving. It was the perfect weather for doing nothing though, rain coming down in sheets outside. No thunder or lightening, not yet anyway, just the white noise of the rain.

In fact, you were just about asleep when your phone’s loud ringing jerked you both awake, Cardinal toppling off your head and into your lap, looking dazed. You absently patted his head- getting bitten for it too, the little shit- as you answered your phone. At first, there was just a jumbled string of cursing and the sounds of the rain, until finally...

“y/n?”

….Sans?

“Uh hey Sans, what’s up?...”
At the familiar name, Cardinal looked up at you, finally spitting out your finger. You flicked him in the side of the head—not hard—for biting you to begin with.

“im uh, in a bit of a situation, i’m on your side of town and Ketchup isn’t doing so hot, kinda low on magic myself? can we crash at your place?”

You frowned,

“Yeah of course, head on over.”

He hung up before you could ask what was wrong, so you unceremoniously plopped Cardinal onto the sofa for a little dose of revenge, then skittered to the closet to grab towels and blankets.

“Get out some of your clothes that might fit Ketchup.”

Cardinal gave you one hell of a stink eye.

“What? don’t he got ‘is own clothes?”

“Well I hope so but, according to Sans he’s not doing so good, and with the rain… just do it okay?”

The bitty grumbled and climbed down off the couch and wandered off towards the bedroom as there was a knock at the door. Man, that was quick! You opened up and ushered Sans inside. He was swaying in place, clearly beyond exhausted, and was holding Ketchup against his chest. They were both absolutely soaked. You draped a towel around his shoulders.

“Oh man.. okay come on, sit down..”

Sans didn’t resist as you lead him to the sofa, and he plopped himself down and looked at his bitty. Ketchup seemed to be out cold. While Sans examined the Sansy, you examined.. well, Sans. He looked… well, he looked awful. There was a crack in his skull, and he looked scuffed up, like he’d been in some sort of struggle.
“Sans what happened?..”

He let out a harsh breath, followed by an angry sounding laugh.

“humans happened. fucking humans....”

You shifted awkwardly, and he looked up at you visibly looked remorseful.

“sorry y/n. didn’t mean it like that..”

You shook your head, giving him a wan smile.

“No I get it. Humans can be really shitty. What happened?”

He grabbed the other towel off the couch and set it on the coffee table, laying Ketchup on it and beginning to remove the bittys wet clothes.

“humans cornered us, and i was already drained. couldn’t take a shortcut to get away. one of them tried to steal Kkets, fucker managed to get him away from me. hit me pretty hard.”

A dark expression crossed Sans’s features, and you failed to suppress a shudder.

“but i hit harder.”

You stayed silent, watching as he spotted Cardinal climbing back onto the table and took the offered bitty clothes, first starting to dry the little skeleton.

“kets.. panicked, i think. and he shortcutted us both away. bitties ain’t meant to use magic on a large scale like that. he just.. needs a lot of rest, i think.”
You watched as Sans dressed the exhausted bitty, then both of you jumped when thunder boomed outside, the kind loud enough to rattle windows. You and Sans both laughed it off, especially seeing that Ketchup didn’t even twitch in his deep sleep.

“Man, he’s really out of it isn’t he?”

Sans nodded, tucking the bitty into the bundle of blankets you had gotten out. Then the skeleton went still, looking at something on the couch beside him. When you craned your neck you saw Cardinal, frozen in place, legs locked together and hands clamped over the sides of his skull. His teeth were gritted together so hard his mouth formed a thin line, and the bitty was breathing in jerky gasps. Sans stood, and you scooted over and gingerly picked up your bitty.

“Woah, hey are you okay?”

Cardinal didn’t answer, which you kind of expected. You stood, noting he needed cleaned up—the thunder had scared him so bad he’d wet himself, Jesus—but you weren’t really sure where to start. You turned back towards Sans, but he had that.. look, again. The calculating, cold gaze that sent shivers down your spine.

“Um..”

The big skeleton jerked a little, blinking twice, before giving you that lazy smile of his, which you were beginning to suspect was fake.

