Six Skeletons and The Waitress

by Teutonic_lisp

Summary

A picture perfect family hides the fact that your life is filled with manipulation and abuse. When you move away after high school, you encounter more than one skeleton monster that often tests your anxieties.

Hey...why are they acting like that?
*updated description

Notes

Oh geez.. am I really doing this?
*is lowkey excited*

- Inspired by Thunderstruck by MeAndMyGaster
- Inspired by Six Skeletons in Your Closet by MsMK
“Are you sure you want to move?”

You left out a long sigh, holding onto the strap of your backpack as you descended the stairs. Your brother’s loud and frantic footsteps quickly trailed after you. Yes, you were moving. Away from the city you grew up in, can’t say you loved it because of how suffocating growing up was, but it did have its glowing moments. Ignoring your brother’s question as you entered the kitchen and into your mother’s arms.

“Oh hush, Josh.” Your mother swatted Josh’s arm, squeezing you into her hold. “She can do what she wants, she’s an adult!”

“She’s fresh out of high school!” He protested, grabbing your forearm and pulled you into his arms before you could do anything. Another long sigh. “She’s still my baby sister, and I don’t want her to live in a city infested with monsters.”

“Are you saying I don’t know how to raise my kids?” Your mother spoke, tilting her head slightly with her eyes lightly widening. “You’re a doctor, your brother is a surgeon. (Y/n) can be a singer if she wished, and I’d still be a very proud parent.” She lifted her hand and swatted your brother as soon as you pushed him off.

You smoothed out your sweater, narrowing your eyes at your older brother but let the forced hug slide since it was in his good will, he was just worried.

“Didn’t you hear me? Monsters. Mother, monsters! They’re soul snatching cretins, who knows what would happen to her!”

“Don’t argue with mom, Josh.” Joseph walked into the kitchen, raising his hand and swatting his twin in the head. The former grumbled and plopped onto a stool, crossing his arms over his chest.

“I admit, I’m kind of scared to be living on my own.” You said with a sheepish smile, trying to soothe your brother’s worrying thoughts. It wasn’t that you didn’t trust the monsters, it was just… you didn’t like the silence. “My things are already at the apartment, have been for a week now.” You pointed, grabbing a freshly buttered toast and kissed your mother’s cheek before turning to face your brothers.

You paused at their startled expressions, counting to three.

“What?!” Joseph shouted, “a week and we haven’t noticed?!”

“Yes,” you grinned cheekily. “I’m pretty good at being discreet, if you haven’t noticed.” You shoved a corner of the toast into your mouth and moaned as if you hadn’t eaten in weeks.

Which, you knew, would be a problem because you forget to eat three meals a day. You were busy, is all.

“It’s a two bedroom apartment.”

Josh huffed, standing from the stool. “Have a roommate, someone you know.” He glanced to
Joseph for help before turning back to you. You rose your eyebrow at the two before shrugging Josh’s hands from your shoulders.

“you were barely able to afford it! You’ll have to work multiple jobs to pay the rent and to eat! Not to mention you—”

“She’ll be fine.” A low gruff spike from behind the two doctors. Your lips pulled amusingly as they stepped away from you and acted as if they hadn’t harassed you about moving all morning.

“She’s a (L/n)! (L/n)’s don’t quit, nor do we go for the easiest route.” He stepped in between your brothers, wrapping an arm around brother their shoulders and lightly shook the two of them.

You giggled at your father and nodded, happy he agreed with you and took you moving (surprisingly) well. You were their baby, their last child that wasn’t a child prodigy with a knack for hospitals. Which was good since you hated hospitals in the first place.

Something about your dad taking you moving we’ll set off random flags but you choose to ignore it and hope it goes smoothly from here on out. Future text spams were a guarantee though. You made a mental note to reply to everyone when you left.

“If anyone has a problem with you,” he paused his shake to look at you, his smile no longer present. “Tell ‘em your old pops is a retired veteran.”

You cringed slightly but nodded to humour him. Swallowing the last bite of your toast and brushed your palms together to get rid of the crumbs, smiling at your family as you went to hug them individually, giving each a kiss on the cheek before pulling away.

“Text me when you get there, okay?” Said Joseph, messing your ponytail before turning and taking a seat on the couch.

“I still think you should go to college here.” Pouted Josh. “Monsters can’t be trusted.” He said while narrowing his eyes, taking your pinky and locking it with his.

“There, don’t talk to any monsters.” He nodded, satisfied, and walked away before you could protest.

Your mother laughed softly behind you. “They’re nearing their thirties and yet they insist on acting like children.”

Your bottom lip trembled softly as you stood in the middle of your parents, the weight of moving finally making its appearance as you turned around once more and embraced your mother into a tight hug. You were moving six hours away from them. On the other side of Mt.Ebbot and past a forest, so far from their touches until next Thanksgiving.

Your mother’s laugh came back, this time a much softer tone as she wrapped her arms around you, your father joining the hug.

“You’ll do fine. You’re our most precious child, we don’t want you crying.”

A small ‘hey!’ Coming from either Joseph or Josh made you smile despite the tears steadily rolling down your cheeks.

You could never tell them that you hadn’t paid full price of the apartment. Even if you started saving when you were 15, it was still a costly apartment. Which was why you and a childhood best friend was going to be moving together.
You didn’t say anything because your family didn’t really like this particular best friend and knew that they’d flip over and convince you to look for a different apartment away from her. You couldn’t after everything had been moved from your room to an apartment that was miles away.

Plus, you wanted to be independent. You need to get a grasp of your life and not be under the towering shadow of both your brothers success. You knew from the stretched smile of your mother’s glossy lips meant; you’re welcome home to wallow in your own self-hatred. And your father’s comforting hug screamed; my little girl.

It unnerved you how twisted your family was. Which would explain why you let things slide so often. A broken arm? A smile and a ‘it’s okay!’.

A nail lodged into your foot? Smile through the pain and laugh.

It was suffocating knowing that either of them would explode if you crossed a certain line of something.

Pulling away from their embrace, you smiled at your mother, kissed both of them once more before exiting the house with the lasts of your belongings on your back and into the grey car.

Pulling out the driveway, you drove off.

You didn’t miss the waves from your rearview mirror.

——small skip——

It was a long drive from the city you grew up in and the city you were going to make the most out of.

Six complete hours with non-stop singing at the top of your lungs, how high your voice would let you or how low you could go. You sang along with your spotify playlist and reenacted a few songs as if you were in a music video.

A family of five had laughed and amused while you sang and hadn’t noticed until you whipped your head left as the music dramatically stopped. You’re face was so red that you had to stop at a Gas bar for half an hour to cool yourself, making sure to buy yourself bottled water and a bag of chips for the road. after that, you lowered the enthusiasm and drove silently with blaring music.

And then you were there. In the paid parking space, in a completely new city filled with monsters and humans alike. Grabbing the backpack from the back and slipped out of the car, shutting the door and locking it as you went to the your new apartment. Shoving your car keys into your pocket and flimsily taking out the apartment key—it had a small white tape at the base as if looked like a few other keys you owned.

The small click made you grin as you twist the doorknob and pushed the door in. Inhaling rather loudly as you entered the place, closing and locking the door behind you and slipped your shoes off to explore the apartment.

It was unsurprisingly already furnished. The hallway leading to the two rooms and a shared bathroom didn’t interest you, but you kept the thought of getting the largest room compared to the two as you maneuvered through your boxes and dresser. Placing your things on top as you plopped down on the white couch. The table was black with golden prints, it matched the table that held up the large screen, the bookshelves already holding a few fiction novels along with old yellowing pages. There was a chandelier hanging above the coffee table in a form of a star with little decorations wrapping around the metal parts. The floor wasn’t carpeted (unfortunately) but waxed
over by simple brown wood. A lone white fur carpet under the table.

There was a computer set up too, in the far right of the living room along with another bookshelf handing on the wall just a few feet above the monitor.

You frowned slightly at the colour scheme your friend went for. Simple black and white with either gold or silver dressing, not that you complained but you felt like it’ll give you a headache at some point.

Like stripes.

Shaking your head, you stood up and grabbed your things and began moving it into the room you had already claimed. Much to your best friend’s distaste but she left you have it after claiming she didn’t need the space like you needed it. She was kind enough to pay a quarter for the apartment, after all.

Placing each boxes on the bed, you frowned slightly at the thought. Maybe you should’ve given her the master bedroom instead? Her things were already furnished, the colour scheme and everything was already installed and paid for.

Shaking your head, you picked up a white shirt and walked out into the hallway. Placing the shirt on the ground and wobbled the dresser on the shirt, so you wouldn’t make any scratches.

The front door opened then closed as she entered, shopping bags looped around her arms as she took off her shades and threw them into the small bowl.

A loud squeal made you flinch and immediately stop pushing the dresser.

“(Y/n)! We’re living together!” She shouted, placing down her shopping haul and quickly scurried towards you to embrace you into a tight hug.

“I’m so excited! We can talk all night about boys, our troubles and—oh my god we’re living together!”

You laughed at her loud gasp, one of your eyes closed as she squished you to her chest, your hands wrapped around her arm.

She was still talking about the endless possibilities the situation was. How the both of you could stay up all night and talk through the wall and enjoy one another, drink coffee (despite you not liking coffee) and watch as the rain drip from the window, how the lightning would strike the sky before the familiar rumbles of thunder.

Soon, she unwrapped her arms around out and quickly ran towards the kitchen, her bags forgotten and your dresser forgotten, as you watched her rummage through the cabinets. When she found what she was searching for, she hastily poured water into the teapot and set it to boil while popping in two teabags of Earl Grey.

“Honestly, Daddy was reluctant to agree with me moving. To a monster city, no less.” She spoke with her back turned. You leaned on the dirt with your arms crossed.

“Really?” You rose an eyebrow.

She nodded her head and turned towards you, leaning against the counter. “Yep! He said ‘no good monsters would try to steal your soul!’ But I convinced him that you’d watch my back…. what about you? How did your brothers take it?”
“...” You cringed. “The reaction I knew they were gonna give.”

“That bad?” She sighed, giving you a sympathetic look before turning around and pouring the freshly made tea into the black mugs. You pushed yourself off the door and walked to her side, a soft gasp coming from your lips as the blackness faded away into childish drawings the two of you made when you were in grade 1.

“Wow!”
“Amazing, isn’t it?”

You carefully picked up the mug with a rose coloured handle, your initials drawn in black down the handle, two stick figures with baby blue and pale pink triangle dresses holding hands, one had a hat and the other had a rose on her head, both drawn on smiles with a background that could describe a poorly drawn hills along with several swirls of bushes and flowers.

While you were admiring the old drawing, she poured a spoonful of honey and took long sips, happy they you found it fascinating.

Shaking your head, you poured your desired amount of sugar before walking towards the living room. Placing your cup on the table before picking up your backpack and slipped out your laptop.

Immediately, you searched for job openings.

A new semester was going to start, and since it’s your first year in college you wanted to come prepared as much as possible.

Not so much like your freshman year in high school, boy that was mega embarrassing.

Your best friend walked out of the kitchen shortly after, getting comfortable on the couch as she kept her eyes on you, searching for something as she stayed silent.

The few ticks from your laptop’s keyboard and she asks; “what are you doing?”

Looking up from the monitor towards her, you shrugged and looked back. “Job searching. I need the money.”

“Why?” She wrinkled her nose as if the thought of jobs was acid.

“I need the money.” you repeated, narrowing your eyes at the blurry lettering. Sighing, you grabbed your glasses from your backpack and slipped it on.

“Why?” She repeated, putting her cup down and crawled towards your end, looking over the monitor. “We have money.” She finished.

“No, no.” You shook your head, pushing her away from the screen she blocked. “You have money.” And went back to searching for local jobs.

She frowned at that. “We’re living together, Y/n. So it makes it our money.”

“No. I’ll feel bad, plus, I’m a L/n!” You grinned, using your father’s words. “We don’t take the easiest route.”

“You L/n’s are pretty stubborn too.” She grumbled, kicking you softly before standing up and taking her cup with her to her room. “Don’t forget your dresser in the hallway if you leave!” She called before closing her door.
You hummed and began to type a last minute essay about yourself. 20 years old, a year outta high school, and living on your own. Of course you added a few things for some jazz, nothing too dramatic.

A few hours past and the constant buzz of your phone finally pulled you from your online-job search. Looking up from the screen as you quickly went to grab your phone from the dresser in the hallway.

Leaning over the top, you unlocked your phone and cringed at the messages before sending a ‘I’m safe and sound. Unpacking.’ To both your brothers and parents.

Looking at the warm surface of your dresser, the sunlight shining softly through the window down the hall, you grinned softly at the view before starting to push your dresser into your room. Soft snores coming from the next room caused you to grin and finally begin to unpack your clothes after shoving the dresser near the window.

The buzz of your phone caught your attention shortly after. Grumbling softly, You begrudgingly pick up the buzzing device.

“I swear to god— oh.” You muttered, sliding the call button to the left and placed the device to your ear.

“Garrus!” You greeted with a smile.

“Miss Y/n, heard you moved over the mountain and over to the domain of monsters, welcome!” Adam’s voice had been laced with drama, which you enjoyed with a giggle, turning away from the dresser and sat on the soft bed.

“Yep, spread my wings and jumped.”

“Thankfully, you flew.” He paused. “Although, I wouldn’t mind catching ya’.” Bashful words coming from a bashful man made you laugh softly.

“I wouldn’t have it any other way~” You coo’d softly. A chuckle came from the speakers.

“If you ever need a helping hand, don’t hesitate to call, alright?”

“Gotta!” You cheered silently, happy to be in touch with an old friend. After what happened senior year, he moved to the monster city and broke contact with everyone— everyone but you.

“Wait, Garrus!” You shouted before he could hang up. The line went silent for a moment before Garrus’ deep voice rumbled a “yes?”

You’re stomach twisted softly at the distant tone but you forced yourself to get over the moments swoon. “Do you happen to know any stores that is looking for hire?..” you scratched your cheek with a nervous and forced laugh. “I need money…”

“I could show you around! There is this niiice looking mall a few blocks from where I live. Shepard—Jane works around there too.”

Your frowned at the name. A girl? Of course. He lived here a year before you, of course he’d get a girlfriend and move in with her… you couldn’t have him waiting for forever.

“Oo~” you teased, swallowing the feelings. “Jane Shepard, What kind of monster is she?” You hummed, picking up the phone and went back into folding and storing your clothes.
“No.” He huffed. “She’s human. Pretty red hair, freckles and the brightest green blue eyes you’d ever seen. She can fight…Hell, she’s head of the police in the area.”

“She sounds like she got you wrapped around her fingers.” You hummed, the feeling of jealousy fading away the longer he talked about Jane. She must’ve been a hit with how stubborn Garrus was. Not to mention persistent to things he believed.

“Spirits, Y/n. You have no idea.” The male sighed deeply, the lovestruckness he was letting on made you smile, but a small groan coming from the speakers caught your attention.

“Penny?” You muttered, furrowing your eyebrows at the sudden shift of tone.

“Ah. She has this… fish woman working under her. Blue, webbed ears, loud, and very determined. She has red hair too! Like Ariel red hair!”

“And… the problem is?” You questioned, confused.

“She...she keeps challenging Jane to a fighting match. The two are evenly matched, don’t get me wrong, they could go on for hours!” He groaned while you laughed, resuming your folding.

“It’s not funny. Me and this skeleton guy had to drag the two apart and call a tie. And let me tell you! It only gotten worse to the point me and Skelo gave up! We once went to the movies and came back to them still fighting! Neither had a scratch!”

You shook your head and wrinkled your nose. Nodding to every word Garrus said as he rambled about the fish lady and Jane.

When some time past, he stopped and apologized. “I’ll meet you at the mall. We’ll go find you a job. Nice. Okay I’ll let you be and send you the address, see ya!”

Before you could say goodbye, he hung up. Narrowing eyes at your phone before slipping it into your back pockets, and finished what was left of your clothes in a box before exiting the room.

Knocking on your best friend’s door and opened it slightly. “I’m leaving, don’t forget to eat and I’ll be back around 10.”

With a groan of acknowledgement, you were out the door and down the road to the mall.

Finding a parking space was.. easier said than done. There was so many cars parked that you had to circle around the lot twice just to find a free space. Someone almost got flipped off, but you’ve managed.

Texting Garrus that you were here, you walked through the automatic doors and shoved your phone into your pockets. Squeezing what’s left of your wallet as you entered further.

Humans and monsters wandered around, talking loudly and laughing with one another as if monsters had been on the surface for years.

Looking at your pinky, you frowned as you shoved your hands into your sweater pockets and went to the escalators, going to the second floor to search your scarred friend. A senior prank gone wrong had left a scar on his face, near his ear. You wondered if it healed better than it had looked a year back.

If he grew up well, then.. probably.
Swallowing the lump in your throat, you quickly went to the food court, ordered a burrito and went to sit down, texting Garrus that you were at the food court. Unwrapping the flimsy paper, you took a bite out of the burrito and scrolled through media sites, replied to your parents and a frantic text from your best friend.

Suddenly, your vision was blackened out. Warm hands covering your eyes immediately set aside your alarm as you laughed.

“Guess who.” Purred the familiar voice. The same deepness, the soft purr he seemed to have, and the shivers that came with it.

“Russel, from Math class.” You feigned innocence.

He had scoffed and took a seat opposite side of you, a small scowl on his lips. Garrus was the same, except that he was waayy buffier!

Where the heck did that jawline come from? It complimented the scar that dragged from his ear to his neck softly reaching out to his cheeks, piercing blue eyes shining mischievously, brown hair styled back to show off his (oddly nice) forehead and perfectly squared eyebrows. He was, overall, fucking hot.

But that what didn’t get you, oh no. It was the dark red dressed shirt tucked into black pants(a sleek black belt wrapped around his waist), sleeves rolled up to his elbows and it was a size down that hugged his muscles.

Swallowing thickly, you coughed and took a bit of the burrito to hide your growing blush. You really missed out, huh?

“I see.” Humor was obvious in his tone. “I see that you still have a thing with suits.”

You choked inwardly at the word, coughing up your food into your palm. Nope, not gonna die today!

“But I must imply, Miss Y/n. I’m not wearing a suit.” He chuckled, obviously enjoying the aftermath of his earlier decision.

“No.” You spoke after drowning yourself in water. “I only like well-dressed men.”

“Suits.” The deadpanned look he gave you caused you to frown, avoiding his knowing gaze.

“N-no..” You frowned, cursing the stutter. “Look, are you going to help me or not?” You asked, quickly changing the subject before you could get even more red. You dumped the chewed up burrito into the wrapper.

Garrus chuckled lowly. “Alright, lets go.”

He stood up and walked out of the food court with you following after him. Silently dumping your food into the trash as you passed it. While you were walking around, searching for a job opening, you learned that Garrus was two years younger than Shepard and that she owned the apartment the two shared.

“—And she helped me look for someone. We found him hiding behind some monsters, but I got what I wanted.” He shrugged, eyes scanning the entrances of each store.

“...did you kill anyone?” The need to ask was heavy, and you almost regret asking when Garrus’s
blue eyes went from the stores to you in a split second.

“Nah.” He shrugged. “Having a family history with military and police forces, murder is the last of the resolve.”

You exhaled softly at that.

“Plus, I was with Shepard. She wouldn’t allow it.” He added nonchalantly, grabbing your arm and quickly pulled you inside a pet store.

You shuttered in slight protest but went along with it as he dragged you further into the store, your eyes catching a glimpse of ‘help wanted’ at the door.

“Hello, You looking for help?” Garrus asked, walking up to the counter. Your eyes not leaving the bird that stood on a peg near the cashier.

The woman was a blonde with hazelnut brown eyes, towering over you by a head (but you expected she wore heels.) and she wore little makeup.

When Garrus spoke, the girl visibly perked up. Lightly pushing her chest forward and popping out her hip. The bubblegum she chewed was discarded behind her.

Wrinkling your nose, you turned your head and sighed silently. You didn’t want to work in a petshop.

“Yes,” The girl practically squealed. “Do you want me to write your name down? A phone number would be excellent!”

You turned your head to face the female, your mouth slightly open at the flirty gesture before your attention went to Garrus.

However, before you could voice your concerns a loud, obnoxious, laugh came from behind you. You flinched at the volume and instinctively shuffled closer to Garrus.

Surprised, the three of you turned your attention to a fish woman. Red hair tied in a high ponytail, light blue skin with shiny red lip gloss, an eyepatch over her eye and… a cat in her arms? Doesn’t cats eat fish? Or was it the other way around with monsters?

You felt the colour drain from your face with the thought, and nearly screamed when she approached.

“HAHA! DON’T BOTHER!” She bellowed. Strolling up to Garrus and wrapped an arm around his shoulder, bringing him down to her level (as he was slightly taller.) and placed the cat on the counter and gave a heart full noogie.

You coughed uncomfortably and turned your head, an embarrassed flush over your cheeks the longer she have him a noogie.

“You’re so head over heads for Shepard!” Her tone was good-willed, but instantly turned malice when she said; “but if you ever cheat on her, I’ll rip your insides out, kid!”

You paled at the threat, taking a set away from the two, your hands in surrender as you avoided eye contact. The blonde the same as you but kept the professional smile, even if it wavered with annoyance.
“Oh, who is this?” The mysterious fish lady spoke, letting go of Garrus (who gasped loudly when she did) and inspected your nervous aura. “I’ve never seen you around. Are you hitting on Garrus?” She asked, taking a warning step forward.

Opening your mouth to protest, only to find out that your words betrayed you. Caught in your throat in utter terror at the towering fish lady and her intimidating self.

“N-no!” You managed, your voice higher than usual. “No!” You quickly corrected, clearing your throat and quickly shoved your hands into your pockets. “I-I..”

“’Cause what Shepard and this lousy policeman have is really special! Don’t you dare try to get in between them or else!”

“AH, HUMAN GARRUS!”

The aura around the fish woman quickly dissipated and she went back into smiles and sunshine—which confused you for a moment as a skeleton walked up towards the counter holding large bags of cat food...and fish food?

You wanted to scream, a walking corpse! Is this normal!? Was your grandparents going to rise from their graves and welcome you to a whole new area?! Could you even live through that?!

Gaping like an idiot, the Skeleton only smiled at you. “LOOK UNDYNE, SHE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE FISHES IN THE TANKS!”

Immediately, you stopped your gapping and covered your mouth, avoiding eye contact and you swiftly hid behind Garrus. Despite the dirty looks that Undyne(?) sent you.

The Skeleton, however, took your silence as a compliment. Which only confused you further.

“SPEECHLESS TO THE GREAT PAPYRUS? YES, IT APPEARS I HAVE ANOTHER Admirer!” His tone was anything but serious. A child-like wonder that screamed innocence and everything good in life. You cleared your throat and nodded anyways.

“GASP!” He gasped but said the word instead. Shuffling awkwardly, you pulled on Garrus’s shirt muttering under your breath that you wanted to leave.

The male’s purr-like laughter came as he stepped out of the way and wrapped an arm around you. “Papyrus, Undyne. This is my High school sweetheart, Y/N, I’ve mentioned her a few times.” He pushed your in front of him despite your silent pleas and protest.

But you found yourself in a state off with the two monsters, gapping like a fish idiotically once more. The sweetheart flying over your head as you watched the two monsters.

There, don’t talk to any monsters.

Were you going to break a sacred pinky promise?

“MISS Y/N?” The skeleton tested. “I REMEMBER YOU NAMING A Y/N! NICE TO MEET YOU!” Despite the volume, you couldn’t help but smile.

Yes, you were.

“I AM THE GREAT PAPYRUS!” His excitement was bouncing off of him like daylight shine,
brightening the room with his happy attitude.

“Hello, Papyrus!” You tried to match his enthusiasm, which caused him to grin even wider.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to scare ya’ earlier.” Undyne sheepishly started. “The name’s Undyne! Protector of the Shakarian ship!” She wrapped her arm around your shoulder. “Pleasure!”

You glanced at Garrus, his smile and blush said it all, and looked back at Undyne.

“No problem. It’s nice to meet you, Undyne.”

Talking to the two monsters was...not how you expected. It was pleasant and smooth with the occasional declaration of challenges from Undyne to Garrus, who replied as ‘I’m not Jane, go ask her.’ And for some reason, the blonde cashier refused to give you an application slip.

With a pout, you left the store, waving goodbye to Papyrus and Undyne as they went towards the exit.

“They were amazing.” You muttered, stretching your arms out with a soft yawn. “I didn’t even get the job.” You had pouted. Why did job hunting had to be so difficult? You would’ve gotten a job at the petsmart but the girl was keen on not letting you have it.

“Sorry,” Garrus scratched his cheek. “It’s probably because of me. I promise I’ll keep an eye out for you.” He took your hand and kissed his thumb, barely hovering over your knuckles as he pulled away. “It was nice seeing you, Y/n. I hope I see you more often—maybe introduce you to Jane.”

You smiled at the thought, slipping your hand from his hold and fist-bumped his shoulder. “I’ll take ya up on that. See you!” You waved, turned around and went to your car.

When you entered your apartment, you went to your room and grabbed your laptop. Another online surfing wouldn’t be too bad, especially since it’s for job purposes.

Putting your laptop down, you went to change into shorts and a oversized grey shirt, mindlessly tossing your bra in the corner of your room and went to pour yourself a glass of orange/apple juice from the kitchen. Grabbing a small blanket from the closet, wrapping it around your neck and immediately sunk into the soft cushions of your couch. A long sigh coming from your lips as you allowed yourself to relax.

You hated the silence, which was one of the many reasons why you chose to get a roommate, but the soft ticks of the clock somewhat smoothed your thoughts. Placing the glass near your laptop, you picked it up and leaned on the arm rest. It wasn’t long after the sun had set, and you had fallen asleep on the couch, wrapped around the small grey blanket with your laptop on your stomach.

The door to you apartment opened and your best friend had to stop herself from shouting when she saw your sleepy self lounging on the couch.

She frowned but shook her head, taking off her shoes and went to fetch a better blanket and your pillow.

After tucking you in, shutting off your laptop and taking the cup to the sink, she grabbed the remote and set the tv to an old silent film. Shutting off the lights and snuck into her room.

She’ll tell you about her new friends tomorrow.
Chapter End Notes

*The Soft Lullaby playing in the distance sets your soul at ease.*
Cute Monsters

Chapter Summary

Aren’t you a sap for cute monsters.

Chapter Notes

Oh?? My god look at those Kudos and hits! :^) i’m so happy!
Don’t forget to comment some feedback(;)

Happy Friday!
See you on Wednesday!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The loud clap of thunder woke you up. Eyes wide, you stared at the ceiling in mild shock as your heart raced in your ears. It was until the lightning flash that snapped you out of the daze and immediately sat up. The morning light shining dimly through the opened window, the white curtains flying wildly as wind and rain poured in, soaking the floor and curtains in small drops that slowly formed a single puddle.

Groaning, you pushed your blanket off of you(when did you get two?) and went to shut the window, cringing slightly as the silk stuck to your leg.

Mentally telling yourself that you have to change the curtains before you leave the apartment today, you turned and went on with your early morning routine. Showering and changing into fresh clothes, styling your hair in the most simplest ways.

In the kitchen, your eyes wandered to the clock above the doorway and fixed breakfast for you and your best friend, who wasn’t up yet. After popping in the toast, you went down the hallway and knocked on the door next to yours. The closet and bathroom on the other side.

A soft groan coming within made you smile softly as you called her name. “Breakfast is on the table!”

A soft thump could be heard, opening the door slightly, You peeked into the room barely able to contain the giggle. “What are you doing?”

“Kissing the floor..” came her voice from the lump in front of her bed as you switched on the lights. “You should try it..” She finished with a groan, sitting up and rubbing her nose as she looked at you through narrowed eyes—no doubt from the sudden light.

“Maybe next time.” You grinned, watching as she steadily got up and threw her blanket on her bed before making her way towards you, her hand in front of her mouth as she yawned loudly. She sported a simple white shirt and pink underwear. Blushing in embarrassment, you turned your head. You wished you were that comfortable so early in the morning, but atlas, you had classes to
“Anyways, Breakfast sounds nice.” She said through a sleepy grin. You stepped out of her way and followed her to the kitchen, a small shuffle in your step as you kept a respectful distance, knowing how grouchy she is in the mornings before breakfast. A soft chuckle came from you as you sat yourself besides her. Saying a silent prayer-- but she dug anyways.

You shook your head and began to eat after finishing. The morning was spent silently saved for the occasional rumbles of thunder. You turned your head to look at the window. Another job searching after class, yaay….

After breakfast, you placed the dirty plates in the sink and went to grab your jacket and the umbrella, hoping that’ll be enough coverage from the rain until you got to your car.

“Wait! Before you leave,” Came your friend’s voice, immediately standing from the couch and made a quick beeline towards you. Blinking owlishly, you slipped your foot from your shoe and met her in the middle on the conjoined kitchen and living room.

“I wanted to tell you about the monsters I met yesterday!” She clasped her hands together. “They’re a cute bunch--well, except two but that isn’t important.” The mutter at the end wasn’t loud but you caught it, slumping your shoulder and pinched the bridge of your nose. You honestly could care less about people she met, you had a class to get to, dammit!

You called her name followed by a long sigh. “I have classes to get to, I can’t be late on the first day.” Despite your obvious annoyance, you let her drag you to the couch. The pout from her quickly making you shut up.

“I know. but I wanna talk about my friends!”Her happy smile turned downwards in a frown. “Don’t take them away from me.”

You cringed at the demand, and quickly nodded before you could voice your thoughts. A forced habit you’ve picked up from living with your (admittingly) controlling brothers. Their actions were always for your benefit, so you didn’t mind much.

“Yay, okay!” She beamed. “They’re monsters.”

Your interests were peeked when she mentioned monsters. Did she run into Papyrus too? You smiled softly, she and Papyrus would be great friends—with how much energy the two had, you doubt the two would be bored of one another after spending a week together.

“I gave them nicknames since I fucked up with their actual names.”

“How did you?” You furrowed your eyebrows in confusion. It wasn’t that hard to remember someone’s name… but then again, she just met them yesterday. You were curious who these monsters were, or what kind of monsters they were. Did they look like a snowflake? A glob of...something?

Or did they look like Undyne?

“There is three shorties and two trees. Oddly enough, they have the weirdest names!” Her words quickly pulled you back to reality, narrowly escaping the training thoughts that consist of these monsters.
Well, that answers your question… wait..

“ Weird how?” You voiced, a sinking feeling blooming in your chest when she nodded with a grin. She didn’t want you to take her friends away— Does that include the monsters you met at the mall? Or did she just mean the ones she had already met?

“The shortest one is nicknamed Small,” She giggled. “Get it? ‘Cause he was the smallest out of the group!”

You forced a smile and a nod. It was no surprise to you that she already made friends in a new city. She was an extrovert, while you… well, you liked to keep things small that didn’t necessarily call you an introvert.

If you made friends with this group she’s gushing over, would that count as ‘friend stealing’?

Your lips were pushed into a line, debating if you should let her have her monster fun and watch from the sidelines or get other friends yourself? Would Undyne be down for some ‘girl-to-girl’ time with you? Maybe you could ask if she had a significant other while getting to know each other.

Thinking back to when you two met, which was yesterday, you wondered if it was too early to ask for a hang out. She is a competitive type, maybe play mortal combat or something.

Wait, you didn’t even swap numbers.

With that thought tossed out the window, you quickly returned your attention to your best friend as she named each monster via Given Nicknames.

One of the ‘trees’ was named Lazy while the other was dubbed as; Mean.

Other than Small, there was Grin and Hatred.

You smiled at the names but frowned slightly when you thought of their reactions. Hopefully, she had more morals than to out-right offend them like that, surely Mean and Hatred were nice monsters with unnecessary walls build around them. But then again, you never met them. You don’t know their story. With a sigh, you decided to apologize to them if you ever got the chance.

“They’re really nice! Small wanted to cook for me tonight, they’re coming over.”

The last part made you double take. She barely knew these monsters and she already opened them their house to them!?

Inhaling and exhaling, you looked at her through worried look. “Is that wise? What if… what if they’re not as trustworthy as you make them out to be…” you voiced your doubts.

Your friend smiled softly, knowing that you weren’t up to meeting monsters because of your brothers… but she brushed that aside without another thought as she wrapped her arms around yours, slightly pulling her towards you and pouted out her bottom lip.

“I know your brothers drilled the idea of all monsters being untruthful, but these guys really are nice. Give them a chance to see our home, especially after I redesigned the place. Could you believe there was only one bathroom!?"
Unable to keep the nervous smile from forming, you turned your head to avoid her gaze, a forced giggle from your lips as you scratched your cheek.

“Yeah… and… My brothers only said that out of worry. I don’t think monsters are bad.”

“Yes, yes you do.” The deadpan expression she had made you rethink your words. Did you?.. I mean, other than Undyne and Papyrus, you never really took the chance to talk to any monsters since they emerged from Mt. Ebott.

You swallowed at her continuous look. “Yeah.. I-i.. I do.” You muttered, a weight on your shoulders as you dreaded going outside.. into a city filled with monsters and about 30% humanity. What were you thinking on moving here?!

“Oh, and Y/n?” You sudden shift of tone made you flinch, recoiling from her hold you smiled apologetically.

“Can you.. not come home before 10:30? I want them to get comfortable around me before I introduce you.” Something about her smile set of red flags, but you ignored it as you froze.

Eyes wide at her request, You shook your head and exhaled. What? Did she really just ask you that? You JUST moved into the city and she wants you to roam outside until her friends leave?! There were literal monsters outside that door!

But… even if she did say you thought they were bad, Papyrus immediately came to mind when you rethought about it. They were just as hopeful and wondrous as he was.

The rationality side of your wanted to protest, to say that you paid for half of the apartment so that meant you come and go whenever you wanted to. But the other side screamed at you to duck and cover, to just go along with her plea and be the good little roommate you’d become.

“Plus.. you’d be busy looking for a job, right?” She tilted her head to look at you though her eyelashes. She blinked with a soft smile.

“But the shops close—” You quickly shut your mouth when her stare became icy. “Right…” You corrected, a frown on your lips.

“Thanks babe, you’re the best!” she cried, kissing the apples of your cheek and stood up. Her manicured hands ruffling up your hairdo (forcing you to keep it down) and went down the hall and into the washroom. You sighed deeply and stood up, grabbing your keys and slipped on your shoes.

It was until you go to the front that you had forgotten to grab the umbrella, the lightning flash wasn’t helping you as you debated if you should go back up and grab the umbrella from the couch or in to your car. You were already late..

Looking up at the sky, you clenched your fists and quickly threw open the door, a loud war cry coming from you as you ran to your car, using the button on the keys to unlock it when you came in range.

Another cry was muffled from the rumbled thunder as you threw open the door and jumped in, instantly closing it when you seated yourself.

Your determination oozed out in waterfalls as you watched a bunny in a van watch you with her hand over her mouth, her shoulders shaking softly as she laughed at you and your (as loud as thunder) war cry.
Your face instantly flushed red, shoving the key into the ignition and backed out of the parking spot before speeding away. Your face was still hot with embarrassment when you arrived at your university.

Gathering your new books from the back, you shoved your phone and keys in the little pocket slip and threw the straps over your shoulders.

The rain hadn’t stopped falling.

The classes weren’t hard, difficult, but not as hard as talking to your middle school guidance counselor. Yes, like you literally wanted to be a star when you grew up.

You rolled your eyes at the memory. Little you sobbing by the water fountains because some mean boys teased you about your dream of wanting to be a ball of gas millions of miles away from earth.

Said boys were now in your messages, so who really won that one?

Walking down the silent hallway, you held onto the strap of your backpack. Walking from lecture to lecture reminded you of high school, the campus was much larger though.

Looking down at the slip, you frowned at the messy writing. Block b? What was this, prison? You snickered at that thought, looking up at the pin board and the campus map.

The class wasn’t until tomorrow, it was better to be prepared than.. not… late..

Your thoughts faded as you stared at the struggling professor. Many other students had glanced at her but kept on walking, giggling to their friends as they did so.

You frowned at them and walked past the monster, however, you stopped in your tracks as your inner conflict screamed at your to help the short monster.

A sigh, you turned on your heel and walked back to the lizard lady. She wore a cute polka-dotted button up shirt, dress pants and a jacket that (oddly) hugged the curves of her body.

You blushed at the formal attire, admiring how stylish she looked with it on and how her tail curled around her legs. Ugh, that’s seriously way too cute! How could people just walk away?!

“E-excuse me..” You didn’t mean to come out small, even so, the sudden voice seems to startle her as she jumped back. The folders flying from her hold. With a soft curse, you quickly began to help her pick up the folders and books.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you.” You spoke, this time in a more softer tone.

An embarrassed blush dusted her cheeks. “It-it’s Okay, I was concentrating on.. other things.” The soft smile on her lips instantly calmed you. Nice, no trouble today!

“Nice day outside,” The distant sound of thunder made your smile waver. “Kind of.” You corrected.

“I..I can’t get used to thunder.” The professor giggled nervously, scratching behind her ear. “It sounds very much like earthquakes..” she inhales loudly. “But-but that’s not important! Thank you for your h-help.”

You watched her nervously fidget, toying with the ends of the paper that she held onto. Her blush
long gone as she looked at you with gratitude that (not quite the) same wondrous look Papyrus had.

You instantly felt better. *Not all monsters are bad*, you decided once and for all.

“*You’re welcome!*” You grinned, relaxed after that last thought. This professor was harmless.

“I’m..I’m sorry I walked past you earlier… I realized that was pretty *Ignorant* of me.”

The easy smile she held instantly turned into a frown and she turned her head—but the soft giggles from her made you beam. It was a Stretch, but it eased the tension she had in her shoulders. Which in addition, made you more at ease.

“N-not another pun.” She spoke quickly when she noticed your smile and how you were about to speak.

Handing her her folders, you raised your hands in mock surrender. “*Course not. The skeleton in me would rattle.*”

A groan came from the professor as she stepped off the cemented steps and—oh my god she’s so small!

It took every fibre in your being to stop yourself of squealing. Cute attire, smol, and a lizard! Mentally, you fanned yourself.

“My puns are very terrible.” You fought off a grin and lost. “Didn’t mean to *polka* you.”

Another groan came from the professor, following by soft giggling and another groan as she tried to hide her joy. The thunder no longer bothering her as she stared at you.

“I hope you meet Sans. The two of you would hit it off.” She smiled after her silence.

Guessing that Sans was another monster, you shrugged and shifted your weight to your leg, slightly popping your hip to the opposite direction.

“I’ll *monster* the courage to talk.”

Another groan, followed by a giggle and a cover-up groan.

You giggled, shaking your head. “I’m sorry, that’s my last one. I promise!”

Despite the wondering looks of other college students, you enjoyed the talk with the cute monster professor—she’s the new lab professor too! Not that you’re taking the class, but it’s in the same building as some of your classes. Maybe you can talk to her some more? As friends and not as student/professor, but friends.

The hope shined brightly inside you and you couldn’t help but smile widely as she talked passionately about Anime, her girlfriend and her work. She was so cute!

And she was, what humans call, a weeboo. Cuteness meter is overloading!

You took some of the files from her arms and walked with her to the building and up the stairs into the chemistry lab. With her direction, you helped her set up for her class tomorrow morning.

She sighed loudly when she placed the files on her desk, from the far side of the room and popped her back. Thanking you, you waved her off and told her it was okay.

After swapping numbers, you bid her farewell and exited the building. Making your way to the
campus parking lot—and suddenly you feel very small.

There were monsters left and right, along with some humans scattered here and there. Not that you minded the humans, oh no. It was the glare they sent you during the walk with Professor Alphys. Maybe the thought you were trying to kiss up the doctor to get an easy pass. You frowned at the thought. Alphys May be kind but that didn’t mean she took her students lightly. With the advancement those files had, you silently prayed for those who were going to take her course.

It was some pretty hard shit, after all.

You unlocked your door with a sigh, slipping in and placing your bag on the passenger's side as you slipped in your key and revived the cold vehicle.

“Maybe I should travel a little further from the apartment.” You thought out loud, driving out of the campus parking lot and onto the main road. Your phone instantly connected to the Bluetooth and with the help of siri, you played a well-favourite song that you couldn’t help but crank up the volume and sing along—although much more civilized than the singing session of the drive here.

You blushed at the memory. That damn family.

Shaking your head, you stopped at the red light, impatiently tapping the wheel until it turned green and you were on your way a little further from your apartment for some job hunting.

After a few more songs, you parked your vehicle in a parking spot. Paying for four extra hours and locked it. Pocketing your phone and keys as you walk down the street with multiple shops opened.

The street was littered with humans and monsters—mostly humans though. You furrowed your eyebrows as the group of humans held up signs and chanted: no more monsters, return underground!

Something swirled inside you as you continued to walk, ignoring the hateful message they sent. Seriously? They’re doing this here? In a monster city?

You bit back the bitter laugh, ready to walk past them but stopped in your tracks at the large ‘help wanted’ sign in front of a store. Your eyes instantly went to the sign; Muffet’s Busy Bakery was written in purple lights, with a smaller cursive ‘BB’ underneath it in silky red.

You wanted to go in, you did.

But the looks you were getting from some of the protesters caused you to hesitate your steps. Could you really walk past them like nothing? Would they harass you the moment you walk out? Could you even get a job that looked so nice?

You bit your bottom lip and continued to walk further down the road. With your heart so dead-on the shop, the other ‘help wanted’ signs didn’t look appealing in your eyes. All of them looked so plain and boring compared to Muffet’s bakery, Café?

You yawned loudly, covering your mouth as you turned your heel and determinedly marched towards the purple sign. No protesters were going to ruin this!

When you neared, you saw that the protesters were now standing in front of Muffet’s shop. Shouting profanities through the window, the hole-y curtains were shut, the slightly tinted window made sure it appeared anonymous compared to the rest of the shops, the colour scheme wasn’t too bad, either. Who knew black and different shades of purple could look so good?
You stopped your march besides the protesters, a hand over your chest as they shouted and chanted.

It made you feel ashamed of your race, truly.

Shaking your head, you huffed and began to push your way towards the door, silently hoping they thought you were just another protester.

Luckily, as dense as they were, you made it through the door before they could grab you when they noticed last second. You pushed the door closed and locked it in fear of them storming in to shout at you.

“Freak-fucker!”

“Monster-loving bitch!”

“You’re a disgrace to our race!”

The words kept coming the longer you stood with your back against the door. Each word stuck on you like super glue and each word caused you to shrink under their shouts and chants.

“Do not mind them, deary.” A soothing voice called from a few feet in front of you. “They’re just ignorant humans. I’ve already called the police, they should be here soon.”

When you lifted your head, your eyes widen slightly at the spider monster behind the counter. Despite the alcohol beverages behind her, she displayed other sweets such as donuts, candy and croissants?

The monster, who you guessed was muffet, was a spider. A literal spider monster. She had five eyes, which four had a bit of eyeshadow, winged eyeliner and fake eyelashes. Her lips were a shade darker from her skin, glosses over by a lip gloss (you could see her fangs pointing out underneath her pouty lips—oh my) and her hair was in a half up and half down, in pigtails.

There, don’t talk to any monsters.

You swallowed and pushed yourself off the door, all thoughts of your brother’s words slowly shattering the longer you thought about Papyrus, Undyne and Alphys. They were all monsters, very kind monsters.

Nothing like the folktale your brothers used to force you to read. They weren’t violent(maybe Undyne, but her intentions were pure.), they were sweet creatures that just wanted a life on the surface.

The king had talked about mages. Mages that sealed them underground—many didn’t believe him, even the government told him that there was so records of mages or any fairytale he shared. The first few months were rough for both Humans and Monsters, as many humans would harass the monsters and they’d just smile and go on their day.

Your hand balled at the thought.

The human government basically signed their death warrant, patting the King and Queen’s shoulders and throwing them out of the House of Court with nothing but a compromise of land and equality. Any humans that dusted a Monster served no consequences. The other way around, however, was a penalty of death.
Equality, my ass.

You sighed softly and stood in front of the counter, looking over at the menu overhead and down towards the eyes of Muffet.

Of course, with the sudden increase of monsters appearing one day, they were forced to take down some laws that bonded them to this small land.

Traveling and what not, we’re still tracked by the government. No matter which part of earth monsters decided to stay, they were tracked by the country’s government. Watched over each day.

It annoyed you to no ends.

“You seem troubled, deary.” She spoke in soft tones.

“I’m just.. thinking about the past.”

Muffet didn’t make a sound, but continued to clean the shot glass with a damp cloth. Watching you with her five eyes. It was until now that you noticed her… attire.

A soft blush appeared on your cheeks, starting from your nose and spreading to your cheeks.

She wore a long dress pants (and the way she’s swaying back and forth, you’d guess she is wearing roller skates.) along with a matching vest, the cream coloured button up had enough holes for her arms, which held other things such as a notepad and a pen, the glass shot and a cloth and the last two were hovered over the cash register.

The large purple bow wrapped around her next complimented her rectangle eggplant-coloured glasses, a single harness over her left top bicep made you swallow thickly.

Another fricking cute monster?!

You wanted to fan yourself. Boy, did the underground held so much attractive monsters? We’re ALL female monsters this cute?

“There is no use dwelling on the past,” her voice was smooth, like you could fall asleep to it, but it also held a mixture of mischievous and a motherly tone. Kind of an odd combination, but that’s what you were getting when she talked.

“Humans are ignorant, but they grow. Those human in the front will eventually learn that on their own time. You are a very… stubborn species. Ahuhuh~”

Amazed, you watched as spiders from the curtains scurry along the ceiling and down their webs to hang onto the stool, pushing it further out from the counter for your to sit in.

Mouth agape, you sat down and watched as the spiders worked.

“Spider cider?” You muttered in slight confusion. “...maybe a spider donut too.”

Her glossed lips pulled into a sweet smile, ringing in your order as she turned and quickly made your orders in front of you. You gasped each time a spider would carry something twice—thrice it’s size to one side of the counter to another. You looked over your shoulder and watched in awe as the other spiders worked the clean up the table left by other customers.

The protesters outside were no longer there (thanks gOD) and were now standing in between two police cars.
Turning your attention back on Muffet, you fiddled with your fingers on the counter. With her back turned towards you, you opened your mouth to call her—but your voice was caught in your throat. Swallowing the lump, you cleared your throat.

“A-actually.” You squeaked. “I wanted.. to know about… the wanted help?”

“I don’t hire high school students, sweetie.” She turned towards you, holding the cup of spider cider and placed it on the counter along with a coaster.

You laughed nervously. “Actually.. I..I’m a college student.” You spoke, taking out your wallet and handed her your card while showing her your Student I.D.

The same Ahuhuhu~ laugh came from her as she swiped your card and handed it back towards you. Your eyes wandered towards the total and sighed in relief. Only 8.30$. Kind of expensive, but still, it was better than overcharge.

You weren’t rich, nor were you made out of money. Endless summer jobs were able to barely pay for your half of the apartment... especially after all the reconstruction your friend did.

Picking up the cup, you brought it to your lips and took a sip of the beverage. Eyes widening slightly, you withdrew the cup from your lips to examine it.

“It’s infused with Monster Magic, a little bit of alcohol and a little bit of spider dust. Do not worry, it is safe for you humans to drink.” She laughed at your expression. Although, she was surprised that you went for another sip, this time longer. She kicked her leg, sending the wheel to roll towards you and leaned over the counter.

“Are you serious about working here, sweetie?” She asked, watching you swallow her creations. Despite that she had told you it was infused with spider dust, you continued to drink it like it was water. The small hue of purple didn’t throw you off and unlike many humans, you didn’t swear and spat it out. Interesting.

Putting the drink down, you licked your lip and nodded. “I just entered College, and I need the money to help pay for half of my rent next month. Not to mention, a little spending money would never hurt.”

“Fresh out of junior. You’re growing to be a fine lady.” She complimented, standing up and kicked off her foot, strolling down to the door. You frowned slightly, but instantly brightened when she came back with a clipboard.

“Would you be a dear and fill this out?” She spoke, giving the clipboard to a bunch of mini spiders and they brought the board to you.

“I’ll be right back.” And with a wink, she took out her notepad and went to the monsters sitting near the window, watching the protesters with snickers.

You blushed, nodded your head, and began to fill out the blanks. It was the basics. Where you live, your full name, address, past working experience, phone number, and lastly, A signature.

After reading the fine print, you placed your signature on the marked ex’s. Putting the clipboard down, you picked up the donut and took a bite—an instant moan came from you as you took another and repeated the process.
Holy fluff, this stuff was good!

In a spur of a moment, someone sat next to you.

Their orange hoody being an eyesore among the black and purple colour scheme, but then again it was nice to see a bit of colour after being in the cafe slash bar slash bakery?

Whatever, the sweets are really good.

“Thank you for waiting.” Muffet spoke, rolling back in front of you while taking the clipboard.

“Monster candy.. please..” you said in a small voice, aware of the monster beside you. Muffet looked up from her clipboard and slid you two pieces of hard candy while you handed her three dollars. She rung it up and continued to read through your information.

She made no acknowledgement whatsoever to the orange hooded monster slumped over the counter but instead one of her left arms reached under the counter and placed a bottle of… honey near the orange’s head. Without looking, Hoody-guy grabbed the condiment, popped off the cap and sat up, bringing the opening to his mouth and took a desperate loooong sip.

However, he stopped mid-gulp to look at you.

“I know I’m a bit of an eye candy and I’m flattered you think i’m sweet to stare at, but let me slide you my name.”

He literally slid you his name carved in a spider donut. When did he get that?!

Stretch.

Chapter End Notes

Honestly, Stretch wasn’t supposed to appear this early (or at all) after meeting Paps. Also, my puns and jokes literally blows. Would it be too much to ask for help(;;? Should I leave a tumblr?
Guests. But like, you stay in your room.

Chapter Summary

What was he going to do?
Why must you eavesdrop?
Rejection emails.

Chapter Notes

Okay, I know I said I was going to update on Wednesday, but I finished this early and I just can’t wait to post?
Updates are steady, so far so good.

The silence was so quiet, you swore that the working spiders paused and glared at the orange hooded monster for the three-hit pun.

“That last one was a stretch.” You murmured under your breath, taking the spider donut and ripped it half. Shoving one half into your mouth, you grabbed his free wrist and outstretched his hand…. His bones were smooth, vibrating softly under your touch— you quickly dropped the other half in his palm, erasing the mindless thought and quickly turned away.

All while you looked like a chipmunk.

The sound of joyous laughter surprised you, turning your head to watch the monster place the honey bottle on the counter and use it as support.

Eyes wide, the situation quickly dawned on you. Shitshitshit Did you really just do that!? What kind of person rips a perfectly good donut, shove half in their mouth and give the other half back like some...some kindergartener with a silly crush!?

Face red, you turned your attention away from the laughing monster, his skull hidden underneath the hood. You leaned onto the counter, your palm over your lips to fight off the embarrassed blush that threatened to spread—although, you guessed you were now pink. So much for suppressing the blush.

Muffet came back from the back, kicked her feet and strolled towards the laughing monster while shooting you a pleased smile.

When did she leave?

You lightly shook your head with a crooked smile. Hopefully, she didn’t see you being rude to one of her customers.

“Papyrus, deary.” Her words were like silk while her tone was a motherly scold. “You aren’t
harassing Miss Y/N with your dreadful puns, are you?” She leaned over the counter, crossing her arms as she leaned closer to the chuckling monster.

You swallowed at the hidden malice but it looked as if Papyrus.. or uh, Stretch? wasn’t bothered at all. Instead, he leaned back and drew the honey bottle to his teeth, his hood falling back.

You gaped. He looked—! He looked like the Papyrus you met at the mall! Only..only he looked much more tired and less energy-sourced.

His eye sockets were half-lidded (how? You aren’t sure. Monsters were weird but cute beings.) with bags underneath, he was obviously taller than he let on and.. well, he was a skeleton monster.

He wore a bright orange sweatshirt, beige cargo shorts, white socks, and a colour matching sneakers.

He wasn’t nice to look at.. but…

Your eyes trailed to the tired, yet upturned, eye sockets as he calmed himself down after a full two minutes of non-stop chuckling.

He wiped a magic tear from his eye socket to reply to Muffet. His words flying into one ear and out the other in a blur. The corners of his eye sockets crinkled slightly as he drew his honey bottle to his teeth once more.

He was definitely an eye candy.

“Sweetie?” Muffet’s voice dragged you back to reality, in a haste, you turned to look at her. Your face slowly growing pink once again at the fact that you’ve just been caught staring.

“S-sorry.. I.. was lost in thought.” You trailed, poking your pointer fingers together.

“No need to apologize,” Muffet’s smile stretched, her hands stopping their motion as she pushed herself off the counter.

“If Papyrus ever bothers you, you can come to me. This isn’t the first time he’s done this.” She shook her head with a long sigh. “I swear that boy.”

The rattle of bones caught your attention as you turned to look at Papyrus(Stretch?) again, only to see him covering his teeth with the back of his hand that held onto the donut piece, his shoulders lightly bouncing as he tried to fight off another round of laughter.

“Thank you..” You turned back to Muffet before he noticed. “this isn’t the first time?” Somehow, you felt a weight in your chest that you can’t decipher.

“Nope.” He took a sip of his honey, not breaking eye contact with you as he lowered it.
A man of few words, huh?

“Ookay…” you trailed, turning to face the counter and stretched your arms in front of you. Wait, why are you still here? You’ve done what you needed, there was no point in overstaying… but then again, this is a public establishment. You can stay if you wanted, right?

You pursed your lips and sighed, leaning over the counter as you wrecked your mind with reasons why you were still here.

Somehow, you can feel his eye lights lingering on your hunched figure. You exhaled and sat up, turning to the skeleton monster with determination pumping through your veins—what was his problem? Why was he staring at you? I mean, you did it too but still!

However, you froze. He wasn’t looking at you. He was looking at the same direction you were with his honey cap in between his teeth. A far away look in his features. His eye lights went from the menu overhead to the corners of his eye sockets to look at you. He rose a brow ridge.

You swore he was looking at you.

A trick of the lights? Maybe. You huffed at him and turned away, stubbornly. You grabbed the spider cider and brought it to your lips. The lingering magic making your upper lip tingle softly as you drowned it down and stood up.

“Thank you Muffet, I look forward to your call.” You called, sparing a glare at the amused skeleton monster before exiting the establishment. Even if you did want to stay and talk to Pap-Stretch. Some more, you doubted you’d be able to get three words from him.

Was he related to the Papyrus you met at the mall? Would it be inappropriate to ask that?

Not all skeleton monsters know each other! That’s like.. asking Asian people if they are related to the lady behind the window at a McDonald’s drive through!

You shook your head at the thoughts and slapped your cheeks. The sting softly fading the further you walked down the sidewalk—ignoring the startled look you received from a bunny and her child, and kept marching down the street.

“Don’t mean to slap a reaction from you, but you owe me for that half a donut.”

The same playful tone spoke from besides you. A strangled gasp came from you as you hastily took a step back and tripping over your own two feet, you were on the floor. Glaring up at the bright orange sweatshirt and it’s owner.

The rattling of bones only fueled your distaste.

“Sorry, kid.” Stretch laughed. “Didn’t mean to scare you outta your skin like that.” He chuckled, forcing himself to calm down. He outstretched his hand for you to take, but you glared at his open palm and got up yourself.

You cursed whoever invented puns.

“Cursing someone for that, isn’t very sweet of you.”

Shit, did you say that out loud?

“Yep.” Stretch popped a lollipop in his mouth.
You sighed deeply and dusted off your pants, grumbling under your breath at the wetness. Curse rain, too.

“Can you go one conversation without making a pun?” You asked, slipping off your sweater and tied it around your waist, a chill ran down your spine as the wind picked up.

“Yes.” He stuffed his hands into his sweatshirt pockets. “But where’s the fun in that?” He snickered.

You fought off the blush and crossed your arms in poor attempts to keep warmth. “I’ll admit, I have my fair share of puns.” You muttered under your breath.

Oh god, why did the wind have to pick up now? Stupid rain, stupid clouds. “The donut was 3.25$, right?” You spoke.

“You added tax.” He added as you grabbed your wallet from your pocket and took out 5 dollars, a soft glare to the bill as you handed it to him. “Keep the change.”

The Skeleton before you had his mouth open, he looked like he wanted to say something else. But he closed his jaw and took the 5 dollars out of your hand. “Right.”

Don’t talk to any monsters.

Your brother’s words echoed, a weighing feeling settling in your stomach the longer you stood there. What were you doing? You pinky swore!

Even though you already talked to some monsters—and might be working with one in a monster establishment… BUT PINKY PROMISES WERE SACRED!

Clearing your throat, you stuffed your wallet back into your pocket and pointed down the street. “I gotta go... shopping and uh, get my car.”

You blinked. Oh god, that sounded so awkward! But you were beginning to panic, you needed to get to the human part of the city and get food for the apartment.

The look Stretch had on his face said it all. He didn’t believe you.

Swallowing nervously, you awkwardly fistbumped his shoulder. “Nice to meet you, Stretch.”

You stayed in that position for a while, not breaking eye contact with his eye lights. When he moved, you flinched and recoiled, shoving your hands underneath your arms—and when he reached in his shorts pockets, your eyes widen as he took out his phone.

“I-I... I really g-gotta go, thanks bye!” You waved and bolted down the street, you didn’t stop running until you got to your vehicle. Even though you still had an hour left, you unlocked it and jumped in. Driving off with your tail between your legs.

You never looked back to witness the surprised look on his face that quickly morphed into a small fond smile as he looked from your retreating figure to the photo on his phone. You sat on the bar stool back at Muffet’s, a brighten expression that left a twinkle in your eyes—a shot he took when you first tried the Spider Cider. He knew it was creepy, but he had a feeling the two of you would meet again.

Not many humans dared to enter this Muffet’s shop, after all.
Panting heavily, you glanced at your review mirror then back on the road. Another rainstorm, just like the one last night. You huffed softly at the sky and turned a street that lead to your apartment. Maybe if you stayed quiet in your room, it’ll feel like you aren’t even there?

The thing with Stretch was… draining, for the better lack of term. Biting your lip, you parked your vehicle and sat in silence.

“I shouldn’t have done that.” You groaned, laying your forehead on the wheel. “Who sprints away like a mad person? Oh yeah, me.” Grabbing your phone, you sent a text to your friend before exiting the vehicle. Locking the door, you walked towards the entrance.

Stopping mid-stride, you groaned and pivoted your heel, marching back to your car and jumped in. You didn’t even go to a store! And if you just ignored it, you knew it was going to linger at the back of your head like annoying little bugs.

7-Eleven wasn’t the best store to go grocery shopping, you decided as you walked past the slushies. Not that you could go anywhere else. Your friend’s guests could arrive any minute and your time to slip into your room would be cut off.

You couldn’t imagine the anger she’d let out if you went home while they were there.

Grabbing a large bag of chips and bottle soda. Netflix and chill tonight seemed to be the agenda today. With a sigh, you brought your things to the counter.

“Bad day?” The cashier sent you a sympathetic smile. “I understand. Not to long ago, a kid threw up near the slushies. it wasn’t pretty sight.”

Forcing a smile, you took out a 20 dollar bill. “Must’ve suck.”

“Yeah, the mom was screaming her head off. I can’t wait to clock out.” He sighed, handing you your bagged junk food and took the bill from your hand and returned to give you your change. Thanking the clerk, you went back to your vehicle and silently drove back to your apartment.

When you arrived, your friend was standing in front of the door with her arms crossed, a displeased expression on her face as she grumbled. You gulped nervously, hiding the bag from her view. Awkwardly, you dropped your keys in the small bowl.

“You promised!” She cried, stomping her foot.

“I-I did?” Unsurprisingly, you didn’t blame yourself if you had forgotten a promise like that. It hadn’t racked your mind ever since you left the apartment earlier today. You just agreed to be out of the apartment... did that count as a promise? Pursing your lips into a thin line, you sighed. Maybe you forgot because the thing at Muffet’s?

Stretch was..a very distractible monster, after all.

“I’m sorry, I must’ve forgotten about the promise..” You frowned, gently placing the bag near the shoe rack. A small sigh coming from you. “But I’ll stay in my room until they leave. Let me just grab a few things from the kitchen and—”

“No, Y/n! You promised you’d stay out until they left. Please, please just leave.”

You spoke her name, furrowing your eyebrows slightly. “I live here too.. I promise I won’t make a
sound. All I just need is food, my room and some earphones. You won’t even know I’m here."

“But I paid and reconstructed this place so it could be fitting for me—Us!” She sighed and shook her head, pinching the bridge of her nose.

“You wouldn’t even be here if I asked you to be roommates.” You pouted, her slip-up going over your head as you slipped your shoes off and hid them from the oncoming guests.

“I’m sorry, Y/N. I just…” She twirled the ends of her hair, avoiding your eyes. “I don’t want you meeting them yet. At least until I’ve won over Mean and Hatred… they’re very…” her voice faded as she searched for a word that fitted the two monsters she befriended.

“They’re terrible monsters!” She cried, balling her fists in front of her and began to punch the air. “They fight a lot, a-and they… I can’t trust them with you. So please, leave.”

You frowned softly, picking up the bag and walked past her, the feeling of guilt weighing on your shoulders the further you got from the door.

She’s just trying to protect you. If these monsters are really what she says, then maybe it’s best if you’d keep clear of them?

You made a mental note to stay clear of these monsters.

A scowl appeared on her lips for a second before she turned around on her heel and followed you to the kitchen, where you stood with eyes wide at the ingredients that sat all over the counter and table. The amount of food scattered about shocked you to a stunned silence.

“What are you cooking?” You asked, passing the table with a short glance and to the refrigerator. Taking a few bottled water from the bottom and throwing it into the bag, you shut it with your foot.

“Spaghetti...Tacos…”

“Spaghetti tacos?” The infamous Spencer Shay spaghetti tacos from iCarly caught your wandering eyes. Narrowing slightly at the taco shells before you looked at your friend.

She giggled and shook her head. “No, Spaghetti and Tacos, you idiot.”

“Oh.” Instantly tearing your gaze from her, you felt the embarrassment returning. You weren’t going to admit to her that you felt the slightest disappointment, it looked nice over the tv and there is a chance that it’ll taste as good. Maybe? You never really tried any bizarre cooking recipes from any television show.

“Alright, fine. You can stay but be quiet as a mouse! I don’t want you to be overwhelmed… especially with Mean.” She sighed, she opened her mouth to say something else but the sound of impatient buzzing caused the two of you to look at the entrance.

“They’re here!” She squealed and turned towards you. “Room! Room! Room!” She shouted and began to shove you down the hall and into your room.

Stunned, you blinked owlishly at your bed and looked over your shoulder… that was… fast?

“Quiet as a mouse!” She whispered, pressing her finger over her lips as the buzzer went off for a longer time. The excitement in her eyes shut you up as she slammed your door and the thumps of her foot softly faded.
Holding a hand to your racing heart, you looked at your closed door—the excited ‘hello’ from down the hall instantly snapped you out of your slight daze and slowly creep towards your bed. Gently placing the bag near the foot of your bed, you slipped off your clothing and climbed under the covers. A shiver and a sigh later, you were leaning against the wall with your phone in your hands and earphones on, watching pointless YouTube videos.

The loud chatter that came from the kitchen distracted you for a few minutes, straining your ears to hear the conversation—you shook your head and pulled the earphones off.

Despite being in your underwear, you pushed the blanket off and crawled to the other end of your bed and reached down for the plastic bag.

Somehow, it felt as if the crinkling sound was much louder than it usually was. You cringed and took out the bag of chips. Slow and softly, you opened it.

It felt stupid to sneak around your room, in your own apartment because there were literal monsters behind the doors. But you guessed it was for your own safety.

Pushing the curtains open, you pushed the window outwards and sighed as the cool breeze softly nipped at your exposed skin and then pulled closed the white silk for a bit of privacy. Grabbing a sweater from your closet, you carefully laid it underneath the door and softly backed away—that is, until you heard the voices much clearer than the spot near the window.

“—TACOS ARE, INSIGNIFICANTLY, MUCH MORE TASTY THAN ALL OTHERS!”

“LASAGNA IS THE SUPERIOR, YOU IMBECILE.”

A snort came from you, instantly slapping your hand over your mouth, you fought off the urge to laugh. You knew these voices were monsters, but the way they fought was almost comical.

“MEAN, SMALL PLEASE.” Another voice chimed, followed by protests of the names.

“SPAGHETTI IS EVERYONE’S FAVOURITE, LET’S MAKE IT!”

Where have you heard this voice? It sounds vaguely familiar and the fact that you couldn’t place a finger on it, it annoyed you.

“ABSOLUTELY NOT, I REFUSE TO MAKE SOMETHING BENEATH ME.” This voice…it didn’t strike a cord, but it was deeper than the other two. A lingering annoyance seemed to be his ‘go-to’. You swallowed the lump forming in your throat. Was this ‘mean’?

He sounds… unpleasant.

“Boys, please!” Your friend pleaded. “There is enough to go around. How about we make all three and watch the movie?” The edge in her tone made you frown. Her patience must be running short—not surprisingly as you had refused to leave earlier.

You backed away from the door with a sigh. No point in eavesdropping when she had everything in order, you trusted her greatly.

Silently as before, you slipped into your bed.

Half an hour later, you paused the episode. Your nose scrunching at the distant burnt smell, slowly making your way towards the door, you pressed your ear against the wood. The burning smell increased as you placed your hand on the door knob, ready to throw it open and storm down the hall—but you paused.
“DIDN’T YOU SAY YOU HAD A ROOMMATE?” That familiar voice questions as distant shuffling could be heard.

“Uh, Yeah?” Your friend’s voice was nervous.

“WHERE ARE THEY? IT IS GETTING LATE.”

“Well, uh, she’s.. not fond of monsters.”

You furrowed your eyebrows at that. Not fond of monsters? No, no that’s wrong! They were interesting and… well, equally intimidating but that didn’t mean you hated them.

“I SEE, MAYBE IF SHE MET—”

“No!” She shouted followed by a loud crash. “Ah, shit- I-I Mean, she’s really not fond of you guys. I only agreed to let you guys come over is because she’s… uh.. she’s…”

You frowned. What was she telling them? Her voice was so soft that you could barely pick up anything. Pressing your ear against the door a little harder, you scoffed and picked up the sweater and pulled it over your head.

Sliding against the wall, you softly twisted the door knob and opened it by just a crack. You peeked through the crack, frowning at the bathroom door before pulling the door open, enough to fit your head through and peek down the hallway.

The conversation was significantly more louder and less muffled, you noticed as you retreated back into your room, keeping the door slightly open to hear more of their conversation.

Was this sad? Yes.

Were you going to do anything about it? No.

“Where is she?” Another voice spoke but unlike the others, this one held a soft growl.

“She’s in her room…” your friend grumbled softly. “But don’t worry, she said she wasn’t going to come out until you guys left.”

You licked your lips, slightly balling your fists while crinkling the fabric. Are they going to ask you to come out? What’s going to happen when you face them? Do they believe that you hated monster kind?

“GOOD RIDDANCE.” Someone scoffed loudly. “SHE PROBABLY THINKS SO HIGHLY OF HERSELF, WHEN I—”

“I’M SURE SHE’S NICE!” The cheery voice cut off the angry tone, and you mentally thanked them for it.

Using the wall for support as you stood up, you flickered the light switch and softly closed your door—the loud slam making you flinch. Your heart diving down to your stomach at the silence that followed after didn’t help ease your anxieties. Switching off the lights, you quickly ran to your bed no longer caring how loud you were being and hid underneath your blankets.

Grabbing your phone, you turned on your music and let the beat carry you away from your troubling thoughts.
Not noticing the white eyelights that stared at you through the door that is your closet.

When it was time for the monsters to leave, you found yourself standing before your door, it was open the slightest. The light from the hallway streaked into your room as you heard the goodbye exchanges—along with a ‘goodbye Ms. Roommate’ before the front door was slammed shut.

You exhaled loudly as you opened your door and immediately went to your friend, grabbing the sleeve of her shirt and pulled at it, a displeased look over your face as you pouted.

“Why did you say I hated monsters?” You frowned.

“It’s because you do? We had this conversation before, Y/N.” Your friend pried your hands from her sleeve, walking around you as she made her way towards her room. A loud yawn came from the female as she opened her door but paused to look at your standing near the front, with your pouty face.

“The dishes need cleaning and the living room’s a mess. Could you be a doll and clean? I’m all tuckered out.” She yawned once more, but it seemed forced.

Pursing your lips into a thin line, you nodded your head. A hesitant smile appearing on your lips as you waved at her. “Okay, get some rest… I’ll clean and eat something.”

“Oh, don’t bother eating the Tacos. Or Lasagna… or the Spaghetti. It’s terrible.” She made a disgusted face. “I spat all of it out, it’s very unpleasant.” She yawned once more, waved her hand and disappeared behind her door.

You were left in the middle of the room with a frown on your lips. Surely the food wasn’t that bad… but with the way she said it, it looked as if she did actually spit it out.

You huffed silently and turned towards the kitchen, only then did you notice the pile of mess scattered on the counter. There was some droplets of sauce that looked like it was smeared away, attempting to clean the mess. There was water filled with dish soap in the sink along with cups and plates submerged within while the pots and pans sat idly on the stove.

You smiled at the sight, thanking the kind monsters that attempted to clean before leaving. Your smile instantly fell. They think you hated monsters. With the lie your friend showered them in, it’ll be difficult to befriend them after tonight.

But… it was for your own good. You trusted your friend and if she had another motives for you and them, then who were you the one to judge?

Rolling up your sleeves, you began to wash the dishes. At some point, you went back to your room to grab your phone to play music and no matter how loud you were being, your friend didn’t come out of her room to tell you to shut up.

Rolling your hips along the music, you sang softly with the lyrics and lightly kicked your feet at the beat. Grabbing the glass pan, you scrubbed the lasagna scraps while singing along to the lyrics.

Suddenly, a sheering pain shot up your arm and you dropped the pan into the water, holding onto your hand at the pulsing pain by the soaped water. A low hiss came from you as you examined your hand—a lone shard of glass sticking out from the center of your palm, underneath it was an open cut that went from the heel of your hand to the middle.

The heat in your eyes spread to your cheeks, your vision beginning to blur by tears as you grabbed your phone and quickly made your way to the bathroom.
Why glass? You wondered, opening the cabinet and taking out the first aid kit. It was harder to open with one hand, but you managed to open it. Blinking away the stinging tears, you looked up at your reflection and back down to your palm.

Letting the water run, you tested the temperature with your other hand before letting your injured hand underneath the faucet.

The rushing water stung, you recoiled but kept your hand in place. Shutting off the water, you began to disinfect the wound, you hissed in pain as the alcohol did it works.

Why glass? You wondered again. Who makes lasagna with glass? Their cooking skills couldn’t be that terrible if they had mistaken something with glass. Or was it on purpose?

Did your best friend swallow any?

You shook your head from the thought. “She spat it out.” You mumbled, taking the tweezers and began to carefully take the glass shard from your hand. However, you were shaking. A frustrated sigh came from you as you leaned on the door, inhaling and exhaling twice before you bought your hand to eye-level.

In all honesty, you had no idea what you were doing. You read about it in fanfiction but you never guessed you’d need to do this by yourself, or at all.

Slowly, you managed to take the shard from your palm, placing gauze on the cut along with a little bit of ointment before wrapping it up.

You went back to washing the dishes but this time you used gloves, to protect your hard work, and carefully scrubbed the glass pan clean.

When the dishes were finished, you moved to wipe down the splattered sauce, picked up the forgotten ground beef, and swept up the kitchen floor.

The living room wasn’t as bad as the kitchen, so it only took five minutes to straighten everything up until you were satisfied by how clean it was.

You furrowed your eyebrows at the sock in your hand. It wasn’t yours, and your best friend was too tidy to keep her socks out of her room. She had ‘standards’.

The buzzer to your apartment softly cut through your mini-self congratulatory. A small ‘uhm’ coming from your lips as you turned your head to the door than down the hall, your hand lightly gripping the sock.

Unsure what to do, you went to your friend’s bedroom door, you barely opened it when you heard her snores.