“I’ll clean up the cushion, they ain’t exactly big, not much mess. You help him out.”

You nodded gratefully and got exactly six feet towards the bedroom, when the power went out. Well isn’t that just lovely.

“Uhhh-“

“I gotcha.”

Sans flicked his cellphone light on and tossed it over to you- Thank god for growing up with
brothers, you were used to things being suddenly thrown at your head- and you caught it with one hand. Light in hand, you took Cardinal to the bedroom and sat down, letting him curl into your chest. He seemed close to tears. You hadn’t taken him as the type to fear thunderstorms.

Thunder boomed outside again, and this time Cardinal outright sobbed, mumbling a quick string of words you couldn’t properly understand. What the hell?

“Cardi? Buddy?”

You jostled him lightly and his eyes snapped open wide, and he looked up at you. Again, like after the incident in the store, he seemed so damn small.

“Y-Y/N?..”

Oh god, your heart ached. He sounded fucking petrified. What the hell happened to him?

“I’m right here Cardi, I gotcha..”

You weren’t sure what else to do, no power meant no properly running water. You spotted a water bottle by your bed stand, and decided to make this work. You tried to put Cardinal down, but he cling to your fingers and- sweet Jesus he looked ready to cry.


You headed over to the bathroom and grabbed a little Tupperware container and a washcloth. You wondered if you were really about to have to give your bitty a ’sponge bath’. You poured the water into the Tupperware, then just sorta stared at him.

“So. Um. You won’t let me put you down. And you’re.. wet. And scared.”

He slowly looked up to you. Gods help you, he looked like a fucking lost puppy.

Hhhh.
When Cardinal didn’t offer any objections, you thought back to watching Sans change Ketchups clothes and very gingerly tugged at Cardinals shirt. He yanked the fabric out of your fingers, and you immediately retracted your hand.

“I just… don’t know what else to do here Cardinal.”

The bitty whined softly, slowly looking up at you.

“Don’t be angry.”

Angry? The hell would you be angry for?

“I won’t be. I promise.”

The bitty nodded slowly, and pulled off his shirt first, eyes locked on your expression.

You felt like you were going to be sick.

His ribs were covered in chips, dents, and old scratches, one of which traveled down his spine, the deep one you had seen before. You took a slow breath, and offered him a smile. You hoped it didn’t look as forced as it felt.

Cardinal knew you were staring, you could tell, especially when he drew his arms closer to his chest to hide the worst of his usually hidden scars. Your gaze snapped up to his face, jaw working uselessly for a few seconds before clicking shut.

“Cardi I-“

“Don’t. Don’t feel bad for me.i don’t need your pity. I’m okay.”

Nothing you’ve seen so far equaled him being “okay”, but..you didn’t want to press. Not now. Not
while- Cardinal curled around the cloth you held when another rumble of thunder echoed in the distance. Thankfully it didn’t trigger another fit, but it was pretty clear he wasn’t letting go any time soon.

When you came back out to Sans and Ketchup, the smaller bitty was starting to wake up, and Sans had stripped out of his wet clothes and had wrapped himself up in two blankets, effectively covering himself up. You were too exhausted to care, and your heart still hurt after seeing Cardinal’s scars.

Your bitty was now dressed in his pajamas, cleaned, and sitting on your shoulder, one hand gripping your hair, the other your shirt to keep in place. He was still on high alert from the storm, which was thankfully starting to pass, at least the thunder and lighting portions of it anyway. You set your bitty on the coffee table, and Cardinal made to join Ketchup in the little blanket fort. Sans hadn’t taken his eyes off you since you’d come back into the living room.

“I’m guessing it wasn’t good”

You saw Cardinal glance at you, then pointedly look away.

“I…. “

You trailed off before even really starting to speak. What could you say? What did you want to say? Nothing, if you were honest. A big part of you wanted to forget you saw anything at all.

“…he’s in good hands, now. Ketchup wasn’t much better when I got him.”

Your stomach was in knots. Those kinds of scars were.. normal? Though of course, Sans didn’t actually know about them. Or… maybe he did. Would Ketchup tell Sans about what he’d seen when he and Cardinal went into that canopy in the park? You didn’t know the bitty well enough to say for sure.