“Ah. Okay.” You whispered, closed the door and went to the front. The buzzer sounded once more, this time much longer than before. “Okay, Okay, I’m coming.” You muttered under your breath.

Opening the door, you dropped the sock next to you as you looked from the floor to the person on the other side—you froze.

“Heh...sorry,” he said your friend’s name with a sheepish tone. “I forgot something.” His eye lights didn’t met yours until a squeak slipped through your lips.
Your eyes (his eye lights?) met briefly before you slammed the door. A blush dusting over your cheeks and you cupped the burning flesh.

Oh oh o hollyshit, HE was her guest?! Then who were the others? Other skeletons!?

Realizing what you did, you quickly opened the door and looked over your shoulder, your eyes locking on her door before you looked back at the skeleton monster.

He was the same height as you, the eye sockets were a little unnerving but you didn’t stare long enough, he was smaller than stretch (which by an extend, you were too. But only by a head or two.) and his colour scheme were the opposite than the beige and orange colours.

Instead, he sported a black jacket lined with white fur along his hood, a red turtleneck and black basketball shorts with a single white stripe on both sides. He wore sneakers, and a single sock. His grin was wide with two rows of sharp teeth and one golden tooth.

His eye lights were wide, his grin failing the longer he stood before you.

You were sure you looked like hell. Shorts and a overly large sweater along with messy hair? Yep. Nice Y/n.

“S-sorry… she’s sleeping but I-I can help.. you..” your voice was small and unsure. What could you do? ‘Hi, I’m the monster-hater that my friend said I was despite it being a total lie! Ahaha, nice to meet you!’

Your voice seemed to bring him back to earth, and his ridges were furrowed, a low growl coming from him as you gulped.

“O-or…or not..” You whispered, shifting uncomfortably under his sudden hostility. What to do? You can’t slam the door, it was a miracle that you didn’t wake her up when you first did it and you weren’t going to test it by doing it again.

“L-look… I really have n-nothing against monsters..” You avoided his gaze. “S-She told me to stay in my room u-until you left… n-normally I was supposed to stay out but.. i-i was being s-stubborn..” Your eyes finally met with his red eyelights. A nervous smile appearing on your lips as you added.

“D-did you really stuff a sock into our couch to come back?”

His growling didn’t cease and your grip on the door knob tightened. The heat reappearing around your eyes as you dropped the eye contact to blink away the tears.

“I’m sorry… I-I didn’t mean to…” you bend down and picked up the sock—his growling had decreased by then but you hadn’t noticed as you softly handed him his sock.

“G-goodnight!” You shouted, your heart pounding a million mile as you quickly closed the door. In a haste, you quietly said “Thank you for coming!” Before the door clicked shut.

Only then, you let the tears stream down your cheeks. God awful, that was terrifying! Was that mean? Or was that hatred? You hadn’t given him the chance to speak for himself when you gave him his sock.

You swallowed the lump in your throat, covering your mouth as you sobbed silently.

Your heart hadn’t raced that fast in so long, the fear that built up was overwhelming and you
couldn’t help but tumble over your own words. Cursing silently, you showed weakness to a potential friend.

Would he even be your friend after what she had told them?

You sat in the doorway for a while. Until you felt like you were calm enough, you shut off all the lights and retreated back into your room, sparing a glance at the door beside yours before closing it.

The headache obviously wasn’t going away anytime soon, so, you did what you thought you needed to do; you checked your emails.

Not bothering the close your window, you leaned against your bed while you used your knees to keep your laptop propped up, your pointer finger used as the mouse as you clicked and exited rejection emails.

Occasionally, you sniffled and rubbed your eyes to clear the tears. You weren’t crying about the rejections, it was the heavy situation you were put in earlier. It was scary and the skeleton was scary.

Normally, you knew you could hold yourself together but with what your friend said; Hatred and Mean were… terrible monsters. And you weren’t sure who was that at the door, if they were going to attack you or not.

Rubbing your temples, the headache coming back in full force after thinking about the cause, you sighed deeply and read through another rejection email.

That is, until you got to the last one.

You straightened yourself, crossing your legs as you read through the lines.

‘Ms. L/N.
We are delighted to receive your applications as we are currently understaffed. You see, we are hosting a birthday party for the Monster Representative.

We would love for you to come to the restaurant on the 28th, Thursday at 7:00 Pm. From there, we will train you into becoming one of our waitresses. We look forward to working with you.

-Management of Fantom Restaurant.’

Your mouth hung open as you reread the email. Once, twice, thrice. Disbelief blooming within you as you quickly looked at the email’s address, only to shout a loud ‘yes’ before scrambling up to your feet, placing your laptop on your bed before running out of your room and banged on the door next to yours.

Repeated, you called out your friend’s name. Excitement buzzing around you as you threw open the door, cringed slightly as it banged against the wall, and immediately ran to her bed.

“I got the job!” You shouted, jumping into her bed. “I got the job!!”

In a haze, she got up, looked around the room before stopping at your brightened features. A lazy smile stretched on her lips as she nodded and slowly laid down.

“Thank you..” she whispered before softly falling back to bed.
You froze in your self-victory, looking down at her sleeping self with a small pout. She must’ve been very tired to sleep through all that. With a soft giggle, you gently climbed off her bed and retreated back into your room, where you reread the email and squealed delightful.

You got the job…

*You* got the job..

You are filled with a sense of Perseverance.

Chapter End Notes

I try to keep each chapter within the 5000+ word count, no more or no less. I accidentally went over so I had to cut it in half;-;

The best friend is supposed to be bitchy and controlling(like the brothers but wait! There’s more!). That is why there is a ‘toxicity’ tag.

You are meeting the skele-bois wayy to fast. But hey, fluff won’t start until later(; There is more to come!
See you on Thursday! (Or Friday)
Red

Chapter Summary

Not the kind of day you wanted, Beggars can’t be choosers.

Chapter Notes

3:43Am counts as a Friday, right?
More Edgy Sans for you!
*Hurls Red off the cliff*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Y/N!” A loud screech of your name shot you up from your bed. You felt lightheaded for a moment before it faded like white noise. Thumping could be heard from the other room before yours, grumbles and curses muffled by the wall as your friend threw her door wide open, and in addition, yours.

“You met Hatred last night!?” She screamed, “And you cried!?”

You hissed at the bright light that bled through the hallway, covering your eyes from the door as you glared at the offending person standing directly in front of the door.

“Aw, and here I thought we could be buddies.” Irritable sarcasm laced around your words, you glared at her for a moment before sighing loudly.

“What kind of idiot shoved a sock in someone else’s couch for an excuse to come back?” You snapped, obvious livid about being woken up so frantic. “He obviously wants to fuck you, go to a hotel!”

The anger immediately washed away from her facial features, her hand that held her phone dropping to her sides with her mouth hung open.

And at that, you immediately felt guilty. You shouldn’t have snapped at her like that, oh god what if she tells your parents and then your brothers? Your heart sunk heavily, and you hated the feeling of being hollow that followed after it.

Before you could apologize, a wide grin stretched on her lips, a bright red hue over her cheeks as she lifted her phone and began to text Hatred.

You furrowed your eyebrows in confusion, nearly yelling in surprise when she threw herself onto your bed with a giddy grin.

“You think so? Oh god, I hope so! He’s so…cute. Not as cute as his brother but he doesn’t like me much!” She wrapped her arms around your waist and gave you a hearty squeeze. “What if we have
The way she shivered and squealed made you uncomfortable, shifting in your spot as you pried her arms away from your waist. The sudden change of morning atmosphere giving you a headache.

“Hatred…” you hesitated. “Is a literal skeleton.” You deadpanned, pushing her further from you, not wanting to be in the same area as her while her mind raked the possibility of monster intercourse.

You shivered and got up from your bed, retreating to the kitchen as she rolled around your bed and squealing like a teenager over her ships.

Looking at the time on the stove, you sighed. The earliest you’ve been up, and it’s nowhere near close to your classes this afternoon. Instead of self-loathing, you began making breakfast. Simple eggs, bacon, toast and hash browns.

You made some for her, too. But didn’t bother to call her as her giggling could still be heard from your opened door. Wrinkling your nose, you walked back into your room and grabbed your phone. Shooting a judging look at her (who, childishy, stuck out her tongue.) and made your way back to the kitchen.

After you ate, you pushed your friend out of your room, grabbed a towel and a fresh pair of clothes and cute matching underwear. Who says a girl can’t wear cute underwear? No one, that’s who!

You stayed in the shower longer than you had planned to, the heated water rolling down your body, easing your tense muscles and letting your mind wander aimlessly was too intoxicating that you overstay the brief visit.

The bathroom was steaming when you left the door open, the cool air outside caused you to shiver and immediately pulled the thick sweats further up your waist, pulling the sweatshirt around your body as you went to go lotion up and then struggled with your hair.

A full hour passed and you were ready for the day, even though you hadn’t planned on doing anything but wait around for your classes, but still you were ready for whatever life threw at you.

The sound of your phone going off nearly made you jump, the text spams waving in heavily the longer you stared at your phone. With a sigh, you picked up the discarded device and unlocked it.

Multiple texts were sent from both your brothers, with a few coming from your parents.

You frowned at the spams, before telling both Josh and Joseph to quit it, threatening them with blocking and not a second later, the spams were instantly forgotten.

You sighed in relief and began to look through their texts. Most were questions about your whereabouts, if you were safe, how the school’s been treating you if you needed ‘big bro’ to come to save your from a boring day.

Your parents' texts were more civilized. They asked how you were, how the neighbourhood was if you ate anything within the past 24 hours.

Before you could send a reply, your phone began to loudly ring in your hand, openly struggling to grasp it as you nearly juggled with the device before it fell on the floor, sliding across the room. You grumbled underneath your breath and stood up, scooping the phone from the floor and answered the ringing.
“Hello?” You called with a fake happy tone, despite the scowl you had.

“Baby sis!” Before Josh could finish his sentence, you pulled the phone from your ear and instantly ended the call.

You winced as your injured hand spasmed, only for the split second before the shot of pain quickly faded away. You frowned at your bandaged hand, wondering what you had done to deserve such traitorous actions.

“Y/n, babe!” Your friend shouted, throwing open your door for the second time this morning. You cringed as the door slammed against the wall, a weak cry something from it as it shook. Your friend stood with her legs spread wide and a hand on her hip while the other pointed at you.

“I’m tired,” you called her name. Shutting off your phone and sat on your bed.

“I know, but we need groceries! Can you be a doll and get some? I don’t feel like starving.” She dug into her pockets and threw her card at you. Unable to catch it, you flinched as it landed on your chest before it fell to the floor. The two of you stood silently watching the card for a second.

“Please?”

Sighing, you nodded your head and picked it up. “I’m buying myself something.” You declared, a small fine. Even though you were gonna go yesterday but you were in a rush! That's your excuse.

“Okay, make sure to grab more taco seasoning… oh and pasta sauce.” She winked, pulling her sweater tightly around herself before disappearing into her room.

You nodded getting ready to leave the apartment. Since it rained, and the weather is bipolar, you decided to wear a spring jacket. September was oddly warm with a little bit of rainfall. Not that you were complaining, you loved the crisp air. Plus, Halloween is next month.

Grabbing the keys from its place in the bowl, you pocketed your phone and exited the apartment without another word. A little bit of off-key singing and dramatically flipping your hair later, you found yourself standing in front of the frozen food aisle.

You sighed deeply, unable to make a decision on which beef to buy. Sparing a single glare at the food before pushing the cart away from the aisle, silently cursing under your breath as you entered another.

Grabbing crackers, canned soup and the things your friend liked, you were back in front of the beef. Glaring silently as you grabbed two of each. Unable to think of what to cook tonight.

A shatter from a few aisles down snapped you out of your thoughts, causing you to drop the meat pack into the cart with a startled yelp. You looked up from the cart, looking up and down the aisle. Pursing your lips, you pushed the cart.

Curiosity getting the best of you, you followed the shouts and weak apologies. The closer you came to the voices, the louder they became.

You paused, your eyes widening slightly as a monster apologized for his actions, having his hand in front of him in a panicked notion, trying to defuse the situation before it got too out of hand.

Tightening your hold on the cart, you pushed it to the cash register, your eyes sharp on the offending male. You briefly met eyes with the monster, and his eyes pleaded silent help as you
stood behind the male’s cart. Slowly unloading your items on the counter.

The male hadn’t noticed you until you cleared your throat.

“Excuse me, you’re holding up the line.” you spoke, eyeing the huffing man. If you weren’t so scared, you would’ve weakly joked about how he was going to blow a house down.

But alas, you kept your mouth shut as he switched his glare to you. Instantly tensing up, you offered the man a patient smile. Ignoring how clammy your hands got under his stare.

He looked over your shoulder and returning to stare at you, keeping the intense staring competition. You felt your smile slip, the orange cat monster kept looking at you then warily looking at the man, his shoulders squared and his arms tightly to his sides, no longer in front of him.

His smile was forced that screamed ‘get out of here already’ but he softened when the two of you made eye contact. Giving a patient smile, you turned back to the human male.

“Bugger off.” The male hissed after what seemed like forever.

Exhaling shakily, you frowned at the man. Noticing how his eyebrow rose in annoyance as you said; “He is trying to work, don’t take up too much of his time.”

“I am a paying customer, it’s his job to assist me.” His green eyes narrowed, jabbing his finger into your shoulder. You winced but kept the gaze. That’s going to leave a bruise.

“Not if he is being harassed.” You muttered under your breath, looking at the shattered cup on the floor before pushing your things closer to the monster. Ignoring the heated stare you got from the man beside you.

“Credit, please.” You could feel your smile wavering.

“What did you say?” The man hissed, placing a hand in front of your items and loomed over you, using his height to throw you off—you inhaled sharply, tightening your hand on your wallet as he leaned down to your level, suddenly feeling so small against him. Whatever confidence you had was now shriveled up into nothingness.

You mentally counted to ten before meeting his stare once more. “Please, I am trying to purchase my groceries.”

The male chuckled loudly, poking your shoulder harshly yet again. “And what is a little missy like you doing in the monster city, huh?”

You knew that was supposed to be degrading but you couldn’t help but smile. “School.” Was all you said as you ducked under his arm and stood near the cashier, the orange cat began to slowly scan your items, putting the other items aside for now. All while keeping a cautious eye on the male.

An arm was draped around your waist, large hands rubbing your hips as the man pressed his chest against your back.

You must’ve made a startled look because the cat monster was now growling under his breath, his eyes turned into slits as he stared at the male behind you. Shaking, you turned around and quickly pushed him off of you, the parts he touched feeling dirtier than dried mud on skin.
“A babe like yourself should be happy a strong man like me is offering.” He laughed, ignoring the warning growls coming from the monster.

Although, you were glad this man wasn’t shouting profanities at the poor monster. Good deed of the day!

“I can look after myself, thanks.”

No, no you can’t. You’re barely holding yourself together. You can see the heat gather around your eyes, your nose was warming up and you could feel your hands began to become more clammy.

“Please, leave me alone.” You turned back at the monster—Felix was the name typed onto the name card on his blue shirt. You pleaded with your eyes, telling him to ignore the guy and finish ringing up your items. His slits vanished when he turned to you before returning to the male behind you. Without breaking eye contact, he finished ringing up your items, gesturing your to swipe or tap the card on the small machine.

Hesitant, you slipped out the black card and tapped the screen with it. Before you could put the card back into your wallet, it was swiped out of your hands. Eyes widening, you ignored the harsh hissed coming from Felix, as you turned on your heel.

“No fucking way, a rich chick?” He examined the card closer. Saying your best friend’s name that was punched into the plastic. “And the mayor’s daughter.” His thin lips turned upwards, waving the card in your face as you attempted to snatch it back.

“Well, princess. The money wouldn’t be a problem, how about we go somewhere just the two of us?” He pocketed the card, making your heart sink as he shoved his hands into his pockets.

“Give the miss her card back, I won’t hesitate to call for security.” Felix spoke from behind you. Forgetting that he was there, you inhaled sharply as the man’s attention was switched from you to the monster, a hateful glare coming from here.

“Security? Do you mean that guard of mutts?” He barked a laugh. “You won’t call shit.” He shoved you out of the way, slamming your injured palm into the metal rims of the counter. A pained yelp comes from your lips as you quickly pushed yourself from the counter and cradled your hand to your chest.

“S-she..” Felix shrunk under the look, avoiding eye contact as he shook. His eyes went to your chest and they widen slightly before looking up at your eyes in confusion, but quickly soften at the tears slowly gathering and the colour of pink bloomed from your nose to your cheeks as he watched you fight off the tears, despite being on the brink.

“Please, leave the premises or else we’ll have to contact the police. Give the lady her card back if you do not want trouble.” Felix’s eyes were slits again. Glaring up at the male while squaring his shoulders.

“Oh yeah, pussy?” The male taunted. “Whatcha gonna do about it? Hit me, and I’ll file a complaint to your manager.”

“Listen to the cat, bud.” A gruff voice sounded behind you. The distant growl that followed after made you tense up, wondering why that voice was familiar. When you turned around, the tears flowed down your cheeks at the skeleton. Your size, Black and red clothing, faded chips and scars lining his bones.

You felt your heart dive into your stomach, rapidly beating against your ribcage as you quickly
scrambled away from him, on the other side of the male.

Felix spared you a concerned look, watching as you snifflered and attempt to wipe away the tears. Before he could whisper, you turned to him, leaning over the counter.

“Are you okay?” Your voice made him uncomfortable. It was weak, small and breaking on some words that struggled to come out. You were the one crying, shouldn’t he be the one comforting you?

He nodded, swallowing the lump in his throat before turning to the laughing male.

“The babe is terrified of you,” He jabbed a thumb over his shoulder. “So I suggest you move along, or else you’ll cause her to be more uncomfortable with a face ugly as yours.”

You pursed your lips into a thin line. You hadn’t meant to flee from Hatred, it was an instinctive movement, and now the man was hammering him down with your flee.

Hatred’s eye lights met yours briefly, a low growl came from the skeleton monster when he turned to the man.

He said your best friend’s name followed by a low “Are ya alright?”

Confused, you looked around as if you’d find the messy mop of hair that was your best friend. When you returned to look at Hatred, you froze as his eyebrow ridges furrowed. You swallowed the lump in your throat and nodded. A weak; “y-yeah..” coming from you.

His eye lights dropped to your bandaged hand and you moved to hide it from his gaze. He looked at you questionably but shook his head and returned his attention to the male before you.

“I knew somethin’ was up when ya left this mornin’.” His words were drenched with malice, but it wasn’t aimed at you. You furrowed your eyebrows slightly. What?

“I told ya I’d protect ya, didn’t I?” His grin was tensed, a small line of red smoke appearing in his eye socket, leaving the other devoid of any light.

“You gotta be fucking with me.” The male chuckled, taking a step back to look over his shoulder and to your tear-streaked face. “You fucked this freak?”

“U-uh…” the nervousness had faded and all you could feel was… something. You weren’t sure nor you could pinpoint what you were feeling at this very moment. Your gaze switched from hatred to the male before turning to Felix. His posture was rigged, tensed. When he came to eye contact with you, he relaxed slightly but turned to watch the two in front of his counter.

“Yes,” hatred’s voice pulled you from your thoughts once again. He stuffed his hands into his jacket pockets and shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly. “Scored a pretty lady. The others don’t seem appealin’ anymore.”

You knew he was talking about your best friend, you knew those words for her and not for you.

So.. why did your heart flutter at those words?

“Now return her card. I won’t ask again, buddy.”

“Oh yeah? How about I—” he didn’t finish his sentence as he balled his fist and rammed it to Hatred’s shoulder but before he could land the hit, he was gone and reappeared next to him.
“C’mon buddy.” He mockingly sighed. “That was weak.”

The royal guard was called. Chocolate bars were scattered across the floor after the one-sided fight, Hatred had managed to piss off the guy that he began to throw punches after punches, never had you seen someone dodge so many punches in so little time. His grin was tensed the whole time and his eye lights seemed fuzzy each time he dodged and taunted the male.

He even gave advice and pointed out his flaws during his dodges.

The male cursed under his breath as he pushed himself off the stand, kicking away a KitKat bar and charged at Hatred once again.

The guards from the front immediately intervened, holding out their weapons to stop the male in his tracks, cutting off his advances to Hatred.

He cursed under his breath and raised his hands in surrender, eyes glaring at the dogs in armour.

You exhaled shakily, unaware that you had held it in. You were too preoccupied with steadying your beating heart to witness Hatred grabbing the black card from his pockets and making his way towards you, ignoring the profanities spewing out of the human’s mouth.

Only when he was standing in front of you, you notice the commotion had died down. Eyes wide, you instinctively took a step back, your heart beating painfully slowly in your ears as Hatred lifted his hand, making you close your eyes but open them in surprise at the gentleness of his hand wrapped around your wrist, he turned your hand and dropped the card into your palm.

“Do yerself a favour. Don’t go pickin’ fights ya can’t fight in.” His voice was gruff, a small rumble each word. Yet, there was softness in them.

“I..” you took another step back. Pursing your lips into a thin line as you awkwardly bowed your head. “Thank you…”

When he didn’t say anything, you lifted your head to stare at him. Recoiling back when his gaze turned hard.

“P-please don’t tell her about this.” You offered a forced smile. If she caught any wind of this, no doubt that she’ll cause a scene. Either with this particular monster or the whole ordeal. Honestly, you just wanted to go home and relax before your classes start—

Your eyes widen as you dug out your phone, looking at the time and cursing loudly. It was 12:35 pm. You’re going to be late if you don’t hurry your ass up!

“Please don’t mention anything, thank you again I-I gotta go.” You waved at Hatred, smiled apologetically at Felix and grabbed your things.

“Hey, wait.” Hatred grabbed your arm, pulling you back before you could run to your vehicle. “What are ya doin’ here?” *I thought you hated monsters* was his real question.

You shrugged his hand off of your arm, holding your bags in one hand.

“I wasn’t lying when I said I didn’t actually hate monsters.” You spoke carefully. “And, I came for food. It is a grocery store.” You giggled, gesturing to the store.

“I really gotta go, though. It was nice meeting you.. uh..”
“Red. M'name’s Red.” His ridges furrowed, no doubt confused but you didn’t have the time to explain what your friend said was all lies. You were beginning to run late and the professor you were seeing locks the door half past, you didn’t have the time to idly chat and exchange pleasantries.

“Y/N.”

It was 5:29 PM when you came back to the apartment. After the thing with Red, you drove a little over the speed limit to get back to the apartment, wash up, and to the college campus. Running through and to the class with a minute left on the clock.

You had apologized to the professor multiple times for nearly crushing his hand with the door and for the tardiness on the third day of classes. He let you off on a warning but with the amount of assignments, you doubted it was just a warning you were left off on.

Dropping your bag near the shoe rack, you groaned loudly and walked to the couch, dropping face first as a long sigh came from you.

Today was too much.

In the middle of class, you got a call from Muffet, resulting to you being kicked out for having the ringer on (you swore you had it on silence!), A girl brought her kid to the next lecture and he couldn’t stop crying during the whole thing. You had offered to help her calm her baby but she had snapped at you. And then some guy dropped a smoothie on you when he was running to the lecture you just exited, cursed at you for being in the way and that you owed him 4.75$ for that drink and proceeded to flip you off.

On the bright side, you started work at Muffet’s next week on Monday!

“Y/N, sweets. Where is my card?”

You cursed, taking out your wallet and held it up. “Here! Sorry, I was in a rush when I came back from the grocery store.” You sat up, handing her card back, running a hand through your hair with another sigh.

You instantly smiled when she sat down. “Did anything happen at the store? You were nearly late for your class.”

You mentally thanked Red for not mentioning anything to her. “A guy was harassing the cashier. Held up the line.”

“Did you do anything?” She asked, eyeing your injured hand. Subconsciously, you ran your other hand along the bandages. A small frown on your lips as you thought of the harmful lasagna leftovers.

“N-no.” You quickly said upon realizing how long you took to reply. “No, someone stepped in and called the royal guard.”

“Oh. Well, I should’ve known you wouldn’t do anything. You’re too weak to fight off someone like that. Atmost, you’d cry.” She laughed, patting your head while a small ‘so cute’ before she stood up and walked down the hall.
Leaving you with a frown on your lips. Fixing your hair, you sighed deeply. Knowing that she had said what happened with a 100% accuracy, you were left feeling like shit.

You should’ve done more, helped Red by distracting the guy for a bit. Or fuck, you should’ve called the police when you witnessed the hostility.

Covering your face, you groaned loudly. Purposely digging your elbows into your knees as you thought over the situation and how you would have avoided that whole thing if you just called the fucking guard or the police.

The small buzzer cut off anymore thoughts, and you stood up. Walking to the door, you placed your hand on your chest and inhaled before opening it, not bothering to unlock the chain as you peeked out though the small opening.

Eyes widen, you looked over your shoulder and down the hall before looking back at Red. You closed the door and unlocked the chain and opened it once again.

“I’ll go get her.” You said, keeping your head down as you turned to march down the hall, but you paused.

“Look, kid.” He spoke, not moving from his spot just outside your door. You frowned slightly and turned to fully face him, holding onto the door knob just in case you needed to slam it shut. Just in case he decided to attack you.

“I don’t know what yer plannin’ but I want it ta stop, capiche?”

You looked down the hall, telling him to wait as you went to the kitchen and grabbed the juice boxes. One for you and one for Red. You weren’t sure what he drank, but hopefully he didn’t mind apple juice.

Going to the door, he rose a eyebrow ridge at you as you stepped into the hallway and closed the door behind you, leaving it unlock so you wouldn’t have to buzz in constantly.

Offering the juice box to him, he eyed you warily before snatching the box from your hand.

“I’m not planning anything..” You started small. Using the breathing exercise to help calm your beating heart. Holding the small box in your hands, you popped in the straw and began to suck.

“I..didn’t mean to drag you into that situation…”

“I couldn’t give a rats ass.” He snapped, making your tighten your hold on the box. Resulting you to squirt more than you can into your mouth and swallow the liquid down the wrong tube—some managed to go up your nose and out your nostrils. Coughing, you dropped your juice box.

“Shit.” Red cursed, immediately going to your side and patting your back, but you instantly slapped his hand from you, taking a step away as you forced yourself to stop coughing. The tightness in your throat hadn’t gone away as you wiped your nose, it burned slightly.

“It’s fine.. just don’t touch me..” You muttered.

“What is yer deal, lady?” He hissed, taking your words seriously as he took a step away to add the distance between the two of you.

“First, I hear ya don’t fancy us Underground monsters. Then I see ya on square with a rough lookin’ human, asking Burgerpants if he was alright as if ya was actually concerned, then ya refuse ta let’em help? Are ya really that against monsters?”
You balled your fists, shaking slightly at the accusations sent to you. He didn’t know you. Hell, he
didn’t even make much effort to get to know you with little time the two of you got acquainted
with. You liked monsters, there were interesting!

Even if your friend and brothers had convinced you otherwise, you knew you didn’t hold any
malice or hate towards the new species.

“Don’t make any assumptions to someone you don’t know.” Despite the thoughts clouding your
head, your voice was smooth. “I already said I didn’t hate monsters. I don’t dislike them either.
You are a very interesting species and I want to befriend as much as I can before—” You instantly
bit down on your tongue.

“Before?” Red rose his eyebrow ridge.

“Nothing.” You hissed. “Believe what you want. i-I’m not going to waste my breath on trying to c-
convince you.” You cursed silently at your stutters. The feeling within was beginning to overflow.
The built up frustration was beginning to show as you felt the familiar heat around your eyes.

You tried to push it down, but it was overflowing you knew you needed to cry off today’s
frustration instead of leaving it as a fountain of self-hatred.

Grumbling under your breath, you turned to the door and pushed it open. “Thanks for coming.” you
muttered under your breath and closed it. Ignoring the look of frustration Red had, You didn’t care.
You just needed to cry out your feelings and just be done with today.

Locking the door, you made a beeline to your room, throwing off your stained shirt and slipped off
the shorts and jumped into your bed. It creaked in protest under your weight but you didn’t care as
the tears slowly slid down your face. The built up frustration slowly fading as you cried. And
before you knew it, you were asleep.

You woke up to your phone ringing loudly across the room. Snuggling into your covers, you
groggily opened your eyes, hissing like a vampire at the sunlight that seeped through the silk
curtains. Your phone continues to blare loudly. Wrapping your blanket around your body, you
stumbled to your phone, looking at the caller ID before picking up.

“Hello..” You croaked, tiredness heavily laced around your vocal cords. Well, that and the fact that
you had slept after crying.

“Baby sis…” Joseph frowned, recognizing the strain in your voice. “What’s wrong?”

You frowned at his concern. Luckily, this was Joseph and not Josh. Joseph was more rational to
his decisions when it came to you. Although, you knew that was just the scratch on a surface.

“Nothing.. just a hard day.” You muttered, rubbing the crust from your eyelashes. You must’ve
cried in your sleep as well.

“Already?” He breathed. “The day is just starting. Y/N, is everything okay there?”

You furrowed your eyebrows. Was it a new day? Did you really sleep the day away and slept
through the night like a log? You pulled your phone from your ear, the time displayed made you
moan. “Great.” You muttered under your breath.

“Everything’s going smoothly. Just a rough day, nothing to worry about.” You rolled your eyes.
“You know me, I cry when things get hard.”
“Or when you’re overwhelmed.” He added, his voice a deadpan. A sigh followed after the silence. “Alright. I won’t pry. You have a life outside us, I.. just wish you’d talk to me more. What’s troubling you? Who’s harasses you? I’m a surgeon. I can cut someone if you asked.”

You laughed at his words, nodding your head. “I don’t doubt that.” You spoke, moving to lay on your bed.

“I will hurt anyone who hurts you, Y/N. Josh too. I don’t care if I end up in jail, no one hurts my precious baby sis.”

His words… weren’t as comforting as they were earlier but you chose not to say anything.

“That’s not okay, but okay.” You shrugged at his forced laugh.

“Oh, Josh has a meeting in your city in a few weeks. He asked if he could stay with you for the day, catch up on things and whatnot.” The hidden threat underneath his words were no longer presented, instead it was back to the playful yet serious surgeon.

You frowned at that.

“Why? It hadn’t been a few weeks since I left. Not much happens.”

“But something did, obviously.” You could feel the eye roll from here. “You cried. You don’t cry unless if it bothered you all day. Just..” he sighed deeply.

“See Josh. At least for a couple of hours, let him give you a check up… you.. you forgot your pills too.”

Drats. You kind of hoped they forgot about it. How did they find it after you threw it in the trash? You shook your head from that train of thought, sitting up and scratching you cheek with a forced laugh.

“Heh, whoops?”

“Y/N.” Joseph groaned. “You know you can’t skip your medication. I’ll stop by and drop off a new dosage, I get off in fifteen minutes anyways. The rest of the crew will take over.”

“What?” You perked. “You can’t do that! Stay at your job. You can’t just leave your job whenever you like!”

“Didn’t you hear me? I get off in fifteen minutes. I did a night shift. I filled in for Dr. Gerline, and I’m visiting for the day.” He snapped, dropping something from his end and cursed. Movement could be heard from your end as you slowly crawled out of bed.

“You.. can’t..” You said weakly. Knowing that you can’t convince Joseph to not come, especially if it involved your medications.

“Nope. See you in six hours, Love you!” and with that, he hung up.

The feeling if dread weighed in your stomach as you pulled the phone from your ear and look at it in disbelief.

They didn’t like your best friend… Shit, what were you gonna do?
*Pats Red’s shoulder*
How was the trip?
See you Tuesday!
Thursday.

You stared at your phone in disbelief as the screen shut itself off, with a huff, you tossed it on your bed and got ready for the day. It was 8:45 in the morning. Silently wondering why you kept waking up early despite having classes that start at 1 and end at 5 or 6.

You weren’t one to complain, but with the things that have been happening, you wanted to sleep in. Get some more rest and be lazy before you have to leave the apartment and socialize with strangers. And with your brother coming (you hoped it was just Joseph.) you needed a change of plan.

Classes were a no, as much as you wanted to go, you couldn’t leave Joseph here alone. You knew he respected your privacy, but you always felt like he watches you with a sharp eye. You may have gotten your things shipped a week early under his careful watch, but that was because you distracted him by being a needy little sister. Asking him to do things for you, bug him for a ride claiming you were 'too lazy' to drive. Make him mad on some occasions for him to leave you alone.

Pulling a red and black striped shirt over your head, you played with the hem for a bit before choosing to wear high waisted shorts. Tying your hair into a ponytail, you left your room and to the living room.

You paused.

Instantly placing your back on the wall, you cursed silently as the game console blared music. An excitable voice claiming that he knew all the best places to hide, and another simply replying as 'that’s cool, bro.' with the laughter that followed it made your heart swell in awe.

Those monsters were here in your apartment. You bit your lip and took out your phone, immediately opening the messaging app.

'where are you?' you texted, shaking your phone slightly as if it’ll make her reply faster. The three dots that appeared made you sigh in relief.
We got a call from the post office. Be back in 10 minutes.’

You stared at the screen in disbelief. The post office? Why would they call for either of you? You don’t pick up the mail until it was Wednesday.

Oh wait, that was yesterday.

‘i’m kicking out the guests. We have to talk when you get back.’ you texted, tapping the screen impatiently as you watched the grey bubble reappear.

‘what? No. Don’t tell them to leave!’ you could imagine the wrinkle in between her eyebrows, the displeased scowl on her lips.

‘I don’t care, this is really important and we have to talk about it.’ you wondered why you were being vague about it but then again, she didn’t know that your family didn’t like her. Even though they had openly said it with her around during a sleepover. She thought they were talking about the other girl.

You pocketed your phone, no longer wanting to talk to her and rather face her wrath when she arrives. Turning your heel back into your room to grab a sweater. Purposely tightening the strings around the hood, hiding your face as your lips and chin were only visible. Stumbling out of your room, you felt your way down the hall.

The two in the living room was silent as you stumbled out the hall, facing what you believed was the living room with your arms tightly to your side. You felt their eyes curiously watching you.

“u-uhm.” You stuttered, your voice an octave higher. “c-can you please leave…s-she won’t be back until much later and I... My brother’s coming over and he doesn’t… Like monsters..” you fiddled with the hem of your sweater, clearing your throat at the uncomfortableness you were experiencing at this moment.

Yet, you couldn’t help but wonder that kind of monsters they were. Snowdrakes? Whimsums? Uh… Aaron?

When they didn’t answer, you pursed your lips and pointed to the door. “please?”

You voice was back, but it was so small you weren’t sure if they heard you over the music playing from the (new) gaming console. Silently guessing that your best friend must’ve went to buy it in favour of her friends.

The sound of the couch moving caught your attention, immediately putting your hands into your hoodie pockets, you took a step back. What if they were those monsters that had the ‘kill or be killed’ agenda drilled in their heads?

You’ve read a few articles about these types of monsters, the journalist advised to keep your distance and leave those type of monsters be; as they weren’t used to being above ground despite the five years they had been released.

“I-I...I already told one of you that I didn’t hate monsters.” You gasped when a hand wrapped itself around your shoulder, pulling you closer as the other began to pull at your hood. Quickly, you took a step back and pushed him off of you, tightening the strings and tying it into a tight bow.

“Red mentioned something about a misunderstanding.” The voice in front of you said. The low rumble catching you off guard as you took another step back. That voice...where did you hear it? It obviously wasn’t the guy from the mall--it was smaller than that. Almost pleasantly relaxed.
“YEAH, HE SAID THAT OUR FRIEND MISINFORMED US!” The excitable voice shouted besides you, making you yelp and jump away from him, holding your injured hand to your chest.

You weren’t sure what to do. They got up from the couch but haven’t left the apartment and instead, decided to corner you into talking.

“And, why do you have that hood on? I understand that looking at the magnificent sa—blueberry is intimidating, but it’s rude not to look at people when they are talking.”

You blinked. Was..was he scolding you? Furrowing your eyebrows, you shook your head and laughed softly. Scratching your cheek through the fabric, you realized how stupid it may look so you stuffed it into the pockets once more, rolling on the ball of your heel.

“It’s nothing. Just.. please leave, I already told her that you were leaving.” Your voice was high again. “I have to talk to her about something a-and it’s… kind of personal?” You coughed slightly, not liking how your vocal way off when you talked.

“oh…” The deflate in the excitable monster’s tone made you flinch. Somehow, that level of defeat wasn’t comfortable in your stomach. Like it was unnatural for him to have that kind of tone.

“Y-you can visit again!” You worded quickly, hating the feeling that weighed in your stomach. The clench in your throat making you uncomfortable. “I’ll.. make you some cinnamon french toast tomorrow morning.. I-I think we have ice cream in the fridge.. u-unless if you prefer strawberries or uh, b-blueberries?”

Your began to twist the cuffs of your sweater, feeling the cautious stare of the silent monster on you as if he didn’t trust your word.

But then again, they think you’re one of those people who’d come to protest about their rights despite not being a residence in this city. It was stupid.

You exhaled shakily, hoping that the smile you sent him was a convincing one.

“WOULD YOU BE HERE?” The bright spunk was back and you couldn’t help but smile wider. You had classes to attend that morning, the whole schedule you pulled together was kind of hectic but you liked it as it bent with your future working hours.

Still, you weren’t looking forward to working 10:00Pm to 4:00 Am shifts. If it pays well, the whole thing would be worth it.

“Uhm, no?” You spoke after a few moments of silence. “I have classes in the morning. But I can leave yours in the microwave. Just heat it up when you get here.” Clapping your hands, you smiled. “It’s a plan, then?”

“MHM. OKAY! I’M LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR COOKING, MISS!” A soft ‘clink’ of a smooth surface kissing the corners of your lips, intentionally the soft kiss was for your cheeks but you could feel the soft air that came out of the monster’s mouth—and you couldn’t help but blush.

This is insane, you don’t know who this monster is and yet there you were blushing over a simple kiss on the cheek.

They had shuffled their way to the door, the taller monster sparing you a glance as he followed after his excitable brother. His hands dug into his pockets with a tight smile.
When you heard the front door click shut, you threw off your sweater, the blush not leaving your face as you began to clean up to distract yourself. Also, it’ll look good in your brother’s eyes.

Washing the dishes, spraying Febreze, washing the floor and re-organizing the shelves in the living room. And during this whole time, your best friend hadn’t returned from the post office yet. Looking over at the clock, you bit your lip and slipped off the rubber gloves and picked up your phone.

You sighed softly at the messages sent by Josh, choosing to ignore it and reply later as you clicked on your friend’s name.

‘Where are you?’ You texted, turning on the ringer as you returned to twist out the mop, slipping on the bright yellow gloves on.

The soft chime cut you off as you were scrubbing the countertop. Leaving the bubbly surface, you took off one glove and switched your phone on.

‘I’m coming up the elevator. Be there in 1.’ And as if on cue, the front door opened. Revealing your friend’s scowling face. You went back to the kitchen to wipe away the counter, the bubbles now wiped down with a soft, damp cloth.

She dropped the package carelessly near the door and marched into the apartment with her shoes dripping wet, dirt splotches dripping down her shoes and she purposely shook each foot before kicking off her shoes. The loud thud it made when it slammed onto the door caused you to flinch. A subtle glare on the floor near her footing, the clean spot now littered with rainwater and dirt.

“Oh.” She gasped. “My bad.”

You rolled your eyes, it could’ve been worse. Dropping the scrub in the skin, you picked up the mop and cleaned around her. The soft gasp she let out as you purposefully went over her feet before pulling away with a satisfied nod.

“What was so important to discuss that you had to kick out my guests?” She pinched the bright of her nose. Taking off her (now wet) socks and threw it down the hall.

You cringed slightly, lowering the mop back into its bucket and leaned onto the counter, pulling yourself on top of it.

“Joseph’s coming over.” The silence that followed your words unnerved you. Did she knew about the distaste they had with her? No, she mistook it as your other friend.

“That’s great!” She bounced, walking towards you and placing her hands on your thighs. Flinching from her touch, you immediately stood up, taking a step from her as you forced a laugh.

“Yeah, uh…” you trailed, unsure how to tell her to leave for the day. “Maybe… go visit your monster friends?”

“Why?” She tilted her head. “I haven’t seen your family in so long, it’ll be nice to see Joe.”

You twisted your tongue in your mouth. No, no she couldn’t! They didn’t know you asked her to move in with you, they’d be furious that you kept it a secret. No doubt that Joseph would tell your parents and then Josh. You frowned.

“They don’t know we’re living together.”
“You didn’t tell them?” She asked, a tone in her voice you couldn’t pinpoint. Flinching again, you avoided her accusing stare. The tension in the room turned cold the longer you avoided her stare. What could you say? ‘They don’t like you because you’re a trust fund who takes things for granted.’ Yeah, no.

“I wanted to keep it a secret, so they wouldn’t worry too much.”

“That doesn’t make sense, Y/n.” She snapped. “If they don’t know you have a roommate, then of course they’d be worried! You live in a monster city, for godsakes!”

She forced a laugh. “Comical, Y/n. Very comical of you.”

You opened your mouth to protest, to say something, anything that would throw her off of your trails. She couldn’t know they hated her.

“I know.. just..” You sighed, running a hand through your hair to ease the tension on your shoulders. But the sharp look your roommate was giving you only made you sigh loudly.

“You wouldn’t leave when I asked you to, so I’m staying too.” She huffed, the furrow in her eyebrows worsening as she thought in silence. Shooting you a judging look, her lips twisted upwards.

“I’m inviting them back, and there is nothing you say can stop me.” She spat harshly bumping shoulders with you and slammed the door to her room.

The slam shook the wall, making you sigh once more but this time in frustration. Perhaps asking her to leave after you refused to was hypocritical of you.

She was going to ask her friends to come back and that only worsened the situation for you. You couldn’t ask Joseph not to come, especially since he was already on the road.

Fishing out your phone from your pocket, you groaned softly. The text messages from Josh was weighing in. Ignoring that, you pulled up Joseph’s messages.

In four hours, he’d be here.

Along with your friend’s other friends.

You silently prayed that it wouldn’t be Red and whoever Mean was. Someone who could soothe your brother and not rile him up. You shook your head and hastily sent a ‘can’t wait to see you!’ to Joseph and went into your room, taking your laptop from the dresser and to sit in the living room.

Looking through a few more rejection emails, watching beauty guru dramas for half an hour, and then some old horror playthrough, the buzzer to your apartment startled you from a jumpscare, a loud help came from you as you ripped the earphone out. Your heart hammering in your chest as you looked up from the screen.

Your best friend’s laugh made you flush in embarrassment as you shut your laptop and sat straight.

Your heart was still pounding in your chest as you went to pull the hood over you head—only to realize that you weren’t wearing any hoodie. You frowned softly at that, and placed your laptop on the coffee table as your friend went to open the door.

Your breath was caught in your throat as she laughed and told them to come in.
“I hope you don’t mind my roommate. She refuses to stay in her room while you guys visit.”

You frowned as she told another lie about you. The low chuckle from the door made you tense up. It wasn’t low as Red’s, probably a vocal or two higher.

“S’no problem.” The person said, nonchalantly as she lead the two into the living room.

Your eyes must’ve boggled because stars seemed to grow from the other’s eye sockets. This wasn’t the two earlier that morning but instead, two different monsters stood behind your friend.

One was familiar while the other was a mystery.

“OH, ITS YOU!” The volume in his voice hadn’t changed and you couldn’t help but grin as a weight lifted from your shoulders. At least it was someone you knew. Sort of.

Fully unaware of the surprised scowl that immediately appeared on your friend’s face as she glared at the tall skeleton.

The smile on the shorter one tightened at that.

But you were blissfully unaware as Papyrus immediately went to your side, taking up most of the space on the love seat by his larger bones.

“IT’S BEEN A WHILE SINCE THE MALL, I WOULD HAVE KEPT IN TOUCH BUT I FORGOT TO ASK YOU FOR YOUR NUMBER.” He slumped slightly only to bounce back as he turned to you, ignoring the two near the door in favour of giving you his full attention.

“GARRUS AND UNDYNE MENTIONS YOU SOMETIMES DURING OUR TRAINING. I TRIED ASKING HIM FOR YOUR NUMBER BUT HE SAID I HAVE TO ASK YOU,” he quickly dug into his pants pockets and took out his phone, meekly handing it to you with a soft orange blush over his cheekbones.

Aw, cute.

Your cheeks were beginning to hurt with the amount of smiles you were giving Papyrus. Something about him always screamed ‘gentle giant’ as he was two or three heads taller than you.

He noticed your lack of attention and lowered his phone to his lap, nervously twisting his gloves while avoiding your soft look, the orange hue in his cheeks intensifying the longer you stared at him with a fond look.

“O–OF COURSE, YOU MIGHT BE INTIMIDATED BY MY GREATNESS, NYEH HEH HEH~!”

You shook out of your daze and smiled widely. The amount of confidence he held beaming throughout your apartment. Giggling at him, you muttered a soft “so cool!” So that they couldn’t hear you.

But it seemed Papyrus heard you because his laughter stopped mid-heh, and the magical orange blush became brighter, spreading to the rest of his skull.

To save him from himself, you took the flip phone. It was outdated compared to the iphones you were used too but it made sense since you needed skin to operate a touch screen. When you turned it on, you noticed that it was a massive upgrade to your average flip phone.
‘Wow.’ You thought, going to his contacts and saving your phone number into it. Saving your contact as “Y/n the human”.

You handed the phone back to papyrus, his blush now steady and near gone when you glanced at him. Giddy, he took his phone back and stuffed it into his pockets.

“GREAT! I’LL TEXT YOU FIVE MINUTES AFTER WE LEAVE! A FRIEND OF THE GREAT PAPYRUS SHOULDN’T BE NEGLECTED LONGER THAN THAT!”

And then it clicked, he was one of the loud voices you heard few days ago. He was gushing about spaghetti and that it was tasty in his opinion over lasagna and tacos.

Although you loved all three, you didn’t have a preference. They were all good in your book.

You cringed slightly at the thought of the evil lasagna, but made no comment about it as your friend shoved herself in between the two of you. A fake smile was stretched on her lips as she looked at you then over at Papyrus.

“How did you two meet, if I can ask.” She sent you an accusing look before looking over at Papyrus, who was uncomfortably shifting in his spot, unsure if it would be rude to get up and sit on the other couch.

“The mall.” You spoke, pushing yourself off the love seat and went to sit on the larger couch next to the unnamed skeleton. Ignoring his cautious stare as he not-so-subtly scooted sway.

“I thought you were looking for jobs? Not…” She eyed Papyrus. “Not making friends.”

Sinking into the couch while you pouted, you crossed your arms. “I was looking for a job. We went into this pet shop and a fish lady came up to us and began to talk to Garrus, accusing me of being a third person to a relationship, and then Papyrus came into the picture.”

The way she eyed you made it seem like she didn’t believe you, taking your words as falsehood.

“I thought you hated monsters.” She quickly spaced, scooting a little closer to Papyrus much to his dismay. You frowned at this but before you could defend yourself, Papyrus stood up.

“She was tensed during our first meeting, yes. But I thought it was because she hadn’t had any real interactions with monsters before.” He looked at you and sat back down on the safe side of his brother, visibly relaxing.

“So I took it as someone to help her.” He frowned, thinking back to your nervous state. “She didn’t come off as someone who hated us.”

You smiled gratefully at him, turning to your best friend with a nonchalant shrug. “It’s true.”

She huffed, crossing your legs and turned away from you to glare at a wall. “Fine.”

You sighed inaudibly, looking at the unnamed skeleton and Papyrus. Ignoring your fumming friend in favour of the two monsters.

“Hi, I’m Y/n L/n.”

“I’M THE GREAT PAPYRUS, BUT YOU ALREADY KNEW THAT, Y/N!”

“M’name’s Sans. Sans the skeleton.”
You wondered if he liked puns like the other skeleton you met. How long ago was it since you last went to Muffet’s? Three-four days ago?
The way he held himself was kind of similar to the tall, lanky skeleton. The lack of eye bags didn’t surprise you as he looked like he got some sleep on the ride over, but there was no doubt a certain tiredness around his aura.

Oh, and he was obviously cautious around you.

You mustered up your best genuine smile. “It’s nice to meet you, Sans the skeleton.”

The huff coming from your friend pulled you from your charade. Right, right. Friend stealing and all that. Your pursed your lips as you pulled yourself off the couch.

“I’ll go make lunch, have fun?” You looked at your friend before going past the room and into the tiled floor that is the kitchen. It was still fairly clean, the floor was finally dried and the scrub still lingered in the skin, forgotten until now.

You picked it up and placed it on the hook under the sink, grabbed the mop bucket and put it in the tub in the bathroom. Self-note to scrub down the bathtub whenever you have the time.

When you arrived back in the kitchen, you were surprised to see Papyrus sitting at the table while twisting his red mittens. The circle hole in his palm surprised you even more. How have you not noticed it before?

“I WANTED TO ASSIST YOU WHILE SANS AND YOUR FRIEND PLAY VIDEO GAMES.” He spoke softly—er, softly as he could. “I HOPE YOU DO NOT MIND.”

It was obvious that he was uncomfortable with your friend. With how clingy she was being, you understood as you had to live with her. She could be insufferable when she could be.

“I don’t mind.” You waved him over. Looking through the cabinets. “Since you’ll be my sous-chef, what do you think we should make?” You asked, slipping on the apron and handing him the bigger one.

You looked at the clock on the stove. 10:35 am. You had three more hours until your brother arrives. Hopefully you can smooth them out of the apartment until then.

It was a bit early to make lunch, you concluded, but you needed an excuse to leave the monsters to your friends and having lunch few hours early never hurts anyone.

“SPAGHETTI?”

You giggled. Should’ve seen that one coming. “Spaghetti is supposed to be for dinner,” his expressions fell. Nooo don’t make that face!

“But I guess we could have it for lunch, I feel like mixing it up a bit today.” You quickly added, and the shine was back as he immediately gathered the ingredients to make the spaghetti.

Classic store bought noodles were laid on the counter long with tomatoes and a slab of lean ground beef.

“Meatballs too?” You asked, opening the packet and putting it into a bowl.

“YES, I WILL BEGIN WORKING THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE SAUCE.” You nodded your head and began to combine the breadcrumbs, adding little onion in it along with salt and
peppers.

A small ‘nyeh!’ followed by a loud thud surprise you from your kneading, turning to look at papyrus, you quickly caught his wrist from slamming into the vegetables.

“What are you doing?!” You asked, looking at the smushed up tomato and the splattering around your cleaned counter.

“ADDING THE PASSION? I NOTICED HOW YOU LACKED IT WHEN MAKING THE MEAT OF BALLS.” He gestured to the bowl on the table.

You gently unhooked your fingers from his radius bone, a furrow in your eyebrow as you went to grab a cloth from the bathroom and began to clean up the splatters, much to Papyrus’s confusion.

“The passion comes from the heart.” You said, gently dabbing the juices from his exposed arm. “You work with the food gently to mix the flavours in and not overwork the meat.”

“I...I DON’T FOLLOW?”

You sighed, hanging up the cloth and turned to him, taking out a cutting board and a kitchen knife. Placing it where the squashed tomato used to be, you plucked out the green top, turning to Papyrus and grabbed his hand. Gently leading him to dice the tomato.

“Cooking comes from the soul, you cook slowly while mixing in the other ingredients to show the passion you have for it.” Your movements began to quicken, the hand you hand over Papyrus’ slowly following as you turned it over and began to cut into small dices, before placing it into the pan. You repeated the process until it was nearly enough to feed four people.

Giving Papyrus some pointers while mincing the parsley, he nodded with each advice, taking everything you said into his soul and marked it ‘important’ as you went back to your meat of balls.

When you weren’t looking, he would look back at you and admire how you handled kneading the meat. It was slow in his opinion, but the look on your face had overrunned that thought.

Even if your face twisted into mild disgust as the meat would squish through your fingers, you looked content, like you loved cooking as much as he did.

A feeling swelled in his stomach, turning back to mincing the garlic you insisted on adding into the sauce, he obliged and scraped it into the pan. Pushing away whatever he was feeling then and there, and continued on.

When he put the heat on high, you were putting the meat of balls into the oven to cook before drowsing it into the sauce, you immediately lowered the heat and explained to Papyrus that if any higher, the sauce could be ruined and would throw if the tastiness they two of you (mostly him but under your careful watch) had threw together.

He had pouted but nodded anyways.

Onto boiling the water, you explained to him to add a pinch of salt as the noodles boiled over, stirring every few minutes.

You had to explain the sauce again but with the high heat of the boiling water.

“The noodles won’t cook evenly if you constantly stir and leave it on high heat.” You had said, “it takes time, yes, but it’ll be a time worth spend when you eat it and enjoy it.”
Everything Undyne had taught him was hurled out the window, like the time he jumped through her window when Frisk came to hang out, and opened his mind to new ideas to cook. The way you did it was so slow unlike the ‘burning passion’ Undyne showed him. It was...soothing in some ways, watching you cook with him by your side.

Pouring a cup of water into the sauce, he watched as you added a pinch of salt and pepper, he watched you take the cooked meat of balls out of the oven and gently placed it in the pan. Covering it to shimmer and lowered the heat even more.

“WOWIE…” he breathed, unable to take his eyes from you.

You giggled as you stirred the noodles. “Wowie, indeed.”

The aroma that danced in the kitchen was unfamiliar to Papyrus. Unfamiliar and new. He liked it—and he wished he could be around some more and just.. watch you work in the kitchen. The soft smile on your lips when you’d mix something, the pout on your lips when you found something to be difficult. Everything was poured into this particular dish.

A soft blush appeared on his cheekbones when you caught him staring yet again, you rose your eyebrow at him as you took the strainer from the lower cabinet.

“THIS IS… VERY NICE, Y/N.” he said after calming down the orange glow. “I HOPE WE DO IT SOME MORE.”

“I hope we do it some more, too, Paps.” You grinned, pouring the noodles into the strainer and poured it back into the pot.

Papyrus’ silence and your soft hum was the only sound coming from the kitchen as the gaming music intensified in the living room.

“There is extra chairs in the closet.” You pointed down the hall with your tongue, your hands holding onto the pot. ”could you get it while I set up the table?”

“OF COURSE.” He nodded at you, standing up from his leaning position and went to fetch the two foldable chairs. When he returned into the kitchen, he watched you placed each plate on all four corners, a spoon and fork near each plate with both pot and pan on the table on top of a custard. A metal teapot was on top of the stove where the pan previously was.

You worked fast, he noticed.

“This IS EXCELLENT. IT'S EXCITING TO SHARE NEW KNOWLEDGE ON CUTLERY.. THANK YOU, Y/N.”

You stopped your movements, looking over at Papyrus for a second before a smile broke through your gaping mouth. “You’re welcome, Papyrus, it was fun.” You giggled. Walking around the table and in front of him. On your tiptoes, he watched as you closed the distance in between the two of you and softly, like a feather, placed your lips on his cheek bones.

“We should make this a weekly thing.” You said when you pulled back, your eyes trained on his brother and your friend, completely unaware of the bright orange that dusted over his cheekbones yet once more. His magic seems to react a lot around you… he wondered why.

You maneuvered yourself around him as you walked into the living room, leaving him to his thoughts.
Did that mean you like him? He liked you too but not in that sense! You were his dear friend, he wouldn’t want to do anything that would tear that.

“Food’s ready.” Your voice cut the train of thought.

“Yeeah..” came your friend’s voice, the music pausing. “I’m not eating whatever he made. I almost threw up last time.”

There wasn’t a wall of anything separating the kitchen and living room, the two were basically conjoined after the reconstruction she did, so Papyrus heard everything. While his shoulders slumped in rejection, You had scoffed loudly.

“Watch it.” Sans hissed.

Unsure if it was you or her, he was warning to, you frowned and gesturing to the table. “Just come eat, I promise it’s good.”

You looked over your shoulder to smile at Papyrus. “After all, Me and my favourite sous-chef made it.”

When you didn’t get a reply from your friend, you sighed and looked over at Sans. “C’mon, she’ll come when she’s done being dramatic.” You giggled at her offended look, turning your heel and went to sit down, facing the living room. Papyrus quickly pulled the chair from one corner to sit next to you, while sans took the other side. A giddy bounce in his leg as he waited for your friend to join the tree of you.

With two puppy eyes staring her down, she grumbled and stood up, glaring over at you in a heated hatred, she marched down the hall and slammed the door that it shook the wall.

Sans blew a low whistle. “Damn.”

“She’s just...tired.” The excuse you made had given you doubtful stares from the two brothers. Without anymore comment on her, Papyrus began to serve the two of you then himself.

A small groan came from you as you bit into the meat of ball with some of the noodle, Papyrus watched you for a section before rolling himself the noodles, grabbed a meat of ball with the spoon and shoveled the noodles into his mouth followed by the meat.

Your reaction made much more sense when he ate. Everything you had said was true. The ingredients had mixed together beautifully and he could taste the time and care you took into making the meatball.

“Heh, good job kiddo.” Sans spoke, opening his mouth and popping the saucy meatball into his mouth. The bright blue tongue catching you off guard as he licked his teeth. A wink sent your way when you were caught staring.

Blushing, you cleared your throat and forced the blush down.

“Nope, Papyrus made it. Thank him for it.” You spoke after swallowing, turning to the happy Paps by your side.

“IT'S BETTER THAN WHAT I HAVE MADE. THE CREDITS GO TO YOU, Y/N!” He shook his head, smiling as he took another bite of the food.

The buzzer cut off the words that died into your throat. The three of you had stopped eating to stare
at the door for a second—before you stood up so fast that the chair as tipped over, crashing onto
the tiled floor as you quickly went around the table and towards the door.

The commotion had lead your friend down the hall, a small “what’s going on?” was sent to the
monsters in your kitchen, Sans shrugged as the shock wore off while Papyrus stared at your back in
concern. What had made you react so badly?

"J-Joseph!” You screamed, throwing the door open and using your small body to block your
brother’s view. The monsters visibly tensed at the alarm in your voice. Your friend immediately
perked up and went to stand next to you, shoving you out of the way and pulled your brother into a
tight hug.

“Joseph!” She cried, a happy giggle coming from her.

“Baby sis… and you..?” His back was bent awkwardly as he had to lean forward to match your
friend’s height.

You hissed softly as your side slammed against the door with your injured hand sandwiched in
between.

Joseph sent you a look, before glaring down at your friend, unhooking her arms around his neck, he
immediately went to your side ignoring the words spewing out of your friend’s mouth in favour of
getting to you. He noticed the angry scowl on her face when he did that, and he couldn’t help but
smirk.

“Baby sis, y-your injured!” He stuttered, looking at your poorly wrapped hand. Cupping your
cheek to make you look up at him, he searched your eyes for any pain—he saw a lot and the anger
was tuned to your friend. He wrapped his arms around you, the crinkle of the little white bag was
ignored as he spat hatefully.

And just like that, your usually composed brother snapped.

“What the fuck did you do!?”

Your friend’s mouth opened and closed, struggling to find the words that was trapped in her throat,
She looked at you for help but the panicked and alarmed expression you wore told her that you
wouldn’t be able to say anything.

“I didn’t—” she squealed when your brother made a threatening step forward.

“I don’t fucking care.” You brother snapped, softly grabbing your arm (despite his obvious anger)
he lead you further into your apartment, finding you resisting. It was odd. He wanted to check the
wounds and why you had—

His eyes visibly sharpened at the guests at your dinner table. He hadn’t noticed the aroma. He
hadn’t noticed the squeak coming from one of them, he hadn’t noticed your panicked tears.

The anger he felt, the betrayal he felt…. well, let’s just say he was glad Josh wasn’t here.

Because, all he could say with heavy malice and hostility at that moment was…

“Monsters.”

Chapter End Notes
Big bro Joe is here *Eye emoji*

Let’s all just appreciate that it’s Joseph and not Josh, yeah? ‘Cause pretty sure Josh would react MUCH worse than Joseph had.

See you Friday!

Oh and uh, if ur interested go check out this other work by me it’s called : Swapped Over!
Brother, dear.

Chapter Summary

Mentions of panic attacks, self-inflicted harm, and hyperventilating. Please read at your own risk.

Chapter Notes

OKAY SO
this is 2,000 words shorter but I really didn’t have anything else to add—since I just wanted y’all to get a taste of that sweet, sweet lovely brotherly ‘love’

BUT! i’ll Post again tmrw (like, 7-9 o’clock Central standard time if not, then 1:00am-7:00am) if I have the time (and feel motivated bc pls)

Also, uh, I really hate updating in the middle of the day for some reason? I update on the AM’s because?? It’s like a little surprise when you wake up and !!! Oh an update!!! Yenno? So, that’ll be the first.

Also pt2, the plot hasn’t even started yet? I’m just giving y’all a little bit of taste of what to expect n’all.

Actual plot will happen when the reader starts working:^)

OKAY! Sorry for the longass front note aHHH

The afternoon sky was clouded, the trees were beginning to bare and the weather dropping a few degrees cold.

Yet with the cool breeze outside, Y/n found that her apartment was much, much colder. Her heart hammering in her chest and her hands becoming clammy as Joseph’s eyes never left the two skeletons in her kitchen.

He was heaving, his shoulders dropping and rising at a pace as he tried to compose himself with deep breaths. He tore his gaze from the two monsters and to the girl. Her hair pulled back into a ponytail, sweatpants with a black tank top. He scowled at her and turned to his sister.

“Y/n.” He said, pinching the bridge of his nose. Removing his round glasses, carefully holding it in his palms as his shoulders shook.

“Monsters. Jesus fuck, Y/n. What were you thinking? And with her?”

She opened her mouth to speak, to say something in defence to her friend and her friends. What could she say? That she had only lied about living alone because they were going to react the way she knew they would?
She closed her mouth and lowered her gaze to the floor. She couldn’t say that to Joseph. He didn’t deserve the lies she fed him.

“You.” Joseph turned to her best friend. “Get out.”

“Wha-?! I live here! You get out!” She cried, pointing to the door.

Joseph’s eyes hardened. “It wasn’t a suggestion. Get out before I make you.” He hissed, ripping a coat near the door and threw it into her face, savouring the shocked expression on her face.

“Tsk, just because Y/n’s too weak to stand up to you, doesn’t mean I am! Who do you think you are storming into MY apartment, throwing MY—”

“DOES IT LOOK LIKE I GIVE A SHIT!?” The volume in Joseph’s voice silenced her rant, hardly noticing how small Y/n balled herself. Her arms tightly around her chest, her breathing beginning to rag.

She flinched when Joseph yelled, a rare occurrence. Joseph hardly ever raised his voice or showed any form of negative thoughts. Always a tensed smile, a fake tone and a ‘perfect’ guy posture.

Y/n’s best friend flinched, holding onto her coat as she nodded her head. Cowering like a dog in a losing fight.

“All I fucking want to do right now is talk to my baby sister. Not please some trust fund.” He turned to Sans and Papyrus, his eyes a burning hell when he examined the two skeletons. A fake laugh coming from him as he tossed the small white bag and his glasses onto the couch.

Sans’ tensed grin faltered slightly when Joseph’s attention switched from the two girls to him and his brother. His hand subconsciously touching Papyrus’ arm, in case if they needed to shortcut outta there.

“Look, I don’t appreciate some soul fucking monsters near my baby sis.” A chill ran down Sans’ spine. Cold, like a winter morning. He could feel the temperature drop decreasingly the long her held eye contact with your brother.

“Look, buddy. That isn’t a way to treat a lady.” It was a warning for him to back down. His hold on his brother’s arm tightened as Joseph slammed his hands onto the table, shaking it slightly with the force he used.

“And I will apologize for it. Later. I want the two of you outta here. Far away from my sister. The two of you are very fucking lucky I ditched my bro, he would’ve flipped the whole fucking apartment into shreds if he found out some trashy monsters were here.”

“T-t..they aren’t bad…”

Sans and Joseph’s attention immediately went to you. Making you flinch under the hard looks. Your voice was small, meek and fragile. You no longer stood but crouched down onto the floor as panicked tears rolled down your cheeks, your hands slightly shaking as you struggled to breathed in and out, trying to steady the overwhelming tightness in your chest.

“Kid…” Sans called, raising his hands when Joseph shot him a hateful stare.

“Don’t talk to her like you know her.” He snapped. “It’s fucking disgusting.”

Sans’ eyebrows furrowed, his eye lights dying out. “I’m only trying to—”
“She doesn’t need your help, nor did she ask for it.” He looked down at the spaghetti, his face twisting in disgust before looking up at the taller skeleton. “Why would she need help from a bunch of freaks like you?”

Papyrus… he didn’t know what to do. Sure he had his fair share of racial humans but… his attention went to you. You were beginning to hyperventilate, slowly rocking yourself back and forth with low mumbles coming from you.

This is the first time he’d ever see a human on a verge of a panic attack.

“You aren’t doing much help there, buddy.”

The overflowing magic in the room made his soul buzz and on high alert at the danger, ready to be pulled into a FIGHT. He clenched his hand over his soul.

“D-don’t…” Papyrus frowned at your voice. “D-don’t do that..” Sans tore his eyes from Joseph to you, You were beginning to claw at your scalp, softly crying as you begged weakly to your brother.

How many times has he used this tactic on you?

“Don’t do that, kid. You’ll hurt yourself.” Sans’ voice hadn’t cut through your inner battle, he swore under his breath as he turned his attention back on Joseph—However, he could only tense in his touch as he was dragged over the table by his collar.

“SANS…!” Papyrus gasped and was quick on his feet, his hand outstretched to use his magic. The orange hue dying out almost instantly as Sans held out a hand, telling his brother to stop.

“Don’t worry Paps, I got this under control.”

“Yes, But…” He looked at the hostile human, twisting his mittens in his hands nervously. His brother only had 1 HP for stars sake and your brother looked like he wasn’t one to back down from a fight.

“Check up on Y/n.”

“No way. Don’t you dare lay a finger on her.” Your brother’s fist tightened, bringing Sans closer to him as the pot that held the spaghetti clatter on the floor, spilling the semi-hot noodles, followed by the shatter of a plate.

“If she keeps hyperventilating like that, she’ll pass out and hit the end table!” Sans tried to reason, holding onto Joseph’s wrist. “She’s hurting herself for stars sakes.”

But Joseph refused.

Papyrus frowned. Looking at you clawing your scalp, the tears staining your face… your face that was smiling not even an hour ago, your whole body shook as you pathetically pleaded Joseph and… a Josh to stop it.

If only he could get close to you without alarming Joseph. He could heal you with his magic, soothe you with his soul.

He swallowed the non existent saliva. What he was going to do was going to take damage on his own soul, and potentially the friendship he wants to build with you.

As if Sans knew what Papyrus was going to do, he wrapped his hands from Joseph’s wrist and
began trying to pry his hands from his shirt.

“Paps, don’t!” He shouted, his eye a blaze with blue magic. Even if Sans knew what his brother was going to do from the good will in his soul, he couldn’t exactly stop him with himself while being held above solid ground. He began to kick his feet, trying to avoid using magic on the offending human that was your brother.

Your best friend hadn’t done anything to comfort you as you sobbed on the floor. She would look at you for a second with a disgusted look then turn her attention into the kitchen, feigning innocence.

Sans noticed, yes, and he didn’t like it one bit.

“Don’t go near her, beanstalk.” Your brother hissed, watching Papyrus by the corner of his eyes, keeping his iron grip on the small skeleton.

Sans could use a shortcut out of the grip, but your brother was barely touching his collar bone. If he used a shortcut, your brother would follow.

“I AM SINCERELY SORRY, MR. JOSEPH. BUT MY FRIEND NEEDS TO GET AWAY FROM THIS SITUATION. IF SHE CONTINUES TO CLAW AT HERSELF, SHE WILL BLEED.” Papyrus’ volume was back. He carefully stood up, keeping his eye lights on your brother as he walked around the table. Keeping a fair distance from your brother while slowly making his way towards you.

“Like hell she does!” He snapped, causing Papyrus to pause. “The three of you need to leave her life, I won’t have any monster freak and some bitch control her life.” He spat, shoving Sans onto the table which made the rest of the plates along with the utensils and the pan that held the sauce, shatter onto the tiled floor. Messing up your hard work.

Sans grunted as he slipped off the other side of the table, landing harshly on his side. Papyrus immediately went to his side, helping him up while checking his stats. He sighed in relief when he noticed that it was still a full 1%.

Your cry had made him look up. Joseph tried to carry you, but you were trashing in his arms. Begging and pleading him to leave you alone, that you were at fault and that you didn’t want to go back in the attic.

Before Papyrus could stop himself, a low orange glow appeared around you and ever-so-softly, he plucked you from your brother’s grasp and slowly drifted you towards him.

Sans’ words entering his ear and out the other as he quickly wrapped his arms around you, a low glow of green in his palms as he ran his hand through your scalp, holding your arms down with his magic as you began to panic some more. Calling him Josh, begging josh to untie you and not leave you in the scary darkness.

His soul twisted with dread. When he was finished with healing your scalp, Papyrus barely noticed your brother that stood in front of the three of you, a chair raised in the air.

His eyes were a devoid of any light, only a dull e/c that stared into his soul.* A tight line on his lips.

Instinctively, Papyrus held you close, wrapping his arms around you and sheltered you from the chair—and for a moment, everything felt weightless…
When the feeling of gravity weighed on his bones, he uncurled over you to gather his surroundings.

Familiar red bed frame, the skull and bones carpet, his action figures near the bookshelf.

He sighed heavily and leaned on his bed frame, a twinge in his soul making him flinch—but his hold hasn’t wavered from you as you continued to sob into his chest, still silently begging Josh and Joseph to stop.

He never liked shortcuts. They were a lazy tactic to get around—and he preferred to travel and watch the rolling hills.

But, with the way you were, the situation was dire and he... kinda, sorta, forced the shortcut. He knew he wasn’t as efficient like his brother, he was just glad he wasn’t in between walls or floors again.

The twinge in his soul made him twitch in agony.

However, he pushed it away and threw his red gloves onto the floor, ignoring it for a bit as a soft glow of green illuminated his room as his hands went to your forehead, soothing you softly with the healing magic. Whatever you were feeling at this moment was coming from your head, not your human heart.

You thought you were in a dusty attic in the middle of the night, tied up in a corner with boxes upon boxes piled up.

He heard you mutter and plea, he heard you break and sob.

And normally, he wouldn’t bring a friend into his room. But, again, he needed to get you out of that situation and he brought you to a place he thought was the safest. He flinched when he heard a loud cry from downstairs and you immediately tensed up.

Hushing you softly, he placed both of his exposed palms on your head. Softly massaging your scalp as large blobs of tears began to pool around your eyelashes once more.

“Bro,” Sans spoke up, appearing in the middle of his room and magic popped around him before disappearing.

“We gotta take her back.” He said, rubbing his arm—Bone marrow was leaking out of his ulna bone. “Her brother is freaking out, turning the apartment upside down looking for her.”

Papyrus’ hold on you tightened. Protectively moving you away from Sans.

“BROTHER—” you inhaled sharply, making Papyrus stop before he tried again but this time in a smaller voice. “Brother, We Can’t. He And...Josh Tied Her Up A-And...”

He could feel his voice wavering. The mutters you whispered replaying in his mind over and over again, like a broken record player. Your smiling face when the two of you cooking seemed like a distant memory the longer he held onto you.

“I know the situation is bad, but we have to return her or else he’ll call the human police and report a kidnap. We aren’t supposed to use magic on humans, you know that.” Sans stuffed his hands into his sweater pockets, his shoulders falling when Papyrus didn’t said anything.

A police in training had broken several treaty laws in less than an hour.
He exhaled shakily. “He Won’t Let Us See Her Again.”

“....I know.”

“He’s The Reason She’s Like this.”

“I-I...I know.”

The bedroom was engulfed in silence. You had stopped sobbing and resulted into soft sniffles in your sleep. Your nose was bright red and your eyes were puffy. With the amount of crying you endorsed today, Papyrus worried for you.

Even though the two of you just met today (well, met at the mall but that was only brief.) Papyrus felt like he should protect you. Protect you from the clutches of your brothers.

Your friend would definitely help. She was paralyzed with fear at the apartment but once Joseph left, she could help you. He sighed and reluctantly placed you into Sans’ arms. His older brother grunted softly as a familiar blue glow engulfed you.

“Oh, Your Injuries!” Papyrus gasped, now noticing the bleeding marrow.

“’tis but a scratch. I’ll stop by Toriel’s and have her heal it for me.” Sans frowned softly, his eye lights trained on his chest. Papyrus lifted his hand to cover his soul.

“What’s ‘bout you? You alright?”

“TIS BUT A SCRATCH.”

Sans chuckled at his own words. He nodded his head, looking down at his soul once more before he winked and disappeared with a crinkle of magic, Papyrus was left alone in the middle of his room.

Now appearing in your room, Sans softly placed you in your bed, pulling the covers under your chin. His eye lights died out as he softly caressed your cheek, his attention drawn to your soul and disappeared as the door opened.

Joseph sighed deeply, hanging up the phone and gently placing it on your dresser. Crouching down to your level, he softly ran his fingers through your hair.

A smile stretched on his cracked lips as he watched your chest fall and rise in a steady pace.

“You’re safe.” He muttered under his breath. His eyes was distant, yet held a fond look within them.

He had called Josh in a frenzy, hastily telling him about the situation—he panicked and demanded him to look for you, to call the human authorities and get whoever took you behind bars, or in a shady basement.

He didn’t say they were monsters, though. You’ve gone through enough with him just being there. As much as he didn’t want to admit it, he hated how he acted and how he was the cause of your panic.

He had panicked too. He tried so hard not to snap when he saw trust fund but it felt good to yell at her after all she had done throughout high school. But when he saw those two monsters in the kitchen, he just... lost it.
How close were they into getting your soul? His precious baby sister’s soul and snatching you away with a whisk of a hand?

His gentle strokes stopped, bundling your hair into a small ball in his fists. Where did that thing take you? Did they plan all of this from the start?

He lowered his head to your bed. A long sigh coming from him as he tried to calm himself down.

He stood up from his crouched position, grabbing your phone from your pocket and thumb-printed your thumb before looking through your contacts.

Mom, Dad, trust fund, Josh, Him and a few other friends he recognized. He paused mid-scroll, narrowing his eyes slightly at the ‘Fav sous-chef’ contact. As he was about to click on it, you shifted in your bed with a groan. Making your brother freeze up. Swallowing thickly, he went to your notes and typed down an apology.

‘Don’t forget to take your meds. You went into a panic because you didn’t take them, Y/n. Please take them and… please do not talk to those monsters again. They were the reason you went into a panic(and dreadfully, that was my part, too.). I’m very sorry I wasn’t here to protect you. I have another night shift at the hospital. It’s almost 2:30pm but I think I’m gonna go and try to persuade Josh not to drop in.

I’ll see you at thanksgiving:^).

Joseph.’

He shut off your phone and placed it on your pillow, leaning over your bed to give a gentle kiss on your forehead before caressing your cheek with his finger. Too cute to be living in a city filled with disgusting monsters.

Despite this, his face was neutral. Like he was devoid of any emotions, only watching you with a ghost smile.

When you woke up, your best friend was watching you from the door. A mug of tea in her hands and a heated look in her eyes.

The headache hit you like a train, your brain felt like it was going to burst out of your skull and you couldn’t help but groan. Yet you shoved the covers off and groggily sat up from your bed.

“I hope you’re happy.” Your friend snapped from the door. Looking up, you hissed softly at the light and blocked it with your arm.

“What..what do you mean?” You muttered, forcing yourself to stand only to sit back down when a wave of lightheadedness washed over you.

“Papyrus keeps asking about you. What did you do? Did you seduce him or something?” She brought the cup to her lips and took a long, loud sip.

“Sans is avoiding my texts, too!”

“I’m sorry. I-I..I tried getting you to leave the apartment before he came…I didn’t know he’d be an hour early.”

“Oh-oh no, Missy! Don’t try to pin this on me! It’s your fault they won’t talk to me and that your brother is a complete psychopath!”
You swallowed the forming lump in your throat, your eyes beginning to blur as tears softly gather once more. The pounding headache wasn’t making this better, either. Your phone buzzed loudly beside you but you didn’t acknowledge it as you softly cocooned yourself with your blanket.

“I-i know.. I’m sorry.” Your sniffled, unable to look at her.

She scoffed, lowering the cup from her mouth and turned her head. “Whatever…” and left.

You sighed loudly and laid back into your bed.

Chapter End Notes

Forgive me, forgive me, forgive me

I h a t e that it’s shorter than I liked it to be, but like I said, I wanted it to be centred around Joseph. Please ignore the grammar too:( English is hard

So uh, uwu

See you?? When there is light out because it’s like 1:45 AM.

This totally counts as a Friday y’all
Honeybee **

Chapter Summary

Ever since he met you.

Stretch could easily tell you how much today bothered him. Trying to fix that damn machine took all the motivation from him, a stupid ‘break through’ he thought was going to happen, only to be a useless light shining through the dim basement.

All the decoding, translations and complicated computer mass were shattered when Red confirmed that it was only the light that worked. He was just a computer guy with some knowledge of quantum physics. Enough knowledge that didn’t render him ‘useless’.

His phalanges stopped typing through the codes. Endless green computer codes moved up, stopping when he stopped. A low frustrated growl came from him as he turned the chair to face Red and Sans. They all wore protective goggles and a white lab coat, the works.

Red scratched his skull, little bits of dust falling off the rubbing bone as he snarled at the machine in the far corner. A single light within mocking them of their weeks on end work. Congratulations! They managed to turn on a fucking light bulb.

“Same thin’ happen back in my universe. Thought I was a step closer on tryin’ ta figure out the junk.” Red said. Running his palm over his face as he groaned in frustration.

“A week's worth of work, thrown out the window.” Stretch huffed. Exiting the program he was using and shut off his computer. Whatever he connected had switched the lights to go off, which meant the route he was using was another dead end.

“I dunno ‘bout you, but I need a break.” He shoved his hands into his hoody pockets, walking towards the two inch thick door. It was like a vault, to keep the other versions of themselves of trying to enter and exploit the plans and useless process. Four years, four years and they barely made any break through with this.

Stretch knew how frustrated they must’ve been, to feel like they weren’t getting anywhere but chasing their nonexistent tails, going around in circles on a endless time loop.

He chuckled. At least the fucking resets stopped. His somber grin turned into a frown, the kid was unnerving. Frisk was their name. They reminded him of Chara—whenever Blue would mention chara, Red and Sans would leave the room, dragging their brothers with them.

It didn’t take a genius to know what was up, after all, he did it, too. Whenever Frisk would visit Stretch would leave the house and take his brother with him. He would tense and be on high alert whenever they would drop by unannounced.

It became so bad that they had accepted that the two of them wouldn’t be friends, and chose to ignore the two of them for the sake of modesty.

He didn’t need to think about the kid at a time like this. It was the worst time, really. He slipped off his white coat, hung it on the hook and unstuck the tape from his sides. With a two-finger salute,
he was out of the basement and back into his room.

He fell onto his bed with the springs crying out from his weight. Not taking it to any thoughts, he reached over to the nightstand and grabbed a bear shaped honey bottle. Popping the cap off, he brought it to his mouth and sipped.

The soft buzz that quickly followed made him sigh. Finally, something better than that bitter stuff Sans drowned in.

No condiments in the basement, no complains.

Which meant the three of them had purely ran on coffee, sometimes coming up to the kitchen to eat whatever their bro’s has decided to make that day.

Terrible cooking aside, they often ate out. Grillby’s or Muffet’s depending on their moods. If they felt like they got through something, Grillby’s. If they needed a drink, Muffet’s.

Like right now, Stretch needed a drink on the asap. The induced alcohol honey wasn’t enough, the sweetness over powering the bitter burn. He craved.

When the door to his room slammed open, he barely reacted as he rolled his skull to look up at his brother. A disinterested glint in his eyelights as Blue stormed in.

“YOU CAN’T SPEND ALL YOUR TIME IN YOUR ROOM!” Why couldn’t he? It’ll be better, anyways. He felt too out of place here. Like a stupid copy of the original.

“Hehe,” he laughed airily. “I can.” He paused, watching his brother’s face twist. “But I won’t, I guess.” Stretch quickly added, pocketing the honey in his pockets and pushed himself off his bed. Everything screamed at him to lay back down and continue to wallow in pity.

Blue’s feature didn’t change, worrying Stretch as he shoved his hands into his pockets.

“Are We Ever Going Home?” Blue whispered, his blue starry eyes returning to its natural white glow.

Stretch cringed at his brother’s question. No. No, they couldn’t. Not without that machine. And it’s been collecting dust ever since they started working on it four years ago.

“Yeah.” Stretch replied, nodding his head. His hands balling up the fabric. His jaw tight. “Yep. We just need a little more time.”

“You Keep Saying That.” Blue snapped, a soft glare in his eyes. All playfulness no longer viewed within those odd white eyes.

Something stirred in his ‘stomach’. Dread weighing on his shoulders at the defeated look Blue had. He lifted his hand and brought it down on his skull, softly rubbing the smooth, buzzing surface.

“Don’t worry, bro.” He couldn’t say anything else. Stretch couldn’t give his brother anymore false hope, that’ll be too cruel of him to do so.

“I Miss...Alphys, Undyne And Chara.” He muttered, not raising his head to meet his eyes. He begin to fiddle with his phalanges, twisting the hems of his white shirt, the familiar blue fabric
wrapped around his neck, softly displaying itself underneath his shirt.

“I do too.” Stretch said softly, as if he talked louder than he did, he’s break his brother.

“BUT THEY WOULDN’T WANT US TO LOSE HOPE!” Blue sprung, balling his fists and looking up at his brother with those familiar blue stars, determination oozing out from his bones and intoxicating the room.

Surprised expression morphed into pure admiration as Stretch popped a lollipop in his mouth, shifting his weight with a curt nod. “Heh, you’re so cool, bro.”

“MWEH HEH HEH HEH!”

The last few days were completely tiring as the first. They had stopped working on the machine to unwind themselves and relax around the house, much to their equally energetic brothers dismay.

Stretch had been absent most of the time, spending the rare breaks outside of the house and away from other skeletal-monsters. Venturing further into the city with a lazy step in his walk. He’d maneuver himself out of the way of other bystanders, greeting those who he, somewhat, knew.

He turned into an alley before reappearing in the dark corners of Muffet’s, his hoody up on his skull and his back pressed against the booth’s board. His attention went to the protest happening outside, a low growl rumbled from his soul at the temperamental humans. Holding racial slurs on their crafted signs, chanting words he had heard ever since he’s been dragged here—along with a few unfortunate monsters from his alternate. His Muffet’s was one of them. The motherly spider had questioned him shortly coming too. After all, he used to be the royal scientist.

Well, one of the firsts, anyways.

He took the bear-shaped bottle from a group of spiders, he lifted the bottle in thanks before opening the cap and drowning it down. His eyes wandered beyond the protests—

A girl kept looking at the shop, or perhaps she was looking at the protests happening? He didn’t know, but kept his attention on this peculiar human.

Humans had a tendency to avoid this side of the city, especially this street since it was filled with monster shops with very little human-run shops. The nearest grocery store aimed for humans was a fifteen minute walk from here.

She turned her head to the sign above then towards the entrance. He watched her take a hesitating step, looking back at the protestors and turned away, walking further down the road.

Stretch leaned closer to the window, watching her fade into the distance and past many other individuals. Once she out of view, he leaned back.

He felt… disappointed? Something about that girl was drawing him in. Like he wanted to help her overcome that hesitation and enter the shop of liquor and sweets.

It was an odd combination, yes. But it fit Muffet and what she stood for.

Bringing the bottle to his mouth, he sucked the thick honey from the condiment bottle and dropped his head onto the broad. A small ‘thud’ coming from the sound as he froze.
The first month in this Alternate was rough. So many strings were pulled, the royal family was wrapped into the mess to cover up the sudden increases of skeletal monsters since they had all died during the war.

The odd part of it was that, he and his brother along with the Fell brothers, had different back stories.

They weren’t like the classic brothers, personally wise being forgotten in this equation.

He sighed loudly, rubbing his face and soft dust slowly falling on the polished wood. He’s not going to think about this, not while the piles of problems were currently piling up on his shoulders.

Sans, his brother, barely acknowledged the problems and tried to make best of the surface—but that soon left after the first year had passed, and the next, and the next.

By now, that flicker of hope was like an amber, slowly dying out.

The sound of the small bell chimed, signalling the patrons that another had entered. He pushed himself off the table and sat up, drinking the last sips of honey before making it disappear in a crackle of magic.

His attention shifted from his internal dialogue to the person in front. Sucking in a breath(even though he didn’t have lungs) he watched the girl from earlier lean onto the doors as the protesters moved from their original spot to in front of Muffet’s shop.

He felt his soul growling, buzzing threatening as the monsters around him had moved their seatings, going far away from the soul that was practically begging to force someone into an encounter.

When he noticed this, Stretched forced himself to calm down. Pulling at the strings of his hoody and sunk into the booth, a scowl on his mouth as he tapped the table. Silently watching the girl interact with Muffet.

Of course, Muffet must’ve felt the warning buzz of his soul as she’d look at his direction discreetly with worry, then return to the human girl.

He felt nothing to her. Just another face in the crowd but he couldn’t help but feel rather proud of her upon entering this shop, despite the protestors in front.

It was then and there that he noticed the tips of her ears growing in colour. The flush red of determination souls.

Chara had the soul of Kindness. She was patient and made friend with the underground, but there were a few runs where red had engulfed her green soul. And all he could do was watch as she—no, Frisk murder his friends and brother.

There was a run where he died and left Sans as the role of a judge.

Thankfully, he didn’t remember that after the reset happened.

It was just a split second, his life had been engulfed within the void and then… he was on the couch, waking up to his brother’s usual scold.

He never held Sans as tight as he did then.
Shaking out of his thoughts, his mouth twisted into a smirk as he took out his phone. Watching her
draw the cup to her mouth and—*Click!*

A snicker came from him as he reloaded the picture. What kind of expression had she made when
taking a drink of the infamous Spider Cider?

When it fully loaded, his eyebrow ridges shot upwards. Instead of the expected spit and curse, her
eyes sparkled with a look of pure surprise.

He frowned slightly and looked up from his table, watching her drown the drink in minutes before
leaving it on the custard.

Tightening the strings, he sighed and leaned over the table once more as he tried to strain his
hearing to hear the conversation the human girl and Muffet was having. When he couldn’t, he
frowned more and sat up. You were hunched over the counter with a pen in your hand, writing on a
application form with your tongue slightly stuck out.

He shook his head at his observatory skills, undid the strings and straightened out his hood. In a
split second, he was gone and reappeared next to you.

He draped himself over the counter, fighting off the snickers at your startled jump next to him but
didn’t make any comment on his sudden appearance.

“Thank you for waiting.” Muffet’s voice made him tense, the familiar soft rolling of her blade
coming closer and stopped in front of him.

A small spider handed him a spider donut, while he nodded slightly in thanks and carved his name
within the icing, forcing the snickers down once more.

And with a small voice, you said: “Monster candy...please.”

The sound of the cash register followed by money dropping, he felt a small item hit his skull,
lifting his hands—much like how he did with the spiders, he popped off the cap and brought it to
his mouth.

He stopped when he felt your eyes on him, trying to fight off the smirk that threatened to appear.

“I know I’m bit of an eye candy and I’m flattered you think i’m sweet to stare at, but let me slide
you my name.”

He softly pushed the donut towards you, leaning back with his foot underneath the bar to hold
himself up as he took another long sip of the honey, relishing your stunned silence.

Feeling the small glares of the spiders, he snickered softly and continued to wait for your response.

“That last one was a bit of a Stretch.” You muttered under your breath. If he didn’t have 20/20
hearing, he was sure he wouldn’t have picked that up, but he did. And he laughed.

But instantly paused when you took his donut, ripped it in half and shoved one half into your
mouth and dropped the other in his palm, which you had opened.

He laughed once more at your stuffed cheeks, that was a strange turn of events! Not that he was
complaining. After a loong week of disappointment, he was grateful for the moments distraction.

“Papyrus, deary~” Muffet hummed, returning from the back. “You aren’t harassing Miss Y/n with
your dreadful puns, are you?”

He drew the honey bottle to his mouth, choosing to ignore the malice in her tone to take a long sip. His hood falling off his skull when he craned his neck, and for a moment, his soul stopped buzzing.

He choked on his honey, coughing up the rest before going into fits of laughter again. Your expression was so odd he couldn’t help but laugh.

Wiping a orange tear, he chuckled as he quickly composed himself under the multiple eyes of Muffet. She frowned before turning to Y/n.

God, that name.

Y/n.

Y/n.

Y/n.

It had a nice ring to it.

“If Papyrus ever bothers you, you can come to me. This isn’t the first time he’s done this.” Muffet shook her head, shooting a look at him. “I swear that boy.” She huffed in defeat.

Stretch covered his mouth with the back of his hand, his bones rattling as he slowly failed to contain his laughter. Even if she took him and Sans in, she was still witty.

“Thank you…” You spoke, turning away from him—he noticed. “This is my the first time?” You asked.

The question wasn’t directed to him, but he still answered as if it was. “Nope.”

He looked at the half eaten donut. Deciding against all odds and threw the other half into his mouth. He rose an eyebrow ridge at your staring but didn’t comment on it.

“None had ever replied the way you did, though.” He chuckled, swallowing the rest of the donut matter. “Using my name like that.” He shook his head, the rattling cane back and he stopped himself, unable to keep the grin from his mouth.

“But…” she pointed at Muffet. “She said your name is…Papyrus.”

He flinched at this, looking at Muffet for a second before she giggled nervously, patting your head and skating away—Traitor.

“Yes.” Was all he could say. He couldn’t tell you things that might make you question life itself. That’ll be too confusing, and frankly, you were interesting. He took another sip of his honey, deciding to keep his eyes on the menu up ahead.

“Ookay…” You drawn, awkwardly turning away.

You were very odd. He concluded as he kept an eye on you. No doubt lost in your own little world with little care on what’s going on around you. He rose an eyebrow ridge, bringing the bottle to his mouth and took another drink.

You were interesting. The moment he saw you across the street, he knew. But…what was so
interesting? You were average and… well, human.

Your species were the reason his blood line of skeletons were wiped out, why monsters were trapped underground.

He looked down at your chest—the colour of your soul making him sigh and turned to continue to look up at the menu.

Fighting off a grin at your confused state, he looked at you from the corner of his eye socket and rose yet another eye ridge.

“Thank you, Muffet. I look forward to your call.” You spoke, getting up and leaving the establishment. He watched you go, finishing the rest of his drink and bidding a goodbye to Muffet before he appeared in a middle of a narrow alley.

“Don’t mean to slap a reaction from you, but you owe me for half of that donut.”

He doesn’t even pay his ever growing tab. Why did he want you to pay for something that ended up in that growing list?

A small shriek came from you as you tumbled over your own two feet on onto the wet ground. A startled look in your eyes before a glaring annoyance appeared. He chuckled.

“Sorry, kid. Didn’t mean to scary your outta your skin.” He forced himself to calm down. Stretch didn’t want you to hate him. The opposite, really. He wanted to be your friend.

If you were going to shine a little bit of light into his life, then why not make the most of it and try to befriend you? He popped a lollipop in his mouth.

“Cursing someone for that, isn’t very sweet of you.” He chuckled, as you said your thoughts out loud once more.

“Yep.” Relishing in your embarrassment as you rejected his hand to help you up.

“Can you go one conversation without making a pun?” You grumbled, dusting off your bottom, a scowl appearing on your lips at the damp fabric.

“Yep.” He spoke, shoving his hands into his pockets. Compelling on his next choice of words. “butt where’s the fun in that?”

“I’ll admit, I have my fair share of puns.” The blush on your cheeks and nose softly fades as you handed him a 5$ dollar bill.

Asking for your money, however, was supposed to be a joke.

“The donut was 3.25$, right?”

“With tax.” He added playfully.

Apparently, you didn’t notice his playful tone as you dropped the money in his hands.

“Keep the change.” You said, your voice indifferent to one of annoyance.

He opened his mouth to correct you, to tell you that he was just joking about the donut but the look you were giving him shut him up.
“Right… I gotta go… shopping and uh, get my car.”

Stretch watched you point down the road, awkwardly stuffing away from him the longer your held that awkward boxy smile.

You fistbumped his shoulder, he stared at his shoulder for a moment before looking at you. How… peculiar. What a strange way to say goodbye.

“N-nice to meet you, Stretch. I-I..I really need to go, thanksbye!” Your voice was wavering! If-If he didn’t hurry then—just as he pulled out his phone, you were already sprinting down the road.

He shook his head, shoving his phone back into his pockets as he watched the wet-print if you ass disappear down the road, a low chuckle coming from him as he thought about the picture he took.

That was creepy of him, he’d admit, but it was also a indication that he’d meet you again.

Hopefully soon rather than later.

For the next few days. He, Sans and Red were dragged back into the dreaded basement to try and crack the codings for the stupid machine. As he sat on his chair, he huffed and leaned back.

This was beginning to be annoying and frankly, a waste of fucking time.

Axe had said it himself. The machine is a lost cause and that they would drive themselves mad if they tried to start it up.

Sans ignored him and continued to work on it. So his Red and so did he. Just because Axe had given up, doesn’t mean that they had.

But at this point, they were close to giving up.

His tensed when he felt the air in the basement drop. The growl of Red’s soul becoming unbearable as he tinkered with the engine of the machine. Low, frustrated growls coming from his snarled mouth. Curses coming out as growls as he rolled himself from the bottom and kicked the metal, barely putting a dent on its surface as his Soul’s hum increased.

“Wow, slow down there.” Sans cut, blocking Red’s view from the machine’s opened hatch.

Ever since they returned from that apartment, Red has been snappy. Snappier than usual. Stretch wondered what had happened that caused himself to be… worsened.

“Move it, Classic.” Red hissed, his eye blazing in red—along side with Sans’ but blue.

“No. You can’t take your frustrations to the machine. It’s a valuable asset to getting you home.”

“Who givsa shit?! We’ve been workin’ on this piece o’shit for six fucking years!” He roared, forcing Sans into a encounter—Stretch stood up so fast that his chair fell on the group, chattering weakly as he attempted to force himself into the encounter to end it.

“Human’s ‘ere are too.. too fucking nice.” Red hissed, not taking into notion that he had forced Sans into a FIGHT.

“Calm down.” Sans’ voice was low. Calculating his and Red’s movements.
However, both of their souls were jerked back into their chests in a light orange hue, making the two stumble back in shock—successfully snapping them back into reality.

Stretch couldn’t help but wonder how much pain the two were, suddenly having their souls forced back into their chests—it must’ve hurt. He lowered his hand and the orange blaze slowly dying out in his eye.

“Ah—fuck!” Red shouted, his phalanges scrunching the fabric above his soul. His grin falling as he fell to his knees, his whole body shaking.

Sans was in no better position, too. He staggered back much further than red and crashed into his desk, sending files of papers all over the floor, his hands gripping the area around his chest.

“What the fuck, Stretch!?” Red growled, slowly yet surely recovering from the sudden painful jerk.

“Snap out of it.” Stretch hissed, matching the malice in his growl. “Let’s go upstairs and take a break. I don’t think I can stay in here with this suffocating magic level.”

And with a blink of an eye, he was gone.

Every day at a certain time would Stretch appear in Muffet’s in hopes of catching you. Four or five days had already passed and there was literally no signs of you and your awkwardness.

“Papyrus, Deary. You can’t keep coming here.” Muffet frowned, rolling to his booth in the far back. Setting a tray on the table with two honey bottles. One infused with alcohol and a bit of spider dust, the other with more alcohol and less sugary sweetness.

Stretch didn’t say anything. What could he say? That he felt like you could lift up his spirits and see the best outcome from any situation? No. He couldn’t. Not when you’re going to worked, or so he hoped, under Muffet.

It would be nice to see a new face in a familiar setting, after all.

“She’s interesting.” Stretch muttered, popping open the cap and sucking the thick liquid.

Muffet sighed. “Papyrus, She will be working as my employee. Please do refrain yourself, I don’t wish for her to quit on your behalf.”

“Don’t worry Muffet. My intentions are pure. I-Sans wants to be her friend, too.” He covered up, feeling rather dirty about lying to the woman that basically raised him.

Muffet looked at the cash register then back at Stretch. With a huff, she softly caressed his skull before rolling away. Leaving him in his lonesome corner.

He would sit in the booth in the far corner, drinking a honey bottle for an hour, order another one for the road and leave. Only to reappear at the same time on the next day.

Muffet tried to convince him for forget about you, that you’re just going to be working here for three days a week—since you needed more time for your other job and school work. She wanted to give you enough range but not too much. Just enough so you could have enough sleep for the next day.

It has been a week and two days since he last seen you, and he’s beginning to lose hope that he’ll ever see you again.
You were an interesting individual. Despite the awkwardness, he found himself drawn to you. He may have already thought that but it was true!

He didn’t see any monster racialist in you, that was rare coming from a human of your age. Most of humanity thought they were soul-sucking demons from another realm.

The very next day, Stretch didn’t bother using his usual shortcuts and instead used the door like every other patron in this establishment.

Some monsters come here on the regular, either for the booze or the sweets. He had a hunch that it was because the other two shops was either way too threatening or way too expensive. He shoved his hand into his pockets, pushing the door open with his arm. A long sigh came from him—although, he stopped when he heard Muffet’s giggling.

Today was a new day, a new week. Happily, dreadful Monday. He woke up late—really late on his chair in the basement, had fallen asleep at his computer desk. It happens every once in a while when he overworks himself. With the amount of shortcuts he’s been using, it was no surprising that he had fallen asleep the second he felt the need to sleep.

“M-Muffet I can’t—!” A familiar voice squealed, desperately holding onto the door to the back as the Spider monster giggled near the cash register.

“Oh, deary. It isn’t that hard. Straighten your back and lightly kick.” Muffet instructed, showing her words with her person and kicked off the counter, strolling past her with a small giggle.

“Easy for you to say,” You pouted, slowly straightening yourself out. Only to awkwardly stand there. “I’m doing it!” Despite that, you seemed pretty content with your small (ever so slightly small) success.

Ahuhuhu~

Muffet giggled, wrapping her arm around yours and pulling you from the spot.

Stretch watched as you squealed and cling onto her for near life, begging her to not let you go as she turned around swiftly, skating backwards as she pulled you up and down the room.

The two of you hadn’t noticed Stretch entering, despite the bell, but the other patrons had raised their glasses at him before watching the show that was; You trying to skate rollerblades.

Some monsters chuckled, easing their glasses at you when you squealed and cried, holding onto any objects that was near, anything large enough to hold a person of your size.

Muffet managed to unsnake her arms from yours—only to have you panic tenfold, reaching your around out as you tried to balance at an awkward angle.

Your knees were tightly together, slightly bend with your feet apart, resulting you ass sticking out awkwardly and your arms were outstretched to your side for balance.

Stretch covered his mouth as you ran straight into the window next to him. Soft rattles of his bones as he desperately tried to stop himself from bursting into fires of laughter.

Crouching down to your level, he fought back the grin as you groaned in pain.

“Oh dear… perhaps we should keep you on shoes.” Muffet said, rolling towards you and Stretch. She eyed him carefully before helping you up. “At least until you get used to it, of course~”

With the help of Stretch, she rolled you to a bar stool near the window. Her spiders moved the
curtains, letting in the light in a dim purple colour.

“That’s twice,” Stretch started and you rose your head to glare at him. “that you’ve fallen for me.”
Muffet’s bakery

Chapter Summary

Papyrus is way too sweet!

Your 3-day a week job at Muffet starts!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You didn’t know how long you stayed in bed. Your best friend hadn’t bothered you ever since she stormed to her room that evening. You were too embarrassed to reply to the text messages Papyrus had sent you.

You blocked Joseph’s number and kept your head low within your family circle. Your parents had tried to call you, but you’d just look at the light up screen as a photo of your parents and you displayed the screen. It was Christmas and you all went to the family cabin for an annual party, from Christmas to New Years to watch the fireworks decorate the starry night sky.

Josh was...enraged. It was scary and you couldn’t help but hyperventilate with the empty threats that were along the line of ‘I’m going to get you home.’ To ‘please don’t make me worry like this. It isn’t good for my health.’

He was a doctor, he knew what was best and what to avoid. Yet, Joseph must’ve said something because Josh later apologized and said that you should talk to him more. Occasionally, Joseph would plead you to unblock his number through Josh’s phone.

The only time you ate was at ungodly hours. 2 am was ramen time and 5am was whatever cereal was on top of the fridge. Your phone stayed plugged in throughout the days passed. You had called Alphys via office, and she agreed to gather your missed assignments for the week. Bless her anime loving cute face.

The sound of your phone going of made you flinch out of your thoughts.

The photo of Papyrus displaying over your phone for a few rings before he was sent to voicemail. You swallowed the lump in your throat and sighed. Papyrus didn’t deserve this type of isolation from you. He was so genuine with the two of you cooked that spaghetti.

Shit, did your best friend clean up? You wrinkled your nose as you slowly unwind yourself from under your covers, keeping it over your shoulders as you slowly got out of your room and down the hallway.

Much to your surprise, the kitchen was cleaned and stain-free. You let out a sigh of relief, turning you attention to the blaring Tv and your friend’s harsh gaze on you. Flinching, you covered your chin with the blanket, slowly pulling it over your head.

“H-hi…” you voice was hoarse, evidence that you hadn’t used your vocals for a few days.

“Are you done sulking.” Her question was said as a statement. She flicked her hair out of her
shoulders and turned back to the tv, lowering the volume.

“....” unsure how to answer her, you pursed your lips into a thin line. Turning around and slowly retreated back to your dark and stuffy room.

You would’ve opened the window, if it wasn’t so far from your bed. Falling face first onto your bed, you groaned into the mattress as your phone blared once more. The insufferable ringtone mocking you for your lack of productivity.

Without looking at the caller ID, you swiped the call to accept, pressing the device to your ear with a soft ‘slap!’

“OH, YOU ANSWERED.” Papyrus’ voice was surprisingly devoid of any ‘Papyrus-tone’ although it kept the same loud speech level.

“Hi..” You drawled, rolling to your back and rubbing your throat.

“I’LL BE HONEST. I DIDN’T THINK YOU’D EVER ANSWER…” His voice faded as he pulled the phone from his ear(?) and walked further into a house, a few creaks here and there, overall, you could still hear voices in the background.

“I’m sorry…” a swell in your chest made your hand around your neck travel to your aching chest. Heartburn? No you were too young for that—can you even get a heartburn at your age?

“NO! DON’T APOLOGIZE. THAT...WAS A VERY TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCE.” His words were careful, like you were glass and he was a hammer. If he said something wrong you’d shatter into a million pieces.

Flinching at that, you sighed and ran your hair through your hand, cringing at the greasiness and quickly retracted your hand from your hair.

“.....” You sighed. Sitting up from your bed and pulled your knees to your chest. God, you were acting like the victim! You had no control over that situation…..although, you knew if you were more persistent, you could’ve avoided all that and just…

Be back to being alone.

“Do you want to do something today?” You asked, clearing your throat to get rid of the scratchiness but with the lack of liquids, you only hurt your throat some more. “Maybe go out for tea? God, I don’t know. I want to get out of the house.”

“OH.” Papyrus paused, flicking through multiple papers. “I CAN’T...IT’S MONDAY AND I HAVE TO GET TO TRAINING.”

You deflated, curling back into your bed as you sighed once more. A weak, pathetic “Okay…” coming from you as you took the phone from your face, looking at the end button.

“B-BUT… I DON’T THINK SHEPARD AND UNDYNE WOULD MIND… I’LL JUST TELL THEM DOOMFANGER IS SICK! AND NEEDS IMMEDIATE CUDDLES AND CHOCOLATE AND MOVIES… AND TEA.”

You giggled, and Papyrus visibly brightened. He didn’t like how deflated you sounded. It didn’t match the persona you had in the kitchen with him.

“Doomfanger?”’ Somehow, you couldn’t picture Papyrus with a cat. He seemed like a dog person
with his energetic personality. He’d made a great dog-dad.

“YES, SHE IS EDGE’S CAT, BUT HE IS OUT TRAINING WITH BLACK IN THE FOREST AND WON’T BE HOME UNTIL THIS EVENING. NYEH HEH HEH! IT’S A FOOLPROOF PLAN!”

You pictured him dramatically posing with his scarf blowing in the wind, or in this case, in his magic. You giggled once more. The fact that Papyrus was so openly willing to give you platonic cuddles was amazing. You felt like you didn’t deserve a friend like Papyrus.

Perhaps you didn’t, but you didn’t care right now. You craved the attention of someone. Someone who didn’t feel like you were taking things from them.

You sighed as Papyrus said his goodbyes and that he’ll be there in ten minutes.

You shouldn’t have thought of your best friend like that. She means well, you concluded.

Your phone buzzed in your hand, looking at the notification, you smiled at the old name typed on bolder font.

**Garrus V.**

How are you holding up?

_Papyrus just told me ‘Doomfanger’ is in danger. He may or may not slipped your name during our call._

[XXX]

I just need some company right now.

....

Am I being over dramatic over this?

You bit your lip, tapping the sides of your phone as you watched the grey speech bubble appear. Were you being dramatic? You hadn’t reacted like that since...since...junior year of high school.

**Garrus V**

Hardly. Jane said to get better, she gave Papyrus some yellow flower tea.

[XXX]

Thank you:).

Shutting off your phone, you walked out of your room upon hearing the buzzer to your apartment, still wrapped in your blanket, you stauntered out of your domain and into the living room.

Red and Papyrus stood at the door, blocked by Your best friend who changed into a single large shirt, freshly curled hair now up in a messy bun.

You swallowed self-consciously, tightening your hold onto your blanket. You may have looked like that spirit in spirit away if your blankets were black.

“Hatred~!” Your friend’s squeal brought you back as she ignored Papyrus in favour of the shorter skeleton.
He hadn’t registered her yet as he was looking at you with...something within his red eyelights. His arms automatically wrapped around her waist to hold her and him upright.

“Uh, Yeah, hello sweetheart.” He grinned, finally tearing his gaze from you to her.

“Y/N!” Papyrus cried, maneuvering himself around the courting two and towards you. You flinched as he stopped a step in front of you, nearly making you tumble to your bottom but was saved by his quick reflexes as he scooped you into his arms and marched towards your room.

You looked over his shoulder at the glaring two. Your friend was obviously pissed, what you couldn’t put your finger on was Red. Sure he was scary looking but you made your point when you said and explained that you found monsters interesting.

Swallowing thickly, you buried your face into Papyrus’s shoulder as they disappeared from view the moment he entered your room.

He paused mid-stride and you lifted your head to wonder why—but you noticed when he sniffed. Flushing in red, you covered your face.

“Open the window…I haven’t left my room since.. s-since…”

“SHH, IT’S OKAY.” He hushed, patting your head awkwardly before setting you down on your chair. Confused, you watched as he went and threw open your drawers, letting in the sunlight and pushed the windows open. You shivered slightly as he went to your bed.

“MAY I?” He asked, pointing to the mess. Wrapping your arms around you, you nodded your head. And with a swift motion, the sheets along with everything on top was in a ball.

“YOU HAVE GIVEN ME A LESSON ON CUTLERY. I WILL GIVE YOU A LESSON IN BED.”

You choked on your own spit, w-what?! Papyrus looked at you with worry, immediately at your side as he slipped off his large coat and draped it over your tensed shoulders.

This went on for a while and the tension in your shoulders slowly went away when he began to tell you tricks on folding your bed sheets. He went down the hall to retrieve your forgotten blanket and stored it away in your closet.

When he was finished making your bed, changed sheets, pillow cases, blankets and even the comforter, he picked you up swiftly and placed you on the mattress.

“WILL YOU ALLOW ME TO USE YOUR KITCHEN, Y/N?” He asked, slowly tucking you in. Content with the warmth, you snuggled into the thick blankets while nodding your head.

It felt weird. This felt weird. It was a foreign concept you thought only existed from your parents.

You were being unbelievably pampered and cared for, it hadn’t been several minutes since Papyrus and Red arrived, but holy hell, you felt so loved.

Especially after what had happened few days ago. You opened your eyes with a sigh. You could just brush it off as nothing as you weren’t exactly sure what had happened. It was like the world was going on in a haste blur around you while you moved in slow motion. Swallowing the lump in your throat, you grabbed your phone, shivering at the nipping cool air of fall that pooled in your room, you snuggled deeper into your covers.
Switching on your phone, you unblocked Joseph’s number. Now that you were feeling better, you felt like you can talk to him now.

Of course, pushing away the heavy feeling in your stomach.

When you unblocked him, several of his messages popped up. Most of it was warnings about monsters, if you were okay, if ‘trust fund’ was keeping her hands to herself, whatever that meant.

Deciding to reply in the most annoyingly way, you sent a simple ‘k.’

To your parents, they were asking why Joseph and Josh looked so on edge. If anything happened to you while Joseph visited. Simple ‘I love you’s’ along with small uplifting quotes of the day.

You decided to leave you parents on read, however, you decided against it and sent a little pink heart emoji.

Ignoring Josh’s messages, you shut off your phone just as Papyrus came through the door, a cup of steaming tea in his hands.

“ARE YOU COLD?” He asked upon noticing your wrapped up self. You didn’t bother to reply but instead look at the cup of tea longingly.

Papyrus noticed this and shook his head, helping you sit up and draped the comforter around your shoulders before giving you the tea, hanging up his coat in the hallway.

You held the cup with both hands, loving how the warmth melt into your palms. The smell was kind of off putting but so were other new teas. You bought the cup to your lips, blew carefully before taking a sip. A long sigh came from you as you melted into the odd taste, already loving this type of tea.

“This is… yellow flower tea, right?” You asked, lightly tapping the cup with your fingertips. The heaviness in your chest lifting.

“Yes. It’s infused with monster magic.” He puffed his chest proudly. “It can help you relax.”

You hummed softly, looking down at the liquid with a warm smile on your lips. When you didn’t say anything Papyrus gathered his belongings and began to start up the movie he promised you.

You didn’t object and let him do his thing. He wanted to do this for you, and you weren’t going to complain. It’s was…nice. Being cared like this.

You frowned softly. Why didn’t your best friend do this for you when your brother left? Was she intimidated by Joseph that she couldn’t stand to be around you because you looked like your older brother? Or was it for other selfish reasons?

You shook your head. No, it’s wrong to think about her like that. She cared for you just as much as you did with her… even if she doesn’t do much.

A sigh came from you as Papyrus sat at the foot of your bed, letting the movie begin. You giggled softly, touching his spine with the tip of your big toe—he recoiled harshly and fell off the bed to escape your touch.

You gasped sharply, sitting up to look at him as a strange orange blush dusted over his cheek bones.
“I-I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to surprise you like that I-I just thought—I!” Your grip on the tea cup tightened, your lip trembling softly as you thought about what you had done—what did you do? He was so relaxed sitting at the edge of your bed then suddenly he was one the floor?

“NO, IT’S OKAY.” He immediately stood up, walking to your side of the bed. Your cup was half empty when he plucked it from your hold and snuggled into your bed with you, his arm carefully around your shoulders while leaning against the wall, eyelights shining softly as the movie—a Mettaton rerun—started with the boxed form of Mettaton in a wig.

“RELAX,” Papyrus spoke, drawing calming circles on your shoulder. “YOU CAN TALK TO ME WHEN YOU ARE READY. FOR NOW, RELAX AND ENJOY THE MOVIE.”

And that you did. You and Papyrus spend most of the time watching reruns of Mettaton with few breaks to stretch and (in your case) go to the washroom. He went to get you another cup of tea in the middle of Frisk and Mettaton’s cooking show. At first, you were worried for the small kid, but it turned out okay with Alphys’ interference.

The mention of the professor made you frown. You’ll have to call her later and tell her what’s up, given her nature, she must be worried for you.

You sighed as you exited the washroom, it was nearly 5pm on a Monday. Meaning you’re starting your shift at Muffet’s, kind of odd working at a bakery slash bar. You still couldn’t wrap your head around the whole concept, but hey, if she’s managing great with the mixture then who were you to voice your doubts?

After your shower, you changed into a clean pair of clothes and quickly dried your air, not wanting to keep Papyrus waiting for too long.

A small shriek ripped through your throat as you jumped away from Red.

He leaned up against the wall near the bathroom door, hood up and his hands shoved into his pockets. His hood was covering his head as he avoided your contact.

Swallowing thickly, you straightened yourself out. Not sure if you should leave him where he was and get ready for work or stay and see what he wanted.

You bit your cheek. So far, your encounter with Red were so bad that you weren’t sure if you even wanted to be alone with him, ever.

Shoulders squaring, you inhaled sharply when he lifted his head to look at you through the corner of his eye sockets.

You must’ve looked terrified because he quickly tore his hood off of his skull and moved to avoid your eyes.

“Y-.you..” You tried weakly, cringing at how your voice broke but kept your stance. “What..” You whispered.

“How yer holdin’ up?” He asked, looking his shoulders and huffed softly. For a moment, you froze. Papyrus and Sans hadn’t said anything about your brother, did they? Did they gossip about you? What did they say? Was it anything bad or was it to keep them away from you and your troublesome life?

“I-I’m sorry?”
“I meant—” he cleared his throat(how?) lifting his gaze to finally meet yours. You flinched at the red irises and quickly lower your gaze to your feet. He sighed deeply, rubbing his neck bone. “With th’way...I acted..”

Oh. OH that’s what he meant!

You flexed your fingers, curling and uncurling as you exhaled and inhaled shakily.

“I-I’m o-ok-Okay…”

“Ya don’sound like it.” He snorted, unbelievably.

Pursuing your lips, you kept your gaze on your toes. He was right. You weren’t okay after those encounters. He wasn’t threatening as you thought he was but… the way he held himself definitely made you on edge.

“I’m not used to...monsters.” You stated, crossing your arms with a soft sigh. It was another lie, he probably saw how relaxed you were with Papyrus. Probably heard the laughter coming from your room or the suspensive gasp from the two of you.

“Right.” Red pushed himself off the wall, turning his heel and walking back into the living room, not sparing you a glance.

You frowned at the skeleton as you shoulders fell loosely and letting the breath you held go. He didn’t seem that bad, now that he wasn’t trying to intimidate you.

Glancing down the hallway, you heard the squeal of your friend followed by a forced laugh. Shaking your head, you pushed open your door and shut it behind you.

Papyrus was sitting on your bed, looking at his phone and pocketed it just as you entered. The smile he held on his face wasn’t as bright as before, you furrowed your eyebrows slightly.

“WE’RE FRIENDS, RIGHT?” He asked, twisting his red glove nervously.

Confused for a second, you nodded your head and slowly went to sit next to him. “Yes?”

“AND...YOU’D TELL ME THINGS THAT BOTHERS YOU, RIGHT? THAT’S WHAT FRIENDS DO.”

You knew what he was hinting at. That time when your brother came and threw a tantrum( was it really?) when he found out you had befriended monsters, moved in with someone who he didn’t like… Your panic attack.

“I don’t know…”

Running your fingers through your hair, you sighed and dropped your hands onto your knees. You weren’t sure if you were ready for a conversation that involved your brothers and what you often went through while growing up, why it was so suffocating being in the same house as Josh and Joseph.

“You Can’t Keep It Bottled Up…” Papyrus’ voice was small. “Sans Does That A Lot. He Thinks I Don’t Notice But I Do..” He cupped your hand into his larger ones, giving yours a small squeeze.

Sans? He seemed like a guy who’s brush his troubles aside and pun about it, not going the matter seriously.. unless that was a defensive mechanism?
You swallowed thickly, giving Papyrus a light squeeze back. “Okay.. If I’m having trouble, I’ll go to you. I promise.” You looped your pinky with his, kissing the nail on your thumb and urged him to do the same.

His expression immediately brightened as he clicked his teeth against his phalanges with a soft ‘mwah!’.

“I’m not so sure about this…” You expressed your doubts, holding onto the barstool as Muffet tightened the strings on the rollerblades you were required to wear.

The soft laugh that came from the spider monster rang softly. “I am sure you’ll do fine, deary.” She stood back up effortlessly, rolling backwards with a small kick. “Now, watch me and mimic my movements.”

You frowned and shakily stood up, only to immediately clutch onto the nearest object as the wheels under you rolled a little too fast, nearly knocking you on your bottom.

“Oh dear…” Muffet sighed, kicking off her feet and rolling next to you, looping her middle arm around your and pulled you up to your feet. “Balance yourself… yes, like that.” She lead you down the counter.

You, never ever, had done this growing up. Your parents were so scared that you might hurt yourself and often banned you on doing things that’ll bring harm to you. They didn’t know about Josh and Joseph and mistook their wrong doings as you being rebellious.

“M-Muffet, I can’t—!” You squealed, holding onto the two-way door for dear life. Muffet giggling at you and kicked off her feet once more, snaking her arm away from you.

“Oh, deary. It isn’t that hard. Straighten your back and lightly kick.” She demonstrated, effortlessly gliding past her.

“Easy for you to say.” You pouted at her, the both of you barely registering the small bell ring, a little too occupied with your training on skates.

You finally let go of the door, straightening yourself out and softly kicked your foot, rolling softly down the side with a proud smile on your face. Despite how slow you were going and how awkward you looked, you were proud!

“I’m doing it!” You cried, nearly tripping over as Muffet wrapped her arm around you. You quickly held onto dear life like you had done to the door as she slowly lead you to the other side of the counter.

When she turned around swiftly, you began to beg her not to let you go.

Feeling rather confident after your awkward display, you kicked off your feet a little too hard, making you roll a little too fast to your liking—Muffet never taught you how to stop yet! You squealed as you collided with the window near the door, falling to you bottom as you groaned painfully. The small throbbing on your nose made you rub it softly, trying to get it to soothe and stop pulsing.

The distance sound of bone rattling made your eyes snap open—
“Oh dear… Perhaps we should keep you on shoes.” Muffet spoke up, rolling towards you and the skeleton, not noticing the look she shot him as the two of them helped you back on your feet. ”at least until you get used to it, of course~” She coo’d, giggling to herself as she lead you to sit on a barstool.

Stretch chuckled from besides you, rubbing your back as you rose your head to glare at him. You sensed a pun was on its way.

“That’s twice that you’ve fallen for me.” He winked. “I didn’t mean to sweep you off your feet like that.”

The shit-eating grin he had only furthered your irritation to the puns. Normally you’d laugh or giggle at them, but it was because you did something embarrassing and..well, you didn’t want to be reminded of it.

Undoing the lace and quickly kicking them off, you sighed in relief when you stood. No longer having to rely on the wheels of such odd skates.

“I take it you didn’t really enjoy it, huh.” Stretch spoke, leaning into the counter with his elbows propped up besides him. Behind him, a flock of spiders carried the bear shaped honey bottle to him and without looking, he grabbed it, ripping his head at the spiders that quickly scattered. Probably to do work rather than giving him more honey bottles.

You eyes the bottle for a second before picking up the skates and went around the counter. Now standing behind him, you examined his skull and spinal bone. It was...odd, to say the least.

“.do you pay for that?” You couldn’t help but ask. The jolt on his shoulders only raised the suspicion as he turned around to face you.

“Put it on my tap.” He said, nonchalantly. Tipping the tip into his mouth and sucked out the sweet honey.

You rose you eyebrow. A tab? “Do you pay your tap?”

He stopped mid-slip and lowered the bottle, looking at you as if you had caught him in a illegal situation. “...Yes.”

You narrowed your eyes at his hesitation. Looking at the two-way door and back at him. “Then you wouldn’t mind if I asked Miss Muffet about your tab, right?” You innocently tilted your head to the side, pretending to think it over. You peered at him underneath your eyelashes. The way he was slightly straightening his back only confirmed your suspicions.

“Uh, yeah. Go ahead.” He waved, bringing to tip to his mouth.

“You liar!” You claimed, watching him sip his honey while maintaining eye contact with you

He shrugged his shoulders. “I donno.”

Wha-!? You cleared your throat and sweetly smiled at him, keeping eye contact as you said; “Miss Muffet!” In a sing-song tone.

“Yes, dear?” Muffet called, poking you head out from the back. Breaking eye contact with Stretch, you smiled softly at her. Just as you opened your mouth, Stretch waved.

“Nothin’, Lady ‘ere’s trying to get my number.” He winked at the colour rising on your face.
Basking in your embarrassment as you ducked your head down.

“Papyrus, Hon.” Muffet spoke, her eyebrows softly furrowed. “Don’t flirt with my employee, please.” Before retreating back into the hidden kitchen.

Stretch chuckled, placing the honey bottle on the clean surface. “Caught me in my own place.” He spoke, a sense of amusement within his tone.

“I knew it.” You whispered, looking at him through narrowed eyes. “You, Mister, are going to pay off your tap.”

His eyebrow ridges furrowed slightly, a surprised look quickly melting into his features as he studies you.

“I’ll make no exceptions, Stretch.” You poked the counter, suddenly avoiding his gaze. “Time to pay your tap and pay for your purchases.. meaning that honeybottle too.” You said, quickly ringing up the total of the bottle (with the help of a paper that had the prices of everything on it) before out stretching your hand.

He stared at you in surprise, watching as your fingered curled and uncurled in a ‘give it’ motion. He shook his head, taking out his wallet and gave you the amount with a hearty chuckle.

“Never thought i’d see th’day.” He chuckled, pocketing his wallet and shoving the tip in between his teeth.

You placed the bill into the machine and gave him his change. Eyebrows quirked upwards. “Really? You must’ve know you’d have to pay for it eventually..”

Stretch shook his head. “It’s been building for a while, I think I’ll be sucked dry when I’m done.” He wiggles his hand holding the bottle. A small ‘nyeh heh heh’ chuckle came from him as he turned away and leaned onto the counter. You frowned at him but didn’t question it any further.

“You, the boss.” You giggled, struggling slightly as she grinned, her sharp fangs poking out from under her lip.

“I’ll teach you how to make the dough, how much spider dust to use—you must be gentle with the dust, okay? They’re my friends.”

You balled your fists, nodding in determine as you went to her side. “Alright, teach me how to bake!”

She laughed, “Alright so…….”

Chapter End Notes
See you Thursday:^^)}
Sealed with a kiss

Chapter Summary

A scary monster makes a pinky promise and seals it with a skeletal kiss.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stretch had stuck around throughout your shift, choosing to banter you with puns and little knacks you missed during your shift. Sometimes he would ask you a question about yourself and what you wanted to do later on in life.

You tried to answer truthfully, giving him a patient smile and wondering towards customers that entered and sat in the booths near the window or the small tables scattered around the floor.

It was fifteen minutes away before your shift ended, finding yourself carefully placing spider donuts in a small rectangular box, a piece of plastic as the window to see the carefully made decorations, and some faulty ones by your hands.

The ones you made weren’t up to Stretch’s nor Muffet’s approval, so you were allowed to take them home. With it coming out of your pay cheque, not that you could complain, it did look weird.

Sliding the filled up box back into the heating window, you sighed and leaned onto the counter, sliding the glass door closed as you straightened yourself out, looking at Stretch expectantly.

“You really plan on staying until the bar opens?” You asked, wringing a cloth in your hands, wiping away the icing that suck onto your fingers.


You rose your eyebrow at him. “Really? I thought you were here because of me.” You couldn’t help but smirk.

“Nah, humans look the same.” He waved, although the orange hue growing on his cheeks said otherwise.

Flattered, you laughed and decided not to say anything else. The skeletons you’ve met were all different. Two of each had a distinctive familiarity to the other, were they related somehow?

Stretch resemblance to Papyrus was uncanny if you took away the sluggish way he held himself and added the same caring, boisterous personality.

“Penny for your thought?” Stretch asked, opening yet another honey bottle. Quickly ringing in the price(you were sure you knew the price my heart now.) and held out your hand for the money. A throaty chuckle came from Stretch as he pulled out the amount and handed it to you.

“You’re gonna run me dry, Honey.” He stifled a laugh by bringing the tip to his teeth. This was his sixth bottle now.
“I wouldn’t if you stopped.” You jabbed playfully, shaking your head as you handed him his change. Raising your eyebrow, you gave him a questionable look. “Honey?”

“Yes?” He rolled his skull to look at you, turning his attention from the two humans conversing loudly near the door.

You rolled your eyes at him. You ran into that one, you’ll admit. “Never thought you’d be a nickname type of monster.”

He choked on his honey, his hand under his chin as the thick substance mixed with his magic-saliva dripped down. He looked at you with wide eyes as if he was surprised of his own naming.

“I didn’t realize I said that.” He said, grabbing a handful of paper towels and began to clean his hand and chin.

“You never told me what you were thinking.” Stretch quickly said before you could press onto the matter.

You rose your eyebrow at him but decided to drop it. “Just thinking how similar you are to a friend of mine.”

“Oh?” He perked at his, his slouch slightly straightening as you mentioned this friend you had. “And who is this other skeleton in your life?”

You giggled at this, it was like he caught you cheating! “He kind of looks like you, has the ‘nyeh heh heh’ laugh..” you watched as his teeth moved into a grin at your attempts of laughing like he does.

It was cute, he admitted. “So it wasn’t a ‘nyah hah hah!’ Kind of laugh?”

You covered your mouth from laughing. His eyelights widen when he tried to copy whoever’s laugh that was. It was certainly different with a single word change but still different. Unable to trust your voice, you shook your head.

“I see. Do me a favour and run if you hear that laugh.” He chuckled, bringing the bottle to his teeth once more. “How long have you known him?” He asked once he retracted the bottle.

You tilted your head slightly. “How did you know he was a he?”

“A hunch.” He shrugged—you noticed that his shoulders were tensed.

“A week, I think..” You spoke, not questioning why he suddenly looked tense. You pursed your lips, thinking back to a few days ago. You were so on idle mode you didn’t realize that time had passed so fast, like the world was moving without you. You sighed softly, no use in thinking about it now.

That was an unhealthy mechanism, you thought.

“What’s he like?” He asked. You found it weird that he wanted to know about Papyrus, would it freak him out that he had the same name? Or would it confirm something you weren’t seeing?

“He’s tall, kind, way too pure for his own good, and uh..” you thought about Papyrus’ appearance, they were really uncanny, and your eyes subconsciously went to Stretch’s neck, who in return rubbed his spinal bone, looking for something you were seeing. “He has a red scarf.”
Stretch nodded. Taking a sip out of his honey bottle and idly stared at the smooth surface.

He didn’t say anything after that, keeping to himself as he thought over whatever was troubling him.

When it came around to your shift’s ending, Muffet popped out of the back to bid you a farewell. You smiled gratefully at her, your attention briefly on Stretch before you left the establishment. Stretch hadn’t looked up from his idle stare or gave you a goodbye.

Questions rising the further you thought about his questions and your observations, all unanswered. Surely there was a connection to the two. Hell, Red and Sans shared some similarities, even if Red was bigger boned than Sans was.

Maybe they were connected to one another some how. Their mannerisms were somewhat the same and in Stretch’s case it was swapped.

You shook your head as you neared your vehicle. “I shouldn’t make assumptions, maybe they aren’t even related.” You spoke your thoughts, unlocking your door and slipping in, going on a long ride back to the apartment with more questions arising.

Entering your apartment, you closed the door behind you, dropping the keys in the bowl and slipped off your shoes.

The soft glow of the tv made you frown, turning to the living room to shut off the tv—but you paused at the skeleton on your couch.

A yelp came from you when Red shifted on his spot on your couch, his phalanges poking holes onto your blanket, magic induced-sweat slowly rolling down the sides of his skull and into the fabrics that is your couch.

Lowering your hand from your mouth, you inched closer to him. Growls and mumbles coming from Red as he slept. A nightmare? You thought, carefully going to your knees in front of him.

“No, no…” he muttered, shifting uncomfortably in his sleep, his hold on your blanket made you cringe as it ripped under his sharp phalanges.

His face was twisted with remorse. Small blobs of glowing red tears gathering around the rim of his closed eye sockets before running down the sides of his face.

“Please..Papyrus..” a sharp gasp came from him as his hold on your blanket tightened some more. No longer caring for your blanket, you stood up and turned on the lights. Played soft music to soothe his troubling thoughts before making your way back to the couch.

You hesitated. Papyrus? Did he mean Papyrus? Or a different Papyrus? How many Papyruses(Papyri?) was there?

Stretch was a Papyrus, Muffet even said his name and he didn’t bother to correct her.

Your hands hovered over the rough cheek bones. Little nips and cracks decorated his bones and for the first time, he didn’t have his jacket on, leaving his arms bare for you to see. Clenching your hands, you cursed softly at their tremblings and turned around. Leaning your back against the couch with a deep sigh.

This is insane. You thought, running your fingers through your scalp. Bunching your hair together with a groan, you quickly turned around and lightly drummed your fingers on the cushion, silently
watching Red’s face twist into two different expressions, Fear and pain.

If..if he was talking about another Papyrus, did that mean he was a Sans, too? Or would that be too obvious?

Swallowing the lump in your throat, you softly placed your palm on his cheek, lightly caressing your thumb over the nips and cracks. At this, Red basically melted into your warm touch.

Feeling the brush bloom from your nose to your cheeks, you lowered your head to hide it despite him being asleep. His hold on your ripped up blankets began to lessen and he leaned further onto your palm. A soft gasp came from your lips as you placed your other hand on his other cheek—A blush colouring your skin as he??

He purrs!?

Fighting off a squeal, you rubbed your fingers along his bones. His purrs rumbled from his chest as his hands went from your blankets to your wrists, dragging you closer to him.

Wait, no! You can’t do this! This is…some kind of harassment! Trying to retract your hands from his face, you winced softly as his hold on you was ironed, having no intentions of letting you go.

“Red.” You whispered, tapping your middle finger on the apple of his cheek. He stirred slightly but kept his eyes closed. You pursed your lips. The theory in your head urging you to say it.

What if you were wrong? He might thing you were calling out someone else and stay in his sleep.

For a second, his eyebrow noted together, his mouth opening slightly as his breathing became short and shallow. The same red blobs of tears gathering in his closed eye sockets.

“Red, please. Wake up.” You whispered, once again trying to take your hands from his hold. A soft pained gasp, you watched as his sharp phalanges began to pierce your skin.

“Sans!” You cried, pulling your hands from his grasp, falling to your bottom as he gasped and shot up.

You quickly backed away from him until you backed up into the Tv stand, your eyes on him as red flags went off in your head. Warning, warning! Danger! It screamed as Red’s attention shot from one end of the apartment to the other before solemnly focusing on you.

His eye sockets widen as he stood up, stumbling onto the floor by your torn up blankets.

Without ripping your eyes from him, you quickly stood up and ran down the hall. Ignoring his calls for you to stop. Throwing your door open, you gasped loudly as Red stumbled into the hallway—you quickly slammed the door in his face, locking it and sliding down onto the floor.

“What did you run?!” He asked, his voice a soft growl.

“Why did you chase me!?” You cried, trying to calm the rapid beating of your heart.

“Because you ran?” Red grumbled, tapping the wooden door with a small rhythm.

You sighed, crawling away from your door, pulling the pillow off of your bed and placed it in front of you for protection. Red was, understandably, the scariest monster you ever came across. His whole stance was practically screaming ‘fuck off’ and to leave him alone.

With your eyes trained on the bedroom door, you pursed your lips. “Because…” you started,
opening your mouth to continue. “You looked like you were going to attack me.”

The tapping stopped.

“Look, kid.” Red sighed deeply, the shadow shifted from the light from the hallway underneath your door. You watched as the shadow paced up and down you door, rolling to face your door before repeating the pacing.

You frowned at the nickname but decided to stay silent.

“I’m—ah, fuck” he cursed under his breath. Stopping at your door and a soft thud followed quickly after. You flinched and automatically stood up. Was he okay? Keeping your eyes on the shadow, you swallowed nervously.

“I’m not gon’ta attack ya.” His voice was small, almost pleading for you to open the door and let him in.

You shook your head, he tried to attack you once. What’s to say he wouldn’t do it again? You exhaled shakily, your grip on the pillow increased. He could easily tear through your wooden door, get to you and do whatever he wanted to you.

You felt the heat around your eyes, desperately blinking away the tears that slowly gathered at the mere thought of Red storming into your room and.. a-and..

“Y/n? Ya, heh, ya still with me?” He called, lightly tapping the wood.

“P-promise me!” You said before you could stop yourself, placing the pillow back on your bed and slowly made your way towards the door. You heard him inhale sharply. Your hand softly on the doorknob and the lock.

“Kid...I don’t do promises.” He grumbled, lightly tapping the bedroom door—you noticed that it was coming from a head taller. Was he.. was he lightly banging his head against your door?

“P-please...so I know you won’t.. a-attack me..” you begged. Retracting your hand from the silver knob. Your hand pressed against your chest to feel the dull thumps that was your steady heart.

You slowly unlocked your door and opened it enough to slip your arm through, out holding your pinky for him to take. Your forehead rested on the cool wooden surface.

You cursed silently at the light trembles but kept your stance as Red’s silent drawn on his end of the door.

You pursed your lips. He wasn’t going to promise you… just as your were going to retract your hand, a rough yet gentle bone wrapped itself around your pinky. Smooth bone pressed onto your skin.

“I promise.”

You sighed loudly and took a step back, opening the door fully and turned around. Sitting on your bed with your legs crossed, you outstretched your arms albeit hesitating.

“Welcome to my domain. I sleep on this bed and do my homework. I also watch Netflix on my laptop and I-I…” You looked around your room for the first time since you moved in. It wasn’t that impressive, it was just filled with your old passions while growing up.
A dresser and the mirror near the window that overlooked the street, a TV stand that hooked up to the satellite with a single blueray DVD player underneath your TV. The gaming system from the living room was in here for Netflix purposes, your bed took most of the space near your (kind of) walk in closet. A rug white curly rug on the floor near the foot of your bed along with a chest filled with old things you couldn’t bring yourself to throw away.

A single chair and a desk filled with pencils, papers and other crafty items, along with your charging laptop and a pad to draw.

Some shelves were mounted on the wall above the head of your bed and above your desk, both filled with fictional and sci-fi books and old 80’s rock music some of them were even modern music.

Smaller shelves were mounted to keep your stereo above the floor, proudly sitting on the highest shelves, it was a hassle to slip in a CD when you were back at home, since your brother’s accidentally mounted your old shelves a little too far up your reach. It was one of the other models that only played CD musics and radio.

An old record player was tucked in one of the small shelves on your desk, a small box filled with disks for the record player. Old star maps were pinned on the high ceiling along with star stickers that aligned with your horoscope sign along with few Greek star patterns.

A pair painting of aurora lights and silhouette figures of trees pinned proudly above your curtains.

You shifted on your bed and Red steadily made his way to the center of your room, examining the way you put things together. A low whistle came from the skeleton as his eyes trained on the stars aligning the ceiling, pointing at a few mistakes you made.

“Tha’ star is supposed ta be a little to the left. Tha’ larger one is supposed ta be centred in between those two smaller ones.” He pointed, looking from your stars to look at you on your bed. A rush of red blooming in his cheekbones as he shoved his hands into his pockets. “Nevermind.” He grumbled softly.

“You like stars.” You noted, watching as the blush deepened.

“Nah, it’s more of Vanilla’s thin’.” He turned to look at your desk, eyeing the boxed record player. “What I’m interested in is tha’smooth bass playin’. The kind where the drum rumbles ya insides.” He looked at you. You shrugged and nodded your head, watching as he carefully slipped out your record player and admired the piece, plugging it into your extension cord and opened the lid. He…wasn’t so bad. Now that you have him a chance.

Red crouched to pull out the box of disks, flipping through each covers. You noticed that his phalanges trembled slightly as if he was scared of breaking any of them.

“No friggin’ way.” He gasped, taking a cover from the box. Your straightened your back to try and see over his shoulders. No friggin way, what? What did he see? Did he see your Disney disk?!

“A quiet girl such as yerself listens to Trivium?” He asked, turning to you while slowly taking the large disk from the cover, gently placing it on turntable of the record player. Letting it spin before dropping the pin.

“Oh, uh..” you trailed, listening as the drums started off. You flinched at the volume and he immediately turned it down, keeping it at a respectable volume this time. “It’s…” you blushed. “It was a phase.”
He chuckled deeply, nodding his head as he examined the set list.

You eyed him carefully. Wondering what was his motives.

He turned to you, a wondrous glint his red eyelights. Although, it dimmed slightly at the look you were giving him.

“What?” He snapped, making you flinch. “Shit! Uh, Sorry, i didn’t mean ta…” you shook your head, dismissing his apology. You were still jumpy around him, he shouldn’t apologize for your uncomfortableness.

“What are you doing?” You asked, wringing your loose sheets, avoiding his stare as you asked that.

“What mean?” Your heard him shuffle around your room, barely moving anything as he stood awkwardly.

You closed your eyes and sighed. “Why are you...being nice to me?”

The silence that followed was suffocating and you couldn’t help but wipe the tears that gathered in your eyes, blinking rapidly to push it back. Oh god, he’s going to think you’re weird!

“Why th’hell not? I can see that ya mean no harm. Hell, Papyrus came ‘ere in a heartbeat after that phone call earlier.”

“But!” Your went to protest lifting your head to match his stare despite the trembling in your shoulders as you fought the urge to cry. You were weak! Why would you cry at a time like this! He’s probably going to think you aren’t worth the time after this!

“He’s...so kind.” You muttered, playing with your fingers.

“Ya got me there. Papyrus would do something like tha’ again if he could. His bro, Sans, came home with a broken bone and looked awfully pissed.” Red shrugged, stuffing his hand into his pockets and pulled out a mustard bottle, drawing to tip to his teeth and squirted a heavy amount on his red tongue.

You flinched when he said Sans went home with a broken bone. No doubt your brother. You barely had memories during that time.

“Sans isn’t one ta get pissed easily. Something happened in this apartment tha’ agitated him. So naturally, I came to check up on yer friend. Ran into a human on the way in, loudly talking to someone else—it was a mess when I finally came in. She was shaken to the core and asked if I seen a girl like you out on the streets.”

You rose your eyebrow slightly. What? That’s.. that’s new. You didn’t bother to question about that as he continued.

“She said her roommate had went psycho and tore up the place, leaving the apartment shortly after destroyin’ the dinner she and Papyrus made.”

You balled your fists, scrunching up the sheets with it the longer he spoke. She said you went psycho?... well, maybe you did but you definitely didn’t harm anyone or sabotage your dinner. The dinner you made.

“I cleaned the mess, scrubbed the sauce off yer walls and helped her calm down. Shakin’ like a
leaf. I came everyday after that, waiting fer ya to show up. At first I was goin’ ta show ya a piece of my mind but after the phone call, Papyrus asked if I was returnin’ to the apartment and asked if he could come along.” He drew the mustard bottle to his mouth, sucking through the tip and swallowed.

You took that moment to calm yourself down. He meant well, those glares he gave you were based on false lies. Petty rumours to keep him to herself. A soft sigh came from you, how were you going to make it up to him?

“Tha’s when I saw ya, and tha’s when I knew she was spewing bullshit about ya. I was sure as Hell surprise to see ya broken and defeated. Fuck, ya looked like ya came from hell itself and crawled yer way out of it.”

He scratched the crack in his skull, you watched as grey dust fell loosely onto the floor before disappearing. Your eyes trailed back up to Red’s eye lights.

“I want.. ta be yer friend, not because of her lies or my pity..” He scratched harder, going down to his mandible. “Shit—I, i don’t know how to do this mushy crap.” He grumbled softly.

“After seein’ that, I felt like I needed ta apologize and try ta…make amends? Fuck—I donno.”

Your rapid beating heart decreased the longer he spewed out his thoughts. It was nice to feel like you could be accepted, to have a friend! Maybe not like Papyrus but Red was a whole new monster you could exchange knowledge and interests.

Feeling rather giddy, your mind trailed to your best friend and the smile on your lips instantly faded. Red stopped tumbling over his words when he noticed that.

“Whatcher thinkin’?” He asked, twirling your chair around and sat on it. Despite his lack of muscles, it cried under his weight.

“I.. I don’t know, I do want to be friend but..” your trailed, nipping at your dry lips. What would your best friend say? This counted as friend stealing, and the forced pinky promise meant jack-shit now that Joseph (and, undoubtedly, Josh) knew about your friendship with Papyrus and...maybe Sans?


No, no, she definitely would. You didn’t voice your thoughts, lowering your gaze on the white carpet. “She’s going to be very mad…” you whispered.

“Yeah, so? She doesn’t own me, nor does she own ya.” Red shrugged, your chair creaking at his movement.

“My brothers would be pissed, too....” you trailed, your arms subconsciously wrapping yourself into a failed attempt of sad comfort.

“Doll, don’t worry ‘bout a bunch of assholes. Yer an adult, ya live in a city filled with monsters. And ya are friends with Papyrus, who’s ta say ya can’t make yer own decisions.”

He...had a point. You were no longer bound to your brothers ever since you moved out, they didn’t have a right to come and go as they pleased without telling you beforehand.

Your attention went onto Red, oddly enough, he looked like he wanted to say more but chose against it to let the words he said sunk in. Playing with the tips of your fingers, you nipped at your
bottom lip once again.

You friend was a nice person. She probably didn’t mean to tell those lies to Red when Papyrus and Sans was presented the whole time. She did want to sleep with Red—would that mean that you had just jeopardize her goal? Was she seeking some type of relationship bond with one of the monsters or was it for something entirely selfish?

You swallowed thickly. What about your brothers? They are your family! You can’t just…go against family and not expect some backlash. Knowing Joseph and Josh your whole life, they manage to slither their way through things. If you choose friends over family, there is a chance that your monster friends could become in between a crossfire. One of them could come out fatally wounded or scarred—were you ready for that?

To have that kind of—

“Hey, don’t think too much ‘bout it.” Red’s voice was oddly soothing. Leading you out of the dark corners of your mind with just a simple sentence. You felt a chill run up your spine at the husky tone. The lone growl behind those words set your running train of thoughts at a slow pace.

“Okay..” You finalized. Nodding your head as you looked up at him with your eyes blazing with life. “Yes, let’s be friends, Red!”

The surprised look that was written on Red’s face only confirmed that he wasn’t sure you’d accept his friendship, especially since the two of you had started off very rocky. He made you cry for fuck sakes!

But looking at you now, there was no trace of that snot-nosed brat he met in front. That made him chuckle as he fistbumped the air followed by your laughter.

“Fuck yeah!” He cheered.

The Record Player was still playing Trivium when you laid on your bed with Red leaning back on your chair. There was no words spoken between your or him, just watching as your glow-in-the-dark stars illuminated your high ceiling, leaving the permanent (for now) constellations you carefully put together, minus the minor misplacements. None would have noticed yet Red did without much effort, he said Sans would too if you ever let him in your room.

You were still tense around Red, no amount of words would take that away until you were absolutely sure that he had kept his promise throughout.

The serene silence was welcoming, though.

“Y/n?” Red called through the darkness, his eyelights not leaving your ceiling as you shifted your gaze from the stars to the skeleton.

“When I was asleep… did ya do anything?”

You flushed pink, thankful for the darkness that covered your blush for you as you rubbed your cheeks. “Why?” You questioned, trying to make your voice sound steady.

The red dots went from the ceiling to you in matter of seconds, making you flinch.

“Because…” he trailed. Shaking his head as his eye sockets closed. “No, nevermind.”
You didn’t know when you fell asleep, all you knew is that you woke up to your phone’s ringtone blaring near your ear the next morning.

Groggily getting up, you hissed softly at the brightness in your room and quickly snoozing your alarm. Hair a mess and breath smelling awful, you pushed the sheets from your person and slipped out of bed. The first think you noticed that your room was Skeleton-less and that your record player was back tucked underneath your desk, along with the small box of disks of various artists. You smiled at that and quickly went to do your usual morning routine.

Adding a bit of makeup to give you a more ‘lively’ look, you unplugged your phone and dialled up Alphys’ number. A few rings in, you slipped on your coat and popped in two toast for the road.

When she finally picked up, you immediately apologized, saying that it was a very rough week for you and that you needed a simple shut down from reality.

“I-it’s Okay.. w-w-we all need our breaks..” She spoke softly, stampeding over her words slightly. “I-I have your missed assignments in my l-laboratory. Come pick them up when you a-arrive.”