“…is there anything you can do for a bitty’s.. scars?”
Sans sighed quietly.

“Yeah, um.. there’s.. filler, if it’s.. chips.. creams n shit for cracks.. depends on the type of scar.. type of bitty… most of the stuff is just for cosmetic reasons..”

Right. Bitties were seen as.. luxury items. You wrapped your arms around your middle- was that why Cardinal had those scars? Someone had seen him as just.. an item? What happened to him?

Would you ever have the courage to ask?

“... what about mental scars?”

Sans looked at you in surprise.

“Mental scars...uh… guess it..it’s like anyone else.Time and a good environment”

The skeletons eyes drifted back to Cardi and Kets, the latter of which seemed to be doing a good job at cheering up the former, despite being half asleep. Cardinal was smiling, at least.

“...but I don’t think you’ll have to worry too much. Your not even really trying and you’ve already given him both.”

You took a slow breath in as you looked at Cardinal, who seemed to have succumbed to sleep.

“....explains a few things I guess, though.”

Sans nodded in agreement.

“wish it didn’t have to be this explanation.”

You looked at Sans, but the skeleton was focused on Cardinal. Sans had always been focused on
your bitty in some way or another, asking about his well being or outright looking out for it himself. It was... comforting, knowing someone had your backs like that. You found yourself smiling at Sans without even realizing you’d been doing it.

“..You’re really sweet, you know?”

Startled, the skeleton turned to look at you, his expression screaming ‘deer caught in headlights’.

“i’m what?”

“Sweet. You’re really nice, Sans. I’m glad I’m your friend.”

The skeleton’s skull erupted into a dark blue blush, and he stammered out a ‘thank you’ as he pulled the drawstrings of his hoodie tight in embarrassment. Oh boy, a genuine compliment?

Guess he couldn’t handle it.

Chapter End Notes

Hey noobs check out CD’s deviantart where awesome fanart gets posted!

https://www.deviantart.com/0mamacomic0/
Bitty… go karts. You couldn’t help but feel a mixture of amusements and confusion as you watched Cardinal, Ketchup, and some unknown bitties race around in cute little karts. Sans had convinced you to drive a whopping six hours to come with him and Ketchup to some huge amusement park that catered to bitties and bigger monsters both, something you didn’t know existed. It was refreshing to be around so many bitty owners. The majority of whom saw bitties in the same light you did; companions, not pets.

As you watched the bitties finish another lap, Sans nudged you and pointed towards one of the other, bigger rides. It took a moment to see what exactly he was pointing at. A tall skeleton, enthusiastically talking with a fish monster. You briefly wondered how skeletons and walking fish and tiny monsters became your new normal.

“Who’s that?”
“heh, that’s my brother papyrus, and his friend undyne.”

So that was the brother you’d been hearing so much about. He.. certainty looked unique, and beyond them being skeletons you couldn’t see any family resemblance. A thousand short jokes suddenly popped into mind when Papyrus started towards you two, and you realized just how incredibly short Sans was in comparison. Oh boy.

“HUMAN!”

Your eyes widened a fraction at the sheer volume of the skeletons exclamation. This man was at minimum sixty yards away, how in the wide world of fuck was he so loud?

You waved awkwardly as the tall skeleton arrived at where you were waiting on the bitties, the fish woman having stayed behind to keep their spot in line.

“ARE YOU THE HUMAN MY BROTHER FAWNS OVER?!”

You choked briefly on the air, looking at Sans. He was missing his eyelights again, and somehow seemed to be getting physically smaller…. nah, he was just going to sweatertown with his hoodie.

“N-no. Ahahaha, I’m just a friend of Sans’s!”

Papyrus didn’t loook convinced, squinting at you and bending almost completely over to look at you closer.

“ARE YOU SURE? YOU’RE VERY BEAUTIFUL!”

You wanted to crawl into a hole and die, and Sans didn’t seem to be faring much better. Surely you committed some horrible evil in a past life to deserve this, right? Oh god, people were starting to stare.