A feeling swelled in your chest as you wrinkled your nose, a stupid grin on your lips as you nodded. “Alright, Thank you so much Alphys, really! You’re a lifesaver, I’ll see you in half an hour~” You coo’d, in a much better mood than the last week combined.

When the toast popped up, you scarfed down your breakfast. Swallowing a cup of slightly spiked orange juice and set aside a plate for your best friend.

You phone buzzes in your hands on the way down to the ground level. Confused, you switched on your phone.

BigRed

Don’t miss me too much, Doll(; I’ll come around when the lady ain’t around.

You frowned at the message, deciding to quickly type down a reply.

[XXX]

Please don’t start avoiding her. She’ll think we did something wrong and cry;--; I don’t want her to cry.

The elevator dinged, signalling you that you were now ground leveled and got out of it. A soft relieve sigh coming from you as you made a beeline towards your vehicle, the weather was much better than the fast few days. The airy musk of finished rain filled your nostrils, sending delightful chills down your spine as you unlocked your vehicle and slipped in. Your phone went off once again.

BigRed

Up already, mhm? Miss me that much?

You rolled your eyes and placed your key into the ignition, leaving it there to text back a fast reply.

[XXX]
Nope! Got to get to class!

Just as you turned your key, your phone went off again. You frowned at the device but instantly grinned at the name that popped up.

**Fav sous-chef**

*GOODMORNING, Y/N! I HOPE I AM NOT BOTHERING YOU. I WAS THINKING MAYBE WE COULD HAVE ANOTHER COOKING EXPERIENCE AGAIN? IT’LL BE JUST ME AND SANS OF COURSE! WE DO NOT WANT TO OVERWHELM YOU WITH THE AMOUNT OF MONSTERS IN YOUR SMALL APARTMENT! PLEASE REPLY SOON,*

*PAPYRUS.*

You smiled at the message and replied immediately, a simple ‘you got it!’ And a vague promise of no brothers this time. He didn’t reply so you thought he was busy.

Backing out of the parking lot, you began your way towards your college campus. A soft glow of HOPE forming within you the further you drove.

Chapter End Notes

See you Friday!
Spider Dance

Chapter Summary

_You know a heart like yours can’t stand a chance, got your marionette strings in my hands._

Chapter Notes

Hello my beautiful readers:) I absolutely adore your comments and it gives me so much motivation to keep writing! To be honest, I never thought i’d make it this far. In less than two months, No less!

I’ve been excited for this chapter since chapter 3! AHHH

I have decided to open up a Tumblr for this story and Swapped Over. (And another one if y’all are interested!) the link to the tumblr will be at the end note:^)

Thank you so much for the lovely comments! Especially the ones that theorize! AHHH THANK YOU THANKYOU!

Enjoy this chapter:^)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Thank you so much, Miss Alphys!” You spoke, grabbing the pamphlet filled of missed assignments. By the looks of it, you’ll be up later than ever to catch up. You might even have to take some homework to the restaurant to finish during your breaks.

You pursed your lips. That’s right, two more business days of working at Muffet’s then you’ll be hopping to the restaurant to work. Waitressing wasn’t a ‘forever’ job, it was something to keep everything rolling, to give you at least a little bit of spending money.

“N-no problem..!” Alphys’ steady smile made your shoulders drop, she is too cute to be in this world!

You hugged the missed assignments close to your chest, not sure if you were mentally prepared to work until you dropped, literally or figuratively. Either way, you were determined to get this packet finished and handed in!

“E-er..Y/n.. I-If you don’t mind me a-asking—o-of course you don’t have to answer! I-I don’t wa-want to m-make you uncomfortable—m-maybe I shouldn’t a-ask?” The small monster muttered under her breath, seemingly thinking out loud about your reaction to her unknown question. Your hold on the packet as you smiled patiently at her.

“I don’t mind,” You spoke. Shrugging your shoulders at her surprised look. “It’s the least I could do.”
She avoided your gaze, choosing to focus on her talons nervously. “What...what happened?”

You froze, not sure how to answer that since you didn’t exactly know the answer either. “My brothers were in town,” You forced a laugh. God, it felt dirty to lie to a friend like this.

You wondered how your friend handles it.

Shaking that thought away. The look she gave you meant she didn’t buy it, but thankfully decided to let it go. You gestured to the packet. “Thanks again. You’re literally a lifesaver.” You grinned, waving goodbye as you exited her lab before she could reply.

You sighed loudly when entering the halls. Classes were over, you got extra work piling up. What a great week to start a new school year. Yaay.

Checking the time, you cursed softly and quickly sprinted to your car. You only had an hour to shower, get dressed and get to Muffet’s before your shift starts.

Unlocking your door, you ignored the buzz of your phone as you shoved the key into the ignition and sped down the road, making sure you were under the speed limit—you can’t afford a speeding ticket, dammit!

After several stops at red lights, you were running up the stairs to your apartment. The adrenaline coursing through your veins making the run up stairs less tiring than you had thought.

Shoving the key into the lock, you dropped the key into the bowl and made a beeline towards your room—ignoring Red and your best friend on the couch as you threw the packet on your bed, grabbed a fresh pair of clothes and a towel.

You paused, patting your pants for your phone. Oh right. You left it in the car. With a sigh, you poked your head down the hallway and up the clock. Half an hour and you’ll have to sprint down the street to get to Muffet’s on time. Grabbing your clothes and towel, you hopped in the cold shower—screamed at the coldness, nearly slipping over a bar soap, knocking things down, and singing a off-tune song later, you were wiping down your damp body when a knock on the bathroom door finally made you pause during your rush.

You blinked at the white door, wrapping the towel around your body and walked towards it.

Lifting your hand, you knocked back.

“Who’s there?” Red’s voice mused.

You rolled your eyes at him, momentarily forgetting that he was even here in the first place. “I-I’m trying to shower..?” You called.

“I’m tryin’ ta shower, who?” It was obvious that he was trying to fight off the grin in his voice.

You narrowed your eyes, glaring into the white paint.

“R-red, please leave.” You muttered, a soft blush slowly rising in you cheeks the longer you stood in nothing but a towel covering your nude body. You looked at yourself in the mirror and cupped both your heating cheeks.

A low rumble of a chuckle came from the opposite side of the door. “Tha’s not how ya do knock knock jokes. Let’s try again.” The soft knocks following quickly.

Your blush intensifying immensely, you shook your head and picked up your undergarments.

“Knock knock?” You voiced, confused for a second.
“Heh, my line.” He mused, knocking once more. “Knock Knock.”

You wrinkled your nose at the door, shivering slightly at the image of Red. Large grin pulled into a smirk, a golden tooth glinting under the light, red eye lights trained on you without any malice. Red was, and forever will be, a scary monster to you. Yet here you are, exchanging Knock Knock jokes after a cold shower.

“Who's there?” You’ll amuse him, rolling your eyes and slipped on your pants, sweats for now and leggings before you officially leave the apartment.

“Acute.” He tapped the door, much like he did yesterday night when you made that pinky promise, what did he press against your finger? His other hand?

“Acute, who?” You asked, pulling a grey shirt over your head. Pulling your hair into a towel hat. Grabbing the lotion, you began to moisturize your skin.

“Acuteness is behind this door.” He chuckled, his soft rumbles and soft rustling of bones made you pause and look at the door with a blank stare.

You had spent most of your shift with Stretch yesterday, you’d think one skeleton monster would be enough for their shameless flirtation. Apparently, you found another shameless flirt. You rolled your eyes and closed the cap of the lotion bottle, walking to the door and opening it slightly to peek a look.

“Which side?” You called, fighting off a snicker as Red choked on nothing in front of the door. His guard taken down as he watched you in disbelief.

“Y-your attempts at flirting is sad, R.” You poked, suddenly tensed at how close Red was to the door. “I have enough of that at work.” You said with a roll of your eyes, trying to mask your stiffness as surprise. You maneuvered past him and into your room.

Plugging in your hairdryer, you looked at yourself in your mirror and began to apply makeup. Nothing too dramatic, just eyeliner and mascara. And lip balm, you could never forget lip balm.

Unraveling your towel, you grabbed a brush and began to dry your hair.

A few struggling moments later, you switched out of your clothing into something more appropriate. Checking down the hall once more for the time, you cursed softly and grabbed your phone charger.

You were going to be late.

Grumbling under your breath, you walked down the hallway, past the kitchen and living room. Shooting a smile at your friend—who rolled her eyes and leaned onto an uncomfortably Red.

“Where are ya headin’?” He asked, leaning away from your friend as much as he can without alerting her. She pouted and turned to you, almost daring you to answer.

Holding her gaze, you swallowed thickly and turned to Red. For a second, his eye lights flashed annoyance before dimming softly.

You frowned softly and looked back at your friend. “I’m going to work, I’ll see you later.” With a painful wink, you added; “Don’t have too much fun.”

You may have intentionally ignored Red but he’ll understand, right?
“Right, now leave Y/n.” she coo’d. “I want to have reddy-bear to myself.” She snaked her arms around Red’s neck and pulled him to her puffed out chest.

Both you and Red cringed at the nickname. Quickly composing yourself, you giggled softly. “Don’t destroy anything.”

“Please.” She spat. “I paid for this apartment more than you, I can replace it.” She shot you a soft glare. A smile stretched on her glossed lips as she turned to Red, kissing the apple of his cheek. He flushed red, true to his name.

You shook your head, waving bye one last time before grabbing your keys and exiting the apartment building.

A soft snicker coming from you as you approached your car. Unlocking it, you slipped in and grabbed your phone. **BigRed > ReddyBear. Confirmed name change?**

You clicked confirmed, shoved in the key and revived your cold vehicle, backing out of your parking spot and the short journey to Muffet’s.

Albeit late, you clocked in and stood at your usual spot. Another worker who went by the name snowdrake(you dubbed as Snowflake, much to their amusemen) was doing the pastry cooking—since you failed almost immediately despite being carefully watched by Muffet.

Pastry making wasn’t exactly your forte. You can cook other extravagant dishes but for some reason whenever you made any pastry dish, it was always a flop. You’d follow the instructions carefully and try to measure things correctly. Maybe it was your timing? You didn’t know but you weren’t going to give up! This coming Saturday was supposed to be your day off from both working places, a time where you should be studying but instead you’ll use that time to practice on making pastry goods.

It was the only matter of asking for the recipe.

You weren’t even sure if Muffet will allow you to try and test out your baking skills. Of course you weren’t going to ask for her spider’s dust. Considering that they were her friends.

You shivered softly, but conjoined a friendly smile as a woman and her kid came through the double doors. Jaw dropped at the mysterious but beautiful shop. The kid pulled his mother to the glass window that held the sweets. Your smile brightened when he pointed at one, looking up at you hopefully before turning to his mother.

“This one, please!”

“Timothy, Patience.” The woman ruffled her kid’s hair, examining the board above head before looking down at you. “You’re new,” she pointed, narrowing he Reyes at your name tag. “Miss L/n.”

“Just started working here, maam.” Your fingers were hovering over the buttons, ready to punch in the price of her items.

“I didn’t know Miss Muffet was looking for hired help,” She hummed. “My daughter was looking for a job earlier, but Miss Muffet said she didn’t hire high school students.”

‘This place does carry alcohol.’ You noted mentally. Pinching in her items and wrapped them up in a small brown bag that had Muffet’s name over the front. Written in neat lettering a a rich purple colour.
She handed you a bill and you gave her change back. “You seem awfully young to be working at a bar,” she commented, handing her son the spider donut. He thanked her and began to nibble away. You awe’d silently.

“I don’t,” You spoke. “I woke the cashier while Snow works the pastries.” You jabbed a thumb over your shoulder, a curl at the corners of your lips.

“How old are you?”

“I’m a freshman in college.”

“Oh, my! I have a son about your age, the two of you would make a splendid couple.” She gasped, looking around for a pen and pencil. You grinned softly and reluctantly took out your pen and notepad, handing it to her as she grinned at you.

“My apologies, I am Thessia Krios. My son’s name is Thane. A quiet boy, he is. But he takes his work seriously.” She gushed softly, writing down her son’s number, along with his name and age before ripping the page from your notepad and folded it in half.

“He is a detective in the city, he works best alone but wouldn’t mind company.” She giggles, covering her glossed lips. “I’m sure the two of you will hit it off.”

You weren’t looking for a relationship but you didn’t have the heart to tell her that. She seemed excited enough to wingman her son. She handed your the paper slip, winked and left.

“I will tell him to expect a call from you, Miss Y/n.” She waved, holding her son’s hand before leaving the building.

You exhaled loudly, unaware of the breath you’d been holding in until she was out of earshot. Unfolding the paper, your eyes widened softly.

**Thane Krios, 25 years old.**

[xxx-xxx-xxxx]

Holy moly! He was five years older than you! Gaping at the news, you hardly noticed the same orange hoody monster sat on the same barstool he did the previous day.

Stretch examined your baffled look with a raised eyebrow bone. His gaze dropping to the slip of paper in your fingers, you shoulders slightly shaking.

“Heh,” he huffed a laugh. Snapping you out of your daze as you shoved the paper into your black apron. “And here I thought I was the only one flirting with the cashier.” He chuckled, grabbing the honey bottle from the spiders. He lifted it in thanks before popping off the top, sipping the thick, sticky liquid.

You faked a frown, punching in the price and outstretched your hand for the money.

“Sorry, honey.” He shrugged. “I have no money on me. Put it on my tab, will ya?”

His cheekbones shifted softly, amused spark in his pinpricks as he watched you huff. “Then work,” You said, wiping the price. Your hands working wonders with the cash register before taking a step back, knelt down to grab something under the counter before plopping a pink frilly apron on the countertop, along with a notepad and a black with silver lined pen.

His brow bones knitted together in confusion, looking up at you for a explanation but only met with
a tight smile—ah.

He shrugged his shoulders. You wanted to joke around? Okay. He’ll play. He stood up and grabbed the eye-sore apron and looped it around his neck and waist, grabbing the notepad and pen before turning away. Leaving you and his honey bottle as he surveyed around the room, effortlessly taking people’s orders with a fake upbeat tone that reminded you of those monsters you promised to make waffles? Was it waffles? Or was it pancakes?

Anyways, he sounded like the energetic one but a few notches down. After making a round, he came back to you, walking around the counter and took out their pastry orders along with yellow flower tea, spider cider and an alcoholic mixed cider. You cringed softly as he walked back to the customers without dropping a single thing, receiving tips and praises before turning his heel and marched back to you.

He dropped back onto the barstool, leaving the frilly apron on as he took the honey and sipped.

While your face was burning red, he looked smug.

Dropping your gaze to the counter, you started to feel bad. You basically blackmailed him into doing your work. You were kidding about the apron and that he had to go do a round, but he did it anyways.

A sinking feeling weighed on your chest the longer you thought about it. It was definitely going to be cut out of your pay cheque.

“Now that I’ve done my part,” Stretch spoke, leaning onto the counter. Turning his skull to look up at you. “Mind tellin’ me what’s the paper for?”

You pursed your lips. “You didn’t have to do that.. I was just kidding.” You were gonna add it to his tab. The tab you are determined to make him pay off, but he had to go and do your job and now you felt bad about it!

“Nyeh, felt like doing something out of the ordinary.” He shrugged his shoulders. Looking at your apron’s pocket for a second before looking back at you. “So?”

You sighed, taking out the paper and showing it to him. “A mother gave me her son’s number.”

“Mhm.” He examined it, honey cap in his mouth as he sat back up. “Ya going to call?”

“Text. I have no idea who this guy is, I don’t want him to look for me through my voice.” You shuttered, rubbing your bare arms.

“Why would you say that?” Stretch questioned, genuinely curious.

“He’s a detective. I don’t know which detective? Sherlock Holmes? TinTin?” You mused, looking at the paper with the neatest writing you’ve ever seen.

“Who and who?” Stretch’s brow bone knitted once more, not understanding your references.

A sigh, you shook your head and shoved the paper into your pants pockets. Maybe you’ll send Thane a text. He’s quiet, so maybe he won’t answer—hopefully.

“Sherlock Holmes is a detective that goes for the toughest cases, I think. TinTin is a detective for lost things, I think. I haven’t watched or read both in a long time.” You spoke, momentarily shifting your attention to Stretch to the new comer.
Greeting them with a soft smile, you took their order, made a Spider Cider and have them a croissant and their change back.

Nearing the end of his honey, he looked at the golden yellow substance before gazing up at you. “So you’re giving me guesses on different detectives?”

You shrugged. “I guess?” A soft laugh came from you as you shook your head. “Who knows, maybe he is a homicide detective.”

The curl on Stretch’s teeth made you freeze, he slowly placed his honey down and cleared his nonexistent throat.

“Hi, my name is Papyrus. I am the monster sent by cyberlife. I am looking for Miss Y/n. Have you seen her? I am assigned to solve her poor guesses on other detectives.” He proudly leaned back, raising his honey before taking a loong sip without breaking eye contact with you.

You flushed softly. You may have no gotten the reference but it seems like it was a game, or a movie? That he frequently watched/played on his free time. It was… as if it was rehearsed.

Narrowing your eyes in suspicion, you shook your head and brushed him off. Stretch was weird but so were you, who were you to judge if he played video games?

You sure as hell might be doing just that if you didn’t have a job to do.

“Are you going to text him?” Stretch asked, putting the empty honey bottle aside and took another from a group of spiders. Once again lifting the bottle in thanks before nipping the top off.

You shrugged. “I guess? Not now, though. Maybe after my shift or when I get home—Ah, Hello welcome to Muffet’s!” Your attention went to the door just as the little bell rang. A burly man glanced around the room before eyeing you up.

You shivered slightly but kept the steady smile on your lips. “Would you like anything today? The induced magic ciders are our specials for the day!”

Stretch sighed loudly, got up and went to the restroom—does skeletons pee?

You nearly flinched when he walked towards the counter, footsteps loud and demanding. You frowned at the unfortunate spiders that didn’t have enough time to react and move away from his large boots, instantly dusting them away.

As the spiders scattered, you held your ground. The stupid smile on your lips slowly wavering as he easily towered over you. You were beginning to shake like a leaf under his menacing stare.

“The cash.” The man growled.

He had a silverying mustache with a long unruly beard that rested on his puffed chest. Leather jacket torn from the sleeves, a overworn hardcore metal T-shirt and dark jeans looped around with a black belt.


The click of a gun made you tense up. “The. Cash.” The man demanded lowly, making sure to keep the gun out of seeing range of the other people within the establishment.

You felt the colour drain from your face, your hands becoming clammy as they shook slightly
above the register. What should you do? You’ve never been held at gunpoint! Do you alert someone? Wasn’t there an emergency button somewhere to alert the authorities?

You swallowed thickly, carefully moving your hand out of his eyesight and patted underneath the counter. Your heart dropped into your stomach when you didn’t feel any button.

’hui little missy, I do not like to be kept waiting.” The rumble in his voice wasn’t comforting at all, not like Red’s or Stretch’s. He was telling you, daring, you to make a wrong move.

Before you could do anything, a small ‘PING!’ noise caught your attention. Looking up from the register, your eyes widened at the vibrant purple Heart in front of you.

Several thin strings of purple were around him, with spiders tapping against the strings in a rhythm, like as if they heard a distant song you couldn’t hear.

“What the fuck..?” The man cursed, staggering down to his knees. The pistol loudly clattering on the smooth surface, making a small dent on the countertop.

ahuhuhu~ Muffet’s laugh snapped you out of your running thoughts, tears prickling in your eyes as the weight of the situation came crashing down. You were going to die. You almost died.

“You’re purple now~” Muffet spoke. The heart in front of the man was small but it glowed brightly. “One of the treaty laws between Humans and Monsters is that we can use our magic on humans strictly on self defence.” Her voice was.. distant. It lacked the motherly-tone you were familiar with. You staggered back, watching as the spiders moved harmonizing along the thin stretched strings.

“I do not tolerate violence in my establishment. I have a reputation to keep up, deary~” She coo’d threateningly. “How about we make this fun? You dodge my spiders and not get hit, I won’t call the cops on you. But if you do get hit, you will beg and apologize to dear sweet Y/n.~”

The man scoffed. A glare sent your way just as Stretch came back from the washroom. He froze at the FIGHT happening and immediately went to Muffet. He muttered something you couldn’t hear as your heartbeat was thumbing rapidly in your ears. Ringing very loudly to the point that tears started to stream down your cheeks.

A deer caught in headlights.

“Alright, you freak. Let’s see what you got.”

Comically, a monster got up from their booths, told the humans that it was okay and it was just staged for entertainment, got up on the small stage and pulled the curtains to reveal a grand piano.

Have you ever noticed? No.

Why? Stretch.

Snow peeled out from the back, an amused look over his face as he leaned onto the door—was this normal? For entertainment!?

Why weren’t you notified!?

…..or was that a lie so that the humans wouldn’t be too alarmed?

The piano’s melody rung out in a fast yet steady pace but you hadn’t noticed as you watch the man
in front of the counter dodge spiders left and right, purposely stomping on those who went near his feet.

Muffet bit back a hiss, sending more spiders in attempts to hit him. The comically played piano sped up with the attack on the man.

Spiders zoomed from left to right at an incredible speed. The marionette strings holding his... heart? We’re only three which he could jump up and down from to avoid getting hit by seemingly harmless spiders.

But they weren’t aiming for his body.

No, they were aiming for the Purple Heart.

The humans in the cafe cheered and woo’d, completely unaware of the actual situation you are experiencing. They couldn’t see what you saw. They didn’t see the LV, EXP and HP.

What was this?

The ringing in your ears slowly decreased—the man was hit twice by two fast oncoming spiders. Then three more. Two more. Five more… The 30 percent of his HP had lowered to a 5.

A low growl made you tense up as you looked at the door towards the back. A... spider muffin had pushed the door wide enough to see the commotion. With a gentle pat from Muffet, the muffin reluctantly backed away. A victorious smile on her lips with her fangs poking out as the HP of the man lowered until it glowed green, staying on 5.

“Ahahahaha~” She giggled, covering her mouth as the purple strings were dispersed and the purple glow of his heart faded into a really dark red. Not crimson but... red velvet.

“A corrupted soul.” Muffet mused, crossing her arms as she rolled towards you. “Are you alright, deary? He didn’t frighten you too much, did he?” Her previous annoyance now over flooded with concern. When you didn’t respond, she snapped her five eyes at the heaving man. “Beg and apologize. A deal’s a deal.”

“C’mon man.” Stretch urged. “You wouldn’t want to have any more of a bad time, do ya?

“Y-yeah. Whatever.” The man snapped. Looking at you with a hateful stare. But with a flare of magic, he was instantly near the counter, leaning over it to come closer.

You flinched at the sudden movement and turned to grip Muffet, your heart picking up its pace.

“Well?” She hummed, wrapping her arms around you protectively, rubbing your shoulder in a soothing and calming matter.

The male grumbled but flinched when Stretch’s eye flared slightly. Alarmed, he looked at you.

“Fuck—okay! Okay! I am so sorry that I trekked to hurt you, I’m fucking sorry that I tried to rob you too! If I had known there were boss monsters here I wouldn’t have—”

“Wrong words, Deary. Think carefully before you speak...” Muffet hissed, eyes turning into slits as she glared. It was uncharacteristic of her, but the hold she had on your with her six arms said otherwise. She was frightened for you.

“Fuck—shit.. p-please don’t hurt me, I just needed to get a fix for my addiction! I didn’t mean to
pull a gun on you! I swear it I-just let me go!”

Muffet seemed pleased. She turned to you and tilted her head. “Well, deary? Do you believe the corruption?”

“I-I..” Why was she pinning you on the spot? You don’t know about corrupted souls or- or whatever that was!

Are you slowly going insane because you refused to take you medication?

You inhaled and exhaled, balling your fist and wrinkling her clothing as you nodded your head, burrowing your face into her arms. Not able to trust your voice if you spoke up.

“There we have it, I suggest you leave this street and don’t come back, yes? Thank you for visiting Muffet’s Shop! Toodle loo~!”

The beating of your heart was the only thing you heard as Muffet and Stretch moved you into the back to rest. Stretch covered for you during this.

Chapter End Notes

Congratulations! You have experienced your first ever FIGHT between a monster and a human! You have more questions to ask, all of which has been unanswered, sadly.

Protective Swap!Muffet is on her way to save the reader from ANYONE!

Tumblr: Teutonicfanfics. I have posted one thing. It’s kind of like rules? And whatnot. You can ask the MC (readergiRL), the Skeletons, the bitchass best friend, or me! Please note that the art work isn’t finished yet:^) so it’ll be dialogue for now!
Chapter Summary

Muffet sends you home to rest but you end up making cookies with a skeleton.

Oh and, You meet Red’s younger brother.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Corruption?

What did she mean by that? Some kind of monster-superstition or something? You leaned onto the couch with a small sigh coming from you. The past few minutes were a shockingly overwhelming. You would have been dead if it weren’t for…what did that guy say? Boss monsters?

If it weren’t for them.. you would have..

Tightly closing your eyes, you deeply inhaled and ran a hand through your hair, cringing at the sweat that had form during the that encounter.

The humans in the establishment was naive to think that was scripted. The monsters in the area had shrunk into their booths while the more terrifying monsters looked excited. Chanting ‘fight’ over and over again with their beverages in hand. You couldn’t place a finger as to why they wanted a fight as terrifying as they looked.

“Y/n, deary?” Muffet called, strolling into the room with a silver tray in her hands. Subconsciously, your attention went to her hands where the thin purple strings stretched from her fingertips, wrapping itself around her palm while she glared uncharacteristically to that burly male.

You flinched when she sat next to you, placing the tray on the side table. A frown appeared on her lips but didn’t comment on your reaction.

“I’ve brought you tea and biscuits.” She said carefully, the soft purr in her voice somewhat calming you as you looked up at her. She sighed at the look you gave her, giving you the biscuit and tea.

“I suppose you have some questions.” She spoke, a small smile replacing her frown. Pearly white fangs poking out from the upper lip. “I’ll answer anything to my best abilities but you must know that I cannot answer specifics.”

Your fingertips lightly tapping the teacup, the biscuit resting on your knee as you stared in blind state. The questions you had earlier now scurried away from your thoughts just as the moment to ask them came, a frustrating thing that happens from time to time. You brought the cup to your lips, ignoring the salty sea smell and took a sip. The hot tea burned your tongue and you recoiled, sticking out your tongue from your mouth—successfully snapping you out of a void.

“Ow..” you muttered, looking at the swirling green colour.
“Deary?” Muffet spoke, lightly touching your arm. The thought of purple strings bounding you down made you flinch away from her touch. She quickly pulled her hand away, eyes pooled with concern and worry. “Only the second day and you’ve had this traumatic experience.” She shook her head. An action that was directed to herself rather than you.

“I am sorry. I should have considered your reaction beforehand.”

You frowned at her. “You couldn’t have seen that coming. Please, don’t blame yourself.” Offering a smile, you glanced at your tea and drowned the hot liquid. Tears gathered in your closed eyes as you welcomed the burn.

You deserved it, after all. If you had been a little stronger or if you hadn’t been such a baby about it.. maybe Muffet wouldn’t be blaming herself over something that could have been controlled if you took action.

But no, you just had freeze up.

“Y/n….” Muffet frowned, reaching over to rub your back but pulled back last minute after remembering your reaction to her first attempt.

“That was extremely hot. Luckily, it was a tea with healing properties.” She shook her head at you. You must’ve not heard her earlier, so she repeated her words.

You paused, lowering the empty cup in your lap. Eyes on the biscuit before looking up. Now that your mind wasn’t hazy, maybe you’ll get some answers?

“The Purple Heart, what was it?”

“That was my magic but with his soul.” She replied sitting up straight to face you.

“Magic? Like… magicians?” You wondered out loud.

“No, Y/n. Monster magic is different.. we’ve been up here for a while now, you haven’t met any monster who demonstrated their magic to you?” She tilted her head, watching you silently as you wracked your mind for any monsters you met in the last few years. You drew a blank. No, most of your time was either spent at home or at school. Your brothers didn’t want you to leave the house unless if it was with them or your parents. On rare occasions, you were allowed to go hang out with friends.

Your parents were against it at first, until that night where the news had reported several violent monsters had attacked a group of humans for extra ‘EXP’, as one of the victims claimed.

“No… I only saw them through a screen.” You muttered, shaking your head. You didn’t want to think about how isolated you were to society.

“?” You looked up from your lap and towards Muffet. She crossed her middle arms while her top arm rubbed her chin in thought.

“Maybe you should head home for the day,” She spoke, pushing herself off the couch. “I’ll have Papyrus take you home. Don’t worry about your shift, I’ll call in someone to fill for you.” She turned around to face you. “I want you to rest for the rest of the day, would you do that for me, dear?”

She was trying to push you out, you noticed. Pursuing your lips, you nodded your head nonetheless. Maybe you’ll ask Stretch about it.
“Wait,” You gasped. “Boss monsters, what does that mean?” You asked, grabbing the biscuit and the tea cup and placed it on the tray.

Muffet smiled apologetically. “Boss monsters are monsters who have exceedingly much more power than regular monsters. They aren’t ones you should take lightly.” She kicked her feet, rolling to stand in front of you. “Papyrus… Stretch is one of them, so am I.”

Shoving your apartment key in, you twisted it and pushed the door open. A long sigh coming from you as you let the bag in your arm slip and fall on the floor with a dull ‘thud’.

Dropping your keys into the bowl, you muttered a ‘I’m home’ and beelined towards the kitchen. Not noticing the pairs of eyes watching you as you opened the refrigerator door, pushing the bread away and grabbing a bottle of liquor and an orange juice box.

Stretch had walked you to your car just in case that guy came back, he tried to ask you if you were okay and if you needed him to drive you home. After much persistent and two pinky promises, you were left alone in your car, silently driving back home as you though over the FIGHT encounter. How you were on the verge of death is that man had pulled the trigger.

“Day drinking, Y/n?” You heard your friend call from the couch. You didn’t turn to greet her and instead got a glass cup, popping open the bottle and poured half while filling the other half with orange juice.

“I need it.” You muttered finally. Covering the bottle, you brought the juice box to your lips and sipped softly as you wandered back to the refrigerator and took out the ice tray. Dropping two into the glass, you finished the last remaining juice and threw the box into the trash.

“Why are you home? Aren’t you supposed to be working?” She hissed softly. The tone in her voice made you pause. Grabbing the glass off the counter, you finally turned around—eyes wide as your best friend, Red, Sans and Papyrus stared at you questionably.

You looked at the four then down at the glass in your hands and lastly at the board game of Snakes and Ladders that rested on the coffee table. You slowly lowered the glass of mixed vodka and slowly hid it behind you, a sheepish smile on your lips with your cheeks grew red.

“S-She..” You quickly shut your mouth, gnawing at your bottom lip as the stares turned into concern. “My hours are flexible—”

“That doesn’t explain why you’re home.” She deadpanned, leaning closer to Red. You swallowed nervously at the look he gave you.

“Something happened at work and I was let off early.” This was definitely not relaxing at all. The words that spewed out of your mouth was fast, too fast as the four of them took a moment to figure out what you just said.

Papyrus was the first to guess as he stood up, quickly walking towards you as he lifted his hand and—you flinched.

The strings of Muffet’s magic was drilled into your mind. How she easily trapped that man. You knew it was to protect you in some ways, but seeing a monster encounter up and personal was a whole feeling you weren’t sure you were comfortable with.

Hopefully, that’ll be the last.
Papyrus’s usual smile twisted downwards, seeing your hesitation as he lowered his hand back to his side.

“Remember What I Said,” he said softly as if he spoke too loud, you’d shatter.

With your hands behind your back, you couldn’t pat him reassuringly. So you opted for a small nod.

“What happened at work?” Sans voice came from behind you. You yelped and quickly turned around—how did he get there!?

“Oh, uh..” you brought the glass to your lips, the vodka smell was distance with the overpowering orange smell. You took a purposely long sip, avoiding his eye contact as you slowly but surely inched your way behind Papyrus, hopefully he’ll be able to save you from his brother’s questioning.

“Wait,” you gasped, lowering the glass from your mouth to examine Sans’ arms. Red mentioned he had a broken bone!

Sans looked startled for a second before returning back to that odd grin of his.

“You had a broken bone, didn’t you? Are you okay? I am so sorry that I did that, I didn’t—I wasn’t —” You bit down on your lip, the trembling in your voice was beginning to become too much for you as you struggled to come up with an excuse, why that it was your fault that he got injured that night. You hardly remember what happened after Joseph came but you didn’t pass the chance that you might’ve injured Sans.

His grin visibly fell, the corners of his mouth a frown as he listened to you stumble, watched as you blinked away the tears that gathered in your eyes, desperately trying to regain your emotions.

The fact that the image of a gun barrel aimed at you didn’t help either. What if you had a gun? Would you have shot Sans or, oh my god, Papyrus?

Your hold on the glass cup tightened. Before you could think, you tipped the whole thing into your mouth and swallowed it.

“Y/n, stop that.” Your friend spoke, pushing herself off the couch and walked towards the three of you, lightly shoving Papyrus away from you. She crossed her arms as you kept your gaze on the floor, holding onto the glass as if it was your life.

“Stop playing the victim. I love you and all, but it’s getting annoying. Do I have to drag you back to work before you disappear in the streets again?” She huffed.

“What a-” Red instantly cut himself off at the tearful glare you sent him. He glanced at your friend before turning to face the Tv, crossing his arms as he lowly growled.

You wiped at your eyes, no longer caring if your makeup was smeared or that black streaks now painted your cheeks.

“I’M SURE SHE HAS HER REASONS,” Papyrus called your best friend’s name and then turned to you, the same gentle grin on his teeth as he slowly placed his hands on your shaking shoulders. “SANS IS FINE. A LITTLE HEALING MAGIC WAS ENOUGH TO FIX HIS BROKEN BONE!”

He scratched his cheekbone at his brothers words, a small wince in his eye lights when you looked
over. “Papyrus’s right. A broken bone isn’t gonna kill me. Don’t beat yourself over it.”

“IT LOWERED YOUR HP A BIT, THOUGH!” Papyrus huffed, giving his brother a disapproving Starr before looking back at you. Although, he stopped his movements as the worry and fear in your eyes increased.

“Hp?” Your friend spoke, removing Papyrus’ comforting palm on your shoulder and pulled you into a hug. Unbeknownst to them, she slightly dig her fingernails into your skin.

You pursed your lips, keeping your complaints down.

She wasn’t happy with you.

You did something wrong.

Strange, you were ecstatic just this very morning and yet here you are, on the verge of crying just because of some...some incident that wasn’t in your control.

“It’s nothing.” Sans said, giving a pointed look at Red. “Don’t think too much of it..kid.” He shoved his hand into his pockets, giving you a look of concern before retreating back to the couch, shoulders tensed.

You lightly removed her hold on you, looked at Papyrus with your arms stretched out. Your lips trembled, saliva building the more you fought back the sob. Feeling your arms shaking, you looked up from the floor to Papyrus. A soft orange blush over his cheekbones as he took a step forward and lightly picked you up.

And just like that, you bursted into silent sobs. burying your face into his sweater in attempts to keep your crying silent.

Today was too much for someone like you.

“Such a baby.” You friend muttered under her breath. The annoyance in her expression was wiped away with concern as she placed a hand at the smalls of your back.

“You’re gonna go meet up with a few friends out of town, so you’ll be here alone.” She said in a small tone.

“She won’t be alone because I, the great Papyrus, will stay by her side until she feels better.” Papyrus laughed softly, rubbing your back comfortably as you shook in his hold. Silencing your cries and sobs with his clothes. Not that he minded. That expression didn’t match someone like you.

“Er, do ya think its okay to leave ‘er like that?” Red chimed, pointing at you in Papyrus’s arms. He tried so hard to mask the annoyance in his tone, and the way she looked confirmed that he successfully did so.

“Yeah, she cries over the littlest things sometimes.” She spoke, wrapping her arms around his—he had to stop himself from shuddering at her touch. The amount of disgust he had with her was indescribable now that he figured out the truth.

You were harmless. Red wasn’t sure if Sans or Papyrus knew about your friend’s lies.

“Heh,” he breathed. “s’that so?”
“Don’t tease her,” your friend pouted, making you tighten your hold on Papyrus. “She’s my best friend, snot and all.”

Papyrus looked down at you, concerned as to why you were holding him so tightly like you were. He adjusted his hold around you. “I WILL TAKE HER TO HER ROOM.” He spoke, looking at his brother for a second and trailed down the hallway with you shaking in his arms.

“Make sure she doesn’t stain your sweater, Papyrus!” Your friend called, leaning on the wall as she watched Papyrus carry you to your room. Papyrus paused, looking down at you. Thinking over his response. He didn’t want to upset either of you, in fact he wanted to be friend with both of you but there is something holding him back into doing so.

Softly placing you on your bed, Papyrus looked around for your blanket. Frowning to himself, he slipped off his sweater and placed it on you albeit hesitantly.

You covered your face with his hood, embarrassed that you had cried to him over something so minor. Then again, a lot of things happened today. It bottled up and burst open without any warnings.

You inhaled shakily, forcing a teary laugh as you peeked out from the hoodie. Tears blurring your vision as you looked up at Papyrus. The soft slam of the front door made you look towards your bedroom door, a small frown hidden behind the hoodie. Sighing, you looked up at the ceiling.

“I’m sorry that I cried on you..” You whispered, voice wavering slightly.

“DON’T APOLOGIZE, Y/N! WHAT MATTERS THAT I AM HERE TO CHEER YOU UP!” He laughed, making you laugh along with him, although you stopped when Sans entered.

“Heya, kid. How are ya’ feeling?” He asked, walking into your room with his hands firmly in his pockets, his attention solemnly on you.

You shifted uncomfortably under his stare. Pulling yourself up into a sitting position, you wiped your eyes of any remaining tears.

“...I just need a distraction from today,” You frowned at your smeared makeup, a sigh coming from you and you quickly cleaned up what you could.

“OH, I KNOW THE PERFECT DISTRACTION, HUMAN-Y/N!” Papyrus bounced, standing from your bed with his scarf flowing in a magical wind.

You rose you eyebrow at the addition in your name but didn’t comment on it as Papyrus darted out of your room with the faintest ‘nyeh heh heh’ coming from him that faded the further he got.

You blinked in confusion at the sudden retreat. Shaking your head, your hold on his sweater tightened.

“Hey.” Sans waved, sitting on your chair. A like Red, it squeaked under the movements. “I can tell you’re not telling the truth.”

You tensed, ready to say something but Sans quickly added; “But ‘m not gonna force you to tell me. Just gonna tell you that you have the option too.”

You shut your mouth, nodding your head while fidgeting with your fingers. Should you ask him the questions Muffet dodged? Or would that be too insensitive of you to ask such personal questions about monster kind?
You looked up at Sans, ready to ask those questions that filled your mind—but.. you stopped.

He wasn’t look at you anymore but the alignment of stars on the ceiling. His eyelights flickered from one star to another, his teeth patting slightly as he examined your hard work (which you think you idly did) and your attempts to make them as accurate as you could. The amazement in his eyes was obvious—feeling heat expand through your cheeks, you quickly covered your face, eyes still drawn on Sans as he pushed himself off the chair and to your light switch. Turning off the lights, he inhaled sharply at the glowing stars.

But before he could comment on it, Papyrus ran through the door and onto your bed, making the springs creak and you bouncing softly.

Startled for a second, Sans switched on the light and went back to sit on the chair with his hands in his pockets. Although, he would look up at the ceiling with fascination.

Looking at the cook books Papyrus had sprawled onto the sheet of your bed, your eyes widening at the familiar titles that were tucked away underneath the sink. How did he find these?

“I HOPE YOU DO NOT MIND, HUMAN-Y/N.” He started, picking out a book that was bright in covers. Pastel pink and blue with a font that made you jealous.

“WE COULD MAKE PASTRIES, OR DISHES WE COULD ENJOY TOGETHER.” He flipped through the pastry book before turning it around to show you.

You paled at the difficult ingredients, looking up at Papyrus’s hopeful expression. “Er.. I don’t have half of the needed ingredients, Papyrus.” Ahah, nice save on that nickname.

The orange blush that bloomed on his cheekbones flew over your head as you congratulated yourself. You couldn’t have given him a nickname so early in this friendship! No, no! Maybe later, but definitely not now.

When you snapped out of your thoughts, you smiled apologetically to Papyrus. “Let’s just make some chocolate chip cookies, it isn’t too hard to make and we have everything we need for it.” You spoke, slipping off your beg and handed him his sweater back.

“Do you want to help too, Sans?” You asked, looking at the smaller skeleton. He shrugged his shoulders and sunk deeper into your chair.

“Nah, you and Paps got this.”

“MHM..” Papyrus hummed. Rubbing his mandibles in deep thought. You rose your eyebrow at him, silently asking what was wrong. He shook his skull and looked at you and then to his brother. “HOW ABOUT… YOU AND SANS MAKE THE COOKIES? I DO NOT MIND WAITING ANOTHER DAY OR SO. AND, SANS, YOU NEED TO DO SOMETHING PRODUCTIVE TODAY TOO.”

“Aw, c’mon bro. You’ve been wanting to cook with the human for a while.” Sans straightened himself with his shoulders tensing. He avoided to look at you.

You frowned. “I could ask Red.. if you want.” You spoke, going back to fidgeting with your fingertips. “he still scares me a bit.. b-but at least I’m trying, yes?”

The look Sans gave you nearly tipped you off the edge. A sudden loud laugh came from you as you pointed to your door awkwardly, with your other hand on your hip. “I-I mean! L-lets go bake some cookies, Sans!” Still forcing a laugh, you quickly marched out of your room and down the hall into
the kitchen.

You looked over your shoulder, eyes on Red as he mindlessly watched TV. He looked over towards you for a moment, showed you a suspicious grin before returning to the programs he was watching.

You playfully narrowed your eyes, taking out your phone and secretly took a photo just as Sans and Papyrus finally came out of your room.

Sans rose his eyebrow at you, which you grinned at him and turned your phone screen to show him. It was a picture of Red on the couch but with glowing red doodles on his skull. Ears, Sans mused, watching you doodle a tail that came and whiskers from the position you stood.

You used the photo as his icon, screenshotted the conversation (so he could see the new contact name) and sent the photo to him along with a full photo of your doodle.

You grinned softly and pocketed your phone, swiftly turning your attention back to Sans.

“Do you know how to bake?” You asked, gathering the ingredients you needed to make cookies from scratch, but you still pulled up the recipe from online just in case.

“Papyrus does th’most cooking.” Sans shrugged, walking to your side and looking at the ingredients over your shoulder. “Mhm.” He hummed. “Seems simple.”

You nodded your head, a determined huff coming from you as you laid out the bowls and preheated the oven. “You mix the dry ingredients, I’ll beat the butter and mix in the sugars in.” You pointed to the small bag of flower and small container of baking soda.

A soft growl came from across the room, making you look up and grin at the red hue around Red’s cheekbones. He was gripping his phone lightly before shooting you an accusations look. You flinched, but smiled anyway. Going back to mixing the butter and two different kind of sugars.

“Do you make cookies often?” Sans, surprisingly, spoke up first, pouring the flour mixture into a metal bowl, white particles few up and he coughed slightly. Making you wonder: do skeletons need to breath?

Wait, they’re monster skeletons.. so? They.. do?? You lightly shook your head, banning the thought away.

“Yeah. I wasn’t allowed out of the house, so I made cookies to past the time. Other pastries aren’t my forte, though.” You spoke, thinking back to your deformed muffins and donuts. Now that you thought of it, you never really did bring them home that day. Huh.

You poured your mixture in, being careful not to make a flour cloud, and turned it on. Sans looked at the directions on your phone and carefully added the eggs while you scooped up a cup of chocolate chips and poured it in when it all combined together.

“Other pastries? Have you tried?”

Letting it roll around in the mixture, you gestured Sans to take out the cookie sheets and tray.

You laughed at his question, scratching your cheek. “Yeah… Muffet said they weren’t display worthy—okay, okay! She didn’t actually say that, per se, she said that I could take them home instead.”
Sans paused, looking over at you with… something written over his face, not that you noticed because you were still talking.

“A regular there said they looked terrible, in a joking tone, and stole a donut from me.” You shook your head. “After I said something, he just.. sorta shut himself down?” A red blush dusted over your cheeks as you noticed that you had just rambles about work..

“A-Anyway…”

Papyrus gasped, looking at the dough roll around in the mixture. You smiled at that as you pulled out some Halloween cookie cutters. Hesitated, you held the skull cutters to her chest. Would they be offended to it? It was skeleton themed. They didn’t look like regular skeletons but their own unique way, definitely not of human bones.

You sighed and grabbed other cutters. Maybe you should let them pick it out? A tree cutter, a skull cutter, a star cutter and lastly, a flower.

As Sans shut off the mixer, you displayed the cutter on the countertop, leaning onto the table as you gestured to them.

“Pick one.”

“ME TOO?” Papyrus pointed a finger to himself, you smiled and nodded your head. He grinned and immediately hovered over the silver cookie cutters. Telling Sans his thoughts on each one—a loud gasp came from him as he picked up the skull cutter.

You fought off a grin as the two(mainly Papyrus) talked about this cutter standing out the most to them. Papyrus turned around to face you, holding out the skull cookie cutter with both hands. “AFTER A LOT OF DISCUSSION, SANS AND I WOULD LIKE THIS ONE.”

The smile you fought off appeared on your lips. It was like they went to go pick out a puppy. So cute.

“Good choice!” You mused, missing Sans’ amusing grin, as you rolled the dough into a flat surface. Cutting out a few, you let Sans do some with Papyrus.

The day may have started out smooth then proceed to be rocky, but as you stood in the kitchen with Sans and Papyrus yet again, you felt euphoric. The tension of the earlier situation was still drilled into your mind but the distraction Papyrus had provided had helped, if he was down to watch movies and offer platonic cuddles again, you were sure you were going to throw everything out the window and join him in bed.

N-not like that! Just.. the thought of it wasn’t bad. He really does help with your stress, doesn’t he?

You smiled at the two and helped them place the cut up cookies onto the sheet, leaving a few as simple circles.

10 minutes later, the timer went off. Pausing Mario cart, you stood up and quickly went to turn off the oven. Papyrus quickly followed you, grabbing the oven mit and carefully pushed you to the side.

“YOU COULD GET HURT.” He said, closing the oven door and placing the tray on the stovetop.

You rose your eyebrow at Papyrus but he smiled at you, effortlessly picked you up and went back into the living room to finish your game.
You protested silently and pouted when he placed you down on the pillow you sat on.

“Don’t pick me up, Papyrus.” You frowned. “It’s weird…”

Snickering could be heard behind you as you turned around and narrowed your eyes at Red and Sans. Your player, Yoshie, had stopped driving and many other players passed you, Papyrus included.


You blushed ten time the colour, swiftly turning away from the snickering duo, you tried to focus on the game but Yoshie kept driving off road and into a ditch.

“I only did that because it’s a habit i did often with my dad.” You defended as Yoshie finally bounced on the large overgrown mushroom without falling off and getting on track.

“Ya’ gonna call Papyus daddy now?”

Both you and Papyrus made a choking noise, wiping both of your head to look at a laughing Red and a wheezing Sans.

“RED, THAT IS INAPPROPRIATE!” Papyrus scolded as you covered your face and sunk onto the floor, holding that somehow you’d phase through it and plop into you the next apartment.

The buzzer to your apartment gave you the opportunity to dart away from the three. Embarrassment creeping up your neck as you unlocked your door and threw it open—however, you paused as you were met with a spinal bone. Blinking in confusion, you followed it up.

Black. That’s all you saw until your eyes lingered on the sharp teeth. Much like Red’s but this guy had a semi-scowl on his mouth. He...

He looked a lot like Papyrus and Stretch, but changed alternatively. The first thing you noticed at his eye sockets were in a perma-glare. Much like Sans’ grin, two cracks lined one of his eye socket. His eyebrows seemed to furrow the longer you stared.

“WELL?” He huffed. Voice deep and raspy, certainly held a venomous bite to it. He lifted his hands as large, sharp phalanges moved to touch you.

“You MUST BE THAT ROOM—” You quickly slammed the door in his face, slipping in the lock and leaned your back against the thick door. Your heart thumping into your ribcage as you quickly scurried out of the door way, your body faced the door as the doorknob shook violently.

You backed into someone, making you scream and jump away—sharp phalanges gripped your forearm, stopping you from falling over.

You panicked and slapped the person off of you, tumbling onto the floor with a loud groan.

“Kid, Y/n.” Red quickly helped you up. Regaining your surroundings, you tensed and eyed the door. “What’s tha matter?” He asked, moving your hair from your face to examine any bruising. When he didn’t find any, he sighed in relief.

The buzzer to the apartment went off again, only this time the guy had lingered his hold onto the buzzer. You flinched and quickly pulled Red back.
“S-someones outside..” You whispered, ignoring the concerned looks Sans and Papyrus gave you.

Red furrowed his brow bones, following your gaze onto the door. “Lemme check.” He said, patting your arm and walked towards the door.

You gasped and quickly pulled him back. This guy was scary, scarier than red! “No don’t! He’s.. he looked very scary a-and I..” the words died in your throat as the buzzer constantly went off, resulting the guy’s impatience to your lack of hospitality.

“Relax, Dollface. ‘m a big bad monster.” He ruffled his sweater, showing you his size as he gently unhooked your hand from his sweater sleeves. You tried to protest but he gestured you to Papyrus and Sans, if you didn’t feel safe, the least you could do is stay with other monsters who you felt safe with. (As much as he didn’t want to admit.)

When the buzzer died, you swallowed thickly and hid behind Papyrus, using his height to hide you from the other monster you found terrifying.

The front door opened and you sucked in a deep breath, clinging onto Papyrus and holding onto Sans as if the two would fight for you, to protect you from whoever that guy was.

The startled noise from the from made you tense up even more but what threw you off was how powerless and off-guarded Red sounded.

“B-boss! What’re ya doin’ ‘ere?”

Chapter End Notes

Whatcha think;)?)? Comments are really appreciated as they motivate me to write! Edge is...uh, Edge.

he will warm up! Just.. not as easily as Red;-;

Tumblr: Teutonicfanfics
Other Undertale FF: Swapped Over
You froze up, tightening your hold around the two brothers as you kept your eyes on the doorway.

“Did he just say boss?” You whispered, feeling your heart drop into your stomach. “W-what does he mean by that?”

Papyrus lifted his hand and ruffled your hair, you flinched, not suspecting the contact but leaning onto his touch anyway.


You nodded your head, nearly falling over when Edge marched into your apartment. Eye light scanning the area before focusing on you and you alone. Suddenly, you left very small in the presence of this peculiar monster.

You hold on Papyrus limped and you instantly hid your body behind Sans, a strangled squeak coming from you as you pressed your head on his back, balling the fabric in your fist.

Oh god, oh god oh god

If Red was Hatred, did that indicate that Edge was Mean? You didn’t expect him to be so..intimidating. I mean, sure. Red was pretty scary but Edge was on a whole new level of ‘scary’. Terrifying? Probably. Was he going to hurt you? Were your frie— were they going to let him?

Edge staggered back a bit, a surprised look over his face upon noticing the other skeletons in the room before quickly composing himself.

“I SEE THIS IS WHERE YOU ALL RUN OFF TO.” he huffed, crossing his arms in front of his chest. Eyes solemnly on you.

You gulped and turned your head, avoiding that heated look he fixated on you. If his nickname was mean then it’s probably wise for you to keep your distance. Your eyes wander to Red. His shoulders were tensed and half of his face was hidden behind the fluffiness of his hood, red eyelights on the floor with blobs of red sweat on his skull.

He looked nervous.

For some reason, you hated that look on his face. Softly pursing your lips, you looked up at Edge.
Recoiling back that he was still staring at you. The heavy atmosphere wasn’t as soul-eating as you thought it would be. Normally, you would be shaking like a leaf and on the verge of tears like a baby you were.

Was it because you had others around? Or was it because of that expression on Red’s face.

“N-no..” You spoke, voice still shaky. “This is the third time...t-they came..” was it the third? Or fourth? Maybe more times?

You didn’t know. Holding onto Sans gave you a odd sense of confidence, like you could conquer the world and proudly tell the world something daring.

You instantly let him go, the feeling very foreign to yourself.

“DON’T TRY TO BLAND ME WITH YOUR FILTHY LIES, HUMAN. FOR ALL THEY KNOW IS THAT YOU ARE OPENLY MANIPULATING THEM.”

You shrink as the heat in his voice rose, inhaling and exhaling softly to keep the trembles at bay. You went back to gripping Sans for dear life.

“YOUR WRONG, EDGE!” Papyrus spoke up. Picking up the controllers and placing them nearly on the table, straightening things out and muted the tv. You couldn’t see him, but you could hear the frown in his voice. “WE HAVE BEEN COMING HERE VOLUNTARILY. NO JAPES WERE PULLED IN ANY MANIPULATIVE FORMS.”

You swallowed thickly. You didn’t need this. You can’t handle this after the day you just had. Why couldn’t you just...why didn’t you just stay away from monsters.

Red slumped his shoulders, examining you for a full minute before looking at his brother. “S’true, Boss.”

“OH, I KNOW YOU WOULD COME HERE VOLUNTARILY, WHELP. THE INFATUATION YOU HAVE WITH HUMANS ARE DISGUSTING. I WOULDN’T BE SURPRISED IS YOU SLEPT WITH THAT HUMAN GIRL.” Edge spoke, the bite in his voice dialed down when addressing Red but had began to increase when he mentioned your friend.

“Not any-fucking-more.” Grumbled Red, shoving his hands into his pockets. “Look, boss, th’girl doesn’t need this typea shit happenin’ to her right now.” His eyelights briefly met your grassy eyes. Ah, tears. He was so sick of seeing you look so defeated. Like you had just accepted the consequences to something that was far from your reach.

“PATHETIC.” He spat. Looking down at you then back to Red. He snatched his hood and pulled him behind himself. “FROM HERE ON OUT, YOU ARE FORBIDDEN TO EVER STEP FOOT NEAR THIS HUMAN. WE CANNOT BE ASSOCIATED WITH SOMEONE AS WEAK AS HER.”

Your grip on Sans’ sweater tightened. Your heart in your ears the louder he shouted. Forbidding someone from being your friend? Somehow, the feeling that washed over you made you want to cry out.

“AS FOR YOU,” he pointed at you. A small tug in your chest made you gasp and despite the warning from both Sans and Red, Edge ignored the two. The feeling was unpleasant, a harsh tug came from your chest as a heart in deep crimson glow pulled you from your spot behind Sans. The surprised shout from Papyrus going over heads as Edge somehow managed to levitate you to his
height. The hold around your enter body was suffocating as you stared into the empty void that was Edge’s sockets.

“YOU WILL NOT BOTHER MY BROTHER. YOU WILL NOT TRY TO SWAY YOURSELF INTO OUR LIVES.”

Your body was stiff. Whatever type of magic he was using on you made you feel smaller than you actually were compared to his towering height.

Like Papyrus and Stretch (If he didn’t slouch), but instead of feeling protected. You felt threatened.

Keeping the eye contact, you pursed your lips, mentally counting to ten in attempt to keep you from sobbing then and there.

“W-we made cookies!” You shouted, eyes tightly shut. The only word you could say without actually bursting into tears. “T-they are skull shaped! And made of chocolate chips, they’re really good! Y-you sh-should…” You gulped, opening your eyes to meet the startled expression on the scarier monster’s face.

“Please…” you whispered, voice wavering and chest feeling heavier than ever. “D-don’t hurt me…” you said, barely above a whisper.

“Edge.” Sans hissed from behind you. Another colour overlooked the crimson glow as a warm blue covered the small heart, gently placing you on the ground.

Unable to keep your legs from standing, you fell to your bottom. Covering your mouth as you sobbed for the second? Third time today.

Red was quick to go to your side, pulling you away from his brother as he glared down at Sans. No longer giving you a second thought.

Red pulled you from the floor and gently placed you on the couch. He disappeared for a second before coming back with bundles of pillows in his arms. Making a nest around you, he pulled the small blanket from the loveseat and covered your shoulders.

Sans scowled disapprovingly but didn’t say anything as he returned a look at Edge. “The law forbids monsters using magic on humans unless it is absolute.” His voice was low, a small rumble coming from him as Red continued to nest you.

You found it odd, but honestly? It felt nice.

“Lay it off.” Red grumbled to Sans, fluffing a pillow and laying it near your head. He pulled back and shook his skull, repositioning it.

“I KNOW WHAT I DID. I WAS MAKING A POINT, SHE BETTER NOT—”

“Y/N IS HARMLESS, EDGE.” Papyrus intervened. “SHE IS SMALL, SQUISHY AND BARELY ABLE TO KEEP UP A BRAVE FACE.” He gestured to your nested self, kind of proud of Red and his usually instincts to nest you.

Edge huffed, crossing his arms. “I AM NOT APOLOGIZING. I MADE MY POINT.”

With you no longer feeling like crying, you slowly drifted off into sleep. Despite the shouting match between Papyrus and Edge.
The next morning you woke up, you were still bundled up in the pillow nest. Rubbing your eyes from the tiredness, you cringed softly at the crust from all that crying yesterday. You stretched out and yawned, feeling bad for messing up Red’s hard work, but you had classes to go to and work at Muffet’s. Debating if you should stay or not, you sighed loudly and pulled yourself off the comfortable nest and began your usual morning routine.

Of course, you put on makeup to mask the eyebags.

Making a quick breakfast, you walked down the hall and knocked on your friend’s door, peeking your head through the small opening.

“Breakfast is on the table.” You said softly, watching the lump of blankets move before your friend pulled herself up to sit. Her glared at you due to the light and nodded, a sleepy smile on her lips.

You giggled, shutting the door. Grabbing your phone from the couch, you sighed at the folded photo in between the small space between your cover and phone. Taking the paper, you typed out the number.

[XXX]

_Hello, sorry for randomly texting you, but you mother gave me your phone number yesterday. Maybe we could be friends?_

You softly groaned at the typed message but sent it anyways. Quickly eating your eggs and bacon, you placed your plate in the sink as your friend came out of the bathroom, less tired looking.

Making sure to grab a cookie from the counter before you left, you noticed that most skull cookies were gone and only five were left in your wake. You grinned softly and shoved one into your mouth, a moan coming from you as you bit down and took another for the road.

Waving bye to your friend, you went out the door and downstairs to the front.

Mid-step, you phone buzzed.

[Krios]

_Yes. She mentioned to expect a text from you. You’re Miss Y/n L/n, then?_

You blushed unsure how to actually respond. He was so polite even through texting! You weren’t expecting a text back so soon and so early in the morning but you guessed it was fine, getting your socializing to start up so early. Carefully walking down the stairs, you absentmindedly pushed the door open and walked to your car.

[XXX]

_Yes! It’s nice to meet you, theoretically speaking._

You pocketed your phone and unlocked the car doors, slipping in and quickly driving down the road to your college campus, softly munching of your chocolate chip cookie.

As classes flew by, you spent most of the time texting Thane. Making sure to pay attention through the lecture and write down notes before replying back.

Just as his mother said, he was a detective in the ebott police department. You enthusiastically said you knew people from the department he worked at and he asked who they were since he might
know who you were talking about.

Turns out, Garrus and Shepard were frequent partners of his. Helping solving crime together when Garrus was put on a case he was investigating and since Shepard as high in command, she tagged along. Although that was rare.

You instantly texted Garrus with this newfound knowledge and he confirmed it, cutting the conversation short as he was in the middle of paperwork.

You barely registered your monster friends texting you until half the day was gone and your shift at Muffet’s started.

Muffet didn’t question your abnormally high energy, happy that the events of yesterday didn’t sway you the slightest. Although, she didn’t know how much strain was put on your shoulders in the past week and, basically, your whole life.

Almost dying was like the cherry on top of an awful looking cake.

“You look happier.” Muffet giggled, slowly glazing a donut. You beamed at her, slipping your phone in your apron’s pocket and began to help her glaze the donuts. “I’m glad the events of yesterday didn’t scare you off.”

You hummed, a slow frown appearing on your lips as you gently placed the finished donuts on a rack.

“It was scary, the people I met were scary, too…” You trailed, your hand subconsciously hovering over where that small heart appeared from. The feeling of dread slowly rising up, but the soft buzz of your phone made you grin.

“But I made a new friend, his mother came in the shop yesterday and gave me his number. Turns out he is a friend of my other friend and—it’s amazing!” You gasped, gripping on the tray as your whole attitude brightened. The thought of Edge and that robber was shot out of your head and came the overfilling of Thane and Garrus.

Although you knew that you had to address it sooner rather than later, you couldn’t just push it away and act as if it was nothing, that was a very unhealthy mechanism. You knew that whatever you were bottling up was going to overflood your emotions, that amount of baggage was going to bite you in the ass one of these days.

But… you also just wanted to live in this blissful moment even if it was a fraction of your life.

Garrus and Thane both had day jobs and so did you, just because you made a new friend via text messages didn’t mean you’d ignore your job as a waitress slash cashier at Muffet’s.

After sliding in a few more racks in the displays, you smiled brightly at the bunny and her two kids.

“Hello, Welcome to Muffet’s!”

By 10, you were already at home, lounging on the couch while mindlessly scrolling through social media, the game you were playing was used for background noise as the apartment was too quiet for you liking.
Stretch didn’t come by Muffet’s today. It was odd. But Muffet didn’t seem too worried over his absence, at most she seemed more enthusiastic. Again, it was odd. For someone who raised Stretch, you’d think she’d want to stay around him as much as possible.

But then again, he made terrible puns even you had trouble laughing at.

Chapter End Notes

I don’t know why I made Red nest you. I felt like he does that sort of thing in heat? Idk, lmao I just think it’s sweet.

Since it is a shorter-than-normal chapter, I will see you guys Saturday or Sunday!

Edit* ITS NOT FRIDAY!!! JSIDHC I NEED TO SLEEP LMAO
Chapter Summary

_The soft silence in the apartment is filled with hushed whispers and silent sobs._

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Placing your phone on the coffee table, you got up and grabbed the packet of missed assignments from the table in the kitchen. Carefully opening it with a knife, you pulled out the papers and sighed. A lot of missed work and so little time to complete them.

Placing the packet on the countertop, you grabbed a cup and opened the fridge door—frowning softly at the lack of orange juice but grabbed the apple juice instead.

Picking up the marker and wrote ‘buy more orange juice’ on the whiteboard propped up on the door, you popped the marker back in its place and pour yourself a cup of juice.

This…this was complicated, more so than you ever thought it would be. You never thought that you’d be talking to literal skeletons on a day to day basis, encounter a FIGHT like the one at Muffet’s, or have words shoved into your mouth by the hands of your best friend.

Perhaps she was looking out for you. Yeah, with the way you met Edge and Red, you sorta got the picture. There were worse monsters out there who wouldn’t bat their eyes at you if you were in a different situation. Much like that burly man—okay, _wow_. You need to stop thinking about that.

Bringing the cup to your lips, you told a sip of the cold beverage and used your free hand to display the papers. Most of it required online search, which was great for you because you couldn’t really afford those expensive books. Not even with your income from your parents. Spend money wisely and it won’t come back to bite you in the ass.

Placing the cup on the table, you quickly yet quietly went to your room to grab your laptop from your desk. Your eyes on the record player that’s been tucked away.

Oh right, Red is forbidden to talk to you. Maybe you shouldn’t have slammed the door on his brother’s face. That scenario could’ve went somewhere better instead of you being held up by crimson magic.

Your hand subconsciously gripped the fabric above your heart. That feeling of vulnerability was terrifying, like Edge could just look at the small animated heart and see your whole life with a twist of his wrist. He could’ve seen all the times you’ve been locked up in the attic, alone and cold. He could’ve witness the suffocating situations you were always pulled into, taking the blame and smiling through it like it was actually _your_ fault.

He could have seen all the things you never talked about.

The lump in your throat made you stop breathing for a moment. The weight of yesterday’s situation finally dawning on you.
That moment of vulnerability was something you never wanted to feel, ever.

That heart… was your SOUL. Much like the burly man but instead of red velvet, yours was a faint sapphire shade.

Swallowing the ever growing lump, you tore your eyes away from the record player. Holding your laptop to your chest as you kept your head low and went back to the kitchen. Retreating to the living room to grab your phone and back to your room to grab a forgotten pencil. Pointedly avoiding looking at the record player as you shut off your lights and slowly closed your door.

You stood in the hallway for a second, your hand lingering on the doorknob. Edge wasn’t going to allow you to see Red anymore.

Somehow… that thought alone made you feel…sad?

But then again, you’ve been feeling off ever since you started up your medication. You wrinkled your nose, shaking your head and shoving the thought away.

Sitting on a chair in the kitchen, you typed in your password and switched your phone on silent, determined to finish some of the papers without any distractions.

About an hour in, Your friend returned from a night out. Stumbling through the door as she kicked off her heels carelessly, shutting the door behind her and switching the lock. A small hum coming from her as you looked up from your papers. She offered your a small smile, went to rummage through the cabinets while you went back to your homework.

“I thought we had chips?” She asked behind you. You shrugged your shoulders, writing down the answer to a question. Pushing the paper away and pulled your laptop closer, looking up the correct information on the subject.

“Ran out of orange juice, too. I’ll go to the grocery store tomorrow after class.” You spoke, scrolling through the google page.

“Alright.. Small and Lazy are coming over tomorrow morning, we’re going to watch Disney movies until you get back.” She smiled, taking a seat near you while softly drumming her fingers against the table.

“Who?” You lifted your head to look at her. Lazy and Small… who were they again?

“The ones you kicked out when I went to get the mail.” She deadpanned, taking your empty cup and placed it in the sink before returning to her seat next to you.

She wore her party clothes. Huh, you wondered where she went. Guess that answered it.

“The ones I promised French toast?” You voiced, tapping the end of the pencil on your chin. “I guess I could make it for them. As an apology for chasing them off.”

“You...owe them french toast?” She asked, raising your eyebrow. “How did that happen?”

You lowered your head going back to your work. “I bribed them out of here. It was the only way I could get them to leave so I could get ready for school without unnecessarily covering myself.” You chuckled nervously. Now that you thought back, you promised them at you’d make french toast the very next day.

You doubted you overslept with how busy your daily life was, maybe you were… that was nearly
two weeks ago!

“Oh man…” you groaned, dropping the pencil on the table and rubbed your face. A frustrated groan coming from you. “I really need to make it up to them.”

“Hey, Y/n. Don’t sweat it.” She shrugged, stretching her arms with a low moan. “Well, today was tiring. I’m gonna go sleep. See you tomorrow.” She smiled, standing up from her seat and gave your head a small peck before retreating to her messy domain.

Muttering a small ‘goodnight’, you resumed to finish up what you could. However, you couldn’t focus since your mind was on the two monsters that were going to be here for a Disney marathon.

You promised to make them food if they left. What would you think? Should you leave a small apology?

You sighed loudly. Packing up your mess and retreating to your own room. Opening the window slightly. Autumn colours were beginning to decorate the streets and you could practically feel the pumpkin spices restock in coffee shops near your apartment. A small shiver crawled up your spine as a gust of cold wind kissed your cheeks. Satisfied, you plugged in your phone and quickly stripped out of your shirt and pants to dive into the warm embrace that was your covers.

Your original blanket was thrown out because of the tears and you were using the winter blanket— which you didn’t mind because you loved sleeping in a cold room during the colder seasons. The only thing missing was a fan.

And someone to cuddle against.

But you weren’t picky. You felt completely at life’s mercy with just you on your bed, cuddling into the thick covers as the cold air outside slowly nipped away the warmth in your room, the thick blankets successfully protecting you.

Your phone buzzed loudly underneath your pillow. You frowned softly and grabbed it, switching it on and opened the message.

1 unread Message from: Krios
3 unread Messages from: Reddybear

Your nose wrinkled at Red’s contact name, you only changed it because it was so bad and you wanted to get back at him for those Knock Knock jokes he pulled while you were partially nude.

Rolling your eyes, you lowered the brightness and opened Thane’s message by mistake as you were going for Red’s.

[Krios]

Do you enjoy the crisp air of autumn?

The question threw you off a bit. To keep it short, yes. You enjoyed it so much. It wasn’t too cold that made you want to stay in a toasty house nor was it too hot that made you sit in front of an AC.

[XXX]

Yes, I do, why?

[Krios]
I wasn’t sure if I should have mentioned it earlier but my son, Kolyat, loves this weather.

You froze, sitting up from your comfortable lying position and reread the message, ignoring the cool air nipping away you warmth. The three dots appeared once again, and you help your breath as he typed out his message.

[Krios]

Most women find it intimidating that I have a son. Y/n, I can assure you that I do not plan on giving you a role you aren’t comfortable with. I thought that you might want to know about my family.

You pursed your lips. Thumbs hovering over the keypad as you thought over what he said. Were you intimidated? You shouldn’t be that surprised that he has a son. He is 25 for godsake.

[XXX]

How old is your son? If you don’t mind me asking.

After pressing send, you swiped up Red’s incoming messages. Too invested in this conversation you were having with Thane. Just a few days ago you were acting like a teenage girl giggling over a crush, wanting to talk to him more and take up his time.

But you were an adult. You had your responsibilities to manage and so did many other adults. Thane happened to have a huge responsibility on his shoulders.

[Krios]

I don’t mind. I am surprised you are still willing to talk. Kolyat is turning 6 in September.

[XXX]

I want to be your friend. You are a close friend to Garrus, which makes me want to be yours, too.

You swiped up at Red’s messages once again, tapping the sides of your phone anxiously as the grey dots appeared on your screen once again.

[Krios]

You continue to surprise me, Y/n.

You frowned at that. Was that a good thing or a bad thing. You were about to ask him but he beat you to it.

[Krios]

My apologies. Kolyat woke up from a nightmare, I will speak to you later. Have a goodnight, Y/n....)

Thane seems to care deeply for Kolyat, you noticed. Then again, he is his son. You shut off your phone, tapping the screen mindlessly. He didn’t mention his mother or if he had a wife— His mother said he was alone so that either meant that she out of the picture or she was the type who neglects their child?

You pursed your lips. No, you will not make any assumptions. You didn’t know the full story so there wasn’t a point in trying to force an opinion.
You sighed and sank deeper into your bed, pulling the covers to your chin and stared up at the starry ceiling. The phone in your hands buzzed and shined a soft glow of light, and for a split second, you felt your heart skip a beat.

[6 unread messages from: ReddyBear]

A small gasp came from you as you quickly clicked on his name, momentarily forgetting that he messaged you while after Thane’s message. Feeling guilty, you read through his text, gathering what you should say to ease him—although, you found yourself carefully reading through each speech bubble.

[ReddyBear]

12:12 am: Y/n? You up?  
12:12 am: Boss didn’t mean to… scare ya like that. He wz just concerned we all went somewhere without him knowing.  
12:13 am: look.. the underground wasn’t kind to monsters like me n my bro. So don’t think too much of it.  
12:24 am: I didn’t mean for that to come out as a threat. All I’m just staying is that my bro is harmless.  
12:25 am: he might look all intimidating n dangerous but thtz all we knew growing up. It wz kill or b killed.  
12:34 am: u kno I can see ur online status on myfone, rite?

You exhaled softly, thumbs softly typing over the words you thought out carefully. You didn’t want to anger or offend Red, the opposite actually. When you reread your paragraph, you couldn’t help but sigh loudly, pressing send and shutting off your phone instantly.

[XXX]

I don’t know, Red.. he grabbed my SOUL, forced me to see at his level, and threatened me. I already had a crappy week and him tearing out my soul like that was another cherry to an overly flowing disastrous cake that’ll fall over soon. I want to avoid that at all cost. . . Plus, it made me feel… exposed. I didn’t like that.

Your phone buzzed in your hands, making your hold tighten around it. Afraid of reading what he had to say about it. It felt… dirty to ignore them, he asked you to forget it—but you couldn’t.

The terrible feeling of exposure and vulnerability will forever tattooed in your mind and you really didn’t want to feel that way ever again.

When your phone buzzed in your hands once more, you inhaled and switched it on.

[ReddyBear]

12:39 am: Forget about what my bro said, he really means no harm. He wz just on edge with the lies ur friend spread.  

[XXX]

That’s v sweet of you, Red. But no thank you:(

Not even a minute gone by and another message from Red popped up, surprising you.
12:43 am: Nope. Take it from somebody who’s disastrous cake has already tipped over.
12:44 am: c’mon sweetheart, trust me.

You pursed your lips into a thin line, removing the covers from your body and shivered as the cold replaced the warmth that was your blanket. Grabbing your discarded clothes, you shoveled it into the closet and slipped on a large shirt (dad’s shirt that you stole for safe keepings) and shorts. Grabbing your phone on its spot on your pillow, you replied with a simple ‘ok..’ albeit hesitantly.

We were really going to talk about your week? Your brothers never really cared about what happened during your week at school, only that you were safe within the house walls. Your parents were too busy to listen to you, which you didn’t mind since they were still working despite nearing the age of retirement.

You _never_ talked about your endeavors. Just simply smile and go on with the day and hope that tomorrow will be better.

Swallowing your building saliva, you gripped your phone and slipped out of your room. Opening the door next to it, you wrinkled your nose at her loud snores and closed it.

Tiptoeing down the hallway, you opened the fridge door and took out the (already almost empty) apple juice, poured it into a cup and went to grab a blanket from your room.

Placing the cup on the coffee table, you threw the blanket on the couch and went to open the window, welcoming the cool brush of wind with a shiver.

The air in your living room seemed to crackle with magic as small red particulars stretched outwards on the spot above your couch. Just as the second came and went, a porcelain skeleton now occupied the opposite end of your couch.

All he wore was his red turtleneck and familiar black basketball shorts with a stripe down both sides. Collar and jacket nowhere in sight.

A colour of red dusted your cheeks as you slowly sat down, covering your shoulders with your blanket and pulled your knees to your chest.

The smell of tacos filling the room as your eyes wandered to the two paper bags clenched in his right hand, a lazy smile on his sharp grin.

“Mexico’s festivals ain’t half bad.” He casually spoke up, one of the bags was engulfed in red magic and the bag slowly began to float towards you while Red opened his and took out a taco.

“Y-you went to Mexico?” You asked, flinched softly as the bag dropped in your hands. Carefully opening the flap, your stomach growled softly at the sight of food. Huh, you must’ve forgotten to eat again.

“Yes.” Vague, but okay.

Grabbing the taco, you bit into it, a soft groan coming from you as you took another despite still having the first bitten piece in your mouth.

“So good…” you whispered, having your hand in front of your mouth as you talked ungraciously with a mouthful.

Red snickered from your far side, already finished with his tacos. He went to shove the garbage
into his pockets—only to remember that he wasn’t wearing his jacket. He grumbled softly and placed the balled up bag on the coffee table, a temporary holding place.

He didn’t say anything until you finished eating, which you were grateful for because you definitely weren’t ready to talk about your week. Nope, nope, not ready. Maybe you’ll never be ready. Yeah, that sounds better.

“Y/n.” Red called, studying your expression. “We ‘ave all night or ya can talk and get it over with. It ain’t healthy keepin’ it bottled up like tha.”

“A-aren’t you not allowed to see me, anymore?” You stalled, tightening the blacket around your shoulders. Staring down at the floor to avoid looking at Red.

“Nah, talked to my bro.” Red waved his hand, shoving it in his pockets and sunk deeper into the couch. A low sigh coming from him as he turned his skull to look at you. “We can keep playin’ this game of yers, or ya can start talking.”

She laughed, although it was devoid of any emotion. “You’re not..going to let this go, are you?”

The sharp grin widened as Red made himself more comfortable, his legs over the cushions with his fingers intertwined behind his skull, relaxing into the atmosphere despite the heaviness on the girl’s shoulders.

You sighed, mimicking his posture but kept your hands in front of you, holding onto the blanket like it was the only good thing. Opening your mouth, the words died in your throat, unsure how you should start.

And just like that, you talked about your few weeks since moving from your hometown. Your voice wavered slightly when you mentioned Joseph and Josh. You talked about how you didn’t think ill about monsters and that you just wanted some friends in this strange new place.

Tears gathered in your eyes as your hold tightened, knucklings going white and fists shaking ever so slightly.

“Joseph didn’t tell me he was going to visit. He just… announced it on short notice. I tried getting Sans and Papyrus our of the house before he came. I tried so hard—” choking back a sob, you covered your mouth; inhaling and exhaling softly. “I-i knew he was going to be mad. I knew he was going to snap.. a-all the possible scenarios came crashing l-like a tsunami..w-when I opened the door…” You but your trembling lips, cursing yourself for being so weak.

“I-I was so scared—it felt like.. like I was back home.. g-getting..” you covered your face, sobbing into the blanket. Red, unsure what to do, quickly scooted to your side, rubbing the smalls of your back.

You shrugged your shoulders, cowering away from him as you press yourself against the armrest. You missed the expression flashing on Red’s face as he watched you shaking your head as you lowered your hands from your face.

“don’t…”

After five minutes of silence, of you trying to calm your shaky breaths, you continued. “I thought I was back home..being dragged up the stairs with my hands tied in front o-of me…” you swallowed thickly. “Up the latter...into the attic..”

“I don’t remember what happened. One moment I’m alone in the attic, the next I’m in a warm
“embrace,” Your outstretched your arms, wrapping yourself into a hug to empathize it. “Someone was telling me that I was safe and sound, that I wasn’t in the attic..” You dropped your arms, leaned back onto the couch. Red didn’t brother to move from his spot near you, in case you needed a supporting friend.

He’ll admit that he isn’t great at this. Hell, Sans would probably been the better candidate for this type of emotional situation. Him? His shit still wasn’t together. Yet, here he was acting like it was.

“T-the other was when I met you.” Your voice was small and Red knew at that very moment, you preferred Sans. The way you scooted further away despite already pressing against the couch’s armrest proved it.

“I didn’t know what to thi-think, I tried to put a brave face, I really did. B-but when you growled I just.. wanted to run.” You wiped at the tears lingering in your eyelashes, laughing pitifully. “And then those lies she told. I don’t hate monsters. I don’t hate a-anyone.” You tried to cover up your sobs, and failing as Red leaned back, slowly opening your cocoon and slipped himself in, wrapping himself up and pulled you into a warm embrace, fingertips softly combing through your hair soothingly.

Red’s eye blazed red softly, his magic intertwining with your emotions, pushing away the bad feeling as you slowly began to relax under his touch.

“Yer alright.” He said, “take yer time, doll.”

You inhaled then exhaled, leaning into his touch. “I know she’s just doing it to protect me and to keep me away from danger. My brothers would do the same whenever the news reported a crime…” your voice barely trembled, making Red retract his magic from your emotions and continued to ring his fingers through your hair.

His mouth pulled into a scowl at the mention of those three. He saw what she’s doing, he may not know your brothers; but he sure as hell don’t like’em.

He didn’t voice his thoughts and kept listening to your troubles these past few weeks. He listened to your thoughts throughout each piece. He kept his words a minimum to listen to the slowly rising anger in your tone as you spoke of your brother’s interference and your friend’s words.

Yet, annoyingly, you forgave both of them.

He paused his movements for a split second, letting your words sink in before returning to run his fingers through your hair, carefully making sure that his bones weren’t caught in between the thin strands of (Hair colour).

“......” your voice slowly died down, thinking over the next few words you were going to say. How could you casually say that you were almost shot at work because some guy wanted a feed for his addiction without breaking into tears.

Your breathing began to shake the longer you thought about it. The barrel of a gun poking out of the pocket, threatening you to make a move he didn’t like.

“Y/n.” Red’s voice rumbled, shaking your side as you were pressed against his ribcage, a faint glow of red coming from his chest before fading softly. It pulsed like that for a second then died out as Red gently hooked a finger underneath your chin and lifted your head.

“Thas a lotta shit ya carrying. M’glad ya trust me enough ta talk ‘bout it.” He gently rubbed your chin, his shoulders lifting softly before dropping.
But before he could continue, you cut him off. “I’m not finished…”

His eyelights buzzed softly and then he bobbed his skull gesturing you to continue as he sat up, pulling you with him as he got more comfortable. You didn’t protest this time, feeling the soft buzz of his body against yours was soothing.

“A few days ago…” you started, a sinking feeling making itself known in your stomach. “A man entered the shop and pointed a gun at me. He demanded that I empty the cash register and give him all the money I collected—”Swallowing the lump, you lowered your head. Balling the red fabric in your hands. The boney arms around your shoulders tightened almost protectively.

“Whenever I… close my eyes I can see the hidden gun aimed at me… I-I..” you pursed your lips, mentally telling yourself that you were fine, that you were safe from that man. “The costumers thought it was staged… before I knew it, I saw his HP lower to 5, spiders zooming from one end of the strings to the other, the menace in her face, the threatening aura…“

Tears gathered in your eyes. “I nearly died, red.” You shook. “I nearly died…”

“If-if it wasn’t for Muffet, I would have been shot behind the counter, losing blood…dying..” you whispered as you pictured yourself on the floor near the bottles of liquor, choking on your own blood as tears stained your face as black dots scattered in your vision. The terrifying screams, Stretch’s shouts, Muffet’s pet tearing down the door… utterly chaos as you slowly died on the floor.

“Hey, Hey, Hey..” Red’s voice pulled you back into reality, unaware of the tears staining your cheeks as a sob ripped through the silence. Unable to keep it up, you desperately gripped onto him as he muttered words you barely understood but appreciated anyway.

“I-I..” you tried to speak, your voice embarrassingly frail as you quickly shut your mouth.

You really wanted to ask about SOULS and everything revolving around it—but did Red trust you?

You and Red stayed in that position for a long time, him wrapped around you with your holding on tightly and crying silently into his chest, him telling you that you were safe and away from that situation.

Even if Red had no idea what he was doing, you were grateful for his support. Unable to talk anymore, you slowly drifted off into sleep, unaware of Red’s magic pulling emotional strings to calm you down.

A loud bang woke you up from your spot on the couch. Heart beat dropping, you opened your puffy eyes and glanced around, the noise ringing in your ears as your mind wandered to that burly man, thinking that he had came back to finish the job.

After two eerily moments of absolute silence, you pushed yourself to sit up, a pounding headache making itself known as another ‘bang’ echoed through your apartment. Turning your head to the window, you frowned softly at the hailstorm, your nerves settling as you slowly stood up.

First, something for the headache and your puffy eyes. Walking down the hall, you opened your door and threw your blanket on your bed before opening the bathroom door and popped open a tylenol bottle, drowning it down with water. Looking at the time on the clock, you quickly whipped up some cinnamon french toast—some for the monsters and some for your friend, grabbing two, you quickly ate.
Grabbing a vegetable pack from the freezer, you wrapped it up with a clean dish cloth and grabbed your phone from the livingroom table before making your way into your cold room. Covering yourself with the blanket, you plugged in your phone and leaned back, placing the cold pack on your eyes.

Five minutes passed, and you removed the frozen vegetables from your eyes. A soft sigh coming from you as you turned on your phone.

[XXX]

Red?
I’m sorry.

Shutting it off, you didn’t bother with Thane’s good morning text or Garrus’ plans for today. Honestly, you just wanted to wither way on your bed and forget about life for the rest of it.

But...you had classes to attend and a second job to get to later in the evening.

As much as you wanted to wither away, you had a life to live. Your phone buzzed multiple times, surprising you as you sat up. Unlocking your phone, you scowled at the username before exiting out of your brother’s group messages.

Silencing your phone, you quickly did your makeup (a little more than usual.) and slipped on your coat and scarf, grabbing a hat just in case as you walked down the hall to the sound of the apartment’s buzzer.

Loud thuds sounded behind you, along with a door being thrown open and your friend zoomed past you, unlocking and throwing the door open as you nonchalantly began to tie your shoes.

“What’s French toast is on the table…” You whispered, keeping your head low and quickly grabbing your keys and bag, you lowered your head from the tall one’s arms and went down the stairs.

Your phone vibrated in your pocket, stopping mid-step, you too out your phone.

[Reddybear]

Nah, dn’t b. Srry 4 leaving u, couldn’t stay the nite even if I wnted 2

You wrinkled at the text talk and quickly texted him a ‘I’m still sorry for dumping all that on you. I’m thankful, though.’

Quickly typing a good morning to Thane and Garrus, you pocketed your phone and slipped into your car, letting it heat up before making your way through traffic and through college campus and into your lecture.

Chapter End Notes

That talk was supposed to be meant for Sans. But I felt like y’all weren’t close like y’all are with Red. (Well, close-ish)

Hetalia, who? I only know 2phetalia and that’s wORSE*le cri bc finished a binge read*
See you Wednesday(;
The later classes were beginning to bore you. The monotone voice carried heavily around the silenced room filled with college students, a man in his mid-40’s held a ruler, pointing at a diagram projected from the projector somewhere in the back, his arm loosely behind him as he switched the slides, showing a much more complex diagram from the previous one. Mindlessly writing down the notes, you leaned on the desk, keeping your eyes on the pencil as it traced words and numbers on a lined paper sprawled in front of you.

The fact that you were behind didn’t sway you one bit, keeping up with the lecture wouldn’t be too hard if you continued to study on your free time. Although, amidst your jumbled up words, the end of a pencil tapped your paper, causing you to stop writing and look up with a furrow between your brows. Who..?

“You missed a spot.” Came a voice of a man, teasing and smug. The male was sun-kissed tan. Bright emerald green clashing with your (colour) ones. His hair was brown with highlights of blond, messy and slightly curled. A smile pulled at his thin, yet plushy, lips.

“I know.” Came yours, returning to the lecture at hand. You couldn’t let your mind wander from the lecture you had missed a few days ago. It was a miracle that the strict professor had granted you a second chance to rekindle what was lost. Nonetheless, you were very thankful.

As the professor switched off the projector and went to take a seat at his desk, the male sitting besides you poked you with his pencil. Squirming, you shot him a glare with no heat.

“I haven’t seen you for a few days,” he said, packing up his papers and books, shoving it into his bag carelessly. “Where were you?”

You raised your eyebrow, wondered why he was so quick to leave as there was still half an hour left of this class, the time for students to write up and explain in their own words of each question on the papers they received at the beginning of class.

But, you needed to write everything down before you forgot, continuing to ignore him in favour of your own work.

“C’mon, talk to me.” The male joked, bumping shoulders with you, making your pencil drag along the paper, marking the clean sheet.
You sighed loudly, turning your pencil around and began to erase the error while giving him a sideways glare, refusing to acknowledge him.

“I don’t have time to talk,” You said, swiping away the leftover eraser particles. “Please, just let me work.”

“My name’s Antonio Carriedo, by the way.”

You sighed once more and began to pack your things. If he wasn’t going to leave you be then you were going to leave, you doubt that you’ll be able to finish this assignment today. Great, another unfinished work you had to complete. Yaaay...

“I didn’t ask, now will you excuse me.” You smiled, although it didn’t reach your eyes as you stood up, walking down the small stairs and out the door, following many others who’s leaving early.

Adjusting the straps of your bag, you pushed open the doors, looking around the campus for a second before making your way towards the parking lot.

“Wait!” The dame voice of Antonio shouted behind you, stopping your tracks, you lowered your head and sighed once more.

“What?” You hissed when he came to stand by your side.

“Haha..A friend of mine asked if he could have your number?” He laughed nervously, scratching the back of his head. The annoyed look in your eyes melted away as he continued.“He isn’t.. confident when it comes to talking to girls.”

Your eyes widened slightly, a small blush over your cheeks as you hastily lowered your head. “Uh, no thanks…Ask someone else, yes?” You offered a quick smile and scurried away, towards the parking lot and this time making sure to ignore the calling voice of Antonio.

Your grip on the backpack straps tightened, running down the small flight of stairs and quickly made a beeline to your car, avoiding the looks you were given as you unlocked the doors and slipped in.

Taking out your phone, you frowned at the text messages from Josh. It was mostly about his day and what he did during work, disheartened that Joseph decided to stick to night duty to avoid him —he got an apartment for himself, too.

Congratulating your brother, you plugged in your phone via Bluetooth and played a random playlist on Spotify.

“I’m hungry…” You whispered, pulling out the parking lot. “Wendy’s, McDonald’s or Burger King?”

Tapping the wheel to the beat of the music, you didn’t notice the black Lamborghini pulling up besides you. Looking up at the red light, you puffed your cheeks, counting down and recounting the times you thought it would turn green.

The notification bell startled you from your counting, grabbing your phone, you furrowed your eyebrows at Red’s text.

[Reddybear sent an image.]
Looking up at the traffic lights, you used the thumbprint to open your phone and pulled up the picture.

Despite it being low quality, it was a photo of you. Cheeks puffed, fingers mid-tap on the wheel and your looking up at the traffic lights while lost in thought.

The colour red bloomed on your face as you turned to your right, mouth opening and closing idiotically at Red.

“Hiya, sweetcheeks.” He chuckled, leaning out of the black Lamborghini window. “Ya come ‘ere often?” He snickered, basking in your startled look.

However, your eyes wasn’t on him. Rather, they were on the scowling skeleton besides him. Giving you a heated glare.

“SA-RED, I TOLD YOU TO STOP TALKING TO IT.” Edge shouted, grabbing the back of Red’s hoodie and roughly yanking him back. A choking noise came from the smaller skeleton as he was roughly yanked. A low growl coming from him as he turned to his brother.

“And I told ya I ain’t gonna do shit!”

Your eyes went to the traffic lights, apologizing for cursing at it earlier and begging it to hurry up and change colours already. It was like the universe wanted you to be miserable.

“And she has a name, it’s Y/n. Y-n. C’mon boss, say it with me.”

“DON’T MOCK ME.” Edge hissed, looking over Red’s shoulder—but the moment the lights changed to green, you sped off.

Hearting beating in your chest as you passed by Wendy’s and towards the road that leads to your apartment complex, however, the familiar road to Muffet’s caught your eye.

Pursuing your lips, you parked your car, paid the parking space and quickly walked down the road until you spotted that familiar purple shop. Pushing the doors open, you shoved your hands into your pockets. Smiling softly at the employee.

“Welcome to Muffet’s. Y/n, it isn’t your shift.” The bunny shook her head at you, a paw hovering over the cash register.

You shrugged your shoulders, sitting on the bar stool. “I know, felt like having a spider cider.”

She punched in the price and began to make it for you.

“Hey, uh, did a skeleton come by yet?” You asked, placing your hands on the counter, fiddling with the cuffs of your sweater.

“Stretch? Yeah. He asked for you and I told him you only worked Mondays to Wednesdays.” With her back turned to you, she continued to prep the drink, adding a little bit of alcohol and whipped cream. Her tail flicking softly as she hummed.

“Did you make him pay for his honey?” You asked once she turned around and gave you the glass cup. Taking out your wallet, you gave her the amount needed and picked at the straw.

“No? He told me to put it in his tab.” She rose an eyebrow at you. “Am I supposed to make him pay for it?”
“Yeah…” you sighed, thinking of making Stretch pay for it or at least a few sums of his tab. “I’m going to bite that skeleton.” You muttered under your breath, taking the words to heart—which was supposed to be threatening because, well, he was literal bones.

The soft laughter snapped you out of your thoughts as you looked up, eyes wide with an embarrassed blush blooming over your cheeks.

“Wha—no! Not like that!” You quickly protested, trying to protect your shattering dignity. The bunny, Amir, shook her head, covering her mouth.

“I didn’t say anything.” She teased, taking you empty cup and storing it away to clean later.

Standing from the stool, you playfully narrowed your eyes at her and turned around. “I have things to do today, see you later, Amir.” You waved, a boxy smile appearing on your lips as you pushed the door open—it didn’t open. Furrowing your eyebrows, you pushed the handle and tried again.

“It’s pull,” a voice popped from besides you, a bone hand slowly pulling the door open. “Ta-daa~.”

You blushed profusely, lowering your head from Stretch’s amused grin. Pulling the door open, you hastily left the shop, well aware of the extra footsteps following closely behind you.

“Bite me, huh?” He mused, popping a lollipop in between his amused grin. “I’m not sure if that was an invitation or a threat,” he said, taking a large step in front of you, making your run into his chest with a small ‘oof’ coming from your lips.

You quickly backed away from him, covering your reddened cheeks.

He chuckled. Rolling the sweet candy from one side to the other. “Gnawing on the thought, I think you’ll bite off a little more than you can chew, honey.”

The embarrassed blush still on your face, you rolled your eyes and crossed your arms. “Oh, wow. You must be proud of yourself.”

Stretch chuckled, shoving his hands into his hoody pockets and shrugged. “What can I say? It’s in my bones.” He snickered.

Blush slowly fading, you huffed playfully and stepped to the side—he followed. Furrowing your eyebrows, you tried again but on the other side. Again, he blocked you while looking nonchalantly.

“Since you’re not busy, why not come and meet my bro?” He spoke after your third attempt of trying to leave. Pulling out a flip phone from his pockets, he dialed a number while blocking you from leaving.

“I am busy today, Papyrus.” You frowned, sidestepping him and ducked underneath his arm and scurried down the walkway. Your heart pounding in your chest the further you got.

You couldn’t handle meeting another monster, not after Edge. Stretch’s footsteps quickly followed you making your eyes sting with small tears, quickly blinking them away, you sighed and stopped, looking over your shoulder.

“Your brother sounds nice…” you trailed, finding the correct term for your discomfort. “But I need some distance after the last few weeks I had.”

Stretch furrowed his brow bones softly. “It’s that roommate of yours, isn’t it?”
You froze. Furrowing your eyebrows, you shook your head. “What?”

He shoved his phone back into his pockets, lifting his hand and tapped his nose bone. “Your scent is all over the apartment, it didn’t take long to figure it out.” lowering his hand from his face, he shrugged and leaned back. Taking a step back from him, you frowned softly, crossing your arms over your chest, protecting yourself from him as he watched you silently.

“You.. You can smell me?” the question left your lips, more to yourself rather than Stretch.

“Melted caramel and baked cocoa powder isn’t hard to miss.” he spoke, still silently watching you. Taking another step back, your instincts heightened as they screamed ‘run’. Clenching your jaw, you eyed him carefully. The nonchalant gaze he gave you was heavy-- like he was judging you for his own safety.

You tensed when he took a step forward, making you take another step back. “D-don’t come any closer.” Cursing under your breath for the stutter, you pursed your lips while keeping your eyes on him. Somehow, you felt if you shut your eyes, he’ll be much closer than before.

“Caramel and baked cocoa powder…” You breathed, trying to calm your racing heart. “Do all monsters smell that when I'm near?”

“Nah, you could smell like firewood or the fresh earthy smell after a rainstorm.” he spat out the stick, putting a cigarette in between his teeth and lit it with a match. “It’s different to each monster. You’re the first that doesn’t smell like a bombard of flowers or…” he scratched his skull with a humourless chuckle. “Or something really shitty like dog shit.”

That didn’t help you one bit. What does your scent of smell mean to monsters? Were you desirable because of your scent? Would other monsters try to kidnap you? Pursing your lips at the thought, you looked up at Stretch-- a sharp gasp came from you as you quickly took a few steps back. He was no longer near the lampost but a foot in front of you. You could feel the hum of his magic seeping out from underneath his clothes, the soft buzz in your head was intoxicating and… you craved more of it.

“I-I said don’t come closer!” You whispered, being mindful about the passing individuals. Your heart thumping loudly in your ears. “What..what are you playing at?” you hissed, narrowing your eyes at him. He must’ve had a motive to keep that from you--to stalk you in your own apartment.

He recoiled slightly, a hurtful expression flashing in his eyelights before he looked away with a small frown on his teeth. “Were..” You swallowed the painful lump. “Were you playing me?”

His left brow bone rose up and he looked like he wanted to say something but decided against it as he looked away with a small frown on his teeth.

“You were, weren’t you?” you laughed, holding no joy in the current situation. “I should’ve know... W-who would..” cutting yourself off and taking your phone from your pockets and sent a quick ‘i need help’ to Red. you weren’t going to shovel this under the house. Your feelings are valid and you needed a ranting buddy, Even if Edge had forbidden Red from seeing you ever again, that didn’t stop the small skeleton from seeing you in secret. or so you hoped.

Stretch hadn’t said anything, keeping his attention on anything but you. Clenching your jaw, you turned away and began walking towards your car.
But, a hand grabbed your arm, twirling you around and into the arms of the skeleton monster. Gasping, you pushed him off of you as the feeling of nausea passed, tripping over something, you fell on a soft surface. The lingering smell of cherry smoke filled your lungs with a small hint of sweetened honey.

“Don’t run away before I explain myself, Y/n.” Stretch spoke, not moving after you had shoved him off of you. Heart now racing a mile, you quickly backed away until your back hit the wall--falling in between the bed and wall, you yelped loudly and quickly got up, throwing a unfluffed pillow at Stretch.

“Did you just kidnap me?!?” you shouted as he dodged the flying pillow, a displeased frown on his usual amused mouth. “That’s illegal and i could charge you for that! Take me back!” you shouted, grabbing the thing closest to you from under the bed--You paused and looked at the empty bear bottle, you face blank as you processed what you were holding. Shaking out of your thoughts, you threw it at him. The door behind him opened, a familiar voice you never wanted to hear again shouted:

“WHAT IS THIS INSOLENT SHOUTING--”

The bottle you had thrown went over Stretch and lodged into Edge’s right eye socket, Shocking the three of you in silence as the moment processed. Firstly, Stretch began laughing and you began to tear up under the glare Edge was throwing at you. Your heartbeat stopped as he yanked the bottle from his eye socket and threw it on the floor, his magic blazing in his sockets.

"YOU."

he growled.

“Ookay, that’s enough excitement.” Stretch spoke, pushing Edge out the door and slammed the door in his face, stray snickers coming from him as Edge’s yelling and profanities could be heard from the other side of the wooden door. Switching the lock, your heart dived to your stomach as he slowly turned around, fighting off the grin from his teeth as he walked around the bed and sat on the edge.

Your back pressed onto the wall and slowly took out your phone, lowering the brightness and opened Red’s spam texts while keeping an eye on Stretch as he tried to calm himself down. Your attention went to the shaking door, Edge trying to get his way into the messy room-- no doubt to get to you.

Swallowing was unpleasant as your mouth was dried, the scratchy feeling in your throat was not welcomed as you scooted away from Stretch’s hand. He lowered his hand and-- another emotion flashed in his eyelights. Like the first one, it went as quickly as it came.

[XXX]

broher, huny n smk e

After sending that text, you shoved your phone back into your pocket. Returning your attention to Stretch as he pushed himself off his bed and paced around the room, muttering under his breath. Your careful eyes followed him, silently hoping that Red would come get you--You’re not sure how but he was a goodie in your book. So maybe that meant he’ll come get you soon?

The crackle of magic waved in the air and in front of your very eyes, the colour red branched out from the middle of the room until Red popped up, you hands frantically in front of him as he stumbled into the floor, his eye socket burning red that stretched out of his skull, filling the crack running up his skull with red magic. His eyelights frantically examined the room until he stopped at your figure in between the wall and bed, tears in your eyes and a panicked look deep within
“What the hell did you do?” He growled, and you couldn’t be any happier to see that scowling skeleton. Although he was being quite scary, it wasn’t aimed at you but you still couldn’t help but grow tense.

“It’s not what it looks like, short-stack.” Stretch huffed, taking a long drag from his lit cigarette. “I just need her to listen--why are you here?” He briefly looked at you before turning back to Red.

“Doesn’t matter.” He growled as soft red magic slowly engulfed you. It wasn’t like the Crimson unpleasantness, it was a comforting red. Like a warm blanket freshly out of the dryer lied on your shoulders.

“I’m sorry, Y/n” Stretch whispered as orange magic easily overpowered red and crimson magic. You yelped as Stretch had his arms around you for the second time and in the split second of Red’s warning and Edge’s shouting--you were somewhere else.

The distant chirping and wind brushing through leaves were the first thing you noticed before the forest smell. You turned your head to face Stretch, the same emotion flashing in his orange eye lights before disappearing.

“Stop that!” you shouted, bashing your fists into his chest. He grunted in pain but let you continue to hit him over and over again until you stopped with broken hiccups ripping through the calming atmosphere.

“Are you done?” he asked, gently taking your wrists and lowered them from his chest, you tried to pull back but with the iron grip he had, all you managed to do was pull him closer. Closing your eyes, you hiccuped as Stretch slowly wrapped you in his soft embrace.

“I’m sorry.” He spoke, his palm behind your head with his fingers tangling in your hair. “Hear me out, alright? You can judge later.” There was a joke in there that you didn’t get. The heaviness in your chest was too much to bare, so you nodded reluctantly. His shoulders dropped, easing the tension that built up during the half hour.

“Alright…” he started, continuing to run his hands through your hair but paused when you tensed up underneath him. “I stalked you for a bit. To see why you were acting so nice to monsters. You walked through a protest to get a job. I was interested, a sudden shift in the endless loop of familiarity was always welcomed. We went to the apartment, and your smell was lingering everywhere with the heavy smell of burning plastic.” He slowly unhooked his arms around you, letting you sit on the forest floor.

“She said you hated monster that you despised our race and chose to avoid us at all cost, I grew wary so I decided to follow you and pop in during your shifts, too keep a close eye socket on ya in case you wanted to dust a monster--The longer you worked at Muffet’s, the longer I got to know you, I realized that she was spreading lies. A soul of Greed.” he chuckled humorlessly. “I should’ve suspected it at first. A Sincerity soul wanting to dust a monster? Unheard of.”

He sat next to you, your tears dried as you stared at him. He shifted nervously and sighed. He said you were a sincerity? What did that mean? Souls? Muffet barely gave you anything to be familiar with.

“Heh, I didn’t play you. I was cautious of what you could have done.”

His jaw clicked shut. “And then came that incident at Muffet’s.” his words were heavy like he
didn’t want to recall the time. Like it was bitter coffee. You tensed. “Look,” he sighed deeply. “I’m not going to make you relive that, all I’m trying to say is that i’m sorry and that I was. Wrong to judge you under someone else’s words.” He turned his skull away, avoiding to look at you all together as he thought over his words.

“I’m being sincere about it.” he chuckled, trying to shine a little light in the tense atmosphere the two of you had adapted. His chuckle shortly died with your silence response, he winced and rubbed his collarbone, showing you a pained smile before turning away once more.

Should you say something? What was there to say? ‘Thank you for kidnapping me twice!’ Pushing your lips into a thin line, you sighed softly, looking up from the tree line to the leaves above.


Stretch rubbed his skull, dusting off the soil from his orange hoodie and chuckled nervously. “It was the only way for you to talk to me, or to listen… I wasn’t expecting you to call for ShortyMcEdgy…”

“Well, he kind of cornered me last night and spilled everything. So, I kind of trust him.” You sheepishly rubbed your cheek, bringing your knees to your chest as you looked at the forest floor, your pointer finger softly craving the soil.

“...what didja talk about?” Stretched asked, leaning in to block your sight on the ground. A soft blush over your cheek as you turned away, muttering under your breath about personal space while he pulled back with an amused chuckle.

“...My life since moving here.” You murmured, opening your palm and clenching them. “It’s kind of...downhill.”

“Oh. I hope I shine a little bit of lighting your life.” He winked, his eye firing up orange magic that illuminated the darkest spots in the forest. Unable to keep the stupid grin from appearing, you shook your head and lied back.

“That was so bad!” You covered your eyes, laughing softly.

“Orange you glad it isn’t black?”

“STOP!” You laughed.

Chapter End Notes

Notice how she didn’t say “I forgive you” (; (; (; ??

Alsoooo any of y’all want a Bittybones story? No one asked but here is My Itty Bitties!

Also, pt2, I won’t be able to update next week from Monday 17 to Monday 24. I’ll still write but I won’t update any stories while i’m traveling!

I procrastinated a lot last night that’s why this is two days late... i’m sorry I wanted something with Stretch and this came up in my notes so I went ‘okay, let’s do it’
CHAPTER 10

“CUT!” A girl with faded green hair shouted, holding a microphone in one hand and the other a purple water bottle. She handed the large microphone to her assistant and walked into the parlor of Muffet’s. Smiling at the spider, she turned to the burly man and smacked his arm. The happy-go-lucky attitude long forgotten as she took the gun from his pockets—shocking him.

“You idiot! The gun is not supposed to be visible to the customers!” She unloaded the bbgun and looked at the neon green bullets, a huff coming from her as she looked at the camera crew then back at the burly man with a ‘are you fucking serious?’

“I did, It was perfectly hidden!” He spoke, ignoring the looks of MC(you) and Stretch.

“Nuh-uh, Anders looked like he wanted to laugh.” She deadpanned, looking towards you and Stretch.

“Honey, you did swell! The emotion in your face said everything! I’m so glad I decided to make you MC instead of that other girl.” She pouted, handing the bbgun to Matthew, the burly man that was scripted to threaten you.

“Hey! I think I’m doing a good job of being the bitchy friend!” Your friend spoke, handing you a bottled water. You smiled gratefully and twisted the cap.

“You are! Did you see the reviews, they hate your character!” She giggled, patting your friend on the shoulder. She squared herself with a prideful grin.

“Thank god, I can’t believe people would actually act like that, talk about bleh!” she stuck out her tongue, wrapping her arms around your shoulder and pulling you into a tight hug. “Y/n is too cute to be bullied like that, I feel bad every time I have to do something scripted.”

You patted her arm, wiping away the tears in your eyes. “It’s okay, you don’t need to feel bad.”

“But I do! Do you realize that I cried in our room because of the last few episodes? Joseph is really good at acting like a yandere. Kind of scary but I can’t wait until Josh comes in.”
“Wha—How did you know that?!” She shouted, walking over towards the table and snatched the script. Scanning through the letters, Teutonic groaned. “Noo! Who made this slip up?! Josh wasn’t supposed to——” she quickly shut her mouth. Grabbing the rest of the scripts from the other monsters portraying the show. Smiling apologetically, Teutonic turned to you.

“Take five! I’ll be right back….JESSICA!!” She bellowed, storming off to the poor writer. a squeal sounded throughout the silence set.

Your friend snickered softly, waving over the other group of skeletons. “Didja read it?” She asked, bouncing over to Sans—pointedly avoiding Red as she fought of uncomfortable shivers at his toothy grin.

“Yep. Can’t say I’m excited for that episode.” Stretch sighed, grabbing the honey bottle hidden somewhere around the set. Teutonic is unsure how he hid them, she tried looking thoroughly to each. So far she only found empties and expected that it was his magic.

**CHAPTER 11**

“PATHETIC.” Edge spat, looking down at you then back to Red. He snatched his hood and pulled him behind himself.

Teutonic looked at the script, mouthing each word that came from Edge. A satisfied hum coming from her as she leaned back on her directors chair, telling Edge to continue with a wave of her hand.

“FROM HERE ON OUT, YOU ARE FORBIDDEN TO EVER STEP FOOT NEAR THIS HUMAN. WE CANNOT BE ASSOCIATED WITH SOMEONE AS WEAK AS HER.”

Your grip on Sans` sweater tightened. Teutonic grinned widely, the emotion that was oozing out from her performance was captivating. So perfect! She motioned for the mic to go closer, making sure it was still out of frame.

“AS FOR YOU,” he pointed at you, then side glanced towards Teutonic, with a gentle nod, he lifted his hand, magic ablaze in his eye sockets as he pulled out your soul as carefully as he could.

The small tug in your chest made you gasp, the scripted threat from Sans and worried ‘boss!’ from Red was ignored as Edge pulled you towards him. Twisting your face into a grimace at the gentle—supposed to be hard—tug in your soul. The exposed soul being ignored (later edited as cracked) as deep crimson glow brightened the room.

The scripted shout from Papyrus going over heads as Edge levitate you to his height. The hold around your entire body was pleasant but you knew you had to make it seem the opposite as you stared into the empty void that was Edge’s sockets.

“You WILL N O T BOTHER MY BROTHER. YOU WILL N O T TRY TO SWAY YOURSELF INTO OUR LIVES.”

Your body was stiff. Tears gathering in your eyes—Teutonic leaned forward, enjoying the performance of her crew.

“W-we..” You stuttered, shaking in his hold. Edge narrowed his sockets slightly and before you knew it—you laughed out.

“UGH! CUT!” Teutonic shouted as the cameras pulled away and microphone no longer near you.
Edge scoffed loudly and gently put you down, laughing so hard that you wrapped your arms around your torso, tears coming to your eyes.

“Y/n! What was that! You were doing so good!” Teutonic spoke, getting out of her chair and towards the group.

“I-I.. I’m SORRY!!” You laughed, going to your knees.

Teutonic rolled her brown eyes. “Take five!”

“Ey, dollface, ya okay?” Red asked, crouching near you and poked your side. You swirled from his touch and wiped your eyes, smearing the barely noticeable makeup. You laughter slowly dying out.

“Y-yeah, sorry I’m okay..” you giggled, getting off the floor and looking up at Edge. “Sorry babes, I can’t take you seriously sometimes! You’re too cute!”

“HPHM. IT’S NICE TO KNOW YOU AREN’T INTIMIDATED BY ME YET.” Edge scoffed but helped you up anyways. Wrapping your arms around his neck and pulled him down to your height as you pressed your forehead on his. His skull glowing a soft red at the close proximity.

“Nah, you’re just a cute tsundere that I love so much.” You smiled, kissing his teeth which he returned. When you pulled back, he followed.

A small snicker came from you as you unhooked your arms from him, savouring the tinted crimson colour of his skull. He scoffed and turned away.

“You’re giving out kisses now?” Stretch spoke, leaning onto you with his arm over your shoulder and tapped his teeth.

“Mind if I steal one?” Before you could reply, he took out the lollipop from his mouth and pressed his teeth against your lips. Even though they were made of bone, their kisses always left a small tingle, which you always craved with open arms.

“NO FAIR! I WANT ONE TOO, Y/N!” Blue spoke, bouncing to your side and stole a kiss. He laughed and quickly went to follow his brother.

You looked at the remaining skeletons with a raised eyebrow. “What? You all want one, too?”

“Since you’re offering.” Sans smiled, taking your hand and pulled you closer—locking your lips in his. A royal blue tongue licking your bottom lip before he pulled away, a satisfying grin on his.

“I’ll save mine until we get home,” Red winked. “Gotcha for the whole night, anyway.” He grinned widely, shoving his hands into his pockets and gave you a butterfly’s kiss in your cheek before going to the snack table.

Papyrus, adorably, kissed your forehead.

A polyamory relationship with these guys are seriously going to be the death of you. Catching Teutonic’s creepy grin, you blushed and hid being your friend while she joined Teutonic’s teasing. Despite you deep red face and pleas for them to stop, they continued while you died slowly inside.

**CHAPTER 14**

“That was so bad!” You covered your eyes, laughing softly.
“Orange you glad it isn’t black?”

“STOP!” You laughed.

“That wasn’t even in the script!” Teutonic shouted once the cameras was switched off. The scenery was genuine as they had transported a camera and microphone into the woods further from the city. Teutonic sighed, flipping through the next script for next week’s episode.

“But I guess it’s okay, it’s the end of that episode anyway.” She muttered. “Stretch, hun, can I talk to you for a bit?”

Stretch looked at you from the forest floor then up at Teutonic and her writer. Shrugging his shoulders, he kissed your lips and stood up, leaving you alone on the floor—that is, until Red and Edge came to keep you company. Edge gave you a handkerchief while Red handed you bottled water.

“Okay,” Teutonic started. Handing him a contract. “I know she’s your girlfriend and all, but try to keep the touching minimal.”

Stretch’s brow bones knitted together, looking over the contract. His skull growing a small tangerine orange glow. “This is—”

“I know! I know, Y/n already signed hers and I thought the two of you could talk it over? It doesn’t have to go like that, I know how you Monsters are with your souls and..er, everything else.” Teutonic shook her head. Smiling apologetically. Stretch looked over towards you, laughing with Red while Edge muttered grumpily.

“Ahh.. alright, it’s not like we hadn’t done it before. It’s just in front of cameras and everyone else.” He mumbled, taking a pen and signed his true name with a ‘S’ at the end.

“Don’t worry, I have it planned out! You are going to be the first to take her soul in the later episodes. If anything were to happen, I’ll take full responsibility.” Teutonic said, patting his shoulder.

“I wouldn’t dream of hurting her or any of you. My cute little muses!”

He sighed deeply. Stretch had to talk to you about the soul scene, were you really okay with it? That people would be watching you panting underneath him, soft tears in your eyes that always appeared either or not it was him that was making you feel like that.

Was he okay with it?

*CHAPTER ??*

Your arms tied behind you, a cover over your eyes as you turned your head side to side; hearing for any noise in the room. Your heart picked u pay the soft taps coming closer and closer. Mouth running dry, you weakly called out: “Hello?”

But nobody came.
Little miss

Chapter Summary

A woman appears. Waiters are hot and your training is about to begin:

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Sweetheart, are ya alright?” Red asked the moment you walked through the door. Arms piled with plastic mags filled with groceries. A pained grunt came from you as Red quickly helped take the load off of you.

“I’m fine…” you muttered, feeling relieved after having the weight carried off. You weren’t so sure why you let Stretch go so easily, your brothers said that you were a pushover, Maybe that’s the reason why? You still haven’t forgiven him from using his magic on you, taking you through nausea-filled trips three times (the last one was to drop you off, he left straight away before you could do anything else.) and the headache you received the first time he…teleported? You into his room.

Walking up a few flights of stairs because you refused to go more than one trip up them, nearly cost you your arms. Normally you’d complain but you had a stinging feeling that it’ll be a constant recurrence.

“Nuh-uh, don’give me that.” Red shook his head, placing the bags on the table. “We all heard ‘he thuds from our room and heard ya screamin’.” He looked through the bags, helping you put away the things with you showing where they belonged.

“…I know. I was scared for a while. I mean, I was basically kidnapped by someone I thought I could trust…” you muttered to yourself, feeling through the thin bag of macaroni. A frown on your glossy lips as you thought about Stretch’s words.

You were a form of Sincerity. Monsters had this whole setup about soul traits and how it’s different to each humans while theirs is an inverted white or grey heart. The colour of their magic showed which trait they had. What were the traits again? Bravery, Integrity and… and something else, Justice and kindness?

“Can… you tell me about souls? And.. a monsters sense of smell?” You asked, putting the bag of macaroni bits in the pantry and looked at Red. “Stretch said my scent was Baked Cocoa powder and Caramel.”

Red visibly recoiled, blobs of red sweat appearing on his skull as he shoved a box of cereal on top of the fridge. “He, uh, he told ya ‘bout that?”

You hummed, stacking the dried foods in the pantry. “Yes. He also said I was… Sincerity and my friend was Greed” Pausing in your stacking, you looked over your shoulder. What scent were you to Red?

“Yep.” Red spoke, continuing. “She’s determination mixed with Greed. S’why ‘er soul’s darker.”
You furrowed your eyebrows, holding onto a bag of frozen vegetables. “I only know the minimum, like its your whole culmination to monsters—it’s different towards humans because we have cells and skin.” You grabbed the cereal box and placed it on top of the fridge. “When it comes to monsters, you guys rely on your magic…” You sheepishly grinned. “Please correct me if I am wrong..”

“S’not the only thin’ we use our souls fer.” Red chuckled, moving over so you could put the vegetables in the freezer. “We use it ta reproduce, ta have sex.”

“. . .oh . . .” You paused, holding onto a box of cereal while trying to fight down the blush that threatened to show.

“But, Souls ‘re what they ‘re. They ‘re ya. Take damage and ya whole body takes damage.”

“That was the boringest explanation ever.” You deadpanned, putting loaves of bread in the pantry, making sure it wouldn’t get squished.

“Talk ta Sans ‘bout it. He’ll fill you in much more. Souls ‘re a touchy situation fer me.” He shrugged. You frowned, were you bothering him by asking him about souls? Should you just look it up on the internet? Then again, you should never trust the internet about things you want to look up. False information and misleading titles, and everything unpleasant.

“Alright. I’ll try to get Sans to talk to me about it.” You smiled, although it didn’t reach your eyes. Red frowned.

“Yenno, Y/n. All this talk ‘bout souls, is gettin’ m’really hot ‘n bothered.”

“Red!” You shouted, face blooming in brilliant red. Ear tips matching the colour of your cheeks.

With the way he talked, you never knew he was a flirt—and to say those things to you! Covering your face with the frozen meat pack, a strange noise came from you, and you were sure that steam would have came from your ears if this was a cartoon.

Red’s bellowed laughter didn’t help your embarrassment, crouching down, you grabbed your sweater and tied the strings, successfully covering your blush.

“Shit, Dollface,” Red chuckled as he moved to crouch in front of you. His phalanges softly tugging at the strings. You helped and fell back into your bottom. “If I knew ya were gonna react like that, I would’ve said sumthin’ earlier.”

“Noooo~!” You pleaded, trying to ignore the flutter in your stomach and how light you suddenly felt. You felt… relaxed around him.

Like you knew him since childhood.

When the flutter went away, you slowly pulled your hood open, eyes on the floor as you didn’t want to see the stupid charmed grin on Red’s mouth.

“Nah, imma keep doin’ it.” He chuckled, helping you back on your feet. With a defeated huff, You glared at him—but he opened his mouth, made a biting motion and wiggled his brow bones.

You blushed harder, throwing a loaf of bread at him and quickly retreated to the couch, laying down and covering your head underneath the pillows.

“You’re so infuriating!” you screamed into the pillow, a light laugh coming from you as Red
dropped himself near your toes. A heartfelt laughter coming from him—although it stopped almost instantly when the door to your apartment opened with a loud creak. You cringed softly and quickly sat up, adding distance between you and Red and pulled out your phone, trying to act nonchalant.

Red sent you a look but you didn’t have the time to say anything as your friend peeked out from the doorway.

“Y/n, babe!” Your friend grinned, walking towards the spot in between the two of you and wrapped her arms around Red first before giving you a hug herself.

“Welcome back.” You smiled, patting her back before pulling away. Grabbing your phone, you smiled softly at Red and got up. The look he gave you was almost pleading when your friend rewrapped her arms around him, pulling him to her chest as she kicked off her shoes. You shook your head at that and put away her shoes, returning to the kitchen to put away the rest of the groceries.

Your phone buzzed on the table, making you shut the refrigerator door—ignoring Red’s half-assed replies, you grabbed your phone and blinked softly.

“Uh...Hello?”

“Baby sis!.” You flinched, moving the phone from your ear. “It’s me, Josh. I’m just calling to let you know that mom’s party is going to be early. Like, a week early since she and Dad want to travel for her actual birthday.”

“Her party isn’t until the 31th,” You spoke, moving your phone to your other ear and stored the bread in the pantry.

“Yeah, But she wants it early. BBQ, music, and jazz. You comin’?”

You glanced over your shoulder to your friends on the couch and thought over your working schedule. It was way too early to ask for a day off, not to mention that you were still on trial run for the restaurant and Muffet might need the help next week—not to mention that party at the restaurant.

“Josh...” you sighed softly. “I can’t. I just got a job, if I asked for a day off—what do you think they would-”

“Is it because of your monster friends?” Josh laughed, cutting you off. “They’re not worth it, Sis. Just come home for a few hours to celebrate!”

Your nose wrinkled. “Josh, it had nothing to do with them. I really did get a job—Two! Actually. I start my shift soon-”

He cut you off again. “Nah, Sis. I’ll call ahead and tell them you got a doctor’s leave. Easy!”

“Josh!” You screamed hearing something drop on the other end, the background noise was instantly silenced. “I seriously don’t need you to do anything for me at this point. Tell mom that I am sorry for not attending her party, I’ll send something to her hotel later. Right now I need to get ready for work and focus on my studies.”

The silence in the line unnerved you, you hoped that your words weren’t too harsh. Hell, you felt bad on those words alone. Hitting your bottom lip, you slowly placed the can on the counter.
“Josh?” You called, voice small.

“Haha, that’s actually the first time I heard you shout.” Despite the laugh, his voice was monotone. Almost robotic. “Say, Y/n. Do you hate me? Why are you yelling at me through the phone, mhm?”

You shivered, holding onto the counter to support yourself. Opening your mouth to reply, you found that the words were stuck in your dry throat.

“The hate mom that much? Is work really important than spending time with family?” Your brother chuckled.

“Just because you live hours away does not mean you have the right to use such tone on your older brother. Now, Y/n. What do you say?”

Josh dragged you by the ankles up above the staircase, ignoring your cries and pleads as he laughed and coo’d. “You're such a good sister, Y/n.” He would say while pulling down the attic stairs.

“Y/n, say that it was your fault.” Josh whispered, keeping his eyes on the bleeding kid who cried and wailed in the middle of the park. A woman and a man ran over along with your parents, the four adults frantic as other children were quickly pulled away.

“Say it was your fault, Y/n.” Josh hissed, gripping your arm tighter.

“Josh, please.” You sobbed, holding your hands above your mouth to silence the hiccups. “Don’t leave me up here...” You whispered as Josh waved and locked the passage to the rest of the house.

“See you in three hours, Baby Sis!” He laughed.

You blinked away the pooling tears, barely minding that it streamed down your cheeks. Covering your mouth to stop the sob, you inhaled shakily.

“Well?” Josh hummed.

“I’m sorry... it’s my fault.” You hiccuped, the headache of constant crying catching up to you as Josh’s happy-go-lucky attitude came back. The background noise was back to life as well as he bid his goodbyes and hung up without another word.

Looking at your phone, the screen blurred with tears as you placed it on the table and quickly made your way towards your room but before you even got to the hallway, your shoulder roughly collided with another.

You barely registered what happened until you were slammed against the wall, the back of your head slamming on the drywall making small black dots appear.

“Shit, doll, are ya okay?” Red cursed, immediately going to your side but paused at the distant look in your glassy eyes.

“Y/n?” Your friend called, removing Red from your side—to which he growled.

“I’m fine. I’m sorry.” You shook your head, wrong move. Groaning softly at the increased pulsing, you slowly took your friend’s arms from you. “I’m going to nap before my shift.”

“Wait, you might have a concussion!” Your friend pouted, pulling you to the couch and pushed you down. You whined softly and cradled your forehead in your palms. Lightly circling your temples.
“I’m fine, I just need some sleep.” You muttered, wiping away the tears that stained your cheeks.

“Nah, yer friend’s right. Here, lemme help ya.” Red spoke, looking at your friend for a second. When she reluctantly nodded her head, he gently placed his palms over your hands. You nearly jerked away from his touch, thinking that she wouldn’t like it but the soft hum of magic soothes you. A small whine escaped your lips as you lifted your head and leaned further into Red’s touch.

Whatever he was doing, it helped you immensely. The pounding headache went away almost as quickly as it came… and you could hear a soft song in the distance. Furrowing your eyebrows, you tried to listen to the melody, leaning closer to Red’s chest, the song became louder.

But before you could listen anymore, he pulled back with the fading colour of green.

“Yeah.” Your friend spoke up, a bite to her tone. “Maybe you should sleep. You seem out of it. Go, go! Go to sleep!” She grabbed your arm, bumping Red away with her hip and pulled your to your feet. Still in a soft daze, you barely got on your feet without falling face first as she pushed you down the hall.

“Goodnight, Y/n.” Your friend smiled as she opened the door for you and yanked you in. You hissed softly but made no objections as she pushed you onto your bed and pulled your pants down—kind of weird and very, very alarming but she didn’t give you enough time to react as she covered you up with your blanket. A forceful smile on her lips as she kissed your forehead and quickly retreated.

Wrinkling your nose as the door clicked shut, you grabbed your pants and slipped it back on. That was fucking weird, even to her standards.

Should you do something? She didn’t mean any ill intentions when she did it, she must’ve known you sleep in nothing but your undergarments. You looked at your window with a soft frown, winter was coming and it would be colder soon. Halloween and Christmas themed pj’s were a must on your list for the next few months. Despite to sun pouring in your room, you turned your back to your window and closed your eyes.

Yet, you couldn’t find yourself able to sleep. Your thoughts were all over the place and you couldn’t place a finger on one topic before a new thought replaced the other. Like a busy beehive.

Sincerity and Green definitely didn’t go together, you weren’t dense and you sure as hell weren’t that oblivious to see that line.

You still couldn’t see why she was greed though—I mean, you could but it was because of her lifestyle. Unlike yours, where you had to work to get anything, she had everything at her fingertips. A few fashion trend? Ask dad. Want to go overseas? Done.

This apartment wasn’t even yours to begin with, sure you paid for half but she did so much modifications to fit her person and what she stood for. Sure it wasn’t as spaced as you thought she would go for, there were still some modifications done that were different to the other apartments in this complex, more high end security too.

You pursed your lips, grabbing your phone from your pants pockets and plugged it in.

Blinking softly, you stared at the wall.

Should you even be living in this apartment? You were basically a freeloader compared to the money your friend had. Looking at your palms, you nipped at your bottom lip. What did the other residents think about you two? Were you too loud? Or were you two just flaunting money in their
face because of how much change she had done? Do they know you were like them?

Your phone buzzed besides you, starting you from your thoughts and at that point, you were grateful for the distraction. Quickly grabbing your phone, you furrowed your eyebrows at the unknown sender.

[UNKNOWN ID]
If two vegetarians have a fight is it still called beef?

A feeling swelled in your stomach, not sure if you wanted to laugh or cry about it, you raked your mind on who would send you something utterly random in the middle of the day. Stretch had your number, so it couldn’t be him. You bit your lip and slowly typed out a response, hoping that you got it right or else you’ll die of embarrassment—a recurring thread.

[XXX]
...sans? How did you get my number?

The three grey dots appeared on your screen. A sigh coming from you as you laughed softly.

[UNKNOWN ID]
Paps gave it to me hope it’s alright

[XXX]
Oh, it’s fine just please don’t pass it around anymore (´△´)ﾉ

Clicking on his number, you typed a nickname and saved it before opening the new message.

[PunnyPants]
K. U didnt answer my question.

[XXX]
It depends on what is at steak

[PunnyPants]
Heh good one. Howzabout this.
Titanic.

You furrowed your eyebrows, simple texting question marks to his odd reference to the movie—or actual historic moment. Your phone buzzed once more and before you could stop yourself, you began to laugh.

Despite the pounding headache, you quickly silenced your laughter and texted Sans back and forth with witty puns (with you stealing some from the internet) and silly knock knock jokes.

Opening your eyes, you rubbed your eyes from the sleepiness, sitting up from your bed and glanced around your room. Huh, you must’ve fallen asleep after talking to Sans. Opening your phone, you apologized and said that you needed to sleep before your job today.

Changing into comfortable clothes, added a bit of makeup, and got ready to leave the apartment when the clock hits 8:30pm.

Saying your goodbyes to your friend, you walked down the stairs and to your car in large strides. The sky was littered with beautiful colours of purple, pink, blue and orange clouds.
“They say when an artist dies, God lets them paint the sky.” A voice to your right suddenly spoke up. A startled yelp came from your lips as you backed away, nearly tripping over your own two feet if it weren’t for the already opened car door holding you.

“I’m sorry,” the woman chuckled. “I didn’t mean to startle you.” She clasped her wrinkly hands together, closing her eyes and muttered a small prayer.

You blinked, unsure how to react. Letting her finish her prayer, she looked at your through oceans eyes.. and you felt captivated.

She was obviously elderly with wrinkles that told tales of her time, wisdom deep within her eyes and the gentleness in her smile nearly made you flush. Here you were, just about to enter your car only to be stopped by the beauty that is Ebott City and the canvas that was the sky, and an old woman is talking to you.

“My husband was an artist. His studio was always a mess but I enjoyed watching him paint.” She smiled, looking up at the sky once more, her eyes glazed over with u tears. The fondness within them nearly made you choke a sob.

“But, he was an ass most of the time.” Her face soured, making you recoil slightly. Gripping onto your car door tighter, you took a step back only for you to bump into the door.

She covered her wrinkled lips, hiding a smile from you. She shook her head and gestured you to give your hand. Furrowing your eyebrows, you compiled without another word. She softly held her hand with her right and lightly traced the lines with her left. Her lips no longer into a happy smile but a complicated line.

“You are in for a complicated path, my dear.” She said, tracing the creases in your fingers before going back to your palm. “I see...Denial, dread and a dark shadow that looms.” She pointed at your life line, then the one above it.

“What or whom is holding you down needs to let go and let you spread your wings, but I also see the fear and isolation that comes after.” Her oceans eyes looked into your (colour) ones. “What are you afraid of, my dear?”

Before you could form an answer, she looked down to study your palm once more. Not that you could answer her, anyways. You were at a loss on what to do. Some strange lady appears out of nowhere and tells you about her husband and the sky and then proceeded to read your palms in the middle of the parking lot.

“A soul like yours, is something many others cherish. Do you see this crease?” She pointed and lightly traced your palm once more. “It is the complications you will face. New people who aren’t of this world is bound to you and it is up to you if you want them to stay or to leave.” She then went to your other palm. A small hum coming from her followed by a hearty giggle.

“Some are protective, some are overbearing. But they all will soon realize how much they love you.” She furrowed your eyebrows, making more wrinkles to appear on her forehead. “The fear is all over you, is it not?”

“Be wary of those who speaks in hands.” Her frown replaced the smile. Tugging deeply at the corners of her mouth as she gripped your hand tighter. “The life that is laid mustn’t waver.”

“You will know when the time comes when you need to let go of those who do you harm.. until then, keep trying to spread those wings and keep them close. Alright, sugarplum?” She kissed your
knuckles, her lipbalm glossing your knuckle as she pulled away, sent you a smile before walking towards your building complex.

Blinking twice, you mouthed ‘what the heck’ and stood there for a second. Snapping out of the daze, you shook your head and slipped into your car.

By the time you got to the restaurant, you were stunned to silence. Staring stupidly at the building with your mouth opening and closing like a fish. It was the most extravagant looking place ever, the email mentioned a party was going to happen here, just how rich were those people to rent out this whole place?

White stonewalls that towered over the bare trees, trimmed twigs of the decorative hedges. Smoky-quartz stone steps with stone bowls that were used to light the path with fire, an overhead covering the white carpet from the occasional snowfall—two people in tailored suits were rolling up the carpet, lighting up the stones as the sun began to set, deepening the colours dancing in the sky. A lone blush dusted over your cheeks as one of the males turned to you, a warm smile on his mouth as he said something to the other.

You were kind of scared of seeing the inside of the restaurant.

“Hello, how may we help you?” The accent lacing his words made your insides twist. A funny feeling rising as you lowered your head—counted to three and met his stare.

“I’m here for the job opening? I got an email a few days back saying you were short on staff.” Deep honey eyes stared you down. The slim face of the man smiled with his eyes squinting softly.

“You must be Y/n L/n. I am Sebastian Michaelis. It’s a pleasure to meet your acquaintance.” He placed his hand over his chest, leaning forward to a bow and took your hand.

“This, is Claude faustus. I am head waiter and he is my second.” He gestured to the stoic male rolling the rug. He stopped for a second to look at you in greeting and continued on.

Sebastian was a tall man, so was Claude, and he had a slim porcelain face with black hair that deepened his honey brown eyes.

Claude was the same but instead of honey brown, he had deep honey gold eyes. Jet black hair pushed back neatly with rectangular glasses framing his eyes and a single beauty mark underneath his right eye.

“Let us finish lighting the walk way and we’ll show you inside, alright?” He smiled gently, taking your car keys and tossed it to another man standing by the entrance. He caught it despite not paying attention, looking down at the keys than at you before nodding his head.

“W-wha—”

“Don’t worry. He is simply parking the car in the employee’s parking space.” Sebastian spoke, taking out a lighter from his coat pocket and lit the stone bowls. One by one, they worked in harmony to light each one. Claude had others pick up the carpet and store it somewhere inside.

Feeling underdressed, you tugged at your sweater meekly and slowly followed after the two waiters.

They lead you through the dining hall, many circled tables with crisp clean cloth on top of it with lit candles, salt and pepper shakers with the beverage menus.
In the far side of the room held a stage with classical Instruments. The violin, cello, a grand piano and an authentic microphones tucked to the sides. The thick curtains were a ravishing red colour. On the other side of the room was the cash register and a section closed off for the workers to come and go from, near it was the restroom for both male and female.

Your gaze went to the ceiling, swallowed thickly at the decorations and lowered your head—you were really feeling underdressed.

Walking through the restricted area, you peeked through each doors that were left open. Many ovens with a lot of kitchen necessities, a room with a desk and chairs with shelves filled to the brim with books, another room which was used for fresh food and dried ingredients.

You pursed your lips into a thin line and quickly caught up with Sebastian. Claude leaving to attend the commotion in the kitchens.

“Your shift is the evening shift. From 10:30pm to 4:20am. If you have any complications with it, you may speak to the owner, Vincent Phantomhive. But for now, this,” he gestured to a locker. “Will be your locker. You can leave your clothes and belongings within it, the lock is thumbprint so only you can access it.” He clapped his hand, startling you.

The same male from before came over, handing your keys back and scurried away.

An amused glint appeared in his eyes before fading away with professionalism. “Once you are changed, please come find me and I’ll assign a waitress to start training you. The party is in two days, I do hope you can withstand our expectations and authority. If you need to talk, come find me or Mr. Phantomhive. I will notify him of your arrival.” He took your hand and kissed your fingertips. A chuckle coming from him when he saw how red your face became.

“The changing area is in that room. I’ll let you go now.” He lowered his head in a bow and left you.

Rubbing your cheeks, you huffed silently and turned to the locker, your heart beating a million miles an hour during the whole tour. Now that you can go at your own pace, you felt so overwhelmed. Just what expectations they had of you? This is your first time doing any waitressing.

The lock chimed a small tone and a click was heard. Pulling the handle, you softly smiled as it opened effortlessly. Grabbing the uniform, you took a moment to examine it.

A simple black pencil skirt with matching vest, white blouse with a red tie. Black pantyhose, two inch heels with a golden buckle and an apron wrapped around the waist.

You pucker your lips in thought. Nodding your head approvingly as you stuffed your phone and keys into the slots and locked the door as it clicked and chimed to confirmed its lock.

Opening the door to the changing area, you twisted the door lock and looked at yourself in the mirror. Your hair was over your shoulder. Taking the elastic from your wrist, you styled it into a back bun. Satisfied with it, you began to change into the uniform.

Oh mygod, you were you?? Adulting!!

Fighting back a smile, you clipped on the bowtie and took a step back to examine yourself in the mirror.

A giddy smile appeared on your lips as you gathered your clothes, exited the changing room and
unlocked your locker via thumbprint. Putting the hanger on the small pole, you grabbed your phone and switched it to silent before closing the door once again.

“You must be Y/n.” A voice spoke behind you. You flinched slightly and turned around to face the woman. A small, confident smile gracing your lips.

“Yes.” Is...is that all? Just a ‘yes?’ You bit your lip.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you. I am Hannah, head waitress. I will be training you tonight,” she stood a step from the door, gesturing to the hall. “Shall we begin?”

Chapter End Notes

*Throws main characters from other platforms as background characters*

Hello guys! What did you think:^)? Sorry for the delay once again! I’ll see you on Tuesday!
Wake Up Call

Chapter Summary

After your shift, you get a very embarrassing wake up call.

Chapter Notes

Characters mentioned in the story that isn’t the Skellie-bois aren’t important. Well, *some* are. Namely: Muffet, the friend and the brothers.

Mass effect, Hetalia, Black butler (and more to come) are just fill-in characters to keep the story moving. I am unoriginal so i’m using my previous loves.

But don’t worry, uwu story is no where near finished!

Hannah shook her head, tapping the ruler on the small of your back and traced upwards. Shivering from the contact, you straighten yourself out and took steady but quickly steps. Making sure your shoes barely clicked against the tiled floors.

“Forgive me for saying, but you look like you are walking on a tightrope.” Hannah said, crossing her arms over her chest and stifled the giggle with her hand.

“Do try to relax.” She shook her head, tapping your ankle with the ruler. “Walk on your toes then gently lower your heel. That way you won’t make too much noise.”

You pursed your lips, holding the tray that was topped with four wine glasses filled with water. Once again, you went back to the starting line and walked forward. This time keeping up with Hannah’s advice. The giggle from the tanned woman made you frown.

“You aren’t walking on tiptoes, Y/n. Here,” she grabbed the tray and demonstrated her walk. “Try something like this. It shouldn’t prove to be too difficult.”

“This feels like a modeling gig. And I’m not even that pretty to be a model.” You muttered under your breath and took the tray back. Hannah swatted your forehead gently with her finger.

“Nonsense. You are qualified to be a model if you so please. You *are* working under the Phantomhives now.” Hannah’s eyebrows knitted together, shaking her head once more and instructed you follow her footsteps.

A small huff, you tried again. This time, you didn’t notice the oncoming trolley filled with unfinished food and dirty dishes. A sense of determination filled you as you took three steps forward, keeping your steps light and fast.

However, the trolley collided with your bottom. You yelped loudly at the collision and stumbled forward, desperately trying to keep the glasses on the tray but you tripped over your feet and
tumbled to the floor.

Glass shattering made you open your eyes, wide with shock as you stared at the scattered pieces on the floor, pooling around Hannah’s feet. You and the kitchen boy gasped loudly.

“I’m so sorry! I wasn’t looking where I was going!” He panicked, looking around for the mop. However, instead of going to fetch it, he went to you and helped you up. “My apologies, I’m sorry!”

You stared at the glass before looking at the ocean eyed boy. A soft frown on your lips at the small tears in his eyes. How old was he? Fifteen?

“It’s okay…” you sighed. “I should’ve been more aware of my surroundings. Please, don’t cry.” You spoke, picking up the tray off the floor and dusted off your pencil skirt.

“I-I’ll go get the…the mop..” he lowered his head, pulling the trolley away as he retreated into the kitchen. Luckily, the commotion didn’t alert the cooks and delayed their process.

“Are you alright? I stood on the opposite side and barely noticed the trolley.” Hannah frowned. “I was so focused on training you I—”

“It’s okay,“ You cut her off. “These things happen.”

“I suppose your right, This doesn’t excuse the incident, though.” She shook her head, nibbling on her finger in thought. You frowned at her, picking up the larger pieces in her palm. The kitchen boy came back with a dustpan, a broom and a mop. You smiled at him and placed the large shards on the dustpan as he quickly cleaned up.

“I said it’s okay. We’re all human. We make our mistakes.”

“...very well.” And with that, she dropped the subject and continued to train you.

By the time you finished the training period, your feet hurt and your arms felt numb. Despite how kind Hannah looked, she really didn’t let you go easily. She pointed your flaws when handling a tray and how you set up the utensils, folded the napkins. She helped you straighten your posture and walked with confidence without lowering your head or hunching your shoulders.

The bustling hallway filled with waiters and waitresses holding onto trays of food, a lone trolley being pushed by the same kitchen boy shouting ‘excuse me’ and ‘coming through!’ as you stood by the window, examining the orders messily written on a piece of paper.

Brushing a strand of hair out of your face, looking down at the orders scribbled on your notepad, ripping out the sheet and clipping it on the turntable. Pressing the bell and quickly grabbed a finished order. The food was making you hungry and a pan of pizza was needed once you got back home. Stealing a glance at the clock above the ovens, you huffed softly and stored the empty tray with plates and bowls filled with steamy foods.

Feeling Hannah’s stare on your back, you straightened and held onto the trays. Sending a soft smile at the blonde before walking down the hall and out towards the main floor. Classical music was played lively by professionals, some of the paying customers seemed to be entranced by the musicians. Wishing you knew who these people were, you brushed the thought aside and quickly yet swiftly made you way towards table 6.

Wordlessly, you placed their order in front of them, smiling softly as you took a step back and bowed. “Enjoy your meal.”
“May I have a refill?” The woman asked, lifting her wine glass. Her ruby red lipstick stretching softly into a smile. You wondered how long they waited to dine here since this restaurant was in the busiest district in the city and the waiting period was pushed back by months. Not that you could ask anyways.

“Of course.” You smiled, turning your heel and quickly going to the staff lounge near the cashier, picking out a bottle from the cupboard below. Looking through the names, you nodded softly and slipped it out. A frown appeared in your lips as you stared at the cork in place. A deep sigh coming from you as you entered the kitchen.

Hauling down a cook that wasn’t easy than you thought but you managed to do just that and get the cork out. Thanking the cook, you quickly went back to the main area and to table 6.

The woman with red lipstick sighed but smiled as you poured the crimson liquid. Twisting the bottle, you looked at the male and silently cringed at how he stared at you.

“Anything else I could help you with?” You asked, voice chipper and sweet.

“No,” he shook his head, lifting his hand to shoo you. “That is all, thank you.”

You smiled sweetly, bowing your head and left to hide in the back. Pursing your lips, you cursed silently. He was creepy and gave you the heebee jeebee’s plus the way he was staring at you? Nope. Nope fuck that!

Despite the goosebumps littering your skin, you grabbed another order, read through the paper and nodded. Thanking the cook, you swiftly dodged an incoming waiter and out the door.

Shortly after that, you were in front of your locker. Freshly changed out of your uniform and into your usual clothes while shoving your phone and keys into your pocket.

“You did great today. Much better than our last trainee.” Sebastian spoke, leaning into the opened door. The restaurant still beaming with life even after hours as this district was a ‘24 hour’ place. Although, the restaurant wasn’t opened until 8pm for the authentic feel.

Smiling meekly, you twisted the cuff of your sleeve. “Really? I tripped and shattered those glasses.”

“They were replaceable. A little mistake like that shouldn’t discourage you.” Sebastian chuckled, his finger curled and pressed against his bottom lip. Honey brown eyes examining you. Your face flushed with embarrassment, thinking back to your minor mistake that cost three wine glasses to shatter.

“The party held by the King and Queen of monsterkind is in three days. I do hope you’ll lessen the mistakes by then, though.”

“I’m not usually clumsy, I can assure you that my mistakes will not distress the party.”

The curl on his lips pulled you, shaking your knees slightly as you lowered your gaze. “I promise.”

Lifting your pinky, you flushed at the throaty chuckle of Sebastian as he looped his pinky with yours and kissed his thumb, quickly following in suit by kissing your own. Breaking off the pinky hold, you awkwardly pointed to the employee exit.

“Goodnight, Sebastian. I’ll see you tomorrow night.” You smiled, waving goodbye and leaving the room faster than your evergrowing embarrassment.
Locating your car at 4:15 Am wasn’t easy. There were a lot of employees with vehicles and yours happened to be at the edge of the parking lot. A huff coming from you as you silenced your car alarm and got in.

A shiver shot down your spine, making you pause and glance around the parking lot. Biting down on your tongue, you locked the doors and revived the engine.

Driving from the busy district, you smiled softly and turned on a more secluded road.

Parking your vehicle in your paid parking, you got out and locked it as you stumbled towards the apartment complex. The dark night barely giving you any light other than the distant lamppost, you sighed in relief when you entered the building and it’s warmth quickly nipping away the lingering cold from the autumn weather.

Walking up the stairs was a pain but when you entered your apartment, your nose wrinkled at the lingering booze and knew that a more pain in the ass was going to rise once you made your presence known to your friend.

The dim light of your phone’s screen lighting your way through the dark walkway. Unfamiliar shoes scattered messily in the front, making you step on them unintentionally as you maneuvered your way through. Slowly taking off your shoes, you slowly closed the door behind you and quietly made your way towards your room.

But before you could get to your door, your friend called you out with a slur and a giggle.

“Y/n~ babe! Hey!!” She waved, nearly falling off the couch. Couple of giggles followed after, you flinched and straighten yourself out. A forced smile on your lips as you waved awkwardly at your friend as hers.

“Where hic did you go, huh!??” She furrowed her eyebrows. “I thought you ditched me. I cried for you and drank in your honour.” She lifted a bottle of straight vodka. “See this? Ihic chugged half of it. For you.”
She swayed whilst getting up, knocking into the wall and giggled before apologizing to it and stumbled her way towards you.

You flinched when she slapped your shoulder. “You should drink with us! In honour of you getting that waitressing job! Yaahicaayy Y/n!” She turned to her friends and motioned them to ‘yay’ with her. They did and you couldn’t help but blush.

“Come play a game! We’re going to play charades and spin the bothickle.”