“I’m-sure!”
He still didn’t look satisfied, but to your immense relief didn’t start screaming again. Instead his voice dropped nearly to a whisper as he crouched and picked up Ketchup. Seems like the race ended during the exchange. You turned and picked up Cardinal, who was more than a little bitter about losing.

Seeing his bitty, Sans started to come out of his self imposed fabric prison, to step forward and take the Sansy, who just looked amused at the entire situation.

“uh.. so.. bro this is.. Y/N”

Papyrus visibly brightened, and then looked at his brother and winked, but...actually, out loud, said ‘wink’. What was up with this guy?

“WELL Y/N, IT’S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU!!”

You finally started to relax, even if the skeleton’s exuberant voice gave you a slight migraine.

“It’s nice to meet you, Papyrus. Sans talks about you a lot!”

Though he’d neglected to mention the jackhammer like screaming.

“Wowie, DOES HE REALLY?!”

He struck a pose, looking incredibly proud of himself. You were fairly certain if he had a cape, it would be blowing in the breeze.

“But of course, my magnificent reputation precedes me! Surely you’ve heard all about me, and my wonderful accomplishments in the Royal Guard!”

He even rolled the R in royal. Throughout his little tirade you were doing your best not to laugh. It was cute, and you could see why Sans spoke so highly of him. Cardinal and Ketchup seemed worse for wear though, and your bitty got your attention by yanking hard on your hair.
“Ow-! What?”

“Fuckin hurts! He’s too loud!”

Papyrus deflated like a balloon, looking mortified.

“I’m so sorry! I forgot-!”

Sans patted his brother’s arm, chuckling fondly.

“They’ll be okay bro.”

Sans ignored the hunk of ground-popcorn that was lobbed at his skull by Cardinal for speaking for him.

The day at the park was going pretty well, and Papyrus joined your little group for a while before running off to rejoin his friend, leaving you and Sans once more alone with your bitties. You both stubbornly refused to address the topic Papyrus had brought up. Because awkward.

You couldn’t understand the jealousy that burned in your chest at the idea of Sans having a crush on someone. Shouldn’t you be happy for him? You sighed and shook your head, focusing back on the line.

..................

The day, for the most part, had been a success. As you and Sans went out to the car, tired bitties in tow, you had ended up having a lot of fun. Between the rides, park food—which, despite being stupid expensive, was still really good—and an impromptu meeting with Sans’s brother, the day had gone fairly well. As your eyes drifted to Sans though, you felt that burning jealousy again and made an effort to push it down. You realized you’d been staring as Sans glanced your way, and quickly fixated your gaze on the car some fifty yards ahead.
You still couldn’t pinpoint why the thought of Sans having a crush on someone bothered you. You guys were friends, good ones at that. It just.. bothered you, you supposed. You gingerly set cardinal down on the dash, the bitty looking about ready to drop into sleep. He’d had a pretty exciting day, so you couldn’t exactly blame him, but for some reason there was a current of excitement in you as Sans sat in the driver’s seat.

“have a good time?”

You jumped a little, turning again to face him.

“Uh! Yeah I did! Your brother was really…cool?”

You inwardly cringed at how unsure you sounded. Papyrus had been... unique. Just very loud and attention-drawing. Which wasn’t bad, but just… wasn’t really your style.

“heh, yeah, Papyrus is amazing isn’t he?”

You offered a smile. You knew the look on the small skeletons face; he really loved his brother. Your eyes shifted to his chest as Ketchup poked his head out of Sana’a shirt pocket, where he’d been resting.

“Is Cardinal awake?”

You and Sans shared a look of amusement as Sans set Ketchup on the dash with Cardinal, then started the car and began to pull out of the parking lot. You couldn’t help the twinge of jealousy as Ketchup and Cardinal quickly cuddled together and fell asleep.

The drive home was uneventful, and quiet, interrupted only by the sound of the wind rushing by the cracked open driver’s side window. It was nice outside; though overcast. A good night for a walk. When Sans pulled into your driveway, you both just sat there for a moment before both speaking at the same time.