You shook your head and handed her the glass bottle. “No thanks. I need to get some sleep, my feet are killing me.” You empathize by limping, turning away and walking down the hall. Your friend boo’d drunkenly but let you alone.

You sighed as you entered your room. Devoid of any light, you opened the window by a crack of the size or your wrist and stripped your clothes off and dived into the warmth of your blankets. Reaching out, you turned on your fan and sighed happily.

It was then that you remembered your phone. A soft gasp escaped your lips, turning on your phone and scrolled through messages by multiple people. Thane was asking if you were up, you replied by ‘Just go home from a shift! Getting cozy 2 sleep:)

A few from your parents and brothers, you replied to your mother and apologized that you couldn’t be there for her party, a goodnight text from you dad with hearts. Your brothers working the night
shift at the hospital (so you ignored them) and a few from your skeleton friends.

Stretch, unsurprisingly, was a pun about Muffet’s shop. And several messages saying his brother wanted to meet you. Flushed and still rather ticked off, you said a ‘alright, but not right now.’ Reply and closed his messages.

Papyrus was asking if he could come by tomorrow and give you friendship spaghetti at lunch. Spaghetti so early in the day was odd but so were your friends. ‘alright! Just pop in whenever!’

Sans and Red’s messages were puns. Many puns. They just kept on going before stopping at 2:20Am and 4:21Am. Mentally noting to check out the puns later when you weren’t tired, you sent both of them a smiley emoji.

Plugging in your phone, you shut it off and placed it on the end table. Snuggling into your bed, you sighed happily once more. Slowly drifting off to sleep.

The dream you had was…indescribable. Floating in the endless darkness while looking for a source of light seemed futile. The oddest thing was that you could perfectly see your palms and arms as if you were the source of light. Glancing around the miles on ends darkness made you uneasy.

Like you weren’t exactly alone in this dream.

Trying to move was out of the question as you would spin slowly in circles and sideways. Whenever you tried to talk, the void would swallow it up. No echoes bouncing off of anything as your eyes scanned the void.

It was like you were in space.

“Hello?” You called. When you heard nothing, you pursed your lips into a thin line. Unable to think of anything, you kept afloat. Panic was slowly beginning to rise as you looked around for any source other than yourself.

Then you heard it. A noise jumbled together in a strange language. The questioning tone to it only made you furrow your eyebrows.

“Who’s there?” You called once more, your voice dying out like a flame. The sploshing sound ran in your ears at an alarming volume. You flinched inwardly and covered your ear, face twisting into discomfort. In the corner of your eye, you saw it.

But before you could examine it further, your world flashed a bright white making you shut your eyes.

When you opened your eyes, you found yourself on your bed underneath your covers with your arms wrapped around your pillow. Slowly closing your eyes, you sighed in content. The odd dream still lingering in your thoughts as you attempted to get more sleep. Your pillow expanded slowly before deflating. You giggled at the feeling and snuggled closer to your pillow, wanting to escape reality and enter that weird dream again. Maybe if you faked sleep your brain would take you bad.

Once again, your pillow slowly expanded. Furrowing your eyebrows you slowly opened your eyes—coming face to face with a blue sweater with the fluff around the hood tickling your nose. When did you get this? Blinking in confusion, your sleepiness slowly melting away as you closely examined the piece of clothing.

Lifting your head, you came eye-to-eye with white eye lights staring down at you, a royal blue
colour covering the ivory colour of his bones as the two of you laid still, staring at each other in bewilderment.

“Not that I’m glad you’re here… but… Why are you in my bed?” You asked, cutting the heavy silence as you slowly unhooked your legs from his, your brain slow in processing the moment. Sans’s eyelights snapped away from you, the colour in his skull deepening tenfold.

“Paps wanted to let you know that food’s ready. He heard of your job and wanted you to sleep in to get more rest.” He avoids looking at you and kept his gaze on anything that wasn’t you.

You hummed and unhooked your arms from his shoulders, wrapping them around your extra pillow instead— however, you screamed and pulled the covered over your exposed chest.

“Get out!” you screamed, pushing Sans to the edge of your bed with your feet, yet you ungraciously fell off the otherside. Dragging the blankets with you on your fall as you sat up in a frenzy and wrapped the blanket around your exposed shoulders. The red deepening in colour on your cheeks as Sans disappeared.

However, much to your dismay, your bedroom door slammed open. Your knight in shining armor wielding a spatula entered the room.

“HUMAN! ARE YOU ALRIGHT? I HEARD THE SCREAM AND SANS REFUSES TO TAKE OFF HIS HOOD!” He examined your room closely before solemnly staring at you, oblivious to your naked self underneath the covers.

“P-Papyrus, please! Just close my door!” You pleaded, holding into the blankets for dear life. Papyrus furrowed his brow bones and did just that. Closing the door with him still in the room. A strange noise emitted from you and you sunk to the floor, Papyrus’ innocences forever surprising you in more ways than one.

“ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU ARE ALRIGHT, HUMAN-Y/N?” He asked, lowering the spatula to look at you as best as he could.

“I’m fine Papyrus. Can you get out so I could change? Please…” you whined, waving your hand to shoo the skeleton from your room. If you could just die right here, that would be great.

Papyrus looked at you with worry. His eyebrows still knitted together as he tried to find a reasonable explanation for your flustered state. When the darkest corners of your room glowed a soft tangerine colour, you wanted to skin into the floor and die.

“O-OH… MY APOLOGIES. I’LL GO SET UP THE TABLE.” He quickly stated, eyelights no longer on you as he turned and left your room with a soft click of your door.

You swallowed thickly, getting off the floor and shoved the covers onto your bed and quickly changed into sweats and a hoodie. Tying the strings, you glanced at the mirror and sighed, untying the strings and slowly crept out of your domaine, flash slightly flushed with embarrassment.

Maybe I shouldn’t sleep like that anymore. Who knows what could go wrong if the others were here. You thought, leaning onto the wall for support as your dignity slowly chipped away.

The chatter in the kitchen snapped you out of your thoughts, making you shake your head and force a smile on your lips. Hopefully, Papyrus and Sans would just brush it off and not say anything about it. If they did, you’d die in utter embarrassment.
GOD I can’t wait until I get to hurt these skeleton boys.

This was supposed to be up on Tuesday, but I accidentally erased it all and had to rewrite everything:( it is shorter than the first draft and i’m:(

Also, when this story hits 25 chapters, I am going to take another week long break to edit, rewrite, add some foreshadowing in the previous chapters. So please, please excuse the mistakes:) English is vhard

Important! I may or may not publish a NSFW Underfell story. It depends on my readers on Archive of our Own.

Would you read a sin fanfic solemnly focused on Red and Edge?

of course, this story will only be available on here, AO3.. since I think my Quotev account is much more personal. Tell me what you think, should I or should I not write a NSFW fanfic of our edgy boys?

Thoughts??
The SOUL talk, vaguely.

Chapter Summary

Red and Stretch briefly talks about SOULS.

Chapter Notes

Hello, it’s Teutonic!

Regarding the Underfell story. I’m gonna post a little sneak peek at the in the end of this chapter so stay tune for that. (Both sin) I will put a horizontal line at the end of this chapter for the preview!

I really appreciate you guys taking the time to read this story and the others as well. I won’t make the first note along, well not as long as I thought it would be but thanks. Thank you so much thank you thank you thank you thank you!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The food was excellent...appearance wise. Last time Papyrus made spaghetti with you was...concerning. You examining the plate of spaghetti in front of you, moving it around to see any charred beef, uncooked spaghetti noodles or odd specs of glitter. Looking up at Papyrus’ excited look, you sighed and rolled a fork full of spaghetti. The sauce was undercooked and the noodles felt firmer than they should’ve been. But, it looked presentable. The minced beef was cooked nicely but you did spot some charred pieces.

Shutting your eyes as you shoved the forkful of spaghetti in your mouth. An unsatisfying crunch made you cringe inwardly but kept chewing for the sake of Papyrus.

The fact that they hadn’t mentioned you sleeping without a shirt was a god send. Sans still refused to look at you in the eye but at least he was relaxed enough to be around you. Then again, he was a hard guy to read without the human necessities. Like a face.

“I HAVE MEMORIZED YOUR COOKING METHODS TO MY MANY BEST ABILITIES” The excitement in his tone made you stop chewing to look up at him—Sans’ plate devoid of any food as if he was never served. For deeper measures, he opened his maw with a sickening crack and lollies his royal blue tongue out and licked his phalanges. “ALTHOUGH IT DOES GO AGAINST MINE, I FIND YOURS LACKING IN THE PASSION DEPARTMENT.”

Swallowing the food, your cheeks flushed when he caught you staring and turned to Papyrus. “It’s nice. Kind of undercooked but it’s great.”

“You said ‘NICE’ AND ‘GREAT’ IN THE SAME SENTANCE.” He pointed out, shoulders slumping dejectedly. Shit, did he caught on?

“But it’s a mass improvement. If you want… I could teach you? Nothing too extreme, just more
“WOULD YOU?! THIS COULD BE OUR ‘THING’!” You jumped at his volume, a small ring in your ear as he leaned forward. Eye light beaming brightly with the same orange blush dusting his cheekbones.

“Our thing?” You muttered questionably.

“AHEM.” He cleared his throat, standing up—he was wearing a white shirt and dress black pants with a belt and of course, his red scarf. Oddly enough, it didn’t cave in like you as expected their clothes would do. You furrowed your eyebrows subconsciously in thought.

“THE UNDERNET HAS IDEALS TO FRIENDS AND THEIR HANGOUTS. A ‘THING’ FRIENDS DO TOGETHER. I, PAPYRUS, HAVE MANY FRIENDS BUT THIS IS THE FIRST THAT WILL HAVE A ‘THING’ WITH.”

Oh jeez, this skeleton was way too adorable. You smiled at him, taking another forkful of spaghetti and shoved it into you mouth despite your reaction to the first bite. Cringing at the crunch, you nodded at the skeleton and swallowed. “We should. Maybe every Friday?”

He gasped loudly. “FRIDAY WILL DO— Oh. I HAVE WORK ON FRIDAYS.” He slowly sat down, poking at his portion.

You frowned at his expression. “T-then maybe the next day? Saturday works for everyone.”

“EXCELLENT! YOUR QUICK THINKING IS IMPECCABLE, NYEH HEH HEH ” he laughed and you flushed at the praise, pushing around the noodles on your plate. “OF COURSE, YOU CANNOT BEST—” he was cut off by the slam of the front door. You paused and looked at the entrance.

“Babe! Y/n!” Your friend shouted, scrambling towards you. Waving at the two skeletons in the kitchen before wrapping her arms around your neck. “The others are coming and I thought that maybe you could stay in your room again?” She hummed, pressing her cheek against yours in a pleading matter.

“HELLO,” papyrus said her name. “WELCOME BACK.”

“Yes, yes, thank you sweetie.” She smiled at him before turning back to you. You pursed your lips into a thin line. Work didn’t start until ten and if they are going to stay late then that meant you’d have to sneak out. Stealth isn’t exactly your strongest suit...

“Why does she haveta stay in her room? She knows all of us already.” Sans spoke cooly from his seat, leaning back and placed his hands on his… stomach? He looked like he had one but you knew they were just bones… Magic, perhaps? The corners of his grin twitched downwards and sat up, placing his hands on the table and thumping his phalanges on the smooth surface.

You paled at his words and vigorously shook your head when her attention went away from you. Her hold around your shoulders tightening. She didn’t like that.

“What?” She laughed nervously. Turning to you. “What does he mean by that? You only met hatred.”

You cleared your throat, glaring at Sans at the corner of your eye and saw him stiffened up.

“...he means the three of you…” you lied through your smile, uncomfortably moving your
shoulders to loosen her hold. She visibly relaxed.

“Right. You haven’t met Mean, Lazy and Small yet.”

“I AM ASSUMING YOU MEAN EDGE, STRETCH AND BLUEBERRY.” Papyrus cut, gathering your plate and Sans before gently putting them in the sink after dumping your portion back into the pot.

Your friend coo’d softly. “God, Paps. You’re so smart!”

He cringed and quickly masked it with one of his usual smiles while nervously twisting his gloves.

You stood up and pushed your chair in, successfully turning the attention to you. Papyrus’ grin brightening instantly and he nodded at you, covering the pot.

“They should be here soon, right? I’ll go stay in my room.” You winked at the three, despite your erratic heartbeat, you calmly walked towards your room. Only when you closed the door and heard the click of your lock, your confident stride crumbled and you found yourself on the floor. Heart beating loudly in your ears as you thought over your last encounter with Edge. Scary, scary monster is going to be closer than you were comfortable with. Would he ram your door down? Would he ignore you and pretend you don’t exist?

The latter was most comforting. How you wished you could melt into the floor in a puddle and disappear for the remaining hours in your room. Grabbing your phone from your pocket, you lean your head against your door and switched on your phone.

Although, the crackle of magic tore your eyes from the small screen to the sweaty face of Red. A small smile appeared on your lips as you sat up and leaned onto the wall. He glanced around before his eyelights trained on you.

“Hey, uh..” he nervously glanced around your room again. “Th’ boss is comin’ over and he wants ya ta stay outta sight.”

Edge. It seemed that you weren’t his favourite person to be around. You pursed your lips and crossed your legs, sitting up straight.

“That’s...kind of fair.” You murmured. A small sigh escaping your lips as you looked up at Red. “Are all of you showing up?”

He shoved his fingers into the ring looking around his red collar, tugging at it whilst avoiding eye contact. “Ya.”

Your eyebrows furrowed. “What are you pla—why do you guys teleport in my room. What if I’m changing?” You groaned, pulling your covered over your chest to empathize your state.

Stretch’s sockets widen in surprise at Red’s presence while Sans chuckled, sitting on your bed near your feet and gave you a hearty pat. You playfully nudged him away—but quickly flushed as the incident half an hour ago freshly reformed.

Red’s brow bones furrowed, shoving his hand from his collar into his pockets with a distasteful huff. Normally, he would have said ‘if that an offer?’ but with classic and ashtray presented, he thought it wouldn’t be a good idea. Considering that Stretch did meet you before any of them had.

“You were ignoring my messages.” Stretch said nonchalantly as he examined your room. Picking up a disk from your collection and read through it.
Red caught your mild panic when he did and plucked the disk from Stretch’s hands and gently placed it back. Ignoring the stare he was given before sitting down on your chair, it creaked under his weight.

“Paps wanted me to check up on ya.” Sans spoke, avoiding looking at you all together while slowly slipping off your bed and shuffled away to distance himself.

You pursed your lips, drawing your knees to your chest as you repositioned yourself yet again. Suddenly feeling uncomfortable with the amount of monsters in your bedroom. Usually it was one on one, now? It felt so small you weren’t sure how you’d feel if Paps and Edge appeared out of thin air. Could they even do the things they did?

“Oh.” You tensed slightly when Stretch sat on the bed, pulling the covers away from his weight and exposing you to the three monsters. You mentally screamed and gave yourself distance from the orange sweater. You still didn’t forgive him for using his magic on you, kidnapping you out on the streets and held you captive in his bedroom, you were still on edge with him.

He frowned at this but didn’t say anything as he scooted away slightly. Although, the two smaller skeletons caught this and stared at the two of you. One not knowing why and the other fully aware.

“....Any reason other than missed messages and Papyrus?” You asked, calming your heart as Stretch scooted away a little more. It tore your insides that he was distancing himself yet another part of you thanked him internally.

“I don’t like her.” Sans spoke his thoughts, leaning on your wall, playing with the piece of string from his sweater. “She’s not…”

You rose your eyebrow at him, challenging him to say something about your Best Friend. She was just looking out for you and she didn’t act like.. well, that when they are around.

“...what I expected.” He worded carefully, blue eyelights trained on you. Although, you turned away when Stretch nodded in agreement.

“I told you about Greed and Sincerity, right?” He spoke up reaching over to pat your knee but when you flinched, he instantly reeled his hand back and shoved it into his hoody pocket. A complicated frown on his mouth.

You swallowed thickly. They were going to give you the talk? Now? When she is in the other room talking loudly to Papyrus with an excited tone to her words. Pursing your lips into a line, you lowered your gaze to your palms. That woman…was she talking about them? You shook your head lightly. No, that’s crazy. She was old and probably loose in the head.

Yet, you couldn’t rule it out completely. With the short time you met these monsters you days in the city was never a dull moment, in more ways than one.

“Yeah.”

“Ya know ‘bout SOULS bein’ th’ whole culminating bein’ of monsterkind and the human traits.” Red spoke up, snapping you out of your thoughts to look up at him. Wasn’t he dodging your questions before? Why was he talking about it now?

Nodding your head, Red’s jaw tightened as he turned and muttered something coherent under his breath than looked up at you once again. This time a newfound fury in them. You recoiled slightly, flashes of your first meeting coming to your mind at the hostile look.
“Then ya know about what happens ta monsters when—”

“They dust. *you* dust.” Crossing your arms over your chest in attempts to hug yourself, you rubbed your arms at the goosebumps littering your skin, an uncomfortable feeling weighting in your stomach at the prolonged silence. Sans still hadn’t said anything and the blue eye lights in his pockets had vanished completely. Despite the dryness in your mouth, you swallowed once again.

You were curious about human SOULS but you didn’t know that all three of them would bring it up with the other in the room.

“There are Seven main traits. I’m sure you know which.”

You shook your head at Stretch. When monsters surfaced a few years back, you had surfed the web for any intel on Mages, Souls, and a Human/Monster war. Nothing came up but fiction and religious beliefs. Fast forward to a year or two ago, you looked up the ‘SOULS’ they mentioned frequently. Nothing.

“Perseverance, Integrity, Patience, Kindness, Justice, Bravery, and Determination.” Stretch said carefully, eyes straight on Sans’s blackened sockets. “Those are the main traits but there are primary SOUL traits like wrath, greed, sincere…”

“Stretch.” Sans spoke, butting into his sentence. Stretch shook his head and turned to you, completely ignoring the warning tone and unspoken threat.

“There is also the bad traits. Idleness, conceit, audacity, compliance, inflexibility, vengeance, and spite.”

Red and Stretch ignored Sans’ presence as Red pushed himself of your chair and staggered into the middle of the room, blocking Sans from your view.

“Little shits like th’ monster ambassador has one soul trait. When th’ average human grows and experience shitstorms, they gain their secondary trait. Yours happens to be—”

“Red.” Sans practically growled his name. “She doesn’t need to know.”

Red scoffed loudly and turned to glare at Sans. “Like hell she does.” He turned back to you. “Sweetheart, want ta know yer secondary traits? Mhm?” He pushed, completely ignoring Sans’ burning stare on his back.

You leaned sideways to peek a look at Sans but Red moved to block you out. A small huff coming from you and narrowed your eyes slightly. If Sans is being defensive about it, did that mean it was something bad?

Not able to see Sans put you at edge. These two wanted you to know something and you weren’t so sure if you wanted to anymore.

Nodding your head, you shut your eyes as Red laughed airily, devoid of any humour as he moved to stand next to you, his phalanges touching your hair and lightly tugged at it.

“Red, that’s enough.” Sans growled, a fearful bite to his tone. His voice was deepened a few octaves lower than Red’s own voice. The small brush on your cheeks stopped as Red pulled his phalanges from you.

You slowly opened your eyes, looking at Sans as he was now fully in view. Your heart dived to your stomach and it fell. Deep royal blue was covering his body, sockets devoid of any lights and
his jaw was tightly screwed tight, the same dangerous growl coming from him as he stared down Red.

Subconsciously reaching to Red’s arm, you pulled him closer and exhaled shakily. The electric static of magic overfilling your lungs and your head felt fuzzy.

“Allright.” Red shrugged, looping you hand around your wrist. “Ashtray.” He simply said, running a finger through your knuckles.

Trying to tear your eyes from Sans, you felt the familiar heat spread on your nose and to your eyes. Fighting back the tears—you swore to yourself. His menacing aura wasn’t aimed at you but to the monster comforting you by touching your hand and squeezing slightly, Red looked unbothered by it.

“Your secondaries are Idleness and—” a small ‘ping’ sounded throughout your room and both Red and Stretch were lifted into the air, a royal blue outlining them as they were jerked away from you and towards Sans. A single blue ring with the same blue light blazing out of his pocket.

“Enough.”

“Patience is ya main SOUL trait, sweetheart.” Red spoke up, unable to turn to look at you but instead kept his attention on Sans. A low chuckle coming from him as his own socket blazed red. “But it’s actually Sincerity, it’s another word fer patience in some context. Ya primaries are Idleness and Courtesy.”

The two were dropped to the floor. A loud sigh coming from Sans as he teleported away, the scowl on his grin presented before disappearing into thin air.

Red held up three fingers, pushing each down one by one as he listed: “Aqua fer Patience, turquoise fer Sincerity, and periwinkle fer Courtesy.”

“W-what?” You muttered, holding your chest. Feeling the vigorous beating of your heart against your ribcage, you inhaled shakily and exhaled.

“What he means,” Stretch glared at Red. His gaze softening when he turned to you. “Your soul is different than the average adult.”

Red grumbled under his breath as he stood up from your floor, dusted off his clothes and sat on the chair. You cringed at the creak but made no comment on it as Stretch took a honey bottle(which you glared at and he chuckled.) from his pockets and popped off the cap, taking a long sip from the tip and placed it on his knee.

His pinpricks went to your chest, his brow bones furrowing slightly at it before looking up to meet your (colour) eyes.

“...anything else?”

Stretch chuckled, shaking his head. “I can’t see SOULS clearly like Sans. Red here,” he pointed at Red with his chin. “Can see your stats and what you are feeling.”

“What?” You looked at Red.

He snorted and crossed his arms. “It says ‘she feels the dread of the truth on her shoulders.’ It’s
understandable.”

“Classic over ‘here doesn’t like seen yer SOUL. He ain’t said nothin’ ‘bout it but avoids any confrontation.”

“What about my friend?” You asked, wanting to steer the attention on your SOUL to hers. Your hand still on your chest as if you can hold your SOUL in your palm. The dread of the situation weighing heavily on your shoulders—just as Red had described. You weren’t sure how to react about your primary traits. Idleness and courtesy, it oddly fits you.

A strange noise rises from Red as he turned away. “Itsa bitch. That’s what.”

You narrowed your eyes at him. “Be serious. She’s still my best friend and I’m not going to let you bad mouth her like that.”

Red growled, a loud scoff coming from him as he crossed his arms and turned his skull. Stretch sighed and leaned back, phalanges softly drumming on the plastic bottle in thought.

“She’s a corrupted determination,” he started slowly, watching for your reaction before continuing. “What it means, is that somewhere along the road her determination morphed into greed. Which meant that Greed is now her main trait. The primaries are—”

“Wait, lemme tell her!” Red’s grin was malice, perking up from the chair as he leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. A low ‘mwahah’ chuckle filled the room. Instinctively, you leaned away from him, nose scrunching up from the sudden drop of liveliness. Stretch sighed.

“Indulgence, malevolent and deceitful. See how she has three secondary and you have only two?” He pointed at his fingers then held up two more on his other. “S’what is weird ‘bout it. Ya aren’t like most adults.”

He dropped his hands and leaned back. Biting your cheek.

“Maybe it means ya haven’t gotten the time to expand out.” He shrugged his shoulders, slowly spinning on your chair. However, he stopped when his phone rang, making him sit up and take it out of his shorts pockets with a grumble.

“Shit, Boss is lookin’ fer me.” He looked up at you and winked. “See ya, sweetcheeks.”

He chuckled when your face flushed, the strange electricity sparking up before he disappeared in a red smoke. The same way Sans had disappeared. You blinked softly at the empty seat, shaking your head as you chuckled.

Slowly laying down, you stared at the ceiling before looking at Stretch when he said: “are you going to be okay?”

Were you? You just found out about your SOUL and how...dark your friend was. It was strange. She was so caring and always stuck by you at your hardest hours. Maybe they were lying?

Pursing your lips into a tight line, you looked up at the ceiling again. “Yeah..”

“Y/n, I—” the bell ringtone cut him off, a silent swear coming from Stretch as he quickly took out his phone. “It’s my bro. I’m guessing he’s lookin’ for me, too.”

You nodded and sat up. “You can go.”
For some reason, Stretch flinched. A somber frown appeared on his teeth as he shoved his phone into his hoody pocket. In a second, he was by your bed, looking over you with an unreadable expression. You flinched and immediately crawled back to add some sort of distance, but he grabbed your wrist and pulled you towards him.

A sharp gasp came from you as you twisted your wrist, trying to make him let go. Heart thumping in your chest, your ears rang as tears slowly glossed over your eyes.

“St-Stretch, Stretch stop!” You pleaded.

He shook his head and pulled you to his chest, wrapping his arms around your shoulder and your waist, holding you in place as you trashed against his forceful hug. Panicked tears slowly streaming down your face as you tried to pull him off.

“Don’t be afraid of me.”

that is the end of this chapter. Below is the sneak peek of ‘Down to the Bone’. WARNING! BELOW THIS IS SIN IF YOU ARE UNCOMFORTABLE WITH IT DON’T READ OK THANKS ILU<3

The heat in the room was unbearable. Crashing lips with teeth hungrily, you groaned softly when the monster pulled you up against his bedroom door with your legs wrapping around his pelvis bone. He broke the kiss to bury his face in your neck, a translucent tongue licking the sores on your neck and mumbling softly at the markings.

A moan escaped your lips as he bucked his hips into your burning core. The smell of mustard wafting the room was distant compared to the sweetened taste in your mouth. Forcing your lips shut, you hummed in satisfaction when he bit down, your hand behind his skull and tracing light circles, silently encouraging him further.

An animalistic growl rumbled your chest as he pushed you off the door, kicking off his shoes and gently threw you on the bed. It creaked in protest under the added weight as he climbed over you, a red blush over his bones as he assisted your lips once again.

Your eyebrows furrowed within the kiss, not liking how... soft he was being compared few minutes earlier in the bar’s washroom. Lacing your fingers around the chain connecting to his collar, you tugged at it harshly, resulting a startled yet please gasp from the skeleton monster.

A smirk played your lips as you pushed him off and climbed over, taking control of the heated moment. Wrapping your hand with the metal chain, you pulled it upwards. Forcing him to arch his neck awkwardly to your harsh tugs. A large, forked red tongue lollies out of his sharp teeth, the same red blush increasing tenfold as he melted under your touch.

“little bastard.” You growled, wiggling your hips against his hard member poking your core. A pathetic whimper from the skeleton made you grin, pulling his chain once more and lifted his white shirt. He was quickly becoming undone underneath you with little movements coming from you.
“You like that, don’t you?” You asked, tugging his chain once more. Red lights turning into hearts as he nodded wordlessly.

Displeased, you clicked your tongue and pulled a little more. “Speak with your words, Monster..”

“Ahh! Y-ye-nn~” He responded to your wiggling, slowly adding weight to your bottom to further edge him. You stopped your wiggling and he whined, hands pawing your hips to move.

“Words.” You hissed, swatting his hands from digging into your sides. The red translucent tears in his sockets began to stream down the sides of his skull, hearts still trained on you as he whimpered pathetically.

“Y-yes.. I—fuck, I love it.” the nameless skeleton mewled, rolling his head back as you began to move your hips in a circular motion, hand still tugging at the chain with your free hand trailing down his ribcage. Looping your fingers around each bone and lightly tugging each with equal attention.

“Good boy.” You purred and got off, which he whined and reached for your touch again. Hitting his palms away, you leaned against the headboard, legs spread for him to see your soaked underwear.

“Should I...” you pulled at the chain, pulling him towards you with a smirk on your lustful lips. “Reward a filthy monster like you?”

The door to the messy room slammed open, surprising the two of you as a larger skeleton walked in. Seemingly unaware of the situation conspiring on the messily made bed.

“SANS. YOU IMBECILE! UDYNE SAID—"

Instantly, you pushed off the smaller skeleton monster. Ignoring his whimpers for your demanding touches. The larger skeleton had been quiet, staring at you with a morphed expression of shock and anger. Although, you just smirked and leaned back. Grabbing Sans’, apparently that’s his name, chain and yanked him towards you. A choked moan came from him as he held little care about his brother.

“Wanna join?” You purred, grinning at the crimson flush on the taller’s cheek bones.

Chapter End Notes

I had trouble with this chapter.(_ಠ_ಠ_) I don’t know much about SOULS in the game but with expensive research I ended up with this! It’s only the tip of the iceberg but it’s something:)!

I broke my laptop. Haha...hah...ah.. so I’m updating on my phone until I can afford another.

Tell me with you think! You had a peek of your SOUL traits and a little bit about your friends:)

See ya next week!
Heart erratically beating in your chest, your hold on his sweater tightened as you mentally tried to get your chest beat to slow down. He could probably feel how scared you were in his hold. He never held you like this until he practically kidnapped you, moved you through dark space and sciency crap that came with the teleportation, completely against your will.

Hesitantly, Stretch pulled away, palming your cheek whilst slowly rubbing his thumb over the apple of your cheek. A somber look in his eye lights before he pulled back. A deep sigh coming from him.

“I’m sorry.” And he disappeared.

For the longest time, you sat there. Holding your clothes in your fist as your heart steadily slowed. A blush over you cheeks as you shook your head and slapped your cheeks. A huff coming from you as you went to take off your shirt—but stopped. No, you weren’t going to repeat what happened earlier, that was enough embarrassment for today!

Diving into your covers, you snuggled into your pillow and grabbed your phone and earphones. Wiping your brain of Stretch and watched YouTube videos.

However, your thoughts kept drifting towards the lanky skeleton. Yes, you longer felt safe around him, but he was still your friend. A friend who you could pun around with and job him for his non-paid (hopefully soon) tab at Muffet’s. Someone you should have felt safe around you.

Yet he kept doing things that pushed you out of your comfort zone. Hugging you, using his magic on you and talking like he was the victim. Was the term even right for this thought? You didn’t know.

Knowing that you wouldn’t focus on the video, you paused it and laid on your back. The cloudy sun seeping through your silk curtains, blowing small puffs of cool air into your room.

Stretch spends his time at Muffet’s either you were there or not, he grew up with her along with his brother. That’s all you knew. He loved honey and sweets just as much as he loved jabbing you with his usual day-to-day puns and distracting you from your job. Sure you had only worked for three days, but those three days were mostly spent with Stretch and the usual banter between the two of you.

You lifted your hand into the air, your arm nipping with goosebumps from the cold you couldn’t feel because of the thick covers. Clenching and unclenching your fingers, you sighed deeply and dropped your arm over your eyes.

What would Muffet say? You barely knew the guy she raised, did he act out like that? Being all…
needy and demanding your attention left and right?

When did he change? Was it because you started talking to Red and Sans? Or when you somehow managed to connect the dots on them being cousins or very close relatives. You bit your lip from the thoughts swarming your head, drifting down to the chain reaction of sudden skeletons in your life.

Sans was a huge mystery. You didn’t know much about him but he seemed to know a lot about you. Red... he had his secrets and you wanted to know what they were.

You couldn’t place a finger on anything.

Not to mention that one time you found Red asleep on your couch, poking holes into your blanket and sweating profusely in his sleep. On a whim, you called him Sans and he reacted almost instantly.

Then there was Stretch again. Muffet called him Papyrus, you called him Papyrus and he held little to no reaction to it—maybe you weren’t paying attention to his reactions? He might have flinched or clenched his jaw.

But then again, he was much harder to read than both Red and Sans combined.

You sighed once more and turned your phone on, shuffling through playlists before pressing on your favourite on and played the first song on shuffle. Turning up the volume to drown out Papyrus’ excitable voice.

Closing your eyes, you hummed with the beat.

It was a dramatic thought, but you thought that your life was spinning out of your control. Choosing to write and wrap itself around the strange group of monsters.

You fell asleep with that last thought.

The endless white void stung your eyes. Tightly shutting them from the slight sting at the back of your eyeballs, you furrowed your eyebrows and crouched down. Hands over your eyes to block out the brightness coming from the white. If it were snow, you would have stared despite the sting but it wasn’t and you weren’t sure what was happening.

“Oh.” A voice muttered. A computer lag made you cringe and drop to your bottom in surprise. “I didn’t e-expect you to come early.” the same lag sound was closer, followed but uplinks of errors. The guy’s voice lagged and stuttered throughout the simple sentence.

“Way too early.” He hissed before pushing you back—you gasped and your eyes shot open in alarm but you didn’t see who had pushed you before you began to fall.

Your body jolted and eyes shot open by the sound of the front door slamming inwardly followed by a screech that sounded like a surprised shout. Fluttering your eyes closed, you pulled out the earphones and sat up. The slow melody of a song dying out as you paused and plugged in your phone.

8:39pm.

You still had a lot of time before leaving for work, what should you do? The play station was in
the living room, possibly being used by your friend and her guests. You coughed lightly and cringed at the dryness in your mouth.

Suddenly, water was all you could think off. Forgetting the weird dream almost instantly as you tore off the covers and made a beeline to your door. A sleepy yawn coming from your mouth as. You slowly opened your door and crept down the hallway. You flinched at the shouts and loud volume but your mind and mouth was demanding liquid.

The chatter in the living room came quiet the moment you shuffled through the kitchen. Hair a mess, dried drool mark on the corner of your lips, smeared mascara and a messy wardrobe. Uncaring of the eyes(theoretically.) on you and grabbed a cup of water, turned on the faucet and let filled the cup. Chugging the water down with a small stream of liquid going down your chin, you pulled the cup away and sighed loudly.

“You’re up!” Your friend’s voice made you pause. Slowly lowering the cup in the sink, you cursed softly and inhaled. No time to cower back into your domain, time to show you aren’t a hermit and a monster hater!

You turned around, smiled kindly at the group with a wave—although, you paused abruptly.

Drinks were scattered on the table, empty beer bottles toppled over, messy drawn on papers discarded to the side of the couch, a spill on said couch, a brown paper bag was filled with hard liquor underneath the coffee table, pink-faced friend and an obvious tension in the air.

“Come~” She waved with a giggle, crawling over an unfamiliar skeleton and dragged the paper bag from underneath it. Your eyes lingered on the cyan flush and, for some reason, he looked pissed that you showed up.

“Drunk with us! We were going to play spin or dare.” She giggled, pointing to the single bottle in the middle of their circle.


“THAT’S NOT HOW THE GAME GOES!” The unfamiliar skeleton interjected. “I DON’T THINK SHE WANTS TO PLAY, ANYWAYS.”

Your eyebrows furrowed slightly at his odd hostility. Did…did you manage to piss him off somehow?

You called her name with a small hiss. “I thought this was going to be a simple hangout, not a drunken party.”

“Don’t be a popper! It’s just us!” She swayed when she got up from the floor, knocking into Sans with a giggle and a drunken apology. Your nose wrinkled when she came close to you, the strong smell of alcohol making you recoil slightly. Before you could make your retreat, she grabbed your arm and pulled you to the circle.

Sans’ grin was amused as you fumble your way to sit next to him by the command of your friend before she went to go sit next to Edge, despite his colourful vocabulary.

She crawled over and handed you a vodka bottle and motioned you to drink it, nearly falling over with a dasy smile and went to sit next to Edge once again. You tended under his hateful stare and pulled the bottle to your chest.
“Do you need a chaser?” Sans asked, a small blue blush over his cheekbones but he didn’t seem that drunk. None of them did, actually.

“Uh, no thanks? I’m not drinking.” You smiled gratefully and placed the bottle in between you and the unknown monster, he had moved away from you just slightly. You noticed and frowned softly.

“Boo~! Y/n you are such a popper!” Your friend cried, giving you two thumbs down while fighting back a smile.

“She has work.” Stretch mumbled, looking down at the liquor in his glass and swirled it lightly before chugging it down.

You pursed your lips, looking down at the bottle. Should you? Vodka had never been your favourite. The taste was horrible and—no! You had to work in a few hours. You have to stay sober.

“Humans can’t withstand monster alcohol.” Sans spike, pointing at your friend with a knowing grin. You blinked and picked the bottle up to read the label. Surely and to his words, the alcohol was intended for monsters.

You sighed and handed the bottle to Sans. “Nice to know she didn’t buy this much alcohol.” Her dad would have killed her if she bought liquor two nights in a row.

“Y/n.” Stretch called, crawling over to prop himself to your side. The same tangerine flush over his skull and his sockets lidded. Monster skeletons will forever be a mystery to you and however they managed to move the hard bone like actual skin.

“...Stretch.” You carefully spoke, leaning away from him as the smallest scooted away to make room. His hardened expression softening the closer he got to your friend.

You uncomfortably moved closer to Sans, keeping your eyes on Stretch as he pouted and turned his head away stubbornly.

What the hell? Was he drunk already?

“It seems Little Blue doesn’t like you.” Sans pokes your side. You wiggled slightly from the odd sensation and wrinkled your nose.

“Little Blue?” You asked, ignoring the loud laughter of your friend at whatever Papyrus said. The same bright orange blush you came accustomed to was spread across his skull as he nervously tapped the glass bottle in his hands, confusion written all over his face. Okay, you were paying attention but that was only because your friend never laughed like dorky nor loud before.

“Blueberry. He’s the one giving you the stink-eye.” Sans spoke, taking a gulp of his alcoholic beverage whilst pointing at the unnamed(now named) skeleton looking at your friend with fascination and adoration.

You blinked. He was small, then? He.. isn’t what you thought he looked like. Kind of odd since he looked like a mix of Papyrus and Sans. Your nose wrinkled at the thought.

Definitely weird.

A whine came from your side, making you look at Stretch as he slowly fell back. Moving himself to wrap his arms around your waist and rest his skull on your lap.
You tensed at the action and looked up for help. You froze at the lingering heated stare of Edge as he sipped his drink. Barely a crimson flush but it was there.

“C’mon, Ashtray!” Red growled. “Th’girl’s obviously uncomfortable with ya, let ‘er go!”

“Shut up, you’re just jealous that I met her first.” Stretch cracked open a socket to glare at Red.

“At least she doesn’t look like she’s ‘bout ta cry aroun’me.”

Your friend stopped her loud conversation with Papyrus to stare at the bantering two. Her eyebrows knitted together as she looked at you briefly then back at the two.

You blinked at Red’s words. Did you really look like you were about to cry? The questioning looks from the other skeletons in the room made you frown. How much are you frowning today? First the SOUL talk and now this. Why couldn’t dream-guy just pushed you off a cliff or into a new dream or something that wasn’t this?

“Let’s play Spin or Dare!” Your friend shouted, clapping her hand with a forced laugh. Blue glanced at you for a second then stared at Stretch. He shook his head and turned to admire the drunk girl.

“The game is simple, Spin the bottle to ask the person a personal question—whatever is said stays in this apartment, got it!” She bit, glaring at everyone. “Or you can give them a dare. No streaking, no magic, no seven-heaven and definitely, definitely no fucking pussying out.”

Why was she looking at you when she said that?

“Alight, I’ll go.” Red spoke, taking a long chug of his beer bottle and reached over to spin the empty bottle.

By now, Sans has pried Stretch’s arms from you and acted as a divider between the two of you, which you relaxed and thanked him softly as Stretch huffed. The bottle zeroed on. . . . .

Chapter End Notes

*cringes* it’s so short I’m going to cry
Next chapter is the game, then back to work and then the dinner party:)

Give me ridiculous dares and truths for everyone!
You can ask such as “Red to Sans : *question or dare here*”
Attack anyone as you may please:
The Game

Chapter Summary

You play a quick round of Spin or Dare.
You’re officially comfortable with Sans!

Chapter Notes

I was debating with my sister if I should update with a bigass chapter or split it into parts. Decided to go for parts in this order: The game, the calm before the storm and the dinner party.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The tranquility did nothing but let your heart race. Here you were, sitting in an oddly shaped circle ready to play a game of spin the bottle, instead of the embarrassing kisses, it would be a question or a dare. A fair mix of the two party-goers games. No one had uttered a word until the bottle began to slowly stop. Frankly, you thought it would stop on you for a second before it picked up its speed.

Pursing your lips at the anxiety eating away inside, you let out a relieved sigh as it finally stopped.

The lanky skeleton sighed deeply, shooting a glare over at Sans before taking out a honey bottle from his pocket, popped open the cap and leaned back, sipping the thick liquid like all the other times you saw him do. Yet, now, it felt like it was a coping mechanism.

“Heh, alright.” Red shrugged, leaning back with a bottle in his hand. “Spin or dare, ashtray.”

“I’m not drunk enough to deal with you.” Stretch grumbled, rubbing the sweat from his brow bone. Red’s toothy smile widened as he took a swing of the beer bottle. “Fuck it, dare. Lay it on me.”

“Drink a whole bottle of ketchup.” He lollied his tongue out of his mouth, the forked end flicking upwards with a sinister grin. You blinked softly at the small red hue, eyes on the forked tongue in astonishment. Is...is that a tongue piercing?

“Oh.” Blue perked, looking from the floor up to his brother and successfully tearing your attention from Red’s mouth. He caught your eye and quickly turned away.

“Disgusting.” Stretch muttered, lowering the honey bottle from his mouth and took the condiment from a shit-eating Sans.

“S’not bad.” Sans shrugged, leaning back and accidentally touching your shoulder. You instinctively flinched and leaned away, sending an apologetic smile when he turned around to face you, unable to read the expression on his face, you turned to look at Stretch.
A small tangerine hue dusted his cheeks as he opened the cap, gagged and swung it down as if it was a vodka shot. He visibly flinched but kept going.

Halfway to the bottom, he yanked the bottom from his teeth and tossed it back to Sans. Coughing lightly and wiped his teeth from the lingering ketchup. You wrinkled your nose, turning your head away to hide the grin and forced the laughter down as Red, Sans, and your best friend laughed.

“Again, disgusting.” Stretch picked up another beer bottle, opening it effortlessly and took long chugs, undoubtedly trying to wash his mouth from the condiment.

Sans placed a hand on his chest, forging a hurtful expression. “It’s the best!” and finished the rest to prove a point.

Catching your staring, he smirked and tipped the tip towards you. “Want some?”

You wrinkled your nose once again. “No thanks..”

He chuckled. “Note for me, then.” And finished the rest in a single gulp. You cringed slightly before turning back to the game as Stretch spun the bottle.

As the bottle began to slow, you felt your heartbeat pick up. Silently pleading for it to continue past you as it slowed each second. Luckily, it stopped at your best friend, and the way she grinned made you want to groan and keel over.

“Babe!” She squealed, looking straight at you. “Spin or Dare!”

You swallowed thickly, suddenly hyper aware of the amount of people in the living room as she eagerly waited for your answer. You bit your bottom lip, why would she pick you off the bat? The game just started, surely your turn wouldn’t be until the end of the game of odds were in your favour.

“Uhm.” Your voice was an octave up, making you clear your throat and point your fingers together. She’s drunk, she wouldn’t make you do anything stupid, right? Maybe she wants you to pick spin so she could ask something embarrassing in front of others to make them not like you. Edge and Blue are pretty visual about their dislike of you already.

“Dare.” You said straightening your back to match her stare, the gleam in her eyes made you slum back with instant regret.

“Mhm, Okay.” She nodded, pretending to think of her dare. “Question your existence for five minutes, or…” she looked around the room, her eyes landed on Edge for a second before turning back at you with the same glint in her eye. “Hug Mean for three rounds.”

Nipping at your bottom lip, you kept your gaze on the floor as the room became tense. She didn’t know you already met Edge and the unwelcoming encounter the two of you had with Sans, Papyrus, and Red presented.

“AH,” Papyrus spoke up. “MAYBE SHE COULD HUG ME, INSTEAD?”

Papyrus, you adorable skeleton! You mentally screamed, looking up to stare at Papyrus with wide eyes. A true knight in shining armour, minus his spatula—no, your mind isn’t going to wander to this morning. Nope, no.

“Pap, sweetie. I’m giving her two options. She has to pick one.” Your friend pouted, sipping on her second bottle of beer.
You regretted looking at her when she outted Papyrus because the moment you did, your attention stuck on Edge and you noticed immediately that his expression darkened, glaring daggers into your soul as if daring you to choose the latter.

You lowered your gaze.

“C’mon babez, don’t take too long or else I’ll—” you cut her off.

“What am I doing?” You spoke, looking at your opened palms. Questioning your existence seemed the easiest way out, but that also meant everyone was going to hear your doubts and fears.

“Huh?” Stretch made a weird noise, looking over Sans to you. You kept your gaze on the floor.

“What am I doing this for? What is the point of trying to be independent when I know I’m going to give up and crawl back to my parents?” You clench your hands weakly, letting it fall to your lap as you bite your lip. “I know I don’t have much qualities because the way I was raised. I know what I’m…”

Not good enough.

“I know that I’m distant to people, I do try to make friends but since moving here I found it difficult and nearly impossible. All I ever known was to hide behind a shadow of someone else’s that overcasted mine.” You looked up, matching your friend’s surprised eyes.

“Why am I here? What is the reason for me to keep pushing when there is people trying to hold me down. My brothers, my…friend, my parents and—many people in the background. I can feel their eyes on my back, like a large target painted on my skin that shows even through my clothes. Why do I keep trying to prove that I am something I’m not?” In the middle of your talk, your voice began to waver. You bit your lip harder, mustering the courage to keep talking. It hasn’t reached the 4 minute mark and yet you are already trying to back out.

“What exactly is my purpose? Am I just to wallow on by while others achieve greater things that I won’t? Or am I just an empty shell within this body to be tossed and turned?” You lowered your eyes to you palms. Shoulders shaking softly as you inhaled and exhaled lightly. Almost there, you got this.

As if he heard you, Sans grabbed your hand and gave you a gentle squeeze. Surprised and taken back, you look up at him. His grin wasn’t reaching his sockets and he looked like he was hurting? You lightly squeezed his hand, softly smiling at him. You appreciated Sans.

“Maybe, if I push hard enough I can see the things other people see. If I can overcome my brothers than I can overcome anything… right?”

“Time!” She cheered, going on her knees with her bottle in the air with her phone in the other. “Good goin’, babez.” She winked. “It’s your turn to spin the bottle.”

Intertwining his fingers with yours, you reached over and spun the bottle. Subtly blinking away the unshed tears in your eyes as it slowed and finally stopped on Edge.

Your hold on Sans’ hand tightened as you kept your eyes on Edge, the faint crimson glow going unnoticed as he leaned back and took a sip of wine in a glass cup. He rose his brow bone at you.

You swallowed thickly. “S-spin or…or dare?” You asked.
“DARE.” He gruffed. Voice hoarse and scratchy as he eyed you with a faint eye light flickering in his sockets.

“Ooo, I bet she’s gonna make you do something embarrassing, Mean!” Your friend squealed, shoving Edge lightly.

“Shut up.” Red growled, causing her to gasp.

You nodded your head, leaning back to add some more distance and picked at Sans’ phalanges, thinking a suitable date for Edge.

After a minute, you sighed and looked back up. “Okay… uhm, d-dance with the least likeable person? Or.. uh.” You pursed your lips again. Eyebrows furrowing slightly as you thought over the dare. “Do—”

Your friend pulled out her phone, played a song before you could give Edge an opened out. Her eager smile bright as she bounced on her seat, looking at Edge expectantly.

He cursed audibly, drinking the rest of his wine in one gulp before standing up, scanning the room one by one before stopping on you—no! You shouldn’t have dared him that!

“W-wait!” You cried, tugging Sans hand from yours and stood up. “A-Another one! yes, another one!”

“No pussying out, Y/n!” Your friend hissed, pausing the music on her phone to glare at you.

“Hol’up.” Red cut, saying your friend’s name with a hint of venom. “She ‘nd boss ain’t on the brightest terms. Let ‘er change the fucking dare.”

“Tsk, tsk.” Your friend shook her head. “It’s not how the game goes, it completely goes against the rules, too. Mean is already up for the dare, literally.” She snickered, sending you a glare then smiled sweetly at Red.

You froze under her icy stare before slowly sitting down, crossing your legs as you shut your eyes and counted to ten.

“I HAVE TO AGREE WITH RED.” Papyrus spoke up nervously. “WE SHOULD LET HER CHANGE THE DARE. SOMETHING THAT DOESN’T MAKE HER UNCOMFORTABLE.”

“Yep, what he said.” Sans joined in. Turning his head sideways with his eyes closed. “S’no fun when someone is uncomfortable.”

“That’s the whole point of the game.” Your friend hissed. “A full song, you can last a full song.” She smiled, replaying the song as Edge easily stepped over Blue and pushed the bottle away with his foot.

You looked at Red for help, he frowned and mouthed sorry.

You flinched when Edge lowered his hand near your face. Instant flashbacks from a few days before coming to your mind sending your heart into overdrive.

“LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.” He grumbled.

You looked up at him then stared at his open palm. Lightly brushing his hand away, you stood up and dusted your pants, trying to delay the inevitable. Edge growled for you to hurry up, making
Almost immediately did you notice how tall he was compared to you. Standing at a proud 7’3 with a fixated glare and a permanent scowl, was the holy grail that was Edge.

Suddenly feeling lightheaded, you stumbled back but quickly caught your footing as she replayed the song again. Edge grabbed your hand and yanked you towards him without warning. An awkward yelp came from your mouth as you collided with his chest, his hand in yours and his other on the small of your back.

“WATCH IT.” He growled, pulling you along into a waltz. Your stumbling on your feet, trying to match his movements and speed all while trying to calm your raging anxiety.

“You’re the one who pulled me…” You muttered, keeping your gaze down to avoid any awkward eye contact. Edge scoffed, removing his hand from your back and pinched your cheeks to force you to look up. You froze mid-spin, making you trip over but he quickly caught you.

“ALWAYS LOOK AT YOUR DANCE PARTNER.” He instructed, pulling you back on your feet and twirled you slowly. His crimson eye lights solemnly on you.

What was this? Why was he being so...nice. It was fairly obvious that he didn’t like you, yet here he was. Carefully dancing with you like you were sole delicate flower. You scrunched your nose at the thought. The mixed signals quickly becoming annoying as he sipped you one last time just as the music faded and came the silence.

You stared at Edge for a moment, both of you not moving in fear of triggering the other. Despite your brief meetings, seeing Edge like this gave you a new light. Like he was… You couldn’t finish that thought because loud clapping came from your sides. Simultaneously, the two of you turned and stared at your friend in shock as she clapped frantically with a wide smile on her lips.

Edge dropped you ungraciously on the floor, a pained ‘oof’ coming from you as Edge in new light quickly became regular, scary Edge. He went to sit on his place, picking up the wine bottle and drowning it like pirates on a sunken ship.

“And you okay?” Stretch asked, leaning forward to help you up. You tensed and crawled back to Sans, sending Stretch a nod and a weak smile. The lanky skeleton sighed and leaned back, his arms crossed over his chest.

It was Edge’s turn to spin, and luckily, it landed on Stretch.

“WHY DO YOU CARE FOR THE HUMAN?”

“Naw, that’s not how you play the game, Edge.” Stretch shook his head. “I’ll pick dare, thank you very much.”

Edge growled lowly. Tapping his mandible for a moment before his mouth stretched into a large grin.

“SWAP CLOTHES WITH SANS.” he chuckled, which you found odd because it felt like he made some sort of joke you nor your friend couldn’t understand. You glanced at Sans then to Stretch, their posters relaxed but with Stretch’s squared shoulders, he was anything but.

“Alright,” he said, waving his hand. “Let’s go, Classic.”
Sans sighed, unhooking your hands and stood up, following Stretch with a ‘oh well’ shrug. You blinked owlishly and stared at your palm. Unsure how or when did you held hands like it was nothing intimate.

The latter shrugged his shoulders, patting your back and stood up. Following Stretch out the door before coming back in 3 minutes. The 3 minutes were the longest to you due to the fact that you kept your head low and letting the silence dragged on until the two made their way back.

You instantly covered your mouth, an ungracious snort coming from your nose as you forcefully turned your head away.

The clothes on Sans were way too large for his body, tight on certain angles and the orange sleeves dragging along the floor with the ends of Stretch’s beige cargo pants.

Stretch looked uncomfortable with clothes that barely covered his bones, it was obviously large on him size-wised but it was also small with how tightly the fabric cling onto his bones, exposing more than you were used to.

“Holy shit..” Your friend muttered, laughing loudly. Your shoulders shook as you tried your best not to laugh.

Blue laughed, too. The sound foreign to your ears as you looked up. The same blue stars appearing, cyan coloured tears gathering in his sockets as he leaned back, not caring if anyone heard how loud his, admiringly adorable, laughter was.

“How’re ya?” Red snickered, eyeing to the unfortunate monsters.

“Uncomfortable.” Stretch grumbled, stiffly sitting down on his spot with Sans quickly following.

“Comfortable.” He said with a smug grin. Looking over towards you with his arms spread wide for you. “Want a hug, sweetheart?”

“Sweetheart?” You questioned, eyebrow slightly raising from the sudden nickname. He sounded like Red when he lowered his voice like that.

Sans bloomed a brilliant blue, crossing his arms and avoided your look.

Feeling a bit bold by his reaction, you grinned widely and wrapped your arms around him. A strange noise came from Sans as he went stiff under your hold. Unsure how to react considering how timid and slow you were. Well, towards monsters anyways.

Stretch spun the bottle, opening another beer bottle and chuckled when the tip landed on Blue. Boldly, Blue chose Dare and he was told do to an impression on Edge.

“ARGH, THIS IS POINTLESS!” Blue grumbled, a soft cyan flush on his cheeks. “H-HURRY UP, PATH-PATHETIC HUMANS.”

“THAT HARDLY SOUNDS LIKE ME.” Edge grumbled, crossing his arms and automatically slumped back. Blue saw this and quickly followed his movements, narrowing his round sockets into a heated glare.

“STOP THAT!” He shouted, straightening himself out.

You turned away, covering your mouth to hide the smile threatening to show. Sans glanced at you with bemusement in his white eye lights, leaning towards you to hide your reaction front Edge and
“MY TURN!” Blue grinned, taking the bottle and spinning it. His blue lights shifting to stars as he waited to batted excitement.

“PAPYRUS! SPIN OR DARE!” He perked, turning to the tall skeleton sitting next to Red while Sans looped his arm around yours, patting your hand comfortably. He was tipsy and you could tell, although you didn’t protest with his actions.

“EVERYONE IS PICKING DARE.. SO DARE!”

The two shared a grin. Some kind of flint in their movement as Blue began to laugh. “SING A SONG OF SOMEONE YOU DONT LIKE!”

Papyrus easily deflated, a nervous look over his features as he glanced around the room. A forced laugh coming from him. “Okay..”

You furrowed your eyebrows at the small tone, yet smiled encouragingly when he spared you a glance. He looked...Guilty.

Clearing his non-existence throat, he stood up and patting his pants before glancing around the room. He huffed with confidence, clearing his throat once more before singing a on the spot song.

“I Am Not Sure How I Feel. Every Time I See You, You Make Me Want To Leave But Everyone Likes You. I Feel Bad About My Feelings And Hope That You Can Shine In A Different Light. . . UHM... THATS ALL I CAN COME UP WITH.”

“It’s okay Papyrus, You did great!” You spoke without thinking, clapping your hands to lift his spirit. When no one made any noise, your clapping quickly ceased and your face flushed in embarrassment.

“ANYWAYS,” Blue scowled. “IT IS YOUR TURN TO SPIN!”

It went on like this for a while. Red had asked a personal question to your friend about her issues with you (which made you pale and gasp) but she was too drunk to answer as she said you were out to shine a bad light.

Blue sent you a glare before turning away to pay attention to her. Sans’ hold on your arm tightened as she went. It landed on Red.

“Tell us who is the most good looking!” She lightly puffed her chest, brushing her hair cover her shoulder and batted her eyelashes. Red cringed slightly and grinned. Looking over the group with a unidentifiable look in his eye until he stopped solemnly on you. His mouth pulled into a smirk and you flushed.

“Easy.” He spoke, watching as you hid behind Sans. “Me.”

When you sat up, a disbelief look over your (colour) eyes, Red couldn’t help but snicker. You were... amazing.

“Pfft, okay Mr. Goldtooth.”

The bottle was spun around once again, it landed on you this time.

“Heh, alright sweets. Spin or Dare?” He asked, lolling his red tongue out of his mouth and flicked
it. The piecing catching your attention once more as you avoided his gaze by looking towards the floor. Now, unlike your friend, you knew Red wouldn’t let you do anything stupid.

“Dare.” You spoke, lifting your eyes to meet his stare. For a second, he looked surprised before he leaned backwards.

“Wrong choice, sweets.. trade clothes with me.”

Before Edge could spin the bottle, your phone rang loudly in your room. You pursed your lips and steadily stood up, apologizing to the skeletons and your friend before scurrying towards your room. A tight line on your lips as you pushed your door open and dropped yourself on the bed.

Red’s jacket was tucked neatly around you, making you smile and zipped the zipper to your neck, sneezing softly at the fur tickling your nose. He was wearing your blue shirt (with a ‘it’s nacho business’ and a nacho bowl art on it.) while you wore his jacket and turtle neck, stopping at the pants since you didn’t want to make him uncomfortable. Your friend was too drunk to mind so that ended in your favour without any snarky remark or criticism.

The laughter and shouts from the living room rose back up, making you smile softly and grab your buzzing phone. Standing back up, you walked towards the door and closed it before picking the call.

“Hello?”

“Y/n, greetings.” Sebastian’s smooth voice greeted. A smile in his tone as he shifted from the line. “The dinner party is tomorrow evening. I was wondering if you wanted to—”

“of course!” You grinned, a prideful swelling tightened in your chest. However, you gasped softly. “I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to rudely cut you off like that.”

Sebastian chuckled. “No worries, Miss. I’ll run you with the details when you arrive in half an hour. See you till then.” The playful smug in his tone made your flush, gripping your phone with both hands as you nodded timidly.

“o-okay..”

Sebastian chuckled once more, saying his goodbyes and cutting off the line. Standing in the middle of your room, you inhaled and exhaled softly.

The door to your room slowly opened and in a red-faced friend. Her eyes casted downwards as she grumbled under her breath.

Smiling warmly, you placed your phone on the bed and faced her.

“Moan.” She spoke, walking towards you. At a instant, you face flushed red. “Or pretend too.” She balled her fists, gritting her teeth with tears in her eyes.

You shook your head, standing up and grabbing her wrist. She protested softly but let you drag her back towards the living room. The flush still on your cheeks as you pulled her to your side in front of the skeletons. Pointing at her flustered self with an eyebrow twitching.

“Who?” You seethed.

“Noooo~” your friend cried, wrapping her arm around your waist and burying her face into your
side. You turned your head away and scoffed softly despite the red blush on your cheeks.

“Red.” Sans simply spoke, tipping a beer bottle in his mouth and winked at Red. You rolled your eyes and gestures your friend to sit back down. She protested once more, saying that she has to protect you from grabby monster hands before promptly passing out.

You blinked at her form for a second. Covering your eyes with an airy chuckle and a soft shake of your head. “Are you serious?” You asked, looking up at Red and Sans. Forgetting about them for a second as your face brightened in colour.

“C..can you help me?”

“Hold up, sweetheart.” Red spoke, drinking the liquor in the bottle and placed it on the table. The bottle on the floor spun until it stopped on you with a small red hue.

“Which of us are ya most comfortable with?”

“d-do I really have to answer that?” You muttered, lifting your friend’s upper body. “T-..that’s not how you play, too.” You murmured under your breath, refusing to answer as you began to steadily drag your friend down the hall.

Sans chuckled and stood up, taking off Stretch’s sweater and helped you lift the girl up with his magic. You smiled gratefully at him and lead him towards her room. Opening the door, you wrinkled your nose as the two of you were hit with intense smell of perfume.

Flickering the lights on, you watched as her body slowly float towards the bed before being laid to rest with the covers tucking her in.

“I thought monsters aren’t supposed to use magic on humans.” You teased, lightly pushing him with your elbow as he shut off the light and closed the door.

Sans shrugged. “What they don’t know won’t hurt’em.”

“Criminal.” You gasped, taking a step back. Sans rolled his eye lights and clawed his hands.

“Roar.”

Chapter End Notes

Part 1 of the season final then we head to Season two!

Sorry for the long wait! There was so much Ask/dares to use and I wanted to pan it out. I’ll probably be using the bolder ones in the future when reader is comfortable with everyone:)!

Congratulations! You have gained 1+ friendship point for Sans!
Your relationship is now: comfortable banter.
You have gained 1+ friendship point from Red!
Your relationship is now: friendly
“Roar?”

“Roar.” He called again. Flexing his fingers to show you his claws. You pursed your lips and turned your head, shoulders shaking slightly as you fought off the laughter that threatened to come out.

Sans lowered his hands and stuffed them into his pockets, a content grin overtaking his usual relaxed one. Seeing you relaxed like this was always a prize to see. No timid nature, no worries over your head, or no troubling thoughts clouding your judgement. He liked seeing you this happy—like that first time Papyrus and you made friendship spaghetti. You worked around the kitchen as if you lived and breathed cooking, choosing things carefully while helping Papyrus improve on his own culinary skills.

Stars above, he could watch you all day like this. Easy going with nothing to worry about, that carefree smile on your lips always captivating...

He immediately pulled himself out of his thoughts, chuckling softly as he lead you back to the others. Possibly to finish the game before calling quits. Sitting back on his spot, the small circle had tightened thanks to the absence of your unsavoury friend. With you sitting by him and Red, away from Stretch’s grabby hands, Edge’s scornful gaze and Blue’s heated look. Papyrus sat on the opposite of you with both Edge and Blue on the right and left side of him.

Stretch sat on the same spot, barely moved once the circle had tightened. You pursed your lips, leaning onto Red for support. He tensed under you but immediately melted into your touch, leaning onto you like you were doing to him.

This made you think as Blue spun the bottle. A slight sway in his movements showing that he was feeling the buzz much stronger now.

The bottle ended up stopping directly at himself, making him spin again with soft mutters.

You hand was suddenly plucked from your thigh and laced around boney fingers that belonged to Sans. He watched Papyrus do his best dance with whatever beat Blue made up, awkwardly using his arms and legs to move around and form a dance.

Sans’ other hand traced your knuckles with his phalanges barely touching, as if you were fragile and would crack at the softest touches.

He did it so absentmindedly as if he had done this in the past despite meeting you just barely over three weeks. But you guessed that was a lot of improvement on your part—not until recently were you able to expand without explaining anything to your overly protective older brothers.
The fact that Joseph took on night shifts unnerved you. One of these days he might just up and come visit you unannounced.

The thought made you sit up and retract your hands from Sans, both skeletons looking at you in confusion but went back to the game as Sans was dragged back in by Edge’s turn right after Papyrus made him do: Say Yes to every question for a round. How merciful of Papyrus.

“Can I hit you?” Sans spoke, waving his hand in the air with a knowing smirk.

Edge’s sockets narrowed on him. “...Yes.” He begrudgingly agreed. Red narrowed his eyes at Sans.

“Watch it, classic.” He growled. Sans remained unbothered as he shrugged his shoulders.

**“DO SEVERAL CARTWHEELS AROUND THE ROOM.”**

“That’s not how you play. I’ll pick truth.” Sans smiled, attempting to grab your hand but frowned when you placed them underneath your thighs. He shot you a questioning look and you gave him an apologetic smile.

**“ALRIGHT, THEN...”** Edge paused, gloved phalanges tapping his chin in deep thought he could ask Sans. His harsh gaze went around the room before stopping on your lowered look. A triumphant moment flashed in his crimson eye lights before disappearing all together.

**“WHY DO YOU INSIST ON BEING HANDSY WITH THE HUMAN?”** It was the same question he attempted to lay on Stretch but phrased differently.

“Heh, good one bro.” Red chuckled. Edge looked triumphant but paid no attention to his accidental pun.

He watched as Sans’ shoulders squared slightly, the relaxed manner tossed out the window for a split second before he leaned onto you, showing how unbothered he was to Edge’s question. He growled disapprovingly.

“She’s comfortable.” Was all Sans said before spinning the bottle.

“We’re basically playing truth or dare at this point.” Sans muttered. “Blue—”

**“TRUTH!”**

“Is it true that you have ligma?”

You furrowed your eyebrows in confusion. Before Blue could answer, you leaned forward to see his face and asked: “What’s ligma?” You didn’t know skeletons got sick—what was ligma anyways?

“...” Sans flushed royal blue as Stretch and Red up-roared in laughter. Filling the awkward silence that Sans refused to fill.

You sent a questioningly look at Blue, and surprisingly, he sent one back before the two of you stared at the blushing skeleton.

Red wiped a tear from his socket, eye light buzzing slightly brighter as he looked over at Sans. His frown twitching into a large grin.

“What is ligma, vanilla?” He mused much to your growing confusion.
“Uh..” Sans avoided looking at you, soft blue glow began sorting his skull like you seen Red do on multiple occasions. Did all skeleton sweat translucent magic?

“U-updog?” He nervously deflected. Your furrowed your eyebrows slightly.

“What’s...oh.”

You narrowed your eyes playfully. “Sans, That was so lame.”

“Got you to smile, though.” The sweat had disappeared and came back the lazy grin. You rolled your eyes and the game continued.

A few more rounds later, your phone rang in your pocket once again. Cutting off the sentence Stretch was giving. Silently apologizing, you untangled yourself from Red and Sans (seriously how does that keep happening?) and walked into your room. Closing the door behind you and picked up the continuous ringing of your phone, stopping it at mid-ring.

“Baby Sis~” Josh’s sweet tone called lovingly. You pursed your lips and called back with the same tone. “What cha upto? Mom wants to know if you can at least video call when we sing Happy Birthday.”

“Uhm, I’m going to work soon. But I can leave you on call during the ride there.” You spoke, looking through your drawers for easily clothes to change out of when in the woman’s changing rooms.

“I see, I see~” Josh hummed. His upbeat attitude sending you to the edge compared to last time he called. “How’s the roommate? Heard from Jo that she was still the little bitch she is.”

You flinched inwardly at his insult. Laughing nervously as you clicked speaker phone and quickly changed your shirt. “Please don’t say that about her, Josh...”

“Nah. It’s the truth and the world needs to hear it.” The sound of a door opening made you pause, looking at your phone with one leg in and the other folded. You balanced nearly falling over when you heard Josh’s voice shout your best friend’s full name followed by a ‘is a massive bitch!’

“Josh!” You shouted, slipping on your pants and grabbing your phone. Hearting picking up at Josh’s laughter.

“Whoops. My bad. Anyways, Joseph said he was going to visit again in a week. I might tag along.”

You swallowed thickly. The sound of rustling in the speaker made you pause as Josh’s voice became louder and more stern.

“I don’t want to see that bitch there. Got it?”

Nodding your head, you swallowed thickly once more despite having no saliva in your mouth. A pathetic ‘got it...’ came from you a bit higher than your usual voice.

“Oh, and do me a solid. Loose the monster friends too.”

Then the line went dead.

You stared at you screen, unsure how to react from here. He was far away why must he intervene into your life and tell you what not to do and what to do. He was... just trying to look out for you. He had a full few years of experience than you had ever.
“But...” You muttered. “They’re my friends...”

Of course, you didn’t notice Blueberry leaning against your door: eavesdropping on your phone conversation with your brother.

Before you could come out and see him, Blue quickly ran back to the living room. Seeing as his brother was now passed out, he sighed and carefully picked him up.

“I..I gotta leave for work now..” Your voice sounded hesitant from where he stood. He didn’t look at you as you began to help Papyrus clean up the mess while Edge threw Red over his shoulder, picking up his belongings and walked towards the door.

After finishing the fast clean up, you stood with the door wide open, avoiding their gazes.

“I’m sorry.” You spoke, holding the door for the skeletons that piled out of your apartment. Sans, Stretch and Red were drunk and had to be carried by their younger brothers. It still amazed you that Blue could effortlessly pick up Stretch given the height difference.

“IT’S OKAY, HUMAN. WE MAY HAVE OVERSTAYED OUR WELCOME.” Papyrus spoke, awkwardly patting your head. You smoothed our your hair and smiled. Grateful at least one of the younger brothers didn’t hold some kind of grudge against you.

“You’re welcome here anytime, Paps.” You said as Papyrus walked past you. He turned around and shot you one of his world-winning smiles before bidding goodnight.

Edge and Blue stood besides you watching Papyrus disappeared down the steps. Clearing your throat, you pursed your lips and kept your gaze down.

“T-that.. goes for you guys too.” God, Why did they hate you?

“YOUR HOSTESS SKILL IS POOR.” Hissed Edge. “YOU LOOK AT YOUR GUEST AND BID THEM GOODBYES, NOT LOWER YOUR EYES AND SHOW PATHETIC MANNERISMS.”

You flinched at the slight growl in his voice. Looking up at him and forcing a smile. “It’s..it’s good to see you, Edge..have a goodnight.”

The skeleton monster narrowed his sockets at you, examining your stiff posture before clicking his magic tongue and stomped away. An unconscious Red bouncing softly on his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

A small smile crept on your lips. The two’s relation with one another was odd to you. Edge acted like he could’ve cared less for Red but you somehow knew he’d tear up the city if something happened to him.

The last skeleton in your apartment watched as you smiled at Edge and Red. The softness in your eyes confused him. One moment you are shaking like a leaf and the next you are admiring them?

Blue couldn’t figure you out and when you turned to him, your smile dropped and your shoulders tensed—much how you were around Stretch.

“IT’S...” He trailed. Unsure how to complete that sentence. He sighed and lowered Stretch to the floor, propping him up against the wall.

You watched him move with an hawk’s eye. This was the monster that was open to his
distastefulness to you, not caring if his glares or heated stares were known to others in the room—so why was he standing here like he wanted to talk?

You swallowed thickly. Taking a step back when he tried to get closer. Knocking into the metal shoe rack, you cursed silently and attempted to fix it up right. The door slowly closing until it clicked shut.

Blue eye lights trailing after your every move barely calmed your heart. Feeling the erratic beat against your chest clouded your thoughts.

“U-uhm...” You stuttered after straightening it out. Looking over at the smallest skeleton compared to the rest, he didn’t say anything but continued to stare. “Is..is everything alright? Did you forget something?” You asked.

When he didn’t answer, you laughed nervously and rounded him, speed walking towards the kitchen with your gaze low.

The sounds of footsteps followed you, making you nibble on your lip. Calm down, it’s fine. Blue wouldn’t hurt you. You thought as you filled the teapot with water, poured it into the tea maker and popped a few bags into it before letting it run.

The soft taps of Blue’s feet urging you to hurry as you went to sit on the chair.

Why did it feel like you were going to get scolded? The nostalgia feeling caving in your chest, causing you to inhale and exhale loudly before meeting Blue’s demanding gaze.

“Do you want to talk? Why are you still here?” You cringed at the harsh tone. Not intending it to sound so mean. You pursed your lips into a thin line as you lowered your gaze to your intertwined fingers on the smooth surface of the table underneath your arms. It helped keep you grounded.

“YES,” Blue said albeit hesitantly. “I WANT TO KNOW WHY...WHY YOU ARE BEING.. DIFFERENT.”

You furrowed your eyebrows in confusion. Meeting his gaze, you tilted your head slightly. “Different?”

Blue laughed, shaking his head and pulled a chair from the table and sat down. “I DON’T SUPPOSE YOU REMEMBER ME, DO YOU?”

“What?” You breathed, a weight lifted from your chest. “Wait, you don’t hate me?”

Blueberry shook his head, looking at his hands and began to poke his phalanges together. “NO! OF COURSE NOT!” He said bouncing back up to look at you. An odd look of familiarity buzzing in his blue eye lights.

“IT'S KINDA DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN, HUMAN.” He sighed, a sheepish grin on his mouth. “IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO REMEMBER AND WHEN I DID, I KEPT LOOKING AT YOU IF YOU REMEMBERED ME TOO.”

“Uhm...” that doesn’t.. actually, it kinda does? If he was so focused on trying to remember you by staring (rather harshly) at you then the whole ‘not liking you’ was a misunderstanding.

“What?”

Blue smiled patiently. Tapping the tabletop with his pinky. “WE MET THREE YEARS AGO IN
A PARK. IT WAS HALLOWEEN AT THE TIME AND YOU—” he looked at you his smile widening as he fought back a laugh. “YOU WERE DRESSED AS A SKELETON.”

You furrowed your eyebrows. Three years ago? You don’t remember anything special happening during Halloween. Were you missing something?