“Thanks-“
“I-“

You both went quiet, then shared a small laugh before you waved.

“You first.”

“I uh, hope we can do this again sometime? It was… really nice to hang out with you y/n”

Your cheeks felt hot, and suddenly you were extremely glad the car was dark and he probably couldn’t see you blushing. Why were you blushing? You were going to make an ass of yourself weren’t you?

“It’s- nice to.. h-hang out with you too! We need to um. Do it. More?”

Yep, you have a case of foot-in-mouth-disease for sure. Probably fatal, at least to your social life. Sans didn’t seem to notice your complete and utter failure at common words, thankfully, so maybe you were spared by the gods this time.

“heh, yeah for sure.”

You both lapsed into a suddenly awkward silence, wherein you both just kind of… stared at one another. After what felt like hours—which was probably really only about thirty seconds-Sans coughed a little and pointedly looked towards the door handle. Oh, right. You were in his car. You scrambled to get out, in the process almost forgetting your purse and your bitty, before bidding Sans a hasty farewell and scuttling inside.

Well, damned if that wasn’t the single most mortifying thing that’s ever happened to you. Good going, Y/N…..

Ugh.

You headed inside, shame and all, and set cardinal down on the table. Little shit was grinning at you, knowing full well you were embarrassed.
“So you gonna tell em’?”

You looked down at Cardinal in confusion.

“Tell who what?”

“Tell Sans.. ‘bout yer crush.”

You stared at Cardinal in confusion.. your crush? after a few moments of thinking, you decided You didn’t have a crush. And even if you did, why would Sans be the one you talk to about it? Sure you were friends but… even the thought of telling Sans things like that made you flustered…

“I don’t have a crush?”

Cardinal gave you a look of disbelief, but you just firmly shook your head.

“I dont! I don’t know who your even referring to here.”

“Sans , ya twat.”

He thought you had a crush on Sans? No way. There was just no way.

Right?

. . . . . . . . .

Sans sighed as he pulled into the driveway of their house, and then slumped down into the seat. What a mess.
“Come on quit sulking, I want to get my bath and go to bed!”

His eyelight drifted to Ketchup, who was starting to grow a little irritated.

“yeah, yeah, right..”

He got out of the car, plopping Ketchup on his shoulder and heading inside. He could hear his brother snoring upstairs. He’d wanted to have a talk with Papyrus about what happened at the park, but it seemed like he got home a little late for that. He had been absolutely humiliated when Papyrus started saying those things to you.

He’d never, ever, heard his brother tell a lie like that before. He never fawned over anyone. Why would Papyrus say something like that? Sans groaned aloud as he let himself flop onto the couch, Ketchup cursing and taking a shortcut onto the coffee table.

“Watch it! Don’t squish me.”

Sans offered a half hearted apology.

“think she’s mad?”

Ketchup gave him an odd look.

“Who?”

“y/n, over that whole thing with papyrus. god, and the car. i was so rude.”

Ketchup seemed astronomically confused, head cocking to the side as Sans ran a hand down his face.

“Why would she be mad? You were both acting weird.”
Sans gave a little sound of annoyance, cracking an eye open to look at Ketchup.

“gee, thanks buddy.”

“It’s true. You guys act like high schoolers.”

Sans leveled Ketchup with an entirely unamused look.

“one, how do you know what a high schooler acts like? two, we do not.”

Ketchup threw his hands in the air.

“Stars, you know where I came from Sans, an you do! Honestly it’s a wonder you guys manage to have a normal conversation without one of you blurting it out.”

“i don’t follow.”

Ketchup groaned.

“Just.. your crush, man. You know what I’m talkin’ about.”

Sans turned over fully to look at Ketchup in confusion.

“crush? i don’t have a crush.”

“Come on! Even Papyrus noticed. You always gush over Y/N. It’s obvious.”

Sans stubbornly shook his head as he scooped Ketchup up off the table and took him upstairs for his bath.
“no. no way. theres no way i would have a crush on Y/N, we’re just friends.”

Right?

End Notes

(Psssst, I have a discord!)
https://discord.gg/r6smEnp

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