He lightly shook his head. “I GUESS YOU DO NOT REMEMBER. FRET NOT, Y/N. I’LL HELP YOU REMEMBER THAT INCIDENT WITH YOUR BROTHERS. IT WAS SCARY AND I WAS WORRIED.”

What?

Before you could question him, he stood up and bid you goodbye.

“Wait, Blue—!” He picked up Stretch effortlessly, turning towards you and waved.

“GOODNIGHT, HUMAN-Y/N!” And out the door.

Tightening the jacket around you, you sighed and rested your forehead on the tabletop. The fur tickling your sides as you closed your eyes. What did Blue mean by incident?

Nothing ever happened to you that would cause memory loss. Right? If you asked your brothers about it would they even answer you or keep things vague like that always do?

Hiding your hands within the sleeves of Red’s Jacket, you idly began to play with the zipper. What happened on Halloween?

“WAIT!” You gasped standing up abruptly causing the chair to fall back.

You still had Red’s clothes on.

Freshly changed into the uniform, you smoothed out the wrinkles. Looking into the small mirror in your locker door and grabbed the comb. Combing back the fly aways and placed it back in the small slot. Your eyes stopping at the red turtle neck hanging loosely underneath the jacket. You had to admit, it was comfortable and soft against you skin—but it was wrong of you to hold onto it. It belonged to red and he.. oh god, he still had your nacho shirt.

Groaning softly as you leaned onto your locker, softly banging your forehead against the cold surface.

At least you knew Blue didn’t hate you. You just wished he asked you instead of staring at you like he did hate you.

The door to the backroom opened, a small creak of protest coming from it as Hannah peeked her head in. Soft glossy lips into a smile as she saw you with your head pressed against your locker.

“Are you finished, Y/n?” She asked, both hands on the door and pushed it open. Using a small stub to keep it from closing and walked further in. You froze mid-hit and slowly looked at her.

“Oh, Yeah. Yeah, sorry for taking long.” You apologized, taking a step away from the locker.

“Are you sure?” Hannah asked, raising a thin brow. “You seem occupied.”

Dang, were you that obviously? Scratching your cheek, you avoided eye contact as you laughed nervously. “Wh-Why do you say that?”
“For one, you refuse to look at me. Second is that you’ve been beating your head against your locker.” She opened her locker, the one next to yours, and pulled out a brush and two elastics. She glanced at you through the mirror, eyes sharp as she brushed back her hair and styled it into a low bun. “If something is bothering you, you can tell me or Sebastian. If it involves work, of course.”

You pursed your lips and shook your head. “It..really doesn’t. I’m sorry.” You apologized. “I won’t let my personal problems interfere with my work.”

Hannah laughed softly, closing her locker with a soft click. “That’s not what I meant, Y/n. I’ve only known you for a day and I can already tell you are one to jump into conclusions and give out haste apologies.”

You flinched from her outstretched hand, crossing your arm and rubbed your elbow. Unsure if she knew how close she hit home.

Hannah sighed loudly. “Y/n. Listen to me and listen well.” She placed her hand on your shoulder, the other holding up your chin to face her. Stern eyes meeting your own. “People like you often get hurt unintentionally. You see the bad in situation and often hide in your room. I am here to tell you that you can be so much more than that if you live a little. Don’t let people hold you down and tear away your accomplishments you’ve worked hard to get. Show them that you can nip away their chains and fly freely without the restrains they’ll force on you.” She tapped your nose with her fingernail. Eyebrows slightly furrowed as she let go of your shoulder down to your hands to give you a hearty squeeze.

“It’ll be hard, sure, but you have people who want to see you expand and create. Don’t lose sight of your goals and keep going, ignore those bad thoughts and bad vibes. Alright?” Hannah tilted her head, the curl of her lip showing that she was sincere with every word.

Removing her hand from yours, she patted your back. “Now let’s go do some more training. Yesterday’s walk and posture was a little off and I want to work on your people skills!” She laughed softly, soft and melodic.

“Because girl, you suck at talking sometimes.”

You sighed loudly, the motivation moment long gone as Hannah giggled and pulled you out the locker room. Sebastian stood among the cooks, a clipboard in hand and a silver pen in the other. He gave you a curt nod and went back to work. Lowering your head, you followed Hannah as she dragged you up to Claude.

The motionless waiter stared down at you, honey brown eyes locking on you for a second before looking at Hannah.

“Claude, this is Y/n. She works here now. Mind helping me straighten her out?”

“....No.” and he walked away.

Hannah furrowed her eyebrows, watching the waiter disappear behind the double doors before turning back to you. She rolled her eyes at your forced line, shoulders visibly shaking as you attempted to not laugh.

“He’s such a downer.” She shook her head.

Chapter End Notes
The next pre-written chapter will be up sometime next week:)
Miss Ambassador

Chapter Summary

You catch up with a few friends and head to work for the dinner party. *Oo boy.*

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“He doesn’t seem to like me.”

“Claude? He’s like that to everyone, I sometimes wonder how he got the job being so straight faced.” Hannah shook her head, glaring at the double doors before turning back to her. She tensed under her stars and sighed loudly when she turned again and walked off. Her hand gesturing her to follow.

Y/n bit her lip and complied. Listening to the criticism and pointers Hannah had given her yesterday night. Showing her how to stride in confidence and elegance she seemed to lack. Hannah would giggle at a little misstep and help her out quickly.

Sebastian has came to inspect your process. Clipboard in hand with the same silver pen. The slight curl of his lips made you nervous and tumble over. Unlike last time, Hannah plucked the tableware from your hands before falling face first on the floor. A small groan came from you as Sebastian chuckled and went on his night.

“Don’t overthink everything.” Hannah said, helping you back on your feet. “Ignore the reactions you get and keep walking by.”

And you did just that. The looks you received were still unnerving but you sealed that down and forced yourself to keep going. Minor mishaps and more stumbling later, Hannah was circling you like a vulture and its prey. Eyes distant and calculating as she stood behind you.

What was she doing? Was there something wrong?

You flinched when she placed her hands on your shoulders, thumbs working in a circular motion on your shoulder plates. “Relax. People might think you hold yourself higher than them if you keep your shoulders square.”

Pursing your lips, you slowly let your shoulders fall back to its relaxed state. Hannah hummed approvingly and rounded you, standing in front with her eyes looking up and down.

It's okay, it’s okay. She’s just analyzing you. You thought.

She sighed deeply and patted your shoulders. “This is going to be a long training, sweetie.”

The night dragged on between training and working, Hannah’s words tattooed in your mind about ignoring people’s lingering stares and how you should relax. So when the end of your shift ended, you went back to your apartment and practiced.
The monster ambassador and their parents were the guests that rented out the restaurant for their birthday. You didn’t keep up with politics but you knew that the kid was either turning double digits or going up. You pursed your lips and shook your cheeks. The mid-October weather had increased the heating in the apartment ever since a false broadcast about possible snow freaked your friend out earlier and she had made the place toasty—much to your dismay because you still haven’t went to go buy thinner blankets. The one Red tore up was long gone and using a winter blanket wasn’t idea if the place was going to be a toaster oven.

Plus, it was getting way too cold to keep your window open during the night.

The familiar chime of your phone dragged you out of your thoughts. Walking across your room and unhooked your phone from its charger and switched it on.

A wide smile appeared on your lips as you leaned back and unlocked it via thumbprint.

[Thane]
My apologies for not keeping in touch these last few days. An ongoing investigation is keeping everyone occupied, I managed to spare a few minutes. I hope I am not disturbing you, Y/n.

You giggled like a school girl, covering your mouth as you rolled on your bed. A small squeal coming from you as you hastily sat up and sent him a message.

[XXX]
It’s okay! I was busy all week, too. How’s Kolyat?

[Thane]
He is staying with my parents until we solve this case. Thank you for asking, I appreciate it:

Your phone pinged once again in your hands but you swiped the message upwards, keeping your attention on Thane from the lack of communication you, admittedly, missed. He was nice to talk to—even if he didn’t see you more than a friend.

Your phone pinged once more deep into the conversation. Kolyat has thrown a tantrum because Thane wouldn’t let him shoot a gun at a range so he had promised his son that he could on his birthday. Thane also updated you on current events happening in the city. The dusting of monsters decreased everyday and you couldn’t help but tear up to that, a woman called the police to complain about a neighbourhood cat, and someone called to ask how much trouble they could be in if they injected a drug into their system—resulting to their arrest. He didn’t say anything about the investigation as he said it was private and the client requested to leave their name and gender a secret.

By the time you said your good nights, you completely forgot about the messages sent during the time talking to Thane and promptly passed out on the spot.

The next time you opened your eyes, it was nearing 3:30Pm. The sounds of rushing cars below and the cloudy sun peeking into your bedroom window was welcomed. The (unusual) amount of confidence you had the moment you woke up made you lay in bed to stare at the ceiling as if this was a foreign feeling.

You sighed as you pushed the covers off of you. “My body’s last ‘harrah!’ Before it completely shuts down.” You muttered, going to shower and change into today’s clothes—which was thick black leggings, a white blouse and a creamy coloured sweater with a soft lavender ribbon around the neck.
Toasty and warm for the nipping chill of mid October.

Your friend sat on the couch with a large bag of chips in her lap, a bowl of popcorn sat besides a 2L drink of her choice, hair up in a messy, out of bed, bun.

She looked over and waved. “Hi.” And returned to her program.

Rolling your eyes, you said a small hello and went back to your room to grab your phone, earphones and the beige coat in your closet. Slipping it on, you shoved your phone into your pocket and walked out of your room, down the hall and towards the door.

“wait, wait!” Your friend shouted, stumbling her way towards you with the loud crinkle of the chips bag being thrown on the couch. “Buy some orange and apple juice. We also ran out of lettuce, lemonade, spaghetti sauce and....” She turned her head to look at the kitchen, her eyes narrowed as if she could see through the wooden cabinets with her card in hand. “I don’t know? Go buy cookies or something.”

She patted your head and turned to march back into the living room, turning up the volume of the TV. Eyebrows slightly furrowed, you nodded slowly and pocketed the debit card and slipped on your shoes. Grabbing the red and black scarf that was handing on a hanger and grabbed your keys.

Exiting the apartment complex, you inhaled deeply. The October smell made you exhale. The most favourite time of the year with Halloween around the corner— looking at your vehicle, you shoved your hands into your pocket and shrugged. Walking past the parking lot and down the hill.

It was a nice morning-er.. late afternoon, and it was just warm enough to walk to a café for coffee or tea. Muffet’s shop was too far to walk but fortunately there were several other options in the area.

A few people kept glancing at you, whispering to one another before scurrying away. This made you frown and slow your pace. Was there something on your face? Were you being too lively?

Ignore the reactions you get and keep walking by. Hannah’s words echoes softly, being carried by the wind and far away. You inhaled through your nose and balled your fist in confidence. Lightly shaking your head and continued to walk down the street. Today’s a good day and there is nothing that’ll stop you from making the most of it.

The café you entered was a small independent place with the owner’s living on the top floors. Cute little designs on the wall in white, pink and oranges, tall stools by the window and small smooth booths further in. The lingering smell of coffee greeted you as you loosened the scarf around your neck and went to sit in one of the booths. Checking the beverages on a small menu and waited for the waiter or waitress.

You glanced around the place—it was small yet sturdy. What if you opened something similar to this place? Is that what you want to do?

Biting down on your bottom lip, you turned your head and stared out the window. The overlooming landscape that was Mount Ebott stood proudly with a faint moon in the back, barely peeking behind the mountain top with thin clouds littering the grey sky.

The small ring of the bell didn’t catch your attention as the waiter came by your table—it was until someone stumbled upon your booth, pulling two people with them and shoved you over to make room.

Slightly dazed, your eyes widened at the two women and one male: Garrus and two unnamed
“There you are! You’ve been ignoring my text messages!” Garrus grumbled, nudging you with his elbow. A knowing flint in his eye as he leaned comically close. “So, Thane, mhm?”

“No way,” one of the females said, a noticeable Russian accent coming from her as her light blue eyes widened at you. “You can’t be the girl Thane’s been talking about.”

“Your...messages?” You muttered, fighting back the blush and purposely ignoring the russian’s words. The red-head next to her scoffed playfully, light freckles dotting her nose and expanding to her cheeks and forehead. A noticeable scar on her right cheek and Forest green eyes shining in the artificial light.

“Yes! I texted you last night to meet me here around 4. I wanted you to meet Jane Shepard,” he gestured to the red-head then to the girl next to her. "And Tali. She’s Russian as you can probably tell. Her full name is Tali’Zorah."

He turned to Shepard and Tali, the same large smile on his lips as he gestured to you. “This is Y/N L/n, she’s shy.”

“I’m not shy!” You said to your defense, blushing softly as Tali giggles and Jane laughed softly.

“It’s nice to meet you. If Thane knew we were coming to meet you, he would have ditched the investigation room.” Jane said, voice heavy with authority as you side-glanced Garrus with a curl of your lip. He bit his and turned away.

“Destined lovers being kept apart by... uh, something.” Tali shook her head, jet black hair bouncing softly. “Nevermind me. It’s nice to meet you, Y/n.” She gasped, taking out her phone and gestured you close. You rose your eyebrow and saw that she had her camera on.

“I’m going to send this to Thane and show what he’s missing!” She cackled, trading seats with Garrus and wrapped her arm around your neck and leaned her head against yours. She smiled brightly while you gave a small, genuine one with a piece sign thrown into the photo.

After snapping it, she giggled to herself and began to text-spam the detective.

“Wrex is going to get a kick out of this,” Garrus said, saying his order to the waiter that came for you earlier. Tali gave him hers and so did Jane. When he left again, you looked at Garrus.

“Who?”

“Wrex, he’s our supervisor in our department.” Tali said, turning off her phone and shoved it into her pocket. “We’re fighting to get Undyne and Papyrus on our department since we’re the only ones who holds them as a equal.”

“Tali.” Garrus hissed. ”Y/n isn’t comfortable with monsters.”

The two females looked at you with wide eyes, making you sink into the booth with a small frown. “That’s not true.” You said, avoiding their looks. “They’re amazing—I actually met Papyrus and his family a few-more than few times, actually..” you trailed. “It’s...still a lot to get used too.”

Garrus nodded his head. “I see, that’s good. I’ve been wondering when you were going to expand your shell.” He reached over and ruffled your hair. You furrowed your eyebrows and swatted his hand away.
“Yeah... uhm, Garrus?” You called but paused when the waiter came back with your orders. Saying a soft thank you, you added your things and mixed it together. A soft sigh escaping your lips as you cupped the cup with your palms, enjoying the warmth that seeped into your hands.

“Yep?” Garrus looked up after mixing in his sugar.

you pursed your lips, rubbing the rim of the cup with your pointer finger. “I know this’ll be out of the blue, but,” you giggled at the unnecessary pun. “Do you know what happened three years ago at—”

Your phone began to ring. Frowning softly, you placed the cup on the table and apologized profusely at the three. Jane waved and told you it was okay while Tali told you to answer it with a sly smirk.

Garrus glanced at the two and shook his heat, taking a sip of his coffee.

Looking at the caller ID, you paused.

“Thane?” You muttered, furrowing your eyebrows and answered it. Unaware of the smirks thrown by Jane and Tali to one another while Garrus wiggled his eyebrows knowingly. The two females shared a soft laugh while Garrus continued to carefully sip his coffee.

“Y/n. Which café are you at?” Thane’s voice have you chills. Like Garrus’, it held the same (somewhat) dual-tone, the deepness causing little bumps to litter your skin as you shifted the phone to your other ear.

“What?” You laughed nervously. Noticing that he was beginning to lose his breathing. “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine. Please answer my question.” He said, counting down from ten before the shuffling could be heard once again as he moved.

“Uh...” You looked around, unsure which on you entered. You saw tea and coffee, you entered. “I don’t know? I just mindlessly entered it.”

Thane laughed and your heart skipped a beat. “Alright. I’ll ask Tali about the location....See you soon.”

Just as you got off the line, your phone began to chime again. You pouted and apologized once more upon seeing the name texted on the screen. Sliding to answer, you pressed the device to your ear.

“Hannah?”

“Y/n! Thank goodness. I might need you to come in early—very early until your shift. We’re still understaffed and we need the extra help. Lord Phantomhive is willing to pay extra hours if you get here by 6.” Your eyes slowly trailed to the clock near the cash register. It was 4:20pm right now, if you left in half an hour then you’ll make it by 6.

But then again the traffic might be bad since it’ll be the time people went home from work. Chewing on your lip, you slowly nodded your head. ”Traffic may be bad, so i’ll come by soon.”

“Thank you, I’ll tell Lord Phantomhive and Sebastian. See you soon!” And she hung up.

When you placed your phone on your pocket, you were being stared at intensely but your three
companions. Pursing your lips, you smiled nervously. “What?”

“Are you serious? It’s like the universe doesn’t want you to meet Thane—He’ll be here soon.” Tali said and looked down in the middle of her sentence. Her lips curling softly. “You’ll still make it even if you hang back a bit.”

“Do you know about.. uh..” Garrus trailed, rubbing the back of his neck. You furrowed your eyebrows in confusion, know about what?

“...about Kolyat?” You questioned.

“Yep, she does!” Jane smiled, clapping her hand. “You’re not at all intimidated about the kid?” She asked, picking up her tea cup.

Your furrowed your eyebrows. “No...? I don’t know Thane that much but it’s obvious that he loves his son dearly.. it’s admirable.”

“Oh, good. I thought you’d be scared and run off. The amount of development you have, spirits.” Harrus shook his head, running his fingers through his scalp and looked up through his fingers. Playfully narrowing his eyes. “What have you done to the feeble Y/n?”

“feeble?” You rose your eyebrow, lightly picking him shin as he pulled away, pretending that it hurt. You rolled your eyes at him and took the last sips of your beverage. You stared at the bottom of the cup blankly.

“For a skilled detective,” Tali’s voice said, making you look up. “You have a lousy sense of direction, Thane.”

Helping Hannah in the kitchen and the floor with whatever you can do made her more than grateful for your help. Smoothing out the table cloth, tuning the piano, steaming the glasses or stirring the soup. But the time the ambassador and their guests arrive, you were changed into a more fashionable attire. Rather than your usual uniform, you were given a black skirt that ended slightly above your knee, a matching black apron, a crimson coloured button up and a silky black ribbon.

Quickly changing from your today clothes, you placed the hanger in your locker and closed it shut with a click. Hannah’s words still itched in your mind about how you held yourself. It was okay to let yourself be presentable, she said somewhere between your training and working late last night. Smoothing out the skirt, you slipped on the shoes and walked out of the locker room. Inhaling through your nose and exhaling through the mouth as Hannah gestured you to follow her. She trailed behind Claude and Sebastian (as they were the main waiters) and opened the door to the entrance.

Already, there were two convertibles parked in front. One black and the other ruby red. Behind the two expensive vehicles was a van with tinted glass. The overhead cover helped keep the soft drizzle from falling on anyone as Sebastian went to open the van. Helping out a woman—a goat woman and another goat. Two children stumbled out, helping each other with soft smiles.

You instantly tensed.

The royal family. Okay, you knew little about politics, do you blame yourself? It’s just old people debating amongst each other.
Frisk’s gaze met your for a split second before the goat child besides them wrapped his arm around hers and followed after Queen Toriel and King Asgore. The staff parted for the royals to enter freely while the doors keep took their coats—the blonde boy took the van to park it somewhere.

Only when the doors closed behind you made you realized that you had held your breath.

“Oh my spirits...” you whispered, placing a hand over your beating chest—it wasn’t anxiety but the sheer intimation the Royal family held. Looking at the convertibles, their roofs were up to shield them from the drizzling rain. Claude went to the black one and opened the door. Taking a step back with his head lowered into a bow.

For a second, everything stopped as Edge took a step out. Followed by Red, Blue, and Stretch. They all wore expensive looking suits, each complimenting their (lack thereof) features. Edge looked sharp and clean, an aura that demanded respect and nobility. Light slightly higher than normal, his glare was fixated to nothing in particular and his scowl was noticeable—definitely demanding the attention and admiration. He practically oozed confidence.

Besides him, Red wore a white button up, black suspenders, loafers and navy dressed pants with his coat around his arm. A black and white fedora laid onto of his skull. Unlike Edge, he held a certain smug, looking like a true mobster that you’d see in those 1800’s theme movies. With his natural look and the golden teeth, you felt yourself grow hot around your cheeks.

Quickly turning to the other two to avoid suspicions, Blue wore a light coat with a bone-printed blouse, matching pants as his coat and grey vest with the same coloured bow tie.

Stretch wore a simple black suit with a high waist band, a few buttons undone on his white shirt and grey loafers. His coat’s sleeves were rolled up to his elbow, giving him that hot teacher vibes.

Your eyes widened at the thought, hiding yourself near the largest waiter and covered your mouth. Eyes on the floor as you shut your eyes tightly.

HoT tEaChEr ViBeS!

The black convertible was driven away with specific instructions from Edge. Geez, even by the stair case you can practically hear him as if he’s standing next to you.

Peeking out from around the waiter, he moved slightly and looked at you weirdly. You smiled apologetically and looked back at the Skeletons—although you froze when Red’s eye lights were staring straight back at you. His fedora hat covering one socket while the other blazed red.

His mouth widened into a snarky grin upon seeing you. You shook your head and crossed your arms into an ‘ex’ in which he laughed at—gaining the attention of the other three by his side.

“What’s so funny, red?” Blue asked, looking at his line of sight and furrowed his brow bone. Before he could had seen you, you crouched down to hide behind legs.

Red’s rumbled laughter made you scowl. Ignoring the odd looks you were given by Meirin, Bardroy and the triplets that seem attached to Hannah in a way.

“Nothin’ lets go.” Red spoke, walking down the overheat shelter and up the staircase. Although, he side glanced at you and began to snicker once more. Stretch follows his line of sight and saw you—staring up at him in horror with your mouth opening like a fish.

He chuckled softly and followed after the others.
“Do you know them, Y/n?” Asked Meirin, the maroon haired girl helped you back on your feet as you brushed through your hair.

“Uh, only the skeletons. I’ve never met the King, Queen or their children before.” You answered truthfully. Eyeing the red convertible. When Sebastian opened the door, he helped out a fish lady— you recognized her, it was Undyne!

A soft gasp came from you are her dress, frankly she seemed like the suit & tie type of girl but she was rocking the dress her had on. Watching her brush away Sebastian’s outstretched hand and helped out another female. This one was smaller than she was by default. Cute curves and a yellow tail peeking out from behind.

“I’m surprised with all these royals that there is no guard dogs.” Bardroy whispered amusingly to himself but everyone heard it.

“Uhm.. they’re over there.” Meirin spoke, gesturing to the literal pack of dogs clad in armour holding back the press with a securities.

“What the...” Bard muttered, the amusement gone from his tone was replaced by surprise. You giggled softly and examined the smaller monster’s dress. Unlike Undyne’s,(whose dress was a gradient of black fading into blues with rhinestones embedded on the lower half) she wore a leg cut, showing up the laced up shoes that stopped up to her knee, off shoulder dress in the colour purple. She also wore accessories like earrings and a necklace in shades blue that... oddly looked like the shade of blue Undyne had for skin.

The last two who you guessed was Sans and Papyrus, had exited the vehicle, giving the keys of Sebastian to park away, and stood besides Undyne and the other monster.

You pursed your lips and looked down, feeling both Papyrus’ and Sans’ gaze on you.

Papyrus wore a simple white button up blouse with the first two buttons undone, a creamy coloured coat with a handkerchief tucked neatly in the pocket and black dressed pants with brown loafers.

Sans, holy goddesses, wore a creamy colour blouse with the sleeves neatly folded to his elbows, the first button undone with the collar flared slightly, a grey vest with a single rose clipped onto his chest, black pants with a visible belt and black loafers.

His smile widened at the blush over your cheeks and followed after Undyne and the unnamed Monster. He stopped in front of the other staff with Papyrus behind him, both of the two brothers looking up at you as your coworkers (other than the cooks) apartheid for the smaller skeleton to walked up, unclip the rose from his vest and handed it to you.

“A rose for a beautiful woman.” He winked, shoving his hands into his pants pockets and walked inside. Papyrus smiled brightly and handed you his handkerchief.

“IM GLAD TO SEE YOU, Y/N.” he said before following after Sans.

More guests arrive, the most brightest one had to be Mettaton and his ghostly cousin who sported a bowtie and a top hat. Mettaton was not, by all means, a minimalistic. He bedazzled the staff and you had to cover your eyes until he was out of view.

A few humans came with their parents, more monsters a like also arrived until the doors closed after every guest was accounted for.
When you reached the back, Hannah eyed the rose in your hand as you place it in a small vase with water.

“Oo~, whose the lucky guy or monster?” She teased, wrapping her arm around your arm as you lowered the bone-printed handkerchief near the vase. She mocked a gasp. “Two?!"

“Hannah!” You whispered, pressing your finger to your lips to shush her. She giggled and pulled your along.

“Let’s go, Alois is starting off the night with a toast.”

“I’d like to congratulate Ambassador Frisk on her birthday. Few years ago, we didn’t know monsters existed until you broke the barrier put up by our ancestors. You freed a whole civilization that lived under our feet for many years without our knowledge...” Alois was a teenager going to his early twenties. A purple coat around his shoulders, a black vest with a creamy coloured blouse with green accents here and there. Besides him stood the heir to the Phantomhive name: Ciel.

“I’ve read in the old books that the Delta Rune was a myth of an angel that would come and set them free.” In his hands was a champagne glass filled halfway, an arm tucked behind him as everyone, monsters and humans alike, stood in front of the small stage that held the classical instruments. “And you, Frisk, gave them that freedom they longed desired. Happy birthday and many more to come.” He raised the glass to end his toast. Taking a sip of the champagne before following Ciel off the stage.

You stood by the sidelines. Lined together with Meirin and other waiters and waitresses ready to assist with the party.

It was strange, seeing your... friends... like this. Happily talking amongst each other while the band crew began to play their classical piece. It made you happy and quite prideful to see so much humans in one room with many other Monsters of different shapes and sizes—

looking at the corner of your eye, you slightly turned your head to stare at the smiling...glob? He stood tall, tar-like cloak over his shoulders and hiding his shoes as he leaned on the wall, overlooking the floor filled with guests conversing with one another.

“Excuse me,” You said, moving from your station to walk towards the monster. A soft smile on your lips as he seemed too into the commotion on the floor. Meirin followed you with her eyes before tending to the snacks she was assigned too. Before she disappeared from the doors, she glanced back at you for the last time before the doors shut.

With your hands tucked behind your back, you stood next to the monster. Silently wondering why he wasn’t with the others but in a lonely corner by himself.

“Amazing, isn’t?” You said, leaning sideways in a soft whisper. The Monster’s happy smile turned into a frown, confusion written over his face as he opened his mouth to speak but stopped himself. The hands hidden underneath his goopy cloak came out, balling slightly before he coughed.

You noticed at there were identical holes on each hand, both missing palms.

“............” he nodded his head. Returning to look at the floor but kept an eye socket trained on you. You eyes widened softly as you jumped back.

“You’re a skeleton...?” He gestured your to the floor, silently telling you to be discreet. Furrowing your eyebrows slightly, you nodded your head and kept your eyes trained on the floor.
“.....I am.....” His voice was something you never heard of. It was squished together but held a certain distance to it. He seemed to struggle to form words as he didn’t answer to you earlier—not that you minded. This was amazing either you say it or not.

“......you can........see mee.....?” He asked, turning to you, the crescent-moon like smile now replaced the confused frown.

“Why wouldn’t I?” You asked, side-glancing him. He chuckled lowly, bringing his hand to his mouth.

“......n.....no reason.....” He looked at you and you looked back. His sockets were different from what you’ve seen. One of them remained half open while the other stayed perfectly wide. Two cracks ran up and down from one of his socket and the edge of his mouth. Eerie but you shouldn’t judge a monster by their appearance.

“How come you’re in the corner instead of talking to the others?” You asked, chin-pointing at the other skeletons in the room. The male besides you chuckled, the same woshy tone came when he talked.

“......I.....like watching.....f...from.....the sidelines.....”

You nodded curtly, a small hum coming from you as you kept your gaze at the floor littering with monsters and some of your coworkers. “I am Y/N. by the way.” You said.

“............W.D.....Gaster......”

The loud clapping washed out his name. Furrowing your eyebrows slightly as you went on your tiptoes to attempt to look over the commotion but to your dismay, a tall human stood in the way. Blowing a raspberry, you chuckled softly.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t here you.” You said. “What’s your....Name?” When you turned to face the skeleton monster, he was no where in sight despite it being a lonesome corner. Your eyebrows shot upwards in surprise. A small ‘oh.’ Coming from your slightly parted lips as you felt the wall, checking to see if there was an escape door. There was none.

“Huh...” what was that about? Did they have the same magic as Stretch? It was kind of rude of them to leave in the middle of a conversation like that—but perhaps they were busy and had to leave abruptly?

“YOU!” A loud voice shouted besides you, making you jump with your heart beating. Stood in front of you was Edge, his coat no longer on but instead was a crimson coloured blouse and a black vest with flower imprints on the side and up his forearm. As usual, he wore black dressed pants with the matching belt and loafers. When your gaze met his, he looked almost...Smug? Proudful? Happy?

“Edg- Mr. Edge, how may I assist you?” You asked, biting down on his name without the formalities. You tensed lightly when he outstretched his palm—you noticed that he no longer wore the leather gloves— and you felt your throat tighten.

“I do not have any money, Mr. Edge.” You said through the tightness. He grumbled softly and grabbed your hand.

“IF YOU CAN TELL, I DO NOT NEED MONEY FROM THE LIKES OF YOU. I AM ASKING FOR A DANCE, YOU IMBECILE.” He growled out the first sentence and softened it at the end,
much like how he did on that dance dare you gave him.

You blinked softly. Eyebrows slowly knitting together in confusion. He was still calling you names, there was that, but why was he trying to...act nice to you?

He rolled his eyelights and yanked your forward. The music picked up as if on cue and he began to lead you. You stumbled over your two left feet but kept eye contact, much like how he instructed before.

“I-” the words died in your throat as you attempted to let his hand go but he held tighter, snaking his arm around your lower back and picked you up effortlessly into a spin before letting you back on your feet. Your eyes widened at this, unsure how to feel about everything as he handled you with upmost care.

“I have work to do, Mr. Edge!” You said through the music. Monsters and people parted for the two of you and you began to panic, you had to work! You can here to work no mingle with.. with the guests.

“Then I Will Inform Mr. Phantomhive That I Pulled You Away From Your Duties.” He said, voice low and husky as his phalanges fiddled with the tie that held the apron around your waist. A small content hum came from Edge as he spun you around once more as the music began to pick up. You glanced to your side and sent a pleading look at Hannah, whom had a smile on her face, but Sebastian and Claude besides her had a deep frown. A light shake of his head and the music began to die down.

You quickly turned your attention on Edge. Anger slowly bubbling up—you didn’t want this. No matter that he’ll say to your boss you couldn't escape the reins that were the head Waiters.(and possibly Hannah.)

When the music stopped, Edge slowly began to stop along the music before it fully finished. He stared down at you and you mentally rolled your eyes—not so scary anymore, Edge! You thought with spite.

“Thank you for the dance, You Dunce.” He spat, the corners of his sharp mouth peeking upwards into a sly smirk as he let you go, took a step back, bowed and left.

Clapping rose from the floor and you instantly flushed red, both from embarrassment and anger as you retreated to the back. Away from the crowd and music to help in the kitchen.

Hearing the clicks of heels following you, you sighed deeply as you loaded a tray filled with French macaroons for the kids.

Sebastian, Claude, And Hannah blocked the door way, their tall structure making you shrink back from the sheer height alone.

“Y/n.” Surprisingly, it was Claude who spoke up first. “We did not hire you to fraternize the guests.”

“I agree. We are here to serve them until the party is over. The King and Queen didn’t come here to find one of our own mingling with their friends. What if word had gotten out about this?” Sebastian asked, pinching the bright of his nose.

Hannah, your saviour, scoffed loudly at the two. “You boys weren’t paying attention. She was at her station by the wall when he had approached her and pulled her to the floor. She tried to leave
twice but the guy looked persistent on having a dance with her.” She shook her head. “Have you not read her figure? She wanted to work not ‘fraternize’ with the guests.”

She gestured your over, pointing at the tray of macaroons, thin cupcakes sheets separating each ones as you lowered your head from the two heads and followed after Hannah.

“Don’t pat any minds to Claude and Sebastian. They have sticks up their butts.” She muttered that last part but you heard it loud and clear as she opened the door to the floor for you. Winking softly. “Leave your skeleton boys alone for tonight.”

“T-t-They—!!” She closed the door on your face, giggling madly at the flustered expression over your face. You sighed loudly, glaring daggers at the door before looking for children to offer the colourful macaroons made by the head chef.

After the dancing portion of the party, came the games. Various of games fit for the children you had offered macaroons too. They had talked about your dance with that skeleton man and told you that you were basically a princess to them—which you agreed to keep going and serve something else rather than slowly dying in embarrassment provided by children.

A deep chuckle caught you off guard, a honey hand taking a hold of the tray and caught the spilled macaroons with his red magic. Seeing this, you groaned.

“I’m working.” You rather sharply. Red gently placed each treat on the tray, taking one from his floating magic and took a bit.

“I donno, ya seemed pretty content on dancin’ with boss.” Red said, tilting his fedora with a wide grin. “M’sure ya sitters can wait a few seconds.” He grabbed a hold of your wrist, winking innocently before feeling the floor give out underneath you. Gasping for a split second before finding yourself on the rooftop of the restaurant, overlooking a portion of the city with the lights dancing the darkness.

“Reeddd..” you groaned, holding onto the tray. ”take me back, it’s cold and I might catch the flu or somethi—oof!” The tray was swiped from your hands and a large coat was thrown on your face, instantly shutting you up as Red lit a cigarette. Leaning on the dividers and looking below.

You frowned softly and slipped on the coat, no matter how large it was it still kept you warm. “Ookayy.. now take me inside.”

He chuckled deeply, a soft growl emitting from his throaty chuckle. “Nah. I kinda like it up here, don’t ya think?” He asked, turning around and leaning back.

“You look like a mobster like that.” You deadpanned, looking around for an entrance into the building, only to find that it was locked and there was no way no one could hear you with the music playing in the background and the laughter of adults.

“Really? I never thought I did.” He shrugged, the same smirk still ever so presented on his mouth.

“Oh, well, yeah. You do. Especially with the gold tooth and deep voice and that growl.” You rolled your eyes, pointing each finger to show that you had a point.

“What, you mean,” he growled. “This growl?” He did it again.

You pursed your lips, looking away to hide the blush that coloured your cheeks. Thank god for the dark sky!
“Anyways, sweetcheeks. I kidnapped ya to say that...you shouldn’t talk to *just* anyone. Ya might not know where they have came from.” He growled again, his smirk widening at the bashfulness you showed him. Butting out the cigarette, he picked up the tray, popped a macaroon in his mouth and handed his hand out for you to take.

“...do you mean you saw him too?” You asked. Maybe he knew a W.D someone.

“Not sure who yer talkin’ ‘bout, sweetheart.” He growled.

You blushed and took his hand, furrowing your eyebrows as he chuckled. “Just take me back!”

The game’s we’re a hit. Most children had the chance to win a game of their favour and you couldn’t help but grin and awe them whenever they looked towards their parents of guardians with a shine in their excited eyes.

instead of Macaroons, you were serving the adults wine and champagne. A bottle of wine and champagne remained unopened in a large basket around your arm along with a tray filled with the two beverages for the adults to take.

“Do you like being tossed around?” A familiar voice spoke up behind a wine glass. White eye light looking at the red liquid before looking up at your frozen self. An amused fling his his sockets and he chuckled. Waving his hand.

“Don’t think too much of it, kid.” Sans said, taking a sip of the wine. “...didja talk to Red?”

You huffed. Blowing the strand of hair from your face. “He kidnapped me, yeah.”

He moved his attention to the floor to you, his gaze calculating and searching for something. He looked relieved when he didn’t see what he was looking for. The strained smile relaxed as he nodded.

“Hey..” You probed softly. “Why are skeletons so calm?”

He tensed, looking at you for a second. The serious look over your features melted into a smile. “It’s because nothing gets under their skin.”

He chuckled, bringing the glass to his mouth. “The skeleton played a melodic solo riff on his shiny sax-a-bone.” He punned back, making you grin as the worryingly dread left.

“I thought it was the trombones!”

He laughed harder. “I wanted to tell a skeleton pun, but I don’t have the guts for it.”

You rolled your eyes, not seeing the heated look you two got from three different skeletons as Sans walked by you, telling pun after pun about any topic that came up, while you served the drinks.

“You/ня, Hey.”

You froze at the voice. Silently cursing yourself for deciding to take a break *now* out of all times. The lonesome break you wanted was spoiled by Stretch who laid against the rails. His head lollied back as a small stream of tobacco smoke went in the air and drifted off.

It had been a few days since you had last held a conversation with Stretch. The weight of his actions still heavy on your mind as you slowly inched closer to him, keeping an eye on his palms.
Out of all the Skeletons, you were cautious of Stretch the most. He had a mindset of ‘do it now, think of it later’ and that always sent you over the edge. Despite his laid back stance and light hearted, almost aloof, attitude, you definitely didn’t want to be around him.

Even if he was the first to befriend you.

He exhaled loudly. “Y/n,” he said carefully, lifting his skull to look at you. “I said I was sorry. I know my actions were overwhelming for you to handle at the time but..” he trailed. Clenching his jaw as he lowered his gaze. “I don’t know. When Red talked about you the first time around, I thought it was a different person. Someone who didn’t pun back at me or made me actually pay my tab. You.. have no idea what the situation we are in and—I know, that was selfish to say but they would’ve agreed with me if they heard.” he looked at you. Taking a long drag from his cigarette and slowly blew out. Harsh chemicals slowly bleeding out of his nasal hole as he exhaled.

“What would you have one if your uniqueness was suddenly torn from under you? That you were just a copy of the original but with ‘special’ circumstances?” He asked, standing up but made no movements to advance towards you. Your eyebrows knitting together in confusion at his words. Carefully, you thought about your answer. “I’d try to look for my... uniqueness from someone else.”

“Exactly.” He formed a finger gun and gestures to shoot. “Bullseye. I know you probably don’t want anything to do with me anymore, but.. can I just say that..” he butted out and shoved his hands into his pockets. A soft glow flush on his cheekbones.

“You bought that uniqueness back.” When you didn’t say anything. He sighed and rubbed the back of his skull, avoiding your gaze. “That’s all I wanted to say.. well that and i’m sorry, again. If I could take back those back I would.”

He pushed himself off the wall and walked towards you. You kept your eyes on his until he disappeared from your peripheral vision. Chewing at the bottom of your lip, you closed your eyes and turned around.

“Stretch!” You shouted, making him stop but he didn’t look over. Without thinking, you shouted the first thing that popped in your mind; “YOU’D MAKE A HOTASS TEACHER!”

Further away from the skeletons, your face was still flushed. The party was beginning to end and you still felt embarrassed on what you had shouted into the midnight. The soft glow of tangerine orange will forever be burned into your mind at the words you had screamed at Stretch before you could have stopped yourself.

First Edge, Red, Sans and then Stretch. You narrowed your eyes and examined the floor. People were beginning to be directed to the dining room to eat and then have dessert—then the final piece where the guests would listen to a pianist perform their piece.

And since you keep being thrown to one skeleton to the other, you somewhat suspected Papyrus or Blue to pop out of no where and drag you somewhere or make you do something embarrassing.

Not that you minded, of course not! Papyrus was a total sweetheart and- you still weren’t so sure of Blueberry. Two days ago he kept glaring at you and only until at the end of the night were you informed that he simple was trying to figure out if you were the same person—which you were and why you were acting differently.

Whatever the hell that meant. You still haven’t asked your brothers about that time three years ago.
on Halloween night. Blue said he was worried and scared at the same time, meaning that your brothers must’ve been involved in one way or another.

Pushing the double sided doors, you went straight to the kitchen, helping however you could with the preparations. Bardroy rapped your head with his spatula.

“ Aren’t you supposed to be out there?” He asked, letting the side he had tapped you with underneath the soapy water. You furrowed your eyebrows and wiped at your forehead, drying away the wet streak.

“ Kinda, Yeah. But I’m avoiding two people right now.”

“ Sebastian and Claude are sure tailing you.” He gestured with his chin over to the doorway. Lo and behold, the two waiters were standing there. Blocking out the exit for you with no saviour in sight. Bard shook his head. “ If ya want a distraction, you can wash while I dry.”

You pursed your lips. A soft hum coming from you as you nodded your head and stood next to Bardroy. Your hands dunking into the warm soapy water.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, well.. that’s the ending of Season 1. Tell me your thoughts before you jump to the bonus chapter!

when I thought about the suits,, I low key pictured red as ‘Sooner or Later you’ll be mine’ Comic dub and I meLTED GAHH
Chapter Summary

We see Red’s point of view in chapters 12 and 13.

Chapter Notes

I rewrote some of the chapter titles, this is going to be Red’s ‘point of view’ on the emotional baggage reader dumped on him and a little more. I know I made a small POV already buuuu I knew I wasn’t satisfied so here is a longer bit to it! The POV is now unavailable but you can still find it on my tumblr... this is just the extended version!

Enjoyy~

Chapter 12

“What the shit, Boss!?” Red shouted once they returned to an apartment (somewhere far from the mansion they shared with the other four. It was more of a ‘escape’ route.) Sans and Papyrus went back home.

Edge scoffed, shoving the key into the lock and pushed the door open after the audible click. Red stood at the doorway flabbergasted before angrily following Edge into the apartment.

“The lady’s been through enough and ya had to go and add more shit on ‘er list—” He abruptly shut his mouth as Edge whipped his skull to glare into his fuzzy red eyelights. The warning that radiated off his younger brother told him to shut up and accept what just happened. He was in no position to say anything against Edge’s words.

He could feel his shoulders shake from the amount of pent up frustration. He loved his brother, yes, but there were times where Red had to let out all his frustration out about his actions and words.

Normally Red wouldn’t give two shits about his brother’s actions or words. He practically raised the prideful shit and seen what he has became. (The captain of the royal guard was a whole ass chapter he could write about.)

But this concerned you. It was obvious that you held yourself below other individuals. Hell, it was plain as day with the way you’d cower and hide away in your bedroom.

Maybe it was because he was a monster? He didn’t know because you had barely accepted his invitation of becoming friends two nights ago. For some reason, he wanted you to be able to relax without whatever anxieties that hovered over your head... like grey rain clouds hovering over the earth.
“I MADE MY POINT. I SAID WHAT I THOUGHT.” Edge snapped. “SHE IS WEAK AND PATHETICALLY SO.”

Red gritted his teeth, a low growl came from him as he followed Edge into the kitchen. The cold tiles doing nothing against his untied sneakers as Edge brushed off his anger, that along made him more angry.

“Ya don’t know shit!” Red shouted, the blobs of sweat gathered on his skull and he wiped it away. “Ya don’t know shit about ‘er and neither do I but it’s plain as fucking day that something is wrong with ‘er—for fucksakes Papyrus! We all saw ‘re cracked SOUL!”

Edge paused, tapping his chin as he carefully thought over his next few words. He lowered the glass pan to look over at Red, sockets widening slightly before going back to the default glare.

“OKAY. THAT IS TRUE BUT SHE COULD HAVE EASILY MANIPULATED YOU IMBECILES INTO GIVING HER PITY. HUMANS ARE FUCKING FANTASTIC LIKE THAT.” Dripping with venom, Red paid no minds to his warning tone.

“Manipulation only works when ya ‘ave the confidence. I—”

“I COULD HARDLY CARE WHAT YOU THINK. I FORBADE YOU FROM SEEING HER EVER AGAIN AND I EXPECT YOU TO FOLLOW IT.”

Red growled threateningly as he could feel his magic flaring up and it was obvious Edge could feel it too. With the way he discarded his glass pan to turn and face him, he was waiting for an attack while casually leaning back with his arms crossed over his chest. Sharp sockets narrowing down on him.

“n o .” He practically spat. “She is harmless like a fucking puppy. I doubt she could even defend herself properly without breaking into tears.” The magic seeping out from his clenched fists made him take a step back to breath. Forcing the intent away before he did something he regretted. “Asgore’s beard. We aren’t in the underground anymore. Ya can’t just tear SOULS out left n right because ya think they are a threat.”

Edge scoffed, the crimson glow in his sockets dying out as his magic intent was directed elsewhere with the lack of a oncoming attack.

“YOU HAVE GOTTEN SOFT EVER SINCE WE CAME TO THIS FORSAKEN UNIVERSE. FRANKLY I AM DISAPPOINTED.”

“Yeah? Well, who gives a shit.” He ran his boney hand through the smoothness of his skull. Inhaling and exhaling for a second before looking up at Edge. “Look, boss.” He started, making Edge pause once more. “Just trust me on this. I wouldn’t ‘ave given a shit if it wasn’t important.”

“SO SHE’S IMPORTANT TO YOU NOW?” Accused Edge. A humourless laugh coming from him as he pulled out lasagna ingredients from the pantry. “YOU HAVE KNOWN HER FOR WHAT? FEW DAYS. TSK.”

“That is not what I said.” Red gritted, barring his fangs. “Fuck—no. What I meant was—’he fiend is the manipulative shit.”

“You think I DON’T KNOW THAT?” Hissed Edge. “ARE YOU SAYING MY SENSES —”
“Stop putting words in my mouth!” Shouted Red, increasingly growing annoyed with his brother. “That girl is plannin’ somthin’ and I don’t like it one bit.”

Chapter 13.

[Red]
12:12 am: Y/n? You up?
12:12 am: Boss didn’t mean to... scare ya like that. He wz just concerned we all went somewhere without him knowing.

He nervously tapped the sides of his phone. It had been a full day since your encounter with his brother and he thought he would give you your space until he thought it was okay to message you about it.

All day he couldn’t stop himself from checking his phone to see if you texted him, you had his number so he was kind of expecting you to apologize or something. He would often shut if off from disappointment and think about what he should say when you did text him.

[Red]
12:13 am: look.. the underground wasn’t kind to monsters like me n my bro. So don’t think too much of it.
12:24 am: I didn’t mean for that to come out as a threat. All I’m just staying is that my bro is harmless.
12:25 am: he might look all intimidating n dangerous but thtz all we knew growing up. It wz kill or b killed.
12:34 am: u kno I can see ur online status on myfone, rite?

And so he went to Mexico. It wasn’t as exciting as he thought it would be. The food was nice, though. The festivities happening around him was like a long long of blur colours spinning endlessly. Why did he come here again? To add some distance from his bro?

Nah, he cleared it up late last night when he had time to cool down.

His shortcuts were a funny thing. You see, it only works if he’s been to the place once and memorizes the surroundings. It was understandable how surprised Red was when he appeared in the middle of a street filled with colourful banners and lively music playing. The humans around the area had colourful skulls drawn onto their faces as they sang and danced in the middle of a street with spices lingering in the air.

Okay, Mexico was pretty neat, especially during the festival seasons.

Feeling the vibrations of his phone, he gave the man the amount of money before taking out his phone. Flipping it on(since you needed skin for touch screens) his eyelights darted down your message to his older ones. He sighed in relief when you didn’t seem pissed. Scared yes, but it wasn’t pissed. He’ll take what he gets.

[Red]
12:39 am: Forget about what my bro said, he really means no harm. He wz just on edge with the lies ur friend spread.

Grabbing the bagged tacos, he thanked the male and wondered further into the crowd. Keeping his
red eye lights on his phone screen.

[Y/n the human]
That’s v sweet of you, Red. But no thank you:(

Aww, you added a frowny-face.

The way you viewed his bro was understandable. Even for him, Edge was acting a bit of a bitch to you. Barely giving you the time to talk or defend yourself when he grabbed your SOUL.

A Soul of Sincerity or to be specific; Patience.

What had stunned all of them was how badly damaged it was...

[Red]
12:43 am: Nope. Take it from somebody who’s disastrous cake has already tipped over.
12:44 am: c’mon sweetheart, trust me.

It took awhile for you to reply but when you gave the ‘okay’, he turned his heel and wandered into an alleyway, well aware of the anti-monster gang following him. His grin sharpened as he shortcut above them, watching the males look around like scattered ants. Magic induced saliva built in his mouth as he leaned over—watching the glowing red drop from his tongue and onto the head of the lanky male.

A swear in an unknown language, Red snickered and shortcut back to ebott and to your apartment bedroom. When he didn’t see you, he frowned and tried again, this time popping up above the couch.

“Mexico’s festivals ain’t half bad.” He said, using his magic to float one of the bags towards you. The soft amusement in your eyes nearly made him chuckle opting for a grin instead.

“You were in Mexico?” Came your voice. Small and frail. Red took it in his will to not sneer distastefully, the mused grin fading. Where was that girl that laughed while cooking?

However, the loud growl of your stomach made him look at you. His grin returning as you began to chow down.

“Yes.” He replied, sinking deeper into the uncomfortable couch, taking a bite out of his taco. He barely caught it but you practically moaned a ’so good’ and it took literally everything in his will not to pun about it. Lewd jokes can wait.

He snickered and placed the balled up trash on the coffee table, forgetting that he wasn’t wearing his jacket or collar.(Mexico’s hot!)

“Y/n. We ‘ave all night or ya can talk and get it over with. It ain’t healthy keepin’ it bottled up like tha.” He said shortly after you finished, placing ur trash near his. Heh, twinning.

“A-aren’t you not allowed to see me, anymore?”

“Nah, talked ta my bro.” He waved. Sinking deeper into your uncomfortable couch and shoved his hands into his shorts pockets. “We can keep playin’ this game of yers, or ya can start talking.” He repeated. Getting comfortable disputes your obvious dismay.

“You’re not..going to let this go, are you?” You laughed humourlessly. He recoiled slightly, intertwining his fingers and leaned back. Hearing you sigh, he cracked open his socket and
grinned.

Just like that, you followed his movements and began to talk about your week since moving here. From your brothers to your best friend. Each sentences had your voice wavered and cracking, forcing yourself to keep going.

Red slowly sat up, listening to your every word. Hanging on each in attempt to figure you out. You talked about that time Sans came back to the mansion with a broken bone. The source of what happened that Sans refused to talk about, the energetic Papyrus deflated and worrying over someone—he didn’t figure it was you that caused their discomfort.

And then you began to cry.

So he moved closer in attempts to soothe you but you moved away. He cringed at the panged feeling in his soul, choosing to ignore it as he listened to your weak plea.

“don’t.”

Clinging onto your every word with such intensity and fear that you might Fall Down. Human bodies were weird, being all lumpy and meaty.

He’ll admit that he isn’t great at this. Hell, Sans would probably been the better candidate for this type of emotional situation. Him? His shit still wasn’t together. Yet, here he was acting like it was.

He flinched when you mentioned the first time the two of you met. How you tried your best to keep a brave façade. When you cried about your ‘best friend’ lies, he managed to slip into your blankets, pull you closer and carefully ran his fingers through your hair.

Red’s eye blazed red softly, his magic intertwining with your emotions, pushing away the bad feeling as you slowly began to relax under his touch.

“Yer alright.” He said, comfortingly. “Take yer time, doll.”

He knew using magic on humans were forbidden, he could serve time if anyone found out. But you were on a verge of a panic attack and he needed to soothe you somehow. Magic was the only solution since he was basically shit to this stuff.

You mentioned your best friend and brothers after five minutes of silence sob. He wanted to do so much, to help you in any way possible but he knew he couldn’t. You wouldn’t be happy if he went to threaten your brothers or tore you away from your shitty-intent best friend.

His mouth pulled into a scowl at the mention of those three. Red didn’t need to know your brothers to see the impact they had on you.

He didn’t voice his thoughts and kept listening to your troubles these past few weeks. He listened to your thoughts throughout each piece. He kept his words a minimum to listen to the slowly rising anger in your tone as you spoke of your brother’s interference and your friend’s words.

Yet, annoyingly, you forgave both of them.

He paused his movements for a split second, letting your words sink in before returning to run his fingers through your hair, carefully making sure that his bones weren’t caught in between the thin
strands of (Hair colour).

“Y/n.” He called, softly shaking your shoulders as your eyes began to drip with tears once more. Whatever you were picturing—he wanted it gone.

Lifting your chin, he attempted to smile. “Thas a lotta shit yer carrying. M’glad ya trust me enough ta taco ‘bout it.”

“I’m not finished.” He pulled you into a sitting position, his magic slowly still soothing you.

“A few days ago… A man entered the shop and pointed a gun at me. He demanded that I empty the cash register and give him all the money I collected—Whenever I… close my eyes I can see the hidden gun aimed at me… T-The costumers thought it was staged… before I knew it, I saw his HP lower to 5, spiders zooming from one end of the strings to the other, the menace in her face, the threatening aura…“

Tears gathered in your eyes as Red’s hand stopped needing through your hair. “I nearly died, Red.” You repeated, unaware of the batted breath from him. “I nearly died…”

When you managed to fall asleep, slowly slipped from your hold, wrapping you up much like how he nested you few days ago, and shortcut back to the house of doppelgängers.

There were three types in this universe. One dragged from his timeline and another dragged from Stretch’s.

The ‘classic’ Muffet wasn’t as greedy and a overly-selling bitch like his universe’s was, so there was a chance that you might’ve worked for Stretch’s Muffet with her fake ass motherly vibe.

He wanted to gag, but he had an idea how to get a good time in this fairy tale and sunshine of a fucking timeline.

He just needed some time.

*The Next Day*

He barely slept last night. Whoever that guy was, he was going to find out. First thing he did when he saw the sun peeking out of the horizon was going to the pastry parlour owned by doppelgänger number 2.

Muffet, or Muffz, had asked why he appeared in her kitchen at 5 o’clock in the morning. Small black spider monsters scurrying away from him as he opened the fridge and began to question her about the man that threatened you, the same one she fought.

“And why do you want to know?” She asked. Taking the cup from his grasp and placed it down. Pushing up her glasses with a sigh when he didn’t answer. “I made sure to scare him off. Don’t you worry about it anymore, okay?” She turned to leave but stopped.

“Please do not mention this to Y/n, too. She is very fragile as of late.”

“I want ta have a few words of my own, Muffz.” Red spoke before she could ascend her stairs. She stopped once more, hand on the rail as she looked over her shoulders.

“Stretch tried the same thing, and I am going to say what I said to him; it’s obvious that you care
for her but bringing that man pain will not help her SOUL settle.”

*Ya don’t know jackshit.* He thought.

Unlike ashtray, Red doesn’t give a shit about security protocols. He knew how to stop the link that connected him to it, it was easy as it was easy to obtain the security footage of the incident. He paused the video feed, examined the burly man through other cameras. Taking a photo from his flip phone and exited the program and left Muffz’s parlour.

Red also had to hack into Ebott city’s police department in one of those old library computers. The connection was shit but after looking through files after files, he found the culprit.

Arrested several times for the use of drugs. A typical drug addicted. His grin widened maliciously at the address printed at the bottom—near the slums in the city. He had been there once so using the shortcut to get closer would be easy in his favour.

Signing off the computer(hacking into the library’s camera system and wiped the whole 5 hours.) and left with the fading buzz of his magic.

It was still fairly early so there was a chance that the human was still passed out from whatever drugs he injected or took.

His magic began to flare the closer he got to the rundown building. The bricked wall reminding him of a prison—he scowled lightly at the buzzer, looking down and up the street before using his magic to enter.

Five floors up and he was getting giddy, nearly two more floors and he’d get to see face-to-face to the scumbag that threatened you. Made you cry harder. Distressed you.

He inhaled softly and exhaled. No, he couldn’t kill the man. Human’s don’t dust and he couldn’t just clean up the mess. Red grumbled softly as he short-cut once again up a floor, the security in the building was total shit. It wouldn’t be a surprise if this place got robbed every weekend since each security cam had its wires clipped.

A red translucent tongue stuck out of his mouth when he stood in front of a door. Faded numbers indicated that there once was numbers on the door—someone must’ve stolen it.

Lifting his hand, he knocked three times eerily.

A crash and strings of curses was heard from behind the door. “Wait!” The man said.

Red couldn’t help but grin. The feeling coming back tenfold when the rusty doorknob turned with a cry and the door opened with a loud creak.

A large man stood before him, easily towering over him with a few inches. Red reached his shoulders but he was wider than Red was.

“Who are you?” He asked, narrowing his eyes. A stubble on his upper lip and nose indicated that he had shaved since the incident.

“Oh, a friend of a friend.” Red said nonchalantly, shrugging his shoulders as he short-cut behind him. Easy. Swift, and knock him out to make him forget. He glanced around the room, face wringing is disgust over the moulding food in the sink, garbage littering the floor and table, the couch had several questionable stains on it and a small boxed TV was perched on a chair.
“Wh-!?” The male cursed, turning around and slamming the door behind him, locking it with a weak click. “You just made a huge mistake, little buddy.”

“Buddy,” Red mocked. “Even I am not this messy, and that’s sayin’ somethin.”

The man scoffed, stomping up to Red with a stagger. “I am going to assume ya know about ‘he...heh, little incident few days back.”

He threw a punch.

*Miss.*

“Yenno.. That place near that other place.“ Another weak punch.

*Miss.*

“Howzabout we talk?” He short-cut away again, another miss.

*Miss.*

*Miss.*

*Miss.*

*Miss.*

“Gee, I know i’m pretty burly but shit,” Red laughed, watching the man pant and heave. Weakly thrown punches has disappointed him. “‘My turn?’ He asked, tilting his head almost innocently.

A small ping sounded at the SOUL of spite greeted Red. He scoffed as the male shouted—seemly forgetting the last FIGHT encounter he had with Muffz.

“I am about to have a good time.”

With both eye sockets closed, Red’s single socket opened. Showing the male a single red iris as smoke began to pour out. The same song sequence started up as Red pulled him into a FIGHT—mostly one-sided because Red barely gave him the chance to attack as his SOUL pinged blue.

*Left, right, down, up.*

Thrown across the room like a rag doll, Red’s phalanges twitched as the temptation to use *Gaster blasters* grew.

“Do ya remember ‘he Pastry Parlour. A spider monster and a fragile human girl?” He asked, letting the man have his turn to strike.

*Miss.*

His turn again, he grabbed his soul and manifest bones with a threatening red hue. “(Colour) hair, (colour) eyes and about ye-high.” He said, using his own height to measure your own. “’er hair was pulled into a ponytail, literally the only human working at Muffet’s.”

The look of terror only fuelled Red’s adrenaline high. Lowering the man’s HP (by two on each attack) before letting him have his go.

He faked a gasp when the man grabbed a weapon, a chair leg, and attempted to swing despite the uneasiness Red could feel in his SOUL.
“Ya took a hellva beating from Ashtray and his Muffz. They were merciful.” He struggled, shortcutting away once again and threw him down the hall.

_Gaster blaster._

The familiar dragon head manifested behind him, a soft glow from the porcelain bone base as it opened its maw, charging up the beam threateningly at the male on the floor.

“Unlike them. I ain’t so merciful... buutt, I ain’t gonna go to jail over a stupid human. Sooo~” With a swift wave of his hand, the dragon skull disappeared and he was kneeling in front of the terrified man in a split second. Eyelights devoid of life.

_“Come near her again.”_ He grabbed his soul, yanking him up and towards him. The male whimpered pathetically.

_“And I am gonna have a good time.”_


Little Shell

Chapter Summary

Season Two: Little Shell
it’s back to work at Muffet’s. You finally meet up with the skeletons after weeks of avoidance.

Chapter Notes

i’ve been thinking of changing the story’s title, but I’m kinda stumped right now— anywhoo, enjoy this chapter:^)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Muffet’s shop had been redesigned.

The eerie feel was gone as the purple tinted glass was now clear, giving the freshly new interior a home-y vibe to it. The booths were swapped out for at window stools with high counters, outlets were placed for the laptop users (and phones), the curtains were now white laced instead of the black laces, several small stand tables were scattered around the floor in front of the cash register. The tiles on the floor were ripped out and replaced with a wooden design and finally, there were two twin couches facing a small flat screen TV with an oval coffee table near it.

The alcohol and bar were relocated to the basement. Fixed and planned way before you discovered Muffet’s shop a few weeks earlier. A side entrance was used to get to the Bar and a neon sign directed whomever towards it instead of going in the café.

Safe to say that you were stunned at the sudden change of decor when you arrived. Having to walk out and check your surroundings before reentering the café portion of Muffet’s shop.

The glass containers filled with sweets of different designs and without the view of alcoholic beverages, more people began to pile in.

“Are you sure I’m in the right place?” You asked Muffet. She held a tea set on top of a silver tray, effortlessly sliding past you with a kick of her feet.

“Ahuwu~ of course you are, dearie. Like the new place?” She asked, lowering the tea set for the two female customers and rolled towards you. “I admit, my first approach was a little intense for you humans, so I decided to divide my bar and café.” She winked two eyes at you, her middle eye shut closed. “I just didn’t have the money to make it happen at first, now I do and I’m extremely satisfied.”

“This only took a week?” You muttered, examining a chocolate cake on display. A small whistle came from you as the turntable reacted to your touch, spinning the chocolate goodness. You blushed profusely at Muffet’s stare, lowering your head and quickly retreated towards the back with the spider monster following after.
“You’d be surprised how fast monsters can reconstruct.” She said, closing the door behind her. “We didn’t have a lot to do in the underground and everyone was beginning to get restless. So some went to build, others went to redesign or simply helping out.” You hummed as you wrapped the apron around your waist, securing it with a cute bow.

“You’ve been working for me for about five weeks, four if you don’t count your days off.” She said. “I am still amazed you hadn’t ran out the door since your confrontation.”

Tying your hair into a low ponytail, you paused to look at her. “...You stood up for me...”

Muffet giggles, covering her mouth with her fingertips. “Of course, why wouldn’t I when my dear Papyrus has taken a liking to you?” She tilted her head, her ponytails falling the same direction. “Of course, I have my own reasons to fight for my employees. Especially the one who barely breaks any rules~”

The thought of Stretch stung. Ever since the ambassador’s dinner party, you’ve been avoiding Stretch as much as you could since you shouted that in the middle of the night. Sans still asks if you were alright and that he had talked to Edge about pulling you away while on the job, Red too. —but you still received a hefty scolding from Sebastian and (extremely baffling) Claude for the insubordination.

During the ending of the party, Edge criticized you for every mistake you made. From your form to the way you placed down his plate at dinner. It was too loud, there was a stain on his side of the table cloth, and then he had the nerve to say that he was helping you shape up? What did that mean? then again, he wasn’t as threatening as before; a bit mellowed out, yes. But he still called your names and at this point you wonder if that was a default.

There was also Blueberry. Every time you got the chance to take a break, he would ask for you. Trying to get you to remember something you didn’t, giving you subtle hints of something you barely had knowledge on, asked about your brothers, told you about his, (at which you’d blush and make a hasty exit) and would make you eat off of his plate whenever you’d go to his table.

And Red. God, where should you begin? Remarks of your uniform, the way your hair looked and the slur and growl he’d do because he knew it put you on edge.

All in front of the Royal family, no less.

You were hanging by a hairline ever since then, having Hannah watch your every move and Sebastian analyzing your improvements. Claude, well, he was being Claude.

Halloween this year was... interesting, nothing dramatic happened(although you and your roommate often swiped handful of candy from the bowl) but because you still had Red’s clothes, you walked around acting like him in your apartment; your best friend ended up videotaping you and sent the evidence to Red, and ever since then you had ignored his text messages about it out of embarrassment.

School went by uneventful, a few rumours stared up about Alphys, which you quickly debunked much to the reptiles’ gratitude. But she had assured you what they said was true, she did have a girlfriend and planned to marry her with the permission of the council.

Other than that, it was fairly normal with popcorn and a horror movie marathon with her. She hasn’t shown her nasty side as of late. Although you suspected it because you’ve been avoiding all of them like the plague.
Muffet grabbed the freshly made donuts, fully cooled enough to have the glade over. After finishing it in a short movements, she placed them on the rack and went out in front.

it was early mid-September, the trees were now bare the and grass had lost its vibrant greens. People started to wear their winter gear and you, begrudgingly, kept your window shut due to the freezing temperatures in the winter. Snow clouds hovered over the city during most days, hiding the sun and its warmth as few flakes would fall.

and then there was Muffet’s annual family gathering with her sisters. She may have mentioned it once or twice since you started working here and you knew a bare minimum about the other two Miss Muffets. The eldest went by Medla, the one you worked for went by Muffz, and the youngest was Melody.

Muffet had told you to keep your distance to her younger sister. Unlike her or her older sister, Melody was rather...unpleasant. She didn’t wait for her fellow spiders to die naturally and instead stomped on them for their dust, resulting in her family(the spiders) to be afraid of her and would overwork themselves and die because of exhaustion.

When she told you this, you felt sad for the spider monsters, holding two in your palm while lightly running your fingertips against its back.

Melody was, by all means, a racist when it came to humans and had the tendency to ask a few people if they’d want to be in her next batch of donuts, they had ran away and reported her so many times that she ended up Paying for a fine and to promise the city council that she wouldn’t harass any more humans.

Shaking your head, you didn’t need to think about someone whom you’re never going to meet—you hoped so.

Standing in front of the cash register, you spotted rows of honey bottles underneath. An airy chuckle came from you as you knew exactly who would come by and order a bottle or two.

You pursed your lips. You still haven’t forgiven Stretch for his actions on you, but you were more than willing to establish a friendship and slowly climb up to forgiving him. He had apologized three times, each time were on the verge of tears and sorrow—and you knew he literally meant everything.

Yet here you were, avoiding him because you called him a ‘hotass teacher’ that one time.

The first few hours of work was mild. A few stragglers would come for the alcohol-portion of the shop and you’d direct them to the side entrance. They left in a blushy mess and apologized profusely.

It was until an hour to the end of your shift when Stretch made his appearance. Orange hoody, beige cargo pants and a sucker in between his teeth, although it dropped out of his mouth and shattered on the floor when he stared with his mouth open.

“Uh...” words died in your mouth while serving a mother and her two children. (One was an adopted monster kid.) Quickly shaking your head, you tended to the three and gave them their change back and they left satisfied despite your little slip up.

"w-what would you like, sir?” You said a bit too loud, causing the patrons to look over their table/shoulders to you. Embarrassed, you lowered your head and laughed nervously.

“Sir?” Stretch repeated, picking up the broken sucker and tossed them into his mouth as he
chewed. “5 second rule.” He said when he caught your disgusted look.

Leaning over the counter, he took out fake glasses from his hoody pocket, a large nose and moustache was connected to the bridge. “As your teacher, I appreciate your formality.”

You choked on your own saliva, taking a step back and a pinkish colour dusted over your nose and cheeks. Eyes wide in disbelief as Stretch pushed the glasses up, fingers holding onto the ends to keep it from falling.

The corners of his teeth perked upwards into an amused grin, the bags under his sockets seem to brighten at your reaction as he sighed.

“Of course, I haven't forgotten about your insubordination,” he dropped his voice a few octaves lower and leaned in closer. “Should I..write you a detention slip?”

“Oh. My. God..” You whispered, covering your face and shook lightly. Soft giggled came from you as you lowered your hand and looked at him.

“The usual?”

“Yes.” He said, pocketing his fake glasses. You reached from underneath and counter and popped in the total on the cash register. Hearing Stretch chuckle and take out the amount needed, he dropped it in your outstretched hand and gently plucked the honey bottle from your hand.

“So, whatcha been up to lately?” He said, popping off the cap and took a long sip. Soft orange eye lights on you. “Yenno, ever since you ghosted us.”

“I didn’t ghost you guys.” You said quickly to your defence. Eyebrows slowly knitting together. “I was.. just embarrassed.”

“Huh-uh. That video of you on Halloween was nice to see, though.” He spoke with tease. “I didn’t know you can do that with your legs. Maybe you should demonstrate it sometime.”

“Oh MY GOD.” You squealed, covering the ever growing blush on your face as Stretch snickered to your embarrassment. “Stretch, no.”

“Stretch, yes.” He snickered much to your obvious dismay. “The part where you twirled and posed? Nice. Also, when you used candy corn for sharp teeth? Sweet.” He shook his honey bottle to prove where his pun came from. You rolled your eyes behind your fingers and sighed deeply.

“Who even eats candy corn these days.” You mutter, trying to direct the conversation out of your (apparently) Halloween costume.

“You.”

“No, I only ate the tip.” You said mindlessly as another customer came up the cash register, asking for a spider donut and a spider parfait.

“The tip, eh?” Stretch spoke once the male left, bringing the tip of his bottle to his grinning teeth. You raised your eyebrow at him, silently asking him to continue. “I bet you’d like a better tip.”

“W..what?” You voiced. Although the thought finally dawned on you and the blush came back tenfold. “N-not that—?”

Along with Stretch’s snickers, he dropped a few change into the tip jar. Shaking his head and
moved his finger left and right. “Y/n, get your head out of those impure thoughts.” He teased.

“t-That’s-not—whAT?!”

He burst into laughter. Loud, heartfelt, rambunctious laughter. You huffed disappointingly at his childish nature and went to the back, Stretch’s laughter bouncing the walls the further you went.

The fresh smell of baked food greeted you happily. The other employee working in the kitchen, easily maneuvering around with the rollers on his feet—while you still struggled to keep yourself upright without falling on your bottom. You stared at him jealously, a small huff coming from you as you grabbed the freshly baked goods and went back in front.

You gasped at Stretch hovering over the cash register, punching in the total for the cookies, donuts, a few monster candies and two parfaits for an elderly couple. An easy smile on his face as he returned their change and easily went around you to grab their things, putting them in small boxes instead of small bags. You quickly put the goods on the heating display rack and went to make the parfait.

*Stretch’s PoV*

He liked this. The way you’d move around him to grab something and the way he’d easily loom over you to grab something overhead—like a complicated puzzle piece.

it was no secret that Stretch has a small, tiny thing for you. The first time he saw you here in muffets (his muffet’s to be exact) he was shocked to see that she had hired a human—and he knew you’d be good after seeing you effortlessly walk through a crowd of racist humans, intending to get a job out of it.

He wasn’t sure if you knew he kind of liked you, it was more of admiration type of like since he had thought it would never work. A human and a monster? Uncalled for. He knew you were absolutely timid around other monsters unless you had a familiar face into the mix. Someone you could follow around and blandly act like a shadow.

Yet, despite being in a monster establishment, he found out that you were chipper and upbeat, always matching his puns straight out the window—

and then he thought about what Blue said about you.

Giving the elderly couple their order, you slid the two glass cups to them and they steadily made their way towards the couches. Going around the countertop and to his regular seat near the cash register while you worked, he thoughts drifted back to what his bro said.

Apparently the three of you met few Halloween’s ago, you were smaller at the time. Having an undistinguished fire ember in your (colour) eyes, a single chipped tooth showed your innocence as you asked questions about monsters and them in general, a fiery ember that sparked life. Unlike his brother, Stretch didn’t stick around to see what had happened as he went to go scavenged monster-friendly houses for his bro. When he came back, Blue was silent. Brow bones furrowed, a complicated look in his cyan eyelights and a worrying edge over his head.

He had looked distraught, and Stretch knew not to ask until he came to him himself. But he didn’t.

For a few weeks following that Halloween, if Stretch could remember, Blue often checked news websites or any other human articles. Keeping to himself before finally letting it go.
Looking over at you, Stretch couldn’t help but analyze the way you moved. It’s been a long while since he last held a conversation with you without you trying to find out or hide away behind Red and Sans. This was nice.

*Back to you*

“Stretch?” You called hesitantly. Fingertips lightly tapping against the key. Not too hard that would have it registered but a small ticking sound against your fingernails. Stretch looked up from his phone, mindlessly scrolling through social media to fill the silence you had cut. “Do...You know anyone with the initials: W.D?”

You didn’t notice Stretch stiffen, working with the next two customers that had entered when you asked. Popping up a warm smile, you said the shop’s motto: For spiders, by spiders, of spiders! And then the parlour’s name with a chipper in your tone.

When they left satisfied, you looked at Stretch. He was looking at you with his sockets wider than you were used to, his teeth partly opened as the words caught in his nonexistent throat.

“Uh,” he cleared his throat. “Why do you ask?”

You rose your eyebrow slightly. “Well, I have seen him at the party, talked to him a bit and found out that he was a skeleton too... so I thought that maybe you guys.. knew him?”

“Just because he was a skeleton?” Stretch laughed humourlessly. You flinched and avert your gaze, laughing nervously with his dead one.

“I...I guess?”

Stretch seemed to hesitate for a second, placing the honey on the counter and shoved his hand into his pocket, putting an unlit cigarette in between his teeth as he sighed deeply. “What does he look like?”

You pursed your lips. The way he was acting as if wanted to prove something to himself. Like he knew something but wasn’t going to tell you no matter how long you probed him.

“Uh,” You said, at a lost for word before taking out the notepad and pen from your apron. Flipping to a fresh new page and clipped the tip of the pen and began drawing of what you vaguely remembered.

The left eye socket was half open, a crack going through it and extending upwards to his skull. The other was a full socket, similar to Sans’, with another crack connecting and stopping at the edge of the skeleton’s blackened grin. Two grey rings inside the empty sockets that looked like his eyelights. Going to his shoulders, you made sure it was broad and that he was tall with an oversized white turtleneck and the black gooey-substances dripping down his shoulders and onto the makeshift floor.

You glanced at the small drawing for a second, eyebrows furrowed together before you drew on hands with the palms missing, you weren’t sure if he had a nose or not, something you probably overlooked since he kept telling you be discreet throughout the party.

Ripping out the page, you slipped the notepad into your pocket and handed the page to Stretch.

“Something like this.”
After getting home from another long day at work, you were surprised to see the apartment buzzing with life. Skeleton monsters covered the kitchen and living room as you friend’s constructive criticism could be heard in the kitchen along with protests from Blue.

Kicking off your shoes, you steadily crept your way out of the entrance. Keeping your eyes up instead of down like you used to before working with Hannah and receiving her daily encouragement whenever she saw you.

You bit your tongue seeing the lazier skeletons on your couch, talking to one another in hushed tones while their younger brothers worked the kitchen. However, when Sans saw you, he immediately cut the conversation short.

Stretch, whom you saw yesterday late afternoon, waved lazily and slugged into the couch with his hands in his hoody pockets.

You pursed your lips, wondering why they decided to stop talking the moment you entered—perhaps it was that drawing you showed Stretch? His reaction was more of a nonchalant but you had caught the tension in his shoulder and the slight alarm in his voice before making a hasty exit.

That was on Monday, it’s a Tuesday now. Dropping your work bag to your hands, you quickly ducked to your room—although you didn’t go far when your head collided with a hard surface. A pained ‘oof’ came from you as you staggered a few steps back while rubbing to top of your head. A small scowl on your lips as you flared at the wall.

Except, it wasn’t a wall.

It was Edge.

Face flushing different colours of red, you tried to apologize but only broken sounds came from your opened mouth.

Edge was confusing on your part. Often times you’d wonder if he actually tolerated you or just continued to egg you to see your reactions.

He stood in front of you, just stepping out of the kitchen at the same time you tried walking down the hall and ended up colliding onto him.

“Watch Where You’re Going, Human.” He simply said as he rounded you and walked towards the middle of the living room—you didn’t stay to see what he was going to do so you ran towards your room. Missing the audible sigh from Edge as he pivoted and marched back into the kitchen.

Leaning into your door, you sighed loudly and ran a hand through your hair. Pushing yourself off the door and further into your domain. Going to your closet and pulled out Red’s jacket and turtleneck, brushing the shoulders and took the hanger off.

Walking back to the living room, you ignored the questioning looks from Sans and Stretch as you approached Red.

His grin fell slightly when his red eye lights caught sight of his jacket. The black sweater he wore outlining his bones against the soft material as you stood in front of him; mouth opening and closing as you struggled to form simple words.

“Uhm, here is your jacket and...sweater... please don’t look at me like that.” You moaned, covering the bottom half of your face. Averting your eyes from the smirking skeleton as he stood up and
gently took his clothes from your hands.

“Why not? Ya seemed content on actin’ like me fer Halloween.” He said, slipping on his jacket and zipped it up. He inhaled softly—and exhaled quickly before you could notice as you shake your head, covering your face fully with the tips of your ears growing in colour.

“I should have asked you before hand—and I’m sorry for keeping it for so long! I swear I washed it before returning it.” You said quickly much to Sans and Stretch’s amusement. Their chuckles made you flush and send them a weak glare, only they seemed to laugh some more despite your ‘heated’ look.

“Are you done avoidin’ us?” Red asked, leaning forward and resting his elbows on his knees, fingers intertwined and his chin resting on his joined fingers.

You frowned softly. “I wasn’t avoiding—”

“She was embarrassed.” Stretch cut you off, chuckling as he recalled what you shouted. There was no way he was going to let you down so easily.

Sans glanced at you for a second before looking at Stretch then back at you. “…care to elaborate?”

“No!/Yes.” You and Stretch said that the same time. The amused grin on Stretch’s face and your blush made Sans ease an eyebrow bone.

He wasn’t going to pry, you had your secrets and he had his.

Chapter End Notes

I know it’s not September 1 yet. But i felt like making you wait for an unreasonably long time just for a filter chapter.. oh but don’t worry, next chapter (September1) is going to be focused on Edge. We don’t know what happens BEHIND the scenes, after all. *winkwink*

We are nearing the Brother’s Arc, who is excited? I know I am!
Black Tea

Chapter Summary

Tea is considered as a piece offering, right?

Chapter Notes

So I Uh, kinda lied. The chapter is focused on Papyrus of the three AU’s. Also regarding my planned update on September 1, I was busy and wasn’t satisfied of the first draft of this chapter—so I rewrote it.

I’m two days late, so hopefully this makes up for it:)?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Y/n!” Your friend greeted through clenched teeth. “You’re.. out of your room, huh.” She said, tilting her head with a painfully fake smile.

You pursed your lips, smiling apologetically to the three, rubbing your palms on your knees and pushed yourself to stand. “Yeah...”

“I didn’t..” She glanced behind you. “Realize you got out of your depressive episode.”

“Depressive episode?” You mutter silently, following her down the hall to her room. Nose wrinkling at the heavy smell of perfume as you leaned against her door.

“Yeah, you wouldn’t come out of your room when they visit. I just thought you finally decided to back off.” She said, shrugging her shoulders. You furrowed your eyebrows at her, unsure how to reply without her turning your own words against you.

“Uh, sure...?” Shaking your head, you pointed to the room besides her. “Im going to study... Uhm, call me if you need help with anything.”

She laughed, pushing you back and closing her door behind her. “Yeah right. You mess up a lot as if i’m going to ask you for help.”

You laughed nervously, scratching your cheek. “I’m.. doing better, though.” You said to her door as a soft exhale escaped your lips. Turning around, you opened your door and closed it behind you. Grabbing your earphones from your nightstand and plugged it in your phone. Going through the playlists and picking a song, grabbing your laptop and papers before climbing onto your bed, typing in your password and began to work.

Two hours later, There was a knock on your door, pulling the buds out of your ear and pushed the laptop from your lap—exiting out of the program and filing away the working process.

“Come in!” You called, stacking the papers (and books) on the laptop. The door slowly opened, showing a nervous Papyrus.
You smiled softly. “Hi.”

“HELLO, YOU DIDN’T COME OUT TO EAT. SO I DECIDED TO GIVE YOU FOOD!” He said, pushing the door open and showed you a plate filled with spaghetti, a taco, and a small piece of lasagna. His other hand held a steamy tea, a smile on his teeth as he carefully closed the door behind him and walked across the room to you.

“Oh,” You said, turning on your phone to check the time. “I didn’t realize it’s been two hours already.”

“ITS FINE, YOU WILL GET TO EXPERIENCE SOME GREAT CUISINE BY YOURS TRULY.” He boasts, a proud gleam in his soft buzzing eye lights.

You gasped. “That’s right! I never really got to eat your infamous spaghetti!” It’s been so long since the first time Joseph visited, the memory hazy and distant to you that you ended up forgetting that you had offered to cook occasionally with Papyrus. You frowned softly at this, taking the plate from his hand as he sat on the edge of your bed. The cushioned mattress dipping slightly.

“I completely forgot about our cooking da-sessions. I’m so sorry Paps.” You say, picking at the noodles with the plastic fork. Eyes lingering on the burnt pieces on the lasagna, you made sure to keep clear of it and picked the top layer off.

“IT IS FINE, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO HAVE TIME FOR YOURSELF!”

Cutting a edge with the fork, you stabbed it and shewed softly. Eyebrows slowly wrinkling as your gaze slowly dropped from Papyrus to the questionable pasta.

“Who made this?” You asked after swallowing. The sharp taste of vinegar lingering as you took another piece and shoved it into your mouth—If he made this then you definitely didn’t want to hurt his feelings.

“OH! EDGE DID. YOUR FRIEND AND I REFRAINED HIM FROM USING THE WHOLE BOTTLE, YOUR WELCOME!” He grinned.

You frowned softly, chewing the lasagna and swallowed. A shiver ran down you spine as you took yet another fork full, this time much larger than the first two. It was terrible but it meant something if Edge willingly gave you a piece of his food—did it? He was so confusing and hard to read sometimes.

Listening to Papyrus talk was soothing and almost masked the vinegar taste if you chewed fast and swallowed on mark time. Papyrus paused, concern written over his skull as he lightly patted your back.

“DON’T RUSH, YOU MIGHT CHOKE.” He said, shaking his skull like a mother scolding her son. You flushed and shoved another mouthful of the last piece, making his sigh and hand you the cup of tea.

Inhaling, you began to cough. Slamming your fist on your chest, you hastily took the tea and took two large gulps. The sting on your tongue caused your eyes to water, yet you didn’t stop as you chugged the whole thing down.

“SEE? IF YOU SLOWED DOWN YOU WOULDN’T HAVE CHOKE!” He said, the obvious hint of worry making you smile weakly and wipe the tears from your eyes. A loud groan escaped your lips as you leaned back, coughing slightly.
“I thought I was going to die.” You humoured, trying to lighten to sudden damp mood. Papyrus tensed besides you and quickly worked his hands to your throat. A startled gasp came from you and you body shut down—various of incidents coming back at you in full force as you stayed still. Breathing cut off as you stared up at Papyrus in horror. Your instincts rushed back at full force as you jerked your hand to his chest, successfully pushing him off with a hard snap of your wrist.

The soft buzz on your skin faded just like the soft glow in Papyrus’ palms. You stared eye wide at him and he stared back nervously.

Your hand quickly wrapped around your neck and swallowed thickly.

Wringing his red gloves, he sheepishly tried to smile but flinched when you moved slightly afar.

“II’M SORRY, I SHOULD HAVE ASKED BEFORE USING MAGIC ON YOU. I.. I PANICKED.”

He panicked? You were the one having war-like flashbacks by your brothers, all those times being tied up and dragged upstairs forever bruised your skin. You brought you bottom lip in between your teeth, gnawing softly on the soft lip as you nodded.

“It’s okay, j-just tell be before you pounce, okay?”

he eagerly nodded his head, and just like that the damp atmosphere melted away and he began to talk about the last few weeks without any contact from you, how he was worried when you refused to answer his call—he thought it was because your brothers but Sans said you might’ve needed some time to yourself.

You apologized and said that you were embarrassed to face the others—he asked why and you quickly deflected the situation and topic to something entirely unrelated.

Work was mediocre. A guy came in demanding cash and Muffet stepped in before the situation lead to another encounter. Easily directing him out the door with sweet words and empty promises.

Then a mother of two questioned the café’s decor and choice of students; lecturing you how unsanitary it was to have bugs freely wandering where other customers could see. With the training Hannah gave you imprinted in your brain, you slapped on a convincing smile and softly lectured her about the difference between actual spiders and Monster Spiders, she didn’t take kindly to that and swore that you were being brainwashed, to which you rolled your eyes and kept the overbearing smile then telling her to leave the premises as she was making other customers uncomfortable.

She turned red as her hair, took both of her children’s hand(they were admiring the sweets on display) and stormed out.

The most uplifting thing today was the fact that Stretch has actually used the front entrance instead of blipping into existence at the corner of your eye. You smiled in greeting as you replaced the empty racks on the display case, putting the rack under the counter for later and slipped off the black latex gloves and stood on your station.

However, you smile kind faded when Edge waltz through the door. Nose ridge up high, a calculated look in his sockets and left hand shoved into his leather jacket—the collar straightened upwards with his red tattered scarf wrapped around. Greyish white turtle neck and his signature
black jeans went against the soft decorations in the shop.

Shaking your head, you smiled up at him. The faint lingering taste of vinegar at the back of your throat made you clear your throat and look back at Stretch.

“Hello, Welcome to Muffet’s Pastry parlour, I assume you want the usual?” You say with the sickeningly sweet tone.

Edge scoffed behind Stretch, trying to pay zero attention on him as you leaned over to grab the honey bottle underhand and grab a spider donut, ringing up the total and outstretched your hand expectingly.

He chuckled and dropped the exact amount needed onto your open palms.

He waved at you. “Thanks, honey.” Before blipping out of existence once you blinked. Furrowing your eyebrows, you shook your head and leaned against the counter. A soft yawn coming from you, maybe studying after hours isn’t a good thing to do considering your hectic sleeping schedule.

Lollying your head to left, your hair over your cheeks as you huffed. Wiping away the tired tears from your yawn and stood straight, pulling your arm over your head in a stretch—however, someone cleared their throat and you quickly snapped up in attention.

Looking up at Edge, you blinked in confusion. Did...Stretch ditch him?

He didn’t say anything but stare down at you, his sockets narrowed in its usual glare as he turned and went to sit on a stood by the window. Fishing out his phone and... just sat there.

You furrowed your eyebrows and continued to work, occasionally glancing at his back and wondering why he was here in the first place—since he didn’t like sweets or pastries as much.

Finishing with the last customer, your co-worker walked through the door. She waved at you and you waved back with the same soft smile. Walking to the bad to hang up the apron, you paused at the tea set. Pursing your lips as your gaze wandered towards the door.

a piece offering could be a easy step, why else would Edge spend a few long minutes in the café if he wasn’t going to order anything?

Another tired yawn came from you, covering your opened mouth as you began to seep the tea leaves with the pre-heated water. Five minutes past and you poured the tea into two cups, winking at a spider and used your bottom to open the door.

Walking around the counter, you made your way towards Edge. Although through your beating heart, your throat tightened instinctively, reminding you of the first encounter with the Edgy skeleton. Muffet was here somewhere, she’ll come to your rescue if anything happens- right?

Placing the cup on the counter, you slid on the stool next to him. Your gaze forward to the busy street with you elbows resting on the high counter, softly blowing into the tea.

“...it’s black tea.” You say after a minute. Giving Edge a side glance before returning your attention to the street in front of you.

A small shriek ripped from your throat as Stretch blipped next to you, waving with the lazy smile on his teeth and laid his head against the cool surface.

“Hiya.”
“You scared me.” You mumbled, wiping the corners of your mouth from the warm liquid. A small pout appeared on your lips as you turned away with a huff. Stretch chuckled and waved his hand.

“Sorry, didn’t mean to.” His orange eye light trailed to Edge, his brow bone raising slightly in question. “Edge.” He said in greeting.

Edge scoffed, pocketing his phone and picking up the tea cup. Eyeing the liquid in it before taste testing. “STRETCH.YOU WILL ACCOMPANY ME TO THE LOCAL SHOPPING DISTRICT.” Edge said, waving his hand when Stretch shot him a glare behind you. Although you didn’t see, your turned you head with both eyebrows raised.

He wouldn’t hurt you with Stretch and Muffet here, right? You’re fine. “Why?”

“YOUR INQUIRIES WILL GET YOU NO WHERE, HUMAN.” He scoffed, slightly taken back by your boldness.

”I’m just asking for my own safety.” You said, crossing your arms to ground yourself. The frantic beating of your heart against your ribcage did nothing but rattle you.

“Yeah, Buddy.” Stretch spoke up, something hidden in his tone. “Why?”

Edge huffed and turned his head away, nose in the air. “I AM NOT YOUR ‘BUDDY. AND I DO NOT NEED TO ANSWER TO THE LIKES OF YOU.” His crimson eye lights trailed back at you. “WILL YOU OR WILL YOU NOT ACCOMPANY ME?”

You glanced at the tea cup in his large hands, the China cup looking like a plastic play thing compared to the one in your (much) smaller hands before looking up at his buzzing eye lights.

“U-uh,” you chewed on your cheek. Lowering your head with your heart in your ears. Would he be offended if you said no? Edge was being confusing again, it was starting to give you a headache with how fast his opinion of you changed frequently. One moment he is flowering down at you like some scum and the next he wants... to be friends?

“....Sure.”

Chapter End Notes

RIP Stretch. Cockblocked by Edge.
September 2, 2019:(
You tried, Stretch.
Welcome to . . .

Chapter Summary

Bonus/Special Chapter: family secrets are spilled after Josh and Joseph find a letter.

Chapter Notes

I will be often switching from Third to Second, but not to the extend where it gets annoying and frequent!

As I said in my first ‘special’ chapter, you can see these as Canon or not. A different AU, like the Acting AU I did before.

IMPORTANT!: this is nowhere near my usual goal for ‘special/bonus chapters, but it’s my birthday and I wanted to post this since I finished it:)

Warning: minor mention of cutting. Only mentioned ONCE!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Third Person's

The chilly wind sounded from inside the houses as families snuggled into the warm comforts that is their homes. Trees laid bare, littering the sidewalks with colourful leaves ranging from shades of oranges, yellows, and reds. The winter season was upon the small town of Londonderry in Northern Ireland. The unforgiving wind barely held anything against the townsfolk as they wore large coats, scarves, and hats to shield their bodies from the cold brush.

A Young Girl sat before her parents, laying on her stomach and kicking in the air while a colourful crayon in her hand as she coloured as best as she could within the lines, her tongue lightly poking out of her lips as she concentrated on her colouring, completely oblivious to the hushed bickering coming from the kitchen as her parents sat idly on the couches, a book in one hand and the other the daily newsletter-- young Y/n swore she saw the letters moved but dismissed it when her father turned the paper from her sight, a disproved frown appeared on his lips as he read through the contents.

large (colour) eyes blinked up from her paper to start at the woman who sighed rather loudly, making her flinch and the colour swiped from the lined papers.

"Mother and Father are going to be furious!" Whispered Josh as Y/n pushed herself off the carpeted floor with a exhale. she grinned at her parents who tore their gazes from their respective items. Her father smiled lovingly before returning to the newspaper while her mother's eyes trailed after the little girl, barely at the age of 11, as she disappeared into the Kitchen towards the hushed argument by her older brothers.

Mrs. L/n nudged her husband’s elbow: pointing her chin where the little girl had disappeared to
when he looked up in confusion. The two slowly put their items down, careful not to make any noise as they slowly crept to the other room.

“Joshie?” Y/n said, startling the twin brothers momentarily. “A game?” She asked, going on her tiptoes to see the letter he had hidden behind him—A fruitless action as Y/n could clearly see the folded edge peeking out from his side.

She furrowed her eyebrows at her brothers, although they completely froze as whatever excuse they were going to spill trailed from their mouths as they stared up at the two adults.

“Josh, Sweetie.” Mrs. L/n spoke, her eyebrows knitting together at the suspicious activity within familiar pools of (colour) that was Josh.

The eldest of the twins glanced at the youngest, desperate for him to come up with a lie on the spot.

“A letter came in.” Joseph said quickly. Nervously brushing his messy mop of (colour) to one side and smiled apologetically to his (now) fuming brother. He avoided looking at his little sister.

“A letter? It’s nearly midnight—ON a Sunday, no less.” Mr. L/n said, walking towards his children and knelt to their height. Hand out stretched for the letter behind Josh’s back. The latter turned his head, whistling while rolling on the balls of his heel.

“Joshua Anders L/n.” He said sternly, the fatherly tone long gone as he flexes his fingers in a ‘give it’ motion. Y/n visibly tensed by the tone and went to hide behind her mother’s legs. “Give it here or else I’ll have no choice but to ground you.”

He lightly tapped his forehead, the space between his brows, with two fingers.

Josh’s shoulders tensed before dropping instantly along with a loud sigh. He begrudgingly placed the unfolded letter in his father’s palm. The same look in his eyes as he kept eye out with his father but made no movements to act on whatever he thought.

Mr. L/n smiled sweetly, standing up and read the front page—Addressed to... Y/n?

He furrowed his eyebrows, a feeling bubbling in his stomach as he waved his wife over. Showing their daughter’s name in the centre in perfect, familiar, writing.

Mrs. L/n’s eyes widen, looking down at her daughter. Fingers covering her mouth in shock as she glanced at her two sons.

“When did this arrive?” She had asked. A small tone in her words as her eyes visibly narrowed.

“...a month ago.” Joseph muttered, equally deflating with his brother the longer their mother stared with that look in her eye.

“A month!” She suddenly shouted. “It’s nearly September. The new school year starts on the first and today is..” she lightly snapped her fingers. “The 25th. Care to explain yourselves?”

Josh and Joseph froze. Sweat gathering on their foreheads as words struggled to form in their mouths. They stood with their mouths opening and closing, obvious fear in their (colour) eyes.

Mr. L/N called his wife, eyes wide as she read through the context of the letter. “Don’t be too harsh on the boys. They were just concerned for their little sister.” He said, lowering the letter from his view to look at both his sons. A frown on his lips.
“But I am disappointed that you hidden this from us.”

The twins flinched. Lowering their heads and frowned. Soft tears appeared on Joseph’s eyes but he held them back stubbornly while Josh’s shoulders shook. Instead of the guilt and shame Joseph felt, Josh felt enraged and betrayed. The letter in his father’s hand stared that Y/n had been accepted to a school somewhere hidden nearby London. Miles away from home and the comforts they build since she was brought home.

He grit his teeth and turned his head, scowling at the thoughts of endless possibilities. “I don’t see why she has to go.” If he had managed to hide the letter until September 1, Y/n wouldn’t have to go.

“She has to.” His mother sighed. “Look, boys. I’m not mad. I understand that you want Y/n to stay but something important as this must be brought to our attention as soon as it arrives.”

“Then how come Josh and I didn’t go?” Joseph suddenly spoke up, voice holding together from the teary expression in his eyes. Josh’s eyes widen softly, looking up at their parents.

“Ah, it is because other schools have been interested in you two.” Their father said. Picking up the two boys and walked towards the living room with nothing but a peep from his sons while his Wife brought in Y/n.

The talk was something they dreaded. The two adults wanted nothing but a normal life for their children, away from politics and potential shaming from the public eye.

They were Blood-Traitors, after all.

The term left a sour taste in their tongue as Mr. L/n placed both his sons on the couch, Young Y/n being placed in between them as he and his wife sat on the sturdy table in front of them. Never had they ever thought about exposing themselves like this, but the letters were becoming a frequent problem that one addressed to their youngest had managed to slip past and into the hands of Josh.

They were their children, they had to know of themselves and the importance of their bloodline.

Y/n held the hands of her brothers, her lips pursed softly as worry crept into her stomach. Leaving an uncomfortable feeling blooming from there and stopping to her fingertips and toes.

“All right...” Their father stated, nervously rubbing his hands together. He rested his elbows on his knees, avoiding to look at his offspring and instead stared at his wife.

She nodded wordlessly and stood up, smiling convincingly at her children before leaving the room and returning shortly after with two long, oak wooded, boxes stacked in her arms and a kitchen knife. She paused at the door before sighing loudly and entered begrudgingly. Underneath the boxes were two other letters: Joshua Anders L/N and Joseph Dara L/N In the same inky writing they had just moments before.

Simultaneously, both brothers eyebrows shot upwards.

Their father gently took the box on top. Fingertips adoringly running down the side with an unknown emotion in his eyes—it looked like he was greeting an old friend. Y/n saw this but didn’t comment on it.

“Before any of you were born,” he started. “Your mother and I went to a school far away from here. It’s name is written in the history books in the other world.”
"Other world?" Young Y/n whispered as she watched her father unlatch the cover and gently placed it aside, her mother did the save but with more eagerness. The two adults pulled out long, oddly figured sticks from the holder within. Mrs. L/N sighed contently, examining her stick.

The handle was wrapped with leather with straps that crossed and twirled upwards to the tip—although the leather strap somehow turned into wood before meeting the middle.

Mr. L/n’s stick was odd looking, as it had sharp edges all the way towards the tip, odd balls as the handle with a different type of animal hide wrapping around it.

“Yaay.” Spoke Josh sarcastically. “Sticks.”

“Not just any sticks, Joshua.” Their mother tutted. Tapping Josh in the head with her stick. “They are called Wands. It’s what the other world used to cast spells.” She paused to soak up their reactions.

“Mom’s crazy.” Joseph muttered, turning away and pulling Y/n with him. “Dad looks so lost, too. This is highly the most concerning family meeting ever.”

“I’m not crazy, Joseph.” Their mother spoke. Shrugging her shoulders and picked up the kitchen knife she had set aside. “I’ll show you.”

“Mothe-!” Young Y/n called just as her mother sliced her thigh. A small gasp came from all three as the woman moaned in pain. This snapped their father out of the daze he was in, his attention now torn to his wife.

“Are you bloody mad?” He hissed as his wife lowered the bloody knife as a small stream of blood trickled down her thigh, pooling on the table they sat on.

She gave a hurtful smile, and turned to her children. “Look close. To heal a wound like this, you have to flick your wrist like this.” She demonstrated while talking, although nothing happened yet.

Tears gathered in Young Y/n’s eyes. Panic began to swell up as she pushed off her brother’s hold and immediately got on her feet. Small hands shaking as she stood in front of her mother.

“Y/n, it’s okay. I’m fine, see?” She said although a pained groan came from her as Y/n attempted to seal the deep wound with her hands. Smooshing the cut together as if it’ll help.

Tears streamed down her cheeks, unable to form words but tearful stutters. “Why did you do that? We have to go to the hospital right now!”

The woman smiled at her daughter. Picking her up and placed her next to her and flicked the wand.

“Watch closely, okay? I’m fine.”

With a flick of her wrist, she said “Epsikey.” in clear voice, making sure that her children could hear and see the wound patch itself up.

Another gasp sounded by the children as they watched her wound stitch up until it was gone with nothing but the blood left behind.

Hearing her husband sigh, he brought the attention back to him. “Tergeo.” He said with a flick of his wrist.

The blood pool underneath her thigh evaporated. He turned to his youngest and did the same with her bloody palms. The young girl gasped loudly as the liquid began to disappear as if it wasn’t
there before.

“Woah...” Joseph whispered.

Their father grinned. “Yes. As you can see, we are Wizards and Witches within the magic community.”

“That still doesn’t answer the schooling.” Josh interrupted, fighting back the amusement he felt at the moment instead replaced that with more anger. Something so cool was hidden away because they wanted them to have a normal childhood? Blah.

“Oh,” their parents shared a glance before moving Y/n back in between the two. “The schools specialize on magic users for both status of the three distinctive classes; Pure-Bloods, half-blood, mud-Muggleborn and muggles.”

“You said three but you listed four, mother.” Joseph frowned, tapping his chin in thought. Trying to piece things together on something he didn’t know. (Father’s name) chuckled deeply.

“Purebloods are wizard and witches who come from a long line of magical parents. Half blood is someone who’s parents are a wizard (or witch) with a human. Muggleborn,” he glared at his wife. “Is someone with no magical history in their family but instead born into it.” He rolled his hands, giving a small picture of what he was talking about to his children.

“Muggles is a term used by the Ministry of Magic to address humans with zero magical abilities.” He explained.

“Are we muggles?” Young Y/n asked upon pondering over her mother’s slipup. The woman wrinkled her nose, shook her head and huffed.

“Oh merlin, no! We are pureblood. The highest status.”

“Then how come we can’t do magic?” Josh finally spoke up, growing more and more interested in their (apparent) heritage of magic.

“You can. All of you, in fact. We wanted a life without magic for you three so we moved away from London when I was pregnant with Josh and Joseph.” (Mother’s name) said as (Father’s name) sighed loudly. Flicking his wrist and said “Lumos.”

The tip of his wand glowed a blinding light, making his children cover their eyes or look away. He undid the charm and gently placed his wand back into the oak box.

“Hogwarts and other magic-based schools have been scouting Josh and Joseph, every time we decline they send more letters. Each time sounding more urgent.. it’s only time that you two would see one of these letters—we had counted on you seeing you own and not Y/n’s.”

“We have no choice but to let you go, now.” Their father sighed once again. “Instead of going overseas, we’ll send you to Hogwarts, that way you won’t be off your homeland and mere miles from your house.”

“Do we get a wand of our own?” Y/n asked, her fists balling excitedly. She can do magic! Her family has a long line of purebloods on both sides.

“We’ll have to go to Diagon Alley for that. For now, though, you three must sleep. We’ll leave first thing in the morning—we are already behind schedule!” Their mother panicked as she stood up and ran out the room, chanting spells and charms with her wand without the need to hide who she
The very next morning, the L/n’s stood in front of their fireplace, ready to head into Diagon Alley. Hidden doors and locks were revealed before they went to bed last night and were given strict instructions by their father that he had put up a spell so they wouldn’t be able to see it until they told them of their heritage, which he admitted thought would never happen, and that they shouldn’t touch anything within the doors unless they knew what they were doing and knew how to perfectly make potions.

Y/n stared at the raging fire crackle and pop as it devoured the fresh logs place in it. Her mother grabbed a handful of powder and stood near the fire. Her smile large and proud as her shoulders shook with anticipation.

With a flick of her and the charm’s incantation, the fires dies down until there was nothing but ash and soot. “We’ll be traveling by Floo Powder, all you have to do it grab a handful of the power, stand in the fire pit and say ‘Diagon Alley’. Remember to say it correctly or else you’ll end up somewhere unpleasant.” Their mother said, taking a handful of floo powder.

“Diagon Alley!” She said as she threw the power to her feet. Green fire burst from her shoes and quickly engulfed her, Y/n covered her face from the heat and took a hasty step back.

When she opened her eyes, she gasped. Her mother was nowhere to be seen.

“That woman...” her father muttered. “I will wait in diagonally and meet up with you and your mother in Diagon Alley.” He looked down at Josh, ruffling his hair. “It’s not that I don’t trust you lot, it’s for precaution.”

He grabbed a fistful of floo powder, stood where their mother stood just moments before and said:“Diagonally!” Before the familiar(yet new) green flames engulfed him from his feet to his head.

“......” the silence among the siblings was insufferable. Unsure what to do as they’ve been ditched by their parents with magic.

“Who goes first?” Joseph asked, nervously twisting the cuffs of his woolly sleeve. “Did we lock the doors and windows? I feel like we didn’t.”

“We did.” Josh said, grabbing the back of his collar and yanked him back. “Mom and Dad used a spell, charm, or whatever.” He shook his head, grabbing a fist full of floo powder and stood where their parents stood.

“Diagon Alley!” And threw it on the floor. The same thing happened, the same green flames and the same heat. Y/n’s nose wrinkled as she grabbed her own, stood where Josh had stood and looked up at Joseph.

“Papa will be waiting for either of us in diagonally, so make sure to say Diagon Alley, okay?” To say that she was nervous was an understatement. She felt the powder stick onto her palms due to the sweat that gathered, her shoulders and arms lightly shook—yet she tightly closed her eyes and shouted; “Diagon Alley!” Before throwing the powder onto the floor.

Second Person’s

Despite the green flames that nicked your clothes and skin, it wasn’t a excruciating pain. More of a
soft trickle like rain falling from the sky. You opened your eyes and gasped at the surroundings. It was one of those bar’s you’ve seen back at home with a bartender, early drinkers and dark wood tabletops.

“Y/n!” Your mother called, walking towards you with Josh quickly in her heel. Although he look uninterested, you knew that he excited to be here just as you were. All the emotion from last night had been slept off but being around many, many other magic users felt surreal. In the far corner, you could see a guy twirling his spoon with his wand as he read the daily news paper—the words and pictures moved like what you saw yesterday.

“Where is Joseph?” Josh asked, looking behind you as you finally stepped out of the overhead fireplace. You furrowed your eyebrows in confusion.

“I don’t know?”

“He’s probably with yo—”

The familiar green flames sparked to life, making you yelp loudly and jump out of the way as Joseph stepped out from the fireplace. A satisfied look over his features.

“...that was..nice.” He said albeit hesitantly, unsure how to describe the sensation of traveling via fire, or floo powder.

You grinned widely, taking your mother’s hands as she lead all of you out of the bar and into a very bustling street. Everyone barely touched each other’s shoulders, moving in a rhythm to get to one place to the other.

You heard your mother scowl above you, and you looked u pay her questionably. “Mom?”

“Monsters.” She hissed in destain. Pulling the three of you into another shop—you didn’t get to see the name of it, but there was papers and boxes(similar to the ones your parents had) stacked in alphabetical order and number.

“What’s wrong with monsters?” Y/n asked, a shiver crawling up her spine at the thought. The unserved monsters always gave her a scare, running to either her parents or brothers because of a nightmare about the one who lived underneath your bed.

“Everything.” She said. “We have been at war once— look, i’ll tell you went we’re back home. Right now we need to buy you three a wand and several other things for Hogwarts.”

You nodded slowly, shooting a questionably glance at your brothers. Josh only rolled his eyes and wandered to go look at the displayed wands while Joseph shrugged his shoulders and followed after his twin.

The small bell chimed upon someone else’s arrival. A male scooped your up into his arms and you had to fight off the startled scream—only to realize that it was your own father.

“The L/n’s!” A male spoke. A sense of familiarity in his tone as he addressed your parents (with additional you and your Brothers). “I’ve been wondering where you two had run off to.” He shook his head. “Offsprings of your own?”

“Yep.” Your mother grinned. “This is Josh, Joseph, and Y/n.” She said whilst pointing to the three of you, you in father’s arms and brothers near the window, outlooking to the busy street.

“Would the young lady like to try this one?” He said, looking through the columns before gingerly
pulling one out. He turned back to the family and placed the cover aside, handing it out for the youngest to take.

You pursed your lips to contain the excitement bubbling in your stomach as you reached over and picked it up.

“You pursed your lips to contain the excitement bubbling in your stomach as you reached over and picked it up.

You swallowed thickly, thinking back to the spells-charms? You mother did the night before.

Flick, say the charm or spell, easy.

You inhaled softly. “Lumos.” The tip of your wand flickered lightly before it practically jumped out of your hand. Your eyes widened as it clattered against the desk, rolling towards the edge. Before it could fall over, the shopkeeper picked it up.

“Oh, supposed not. How about....” he trailed, looking over the columns again. “This one. It’s made out of Pear Wood, about 11 inches in length and core is.. ” he trailed, shaking his head as he plucked it out from the box and handed it to you.

You held the handle. A soft tingly sensation spiking up your arm to your elbow. With a soft flick and the charm’s ‘Lumos’ The room lit up from the brightest source of light.

You immediately shut your eyes, reversing the charm the same way your father had done yesterday night.

“ahhh.” Ollivander nodded. “The wands choose whom they desire,” he said, packing away the box. “No one knows why or how. Although, I am curious.” He perked.

“The L/n’s have a long like of pureblood, yes?” He turned to look at your parents, when they nodded he turned back to you with a smile. “This wand was picked by Albus Dumbledore himself. The very feather of a phoenix.”

***********

Third Person’s.

After visiting Ollivanders and getting the wands, The L/n’s left to gather more necessary items provided by their Hogwarts letters. Black robes, they'll be given new ones along with the house they are sorted into, an owl (which Y/n had named Muddypud), and several books for classes that was listed.

It was dark by the time they arrived back home. The 11 year old quickly put down her things and chose to flop down on the couch with a groan.

Her mother dragged her everywhere possible. Anywhere that wasn’t touched by monsters or Muggles. She heard her say the two were a disgrace to the witchcraft and wizardry community—which reminds her...

“Mom, you said we were once at war with Monsters?”

The woman looked up from the various bags. Her eyebrows shot upwards. “Oh, right. I did say i’d
tell you about it, didn’t I?” She briefly glanced at her two sons. “Suppose you want to know, too.”

Joseph nodded eagerly, taking a hold of Josh’s hand and began to drag him to the couch where Y/n sat. (Father’s name) took the wands they purchased and left for his study, the one room he kept hidden for several years, as Magic to minors outside large magic schools were against the law and considered a felony.

Also wands shop who had the right regulations accepted by the high commands.

Or maybe Y/n is bullshitting herself and this is all a Dream. There is no monsters, no magic, no charm or spells, or the slim chance that she is actually going to become a witch.

She hoped this wasn’t a dream, that it was reality and she was going to live the best years of her life learning about magic, potions and spells, and many more things. Were there such things as creatures in the forest? Actual monsters under the bed?

“At the time, I was in my fifth year of Hogwarts. The Ministry of Magic had sent out a wide-spread news about Monsters murdering wizards and Witches alike. The whole Wizardry world was in a panic as a war brokered out after the result of a murder of a ministry member. Five long years of endless bloodshed, so much dust lingered in every surface. I thought Hogwarts had been safe, but there were monsters inside and they...” she turned her head and sighed. “They managed to get a professor and several students.” (Mother’s name) shook her head again.

“Anyways, shortly after 5 years, the war ended and the monsters were sealed underground by Dumbledore, Professor McGonagall And Professor Snape. All their hard work and they had been released by a child.”

Young Y/n gasped inwardly. Her hand covering her mouth. Josh and Joseph shifted uncomfortably next to her, both their hands intertwined with their sister as they all listened to their mother.

“The child had been taken to Azkaban and their retrial granted them a chance of freedom but under the condition that they may stay with Dolores Umbridge. I can’t say that she deserves it, that woman is incompetent and harsh.” She growled lowly. “The monsters fought hard for equal rights and only recently they’ve been granted that right as long as they stay in the Wizardry world and never interact with muggles under any circumstance.”

“The tension with Monsters and the Wizardry world is still very bad.” Their father said, entering the living room and sitting next to his wife. “And as purebloods, we mustn’t interact with the likes of them. Personally, I do not care for politics but if any of us are seen talking to monsters, it might tarnish the L/N name. Do you three understand? Stay away from those creatures.”

Y/n pursed her lips. Her eyebrows slowly knitting together in confusion. Her father, a total pacifist, was telling and saying means things about monsters. Her brothers besides her nodded their heads while they continued to stare at the floor, unsure of her decision to willingly accept it—sure they were at war once but that was a very long time ago. Maybe they changed and actually wanted a life without the war handing over their heads.

Despite her nod, she decided that she didn’t care about bloodline and status. She’s going to make friends with anyone whom she choses.

September 10. After riding the train four and three quarters, they arrived at a lake, in the middle of the lake was a large castle known as Hogwarts. The nervousness Y/n felt was great but she shoved
it down, holding onto her books and cage where Muddypud sat.

After taking a boat ride across, the students were filed into the Great Hall. Most of the students with coloured robes went to their respective tables while the black robes, the first years like herself, went to the table on the far corner.

The place was loud with excitable conversations, friends greeting one another after the long summer break.

“May I have your attention please,” an old man called. Voice filled authority and formal. Y/n straightened herself out and nervously tapped the thick table. Both brothers on either sides of her as everyone’s attention went to the—assumingly—headmasters and the professors that sat besides the large chair.

“First things first, Welcome to Hogwarts, First years!”

Chapter End Notes

want more? Good news! This will be a continuation! A side story, if you must. But it’ll only be on special chapters:^)

there is no Golden trio or Malfoy’s group. You’ll only see the professors and Dumbledore, but mostly it’s focused on you and the Skeleton bOIIIS

now important question TIME!

Out of six skeletons, who do you think belongs to which houses?
For an example, something like this!
It’s not official since I want to know your opinions!

**Slytherin:**
*Edge, Red.*

**Ravenclaw:**
*Sans, Stretch*

**Gryffindor:**
*Papyrus, Blueberry*
A day with Edge

Chapter Summary

Spending the day with Edge means disaster, right?

Chapter Notes

Oomph, this was supposed to come out last night but I fell asleep while writing it, thank god I used google docs *sobs*  

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The very moment you clocked out, Edge grabbed your wrist and dragged you out of the café. Leaving Stretch in the dust, brushing off the multiple glares from spiders and Muffet’s shout—as he lead you towards the parking lot.

“Wha-Edge!” You shouted, your free hand grasping his boney fingers around your wrist. Tripping over your own two feet but with the iron hold on your wrist saved you from falling over.

the ice underneath your shoes was concerning, the small puffs of heated clouds escaped your slightly ajar lips as you struggled to follow his pace pace. The chilly early winter are nipping away the warmth you’ve felt just moments ago.

“Edge-wait-” You heaved, successfully tearing your wrist from his hold and instinctively took a step back to lean forward, you hands on your knees as you tried to calm your frantic breathing.

Apples of your cheeks and the tip of your nose began to colour in red due to the chilly wind but you didn’t think much of you as you adjusted your jacket. Covering your hands and blew hot air in between them and rubbed together.

Edge tapped his foot against the sidewalk, arms crossed as he stared at you. “FINISHED?” He said.

“Hardly...” You muttered, swallowing a gulp of air and straightened up. Readjusting your jacket and sighed. “Now I am.”

However, before you could walk, someone grabbed your hand and gently, yet tightly, pulled you back. Wrapping their arms around your shoulder and waist as you went completely stiff—only to relax when you smelt the pastry sweets.

“Edge.” Muffet said as her bare purple arms tightened around you. Stretch blipped behind her which you knew because of the familiar spike of magic. “I’d appreciate if it You won’t—”

“I HAVE NO PLANS TO HURT HER, IDIOT.” Edge spat, walking over and yanked you out of her hold. Muffet scowled deeply, parts of her face dusting blue as she glared at Edge. “WE CAME TO AN AGREEMENT THAT SHE IS TO SPEND THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY
WITH ME.” His hold on your wrist softened as he stood protectively in front of you. “IF YOU’LL EXCUSE US, WE HAVE PLACES TO BE.”

Muffet huffed from behind you, her arms crossed over her chest as she glared heatedly at Edge. You sent her an apologetic smile. Stumbling lightly, you tried to match Edge’s long strides.

“Where are we going?” You asked, gaze on the ground to avoid slipping. Edge’s fast-paced strides slowed as he pulled you towards a parking lot.

“SHOPPING DISTRICT.” He said, letting go of your wrist and pulled a key from his pockets. You poured softly, nodding and quickly following him towards a sleek black lamborghini.

Mouth wide open in disbelief, you double took the vehicles surrounding Edge’s fancy shmancy Lamborghini, making them look poorer to comparison.

A huff came from Edge, instantly tearing your gaze from the vehicle and to him. “This is your ride!?”

“IT’S HARDLY ANYTHING.” He said, although his posture screamed prideful, like he was glad that you were surprised. You shook your head—it was the same Lamborghini as before.

“Hardly?” You breathed in disbelief as Edge slipped into the drivers seat, pushing the passengers side open and revived the engine. You shivered—from the cold and the shock—and slowly climbed in.

“Holy shit, where did you get the money?” You muttered, admiring the inside.

“GOLD. YOU HUMANS MADE A BIG DEAL ABOUT IT.”

With your mouth opened, you nodded absentmindedly. Fingertips lightly trailing against the stitching on the leather seats—self heating!

Unzipping your jacket, you laid it on your lap and leaned back. A small groan coming from you at the warmth the seat radiated.

“We will be getting new furniture for my room.” He said, backing out of the driveway and immediately made a beeline towards the highway. “EVERYTHING IN IT IS TOO BLAND, HARDLY UP TO MY STANDARDS.”

The nervousness you felt earlier melted away like snow on a warm day, gradually melting away the longer the sun shined on a clear day. Edge, when alone, wasn’t as bad—but you decided to keep your guard up until you were safely behind the door to your apartment.

“How high is your standards?” You asked. “I mean, if you think a Lamborghini is nothing, then—”

“My standards are very high.” He finished for you, making you purse your lips and nod.

The silence drawn on until Edge pulled up in a parking lot. Various other vehicles parked in opened places, some even double parking, with different colours and designs of cars. You lightly chuckled at the poorer state, the ones that had been abandoned.

Not noticing the side glance Edge was giving you as he parked. “We are here for a while. New mattress, sheets, lamps, fabric.. I have written
EVERYTHING DOWN ON MY CELLULAR DEVICE — I COULD SEND YOU THE LIST.” He said, taking out his phone in the glove compartment and switched it on.

A few clicks, he turned the phone to you expectantly. You blinked owlishly at the flip phone. “You... want us to split up?” You asked, carefully taking his phone.

Suddenly, it was yanked out of your touch as Edge shoved it into his jacket pocket. “NO. IT HAS DAWN TO ME THAT YOU NEVER CAME TO THIS PART OF THE CITY, HAVE YOU?”

You meekly shook your head — that’s right, because of your busy schedule, you hadn’t had the time to sightsee the city. You deflated slightly, suddenly aware of how much of a hermit you are compared to your friend. You still have yet to see the popular attractions of the city and where tourists usually go to ‘sightsee’, to see all the monsters in the streets and how different it was compared to any city overrun by humans and humans alone.

“...I haven’t had the time to explore.” You said, getting out the vehicle before Edge could say anything else. Unfortunately, he followed and looked over the roof.

“IF YOU’D ALLOW ME... May I Take You... O-On Some Popular Attractions?”

Your eyebrows shot upwards — was he-was he asking you on a date?

“NO, NOT ON A... DATE.” He spat upon your surprised expression. “I WOULD NOT STOOP SO LOW AS TO DATE A HUMAN.”

“I didn’t say anything.” You muttered, not planning to tell him you thought he was asking you on a date. You flinched when the door slammed shut.

Timeskip

Visiting stores after stores, Edge’s standards could honestly shove you off of a cliff. All the stores you had visited were made of the finest fabrics you’ve ever seen. One store (oddly, it had the name Muffet’s in the front.) had your favourite fabric, soft and slightly fuzzy on the inside and smooth and slick on the outside.

You didn’t see the owner of the clothing shop, but the familiar little spiders scattered away before you could ask. Maybe it was one of Muffet’s Sisters, the oldest one?

You lightly shook your head, following Edge into a paint section. Rows and rows of paint slips with the colours on them stacked neatly on the display case.

Near the place was a store filled with lamps, couches and living room furniture. You pursed your lips as Edge walked past the rows of colours and entered the shop. A soft sigh coming from you as you quickly followed after.

“HUMAN, I ACQUIRE A LAMP!” Edge shouted, taking out a folded paper from his inner pocket and showed the poor employee. You blew a small raspberry and chuckled, shaking your head and went to browse the items. Listing down what Edge might like and what you can criticize with him when the two of you left — throughout the day, you find yourself enjoying Edge’s company. Which was weird considering he’d yell or shout whenever you made the wrong assumptions, correct you if you went out of line and, most of all, would point out things you would
Often when leaving a store, Edge would criticize something he didn’t like in the store, like that ugly lamp.

You narrowed your eyes at the lamp. It was a woman, or what you thought it was. It was disfigured with the arms twisted the wrong way, her legs cross-crossed as she held lightbulbs on both of her palms and her head was the screw for another lightbulb. The protective piece around was completely see though, giving you a full view of... her hair? It was wrapped around the screw, her eyes shut with a crooked smile.

Wrinkling your nose, you took out your phone and snapped a photo. Snickering softly as you pocketed your phone.

scanning the room, you tipped toed to look over the shelves—a figure caught your eyes and a wide grin spread on your lips as you quickly maneuvered around the shelves and people.

“it’s you again.” You said greeting the monster with a small, hesitate, smile. He looked different from the last time she saw him — that was a month ago, at the Ambassador’s birthday party. The cracks lining up his sockets were more jagged with little chips here and there. The smile he had was pulled into a scowling frown.

You laughed nervously when he turned with his sockets widening softly. “Yeah.. I can still see you... uh, where did you go at the party?”

“............mis...taken..........” he said, crossing his arms over his chest. A gooey substance acted like a cloak over his shoulders—his turtle neck was blood red instead of the familiar ashy grey colour. Still, he held himself like he was an important piece in a chess game. That was familiar.

What caught you off guard was the sharp rows of teeth, similar to Red’s with the lack of a single golden tooth. You tilted your head slightly, trying to get a better view.

“What do you mean ‘mistaken’?” You asked, standing near him like you had done few weeks prior. Keeping your gaze over the rows of furniture. Edge in the far corner closely examining a lamp set.

“........mist...aken.......for.....a.....nother....” His voice was deep, very deep, and scratchy much like Edge’s but with a hint of poise and proper. You furrowed your eyebrows — he felt like the one you met before, was it possible that he was a different person? But he felt so familiar.

A mushy sound rises from the monster besides you, his shoulders jumping slightly as he chuckled.

“✡□◆ ■□ K u l ≈◆〇□■” He said. Lifting his hand — a missing palm — and ruffled your hair, although you winced because of his sharp phalanges scraping against your scalp. Taking a step back and cupping his hand in between yours, you examined his boney fingers. They were much thicker than the others, longer too. His phalanges were dangerously sharp like his amused grin, and the hole in the base of his hand was cracking.

He yanked his hand from your hold, a deep growl resigning from him as he took a sloshy step away from you.

“......fil...= än...... ◗....man.....” he hissed out in broken English. Switching from the language he spoke to the english language. Your eyebrows knitted together in confusion, what did he call you? Or, attempted to call you?
“Anyways...” You muttered, shifting your weight. “If you aren’t...the other one, who are you—and speak in English!”

The monster growled, sockets narrowed into a glare that reminded you of the first few times you had met Edge. Threatening and dangerous. Tensing up, you bit down on your tongue to stop the startled gasp.

If he wasn’t W.D, whom was kind and modest to you, then who was this guy? He reminded you of both Edge and Red. He screamed dangerous and hostile — and you were just getting that now!

Calm down, you thought internally. He can’t do anything to you with so many onlookers. He’ll get reported and have to answer to the human police and most of the Royal Guard.

“....please?” You say meekly through the tensed silence. The ever permanent scowl on his teeth only deepened as he scowled.

“.........Dings.........”

Unsure how to answer, you awkwardly purse your lips and nodded. Turning away while lightly nibbling on your bottom lip.

“Are you Edge and Red’s brother?” You asked, turning back to look up at Dings. His brown ones furrowed as he looked up at a yelling Edge who was pointing at two specific colours, red and crimson. You winced softly at the scared looking employee.

“.....Fa....ther....” he stared as if it was acidic on his bones. Shaking his skull, he rolled his blood red eyelights. “...they........are..................exper......iments.”

Your eyebrows shot upwards. Looking back at Dings with a newfound terror. If monsters could make more monsters, what did that mean for humanity? Was if they decided to wage war on harmless citizens for a crime no one remembers?

You barely knew the legend of Mt. Ebott, had almost next to nothing about actual monsters until they resurfaced after thousands of years in captivity no one knew of. Edge, at first glance, seemed the type to follow command without question. Maybe Dings was like that too?

Could you ask about it? How did he persevered life when Monsters were of Magic and literal dust?

“Oh...” what was the underground to you? You wanted to ask so badly but it felt like you were treading on thin ice around Dings, like he would snap with no remorse of your, or anyone’s, safety. He practically oozed self confidence what’s to say that it didn’t affect his magic?

None had used magic in front of you—other than that time in Muffet’s and it was just her and Stretch.

“What are boss monsters?” You has asked before you could stop yourself, idiotically thinking out loud. You completely stiffened when Ding’s scowl turned upwards into a malicious grin.

“........strong............mons......ters...” he said, pointing a long boney finger towards Edge. “☺︎♓︎♏︎◆︎□︎★★★★★ ”

He turned towards you, lowering his arm and grinned widely, a small gap between his sharp teeth before he pointed behind you. Furrowing your eyebrows, you turned around to see what he pointed at. Confused, you turned back to question Dings, only find out that he was no longer there.
“What’s the deal with skeletons and suddenly vanishing.” You muttered bitterly, crossing your arms and sighed in defeat. Pushing yourself from the lonesome corner and returning to Edge.

“THERE YOU ARE!” He snapped, holding two strips of paint. “WHICH COLOUR COMPLIMENTS ME?” He asked, holding the strip of red, poppy red, crimson and pink. The other was Black, Grey, and white. Both worked for him considering his ‘go-to’ outfit almost everyday. The tattered red scarf always tucked into a plain white tee or leather jack with a ‘bone to be wild’ stitched in the back with a skull.

You rose your eyebrow. “You’re asking me for my opinion?”

“YOU HAVE PROVEN TO BE USEFUL. FOR A HUMAN, ANYWAY.” He spat, narrowing his sockets at your sudden smug. “BAH, NEVERMIND, GO FETCH SOMETHING SUITABLE TO EAT. I EXPECT ONLY THE GREATEST.”

You rolled your eyes and plucked the red colours out of his hand. “The colour red might over achieve. Go for something minimalistic like black walls, grey silver lining and a white or black ceiling. Of course, you can used red lining instead of grey silver.” You shrugged your shoulders. “A matte finish would be nice, too.”

“Stupid monster fucker...” Someone uttered underneath their breath. Furrowing your eyebrows, you turned to the source.

A young male with messy ash blond hair, forest green eyes and fairly large eyebrows. His lips piled downwards into a scowl as he browsed through the slips of paint colours.

A small ‘click’ came from your side as Edge clenched his jaw. Turning away and examined the paint colours you had chosen with a thoughtful expression, although he was tensed and often glanced without turning his head to the blond male.

You bit your cheek, glancing at the male then sent an apologetic smile to Edge. “We should try other colours, too.” You pointed at the pastels. Fighting off a giggle at the crimson colour blooming on his skull.

“ABSOLUTELY NOT!” He growled, clenching the slip in his hand.

“Aw, you’d look nice in baby-” Suddenly stumbling forward, you managed to stop yourself from colliding with the wall. A surprised gasp came from you as you quickly took a step back from the messed up slips of paint colours.

“What is your problem?” You hissed lowly, turning your heel to scowl as best as you can to the blond male. He rolled his emerald eyes and huffed.

“People like you are the reason monsters run around freely, they should be shoved underground and forgotten again.” He muttered, pretending to mind his own business as Edge gently (??thats odd.) grabbed a hold of your wrist and pulled you behind him.

However, you continued to glare as he rolled his eyes at Edge. “You—”

“Shut Up, Y/n.” Edge said, surprising you once more with how soft his voice was. It reminded you of the time he dragged you onto the dance floor few weeks back, and the dare.

“IF YOU HAD THE BRAINS, YOU’D KNOW THAT THIS IS A MONSTER CITY.” Edge said, standing tall and glowing down on the messy blond. “ATTEMPTING TO CAUSE A
SCENE IN A MONSTER SHOPPING DISTRICT IS LOWER THAN POOR. I SUGGEST YOU SHUT YOUR TRAP AND LEAVE HER AND I ALONE BEFORE I REPORT YOU TO THE ROYAL GUARD.” He lowered to his height, which was funny because all Edge had to do was lean forward. “AS A FORMER ROYAL GUARDSMEN, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT THEY WOULDN’T TAKE ME LIGHTLY.”

Edge bought his hand up, hovering over the male’s cheek as if he’d penetrate the soft skin and pierce a hole.

“GOT IT, HUMAN?”

Chapter End Notes

I like to think that each Skeleton-Bros have different origin stories. Like, they are basically classic Sans and Paps, but they’re different. For an example, I like to think that Red and Edge were experiments to Dings(??) success upon harvesting a regular monster’s soul and converting it via sciency crap, much like how Alphys tried to do with DT.

Another example could be with the classics. They were literal offsprings to Gaster and some other female skeleton before the war—she had papyrus after the war but died because she was weak and her HP lvl was low because it takes a lot of pressure in a monster’s, especially a skeleton’s, soul to birth a new offspring.

With Swap!Bros? Well, we don’t know until he is introduced!

More Edge next chapter:)
Six Skeletons (Pt1)

Chapter Summary

*Edge is a Tsundere, Sans wants to watch a meteor shower with you and Red’s acting.. weird*

Chapter Notes

Rated 18+ because of Red>:|

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Edge!” You gasped, pulling him back. The blond stumbled backwards, eyes filled with terror as he stared at Edge.

A satisfied huff came from the skeleton monster as he turned his nose ridge up and left. You frowned and took a step forward.

”i’m so-” before you could apologize, Edge came back and began pulling you along.

“DON’T EVEN THINK I WAS DOING IT TO PROTECT YOU.” Edge snapped after walking away from the store, still tightly grasping your hand in his as he dragged you further and further away from the blond male as much as possible. “AS THE FORMER CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL GUARD, I CANNOT HAVE SOME PATHETIC HUMAN SMEAR MONSTER KIND.”

You purse your lips, slowly prying his fingers from your wrist. You didn’t catch the look of hurt before he turned his skull.

“It’s fine, some humans are shitty like that.” You say, walking besides Edge in a content pace. Everything he needed were already paid for and was going to be delivered within the week.

Edge grumbled besides you. Crossing his arms and rolled his small crimson pinpricks. “ALL HUMANS ARE TERRIBLE.”

“...what about me?” You asked reluctantly. Pointing your fingers together as you moved forward. When Edge didn’t say anything, you pursed your lips and forced your hands to your side.

“ESPECIALLY Y-YOU.” He forced out. Grumbling under his breath about something you couldn’t quite hear.

“Then why did you tag me along? You could have came here by yourself...” You muttered, heart plunging to your stomach. Did he really have an alternative motive to get you away from the others? Feeling your arms tense up, you deliberately took a step away from him, keeping your gaze forward as if you were a military trainee on the first day.
He scoffed besides you as he stopped his pace, you stopped a few steps in front of him. The nervousness you felt the very day you met him came rushing back tenfold. What’s where you doing here? Edge clearly said he didn’t like you—that you were worse than racist humans. What level did that make you?

Chomping down on your lip, you tried your hardest to fight back the tears as every negative thought rushed through you at an alarming pace. Pushing your further and further towards the black hole that threatened to pull you in.

“LISTEN TO ME BECAUSE I AM NOT GOING TO SAY THIS AGAIN!” Edge shouted, stomping towards you—and for a second, you saw Stretch.

Stumbled backwards with a gasp, you quickly shut your eyes. Waiting for the doom that was bestowed on you. What was he going to do? Throw you over the balcony? Hold you up by your throat again?

Was he going to kidnap you?

Your eyes shot open in surprise at the gentle touch on your cheek. Dull, yet sharp, phalanges tracing circles on the softest parts of your cheek. Your attention on Edge’s soft look, his glaring sockets were long gone and were replaced with soft edges much like Papyrus’, his scowling mouth was replaced with a (as much as he could) soft smile.

“You Aren’t Like Any Human I’ve Encountered. They Are Bland And Boring While You Continue To Surprise Me In More Ways Than One.” He said softly, although his voice was still hoarse and deep, you felt shivers running up your spine as the nervousness slowly melted away. The image of Stretch no longer present as Edge took a step back, granting you your personal bubble once again.

“ALTHOUGH YOU ARE MUCH LESS INFURIATING THAN THE REST OF YOUR INCOMPETENT SPECIES.” He screeched, the base of his skull glowing a crimson hue.

A few humans from said ‘incompetent species’ glared at Edge, making their way around the two of you and continued on.

Heart race slowing, you blinked owlishly before the familiar smug smile appeared on your lips, the words settling in slowly. Edge suddenly looked regretful as you leaned forward.

“Was that a compliment?”

“I TAKE IT BACK. YOU ARE THE DEFINITION OF TERRIBLE.” He shouted, pushing past you and towards the food court.

“But aren’t you the Great and Terrible Papyrus? Does that make me your second in command?” You asked, quickly lining your steps with his larger ones as he attempted to ditch you behind, you were jogging at this point.

A crimson colour reappeared on his skull as he abruptly turned a corner, trying to ditch you once more—although, before you could follow, he turned again and quickly darted down the narrow hall.

You stopped, blinking twice before bursting out in heartfelt laughter.

Edge fled to the men’s bathroom!
Sitting near a plastic plant, scrolling through social media mindlessly while waiting for Edge to return from the bathroom, you snickered softly. Humming a tune you heard over the radio and looked up upon hearing footprints.

"You took your time." You day, fighting off a stupid grin.

Edge growled lowly, his arms crossed over his chest as he continued without you. You laughed softly, pocketed your phone and immediately went after him.

The two of you, with Edge leading, went to the food court. Your eyes wandered from one venue to the other, wondering if you were in a mood for Chinese, Korean or simple American KFC.

However, before you could decide, Edge grabbed your wrist and pulled you towards the nearest exit. You furrowed your eyebrows in confusion, a strange ‘aw’ coming from you as you glanced at your choice of food longingly. Perhaps next time.

"SHOPPING DISTRICT FOOD COURT IS BARELY ACCEPTABLE. WE WILL GO EAT DINNER ELSE WHERE." He said, pushing the door open and walked through the parking lot with no remorse of his action. You apologized quickly to the honking car, frowning softly as you approached the Lamborghini.

"We? Edge, you can just take me back to Muffet’s, i’ll eat when I get—” he cut you off.

"NO. YOU ARE TO ACCOMPANY ME TO...” Edge squinted. “EVALUATE A HUMAN-BASED RESTAURANT.”

You rose your eyebrow, watching Edge enter the drivers side. Why couldn’t he just say he wanted to hang out with you? It’s so weird that he’s beating around the bush instead of coming upfront.

Perhaps you’re just looking way into this? And that he actually wants to evaluate a restaurant—for all you knew, he could be a health inspector or something.

“WELL?” He said impatiently, tapping the tips of his phalanges on the steering wheel. Licking your teeth, you nodded softly, pulling open the door and slipped in.

“Wha—”

“NO INQUIRIES, NO SMALL TALK. WAIT UNTIL WE ARRIVE.”

You immediately shut you mouth, nodding silently as he left the parking lot and went further and further away from the Mall.

Watching several buildings past by, you shoved your hands into your pockets and slouched as much as you could with the seat belt wrapped around you.

Fifty minutes passed and you were still trying to find a comfortable position to sit. Somehow, sitting straight wasn’t comfortable for you. The leather seating often made sounds when you moved, so you tried to move as slowly as you could, trying to keep silent as Edge said to—not in those words but he basically told you to shut up, right?

You sighed softly, giving up.

“...ARE YOU JUST A STUDENT?” He asked reluctantly. His grip on the steering wheel as he finally pulled up into another parking lot.
You pursed your lips. “Uh, no? Kinda? I work at Muffet’s and Phantom Restaurant.” You say, unbuckling yourself and slipped out.

Edge nodded, not saying anything else as he lead you towards the overhead cover, the words Todoroki’s Family Restaurant in red lettering greeting you as you entered shortly after Edge. He held the door for you.

“EDGE ARES. TABLE FOR TWO.”

The lighting was dimmed with a hint of red, the furniture within was either black, white or grey. Booths lined up against the wall with several tables scattered around the floor each having Red and pink roses as decoration.

The woman smiled at Edge, looking through the clipboard and nodded her head. “This way, please.”

You pursed your lips, immediately going to Edge’s side Nd pulled him back. You gaze on the waitress before looking up at Edge.

“What are we doing?” You whispered, tugging his arm lightly almost desperately.

“NOTHING. THIS IS NOT A DATE!” He said, the familiar crimson colour blooming in his skull. His sockets narrowed slightly at you. “DO NOT GET THE WRONG IDEA.”

You let go, nibbling on your bottom lip nervously. If he was a health inspector, was this an undercover job? Somehow, you felt like you’ve been cheated on. A small huff came from you as you nodded. Slipping on the chair opposite from where Edge sat. Everything reminded you of Phantom restaurant, except everything was in monochrome colours with hints of red, yellows and oranges as accents.

You hummed softly, noticing that there were more humans than monsters (probably six or so).

“Would you like anything to drink?” The Waitress asked, her smile poised and grand, like they were paying her to act chipper. You smiled softly, relating to her in some ways.

“Iced-”

“WINE, FOR THE BOTH OF US.” Edge cut you off again, making you huff silently and nodded at the waitress, giving her a reassuring smile when she shot you a concerned look.

“I’ll go get your beverages while you select, alright?” She grinned once more, pushing her concerns for you away and walked off.

Your phone buzzed in your pocket just as you were going to talk. Another sigh coming from you as you took it out—realizing at you were being rude, you quickly shoved it back into your pocket—suddenly feeling underdressed compared to the extravagant decor.

“So uh,” You say after an awkward second. “You know what I do, what do you do?”

Edge visibly perked up, a calculating gaze before he slumped back, crossing his arms over his chest and lightly tapped the side of his skull, just barely over his high cheek bone.

“NIGHT GUARD DUTY FOR A LOCAL HOSPITAL.” He said, shaking his head and straightened himself out. “IT ISN’T LIKE MY OLD JOB, BUT IT PAYS THE BILLS. OR,
“Better yet, what I acquire to pay for.”

“Sans said you all lived in the same place, right?”

He hummed, nodding his head. “Although, my brother and I have an apartment away from the mansion. Could you imagine living with those bumbling idiots for a long period of time?” He growled sourly.

“I’m sure it isn’t too bad.” You forced a laugh, silently praising the waitress who decided to come at that very moment.

“You don’t live there, you have no idea.” He said sharply, completely ignoring the waitress as she poured two glasses of cherry red wine. He gingerly picked up, swirled it in the glass before taking a testing sip.

You bit on your tongue, taking the other and did the same thing. The slight burn caused you to recoil—as you never really drank alcoholic beverages.

“Give us a few minutes to decide.” Edge waves off the waitress, making you frown softly.

“Please and thank you.” You added sweetly, the tired look on her face brightened softly at your words. Pocketing her pen and went to serve another table.

Picking up the menu, you scanned the items and immediately shut it close. Eyes wide with slight terror as Edge scanned the foods.

“These are expensive!” You hissed lowly, glancing over towards the waitresses and waiters on the floor. “Seriously, let’s just go get fast food or—”

“I only eat the best of the best. Fast food has grease and all sorts of unhealthy things in them. Not to mention, they are bad for humans.” He said pointedly, narrowing his sockets at you and continued to search for his pick.

You could practically feel your wallet and bank account crying from being depleted.

You sighed softly, picking up the menu again with more remorse. You’ll have to burn through your savings with how expensive the food was here. Even Phantom Restaurant didn’t dig into your bank account like this.

You heard Edge sigh loudly in front of you. “If you are so worried about money then pick whatever you want. I’ll pay for it, but I expect a favour in return.”

Twisting your tongue in your mouth. “Alright. But I’m not kissing anyone.” You say, flipping through the laminated papers. Hearing Edge scoff before closing the menu.

Checking the cheapest thing, your shoulders slumped lightly. The only cheapest thing was a salad. It didn’t sound appetizing as ribs or a steak, but you weren’t going to let Edge’s wallet suffer because of it.

“If you want, you can have the lasagna.”

“Or spaghetti.” You say, thinking about Papyrus—when was the last time the two of you cooked
together? You winced softly at the broken promise of ‘cooking every week’ with the skeleton. Hopefully, he would understand. Maybe you could make it up with him by cooking him a full meal this week.

“NO. DON’T THINK OF ANYONE ELSE,” Edge said upon seeing the fondness in your eyes. To Edge, it was obvious who you were think about upon suggesting the spaghetti. An unknown feeling tugged at his soul and he immediately forced it out.

You blinked owlishly. Laughing nervously and waved the air in front of your face. “I’m sorry... i’ll Just have the ribs—u-unless it’ll be too weird.”

“WHY WOULD IT BE WEIRD?”

“Well uh,” You flushed, looking at his chest and tightly shut your eyes, the tips of your ears burning in embarrassment as a small unknown noise came from you. “N-nevermind, i’ll Just have the steak, yeah. Medium rare...”

Upon exiting the Restaurant, you felt full and ready to retire for the night. The sun had gone down half an hour ago, painting the skies a beautiful pink, purple/blue colour. Whilst eating, Edge did small talk. Mostly about you and what you did on your free time, what you liked to listen to and what you wanted to be.

Your responses were small and short, but sometimes you’d talk nonstop until he told you that you were rambling in that same, confusing, soft tone he’d use on you.

You weren’t sure what to compare it to, since it was.. well, confusing. Edge was confusing and moreso kind of.. comforting in a way.

The terrifying streak he had was still up, though. Throughout the dinner you had let your guard slip knowing that Edge really did not appose any harm towards you. A simple hang out with a friend.

At some point in the dinner, you had managed to get a few things about Edge. His thoughts and what he did other than night guard duty at a hospital. He didn’t say much, though. Just shorten answers or completely avoided a question.

Entering to Lamborghini, you buckled yourself in wordlessly. Fiddling with the buckle for a second before sighing once Edge had closed his door. He glanced at you with a raised brow bone. “I had fun.” You say, unsure how to finish that sentence. Other than that blond male, the day was.. not terrible. Edge wasn’t as scary as you thought he originally was. He just needed a chance to redeem himself—not that your nervous habit would go away with a snap of your finger. God, wouldn’t that be easy?

All your anxieties and worries would disappear with a simple snap. But no, this was the real world and you had to deal with your feelings like everyone else on this planet.

But still, Edge had put himself in a new light. No longer flickering or dim, a bright light that gave comfort and a homey feeling. Despite how he looked, of course.

You glanced at Edge, a soft smile on your lips as you leaned back and patted your stomach. “We should probably do it again— how about everyone comes over on thanks—”

“WE’RE ALL BUSY ON THANKSGIVING.” He quickly cut you off, reviving the engine and driving away from the restaurant. You waited for him to evaluate but he didn’t.
“Uh, why?” You asked, raising your eyebrow. When he gripped the steering wheel tighter, you leaned away with your lips pursed. Was he going to do something?

“FAMILY OUT OF TOWN ARE VISITING. THEY ARE EVEN MORE LESS TOLERABLE THAN THE REST OF THE BUFFOONS I LIVE WITH.” He said begrudgingly upon seeing your reaction and forced himself to loosen his hold on the wheel.

You phone buzzed in your pocket, glancing at Edge to see if he had anything else to input but he had waved you off. Stopping at a red light.

You fished out your phone and typed in your passcode, pulling up your messenger as another speech bubble appeared.

[SANSational bud]

9:36 PM: there is a meteor shower happening tomorrow! want to watch it with me? got a nice telescope!

9:44PM: ur prob busy, but i wnt u 2 b there, gotta tell u sumthing 2.

11:45PM: y/n? U there?

You cringed at the text talk, lightly shaking your head with a small smile on your lips.

[XXX]

Here! Sorry, I was out with a friend. We were eating and it’s rude to be on your phone—also, i’d like to watch the shower with you!

Almost immediately Sans texted back, the small speech bubble turning into a rant about everyone not liking astronomy, and that he was ‘literally crying’ that you agreed to come with him. Rolling your eyes, you chuckled softly and typed your reply.

[XXX]

if you cry, I cry:(

[SANSational bud]

If u cry, paps’ll cry, then I will cry mor

[XXX]

if papyrus cries, i’ll cry, kill myself, then cry more about everyone crying.

[SANSational bud]

If u kill yourself, i’ll learn necromancy and revive u then cry about u living:}

You laughed softly, wrinkling your nose at the odd conversation about crying and necromancy. Rolling your eyes as you checked your surrounding. Everything looked different from the other side but it was still familiar.

Edge glanced at you for a second before returning to the road. “WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?”
“Sans, he wants to see a meteor shower tomorrow night.” You say, scrolling up on the messages and laughing softly again.

“The temperatures are dropping, make sure your warm enough—not that I care. You can get frost bite for all the non fucks I have.”

You rolled your eyes, shaking your head slightly. A small ‘okay’ coming from you as you returned to your phone.

[XXX]

OwO, what’s dis?

What.

The.

Actual.

FUCK!

Before you could have the chance to backspace, you accidentally send it when Edge ran over a speed bump. Your heart dropping to your stomach as you screamed and slammed your phone underneath your thigh—the vehicle served slightly at your scream and Edge snapping his gaze towards you accusingly once he straightened out on the road. Ignoring the honk and swears from another driver.

“What the hell’s wrong with you?!” He bellowed, a low growl underneath his tone. You, however, was way to embarrassed to take notice as you slouched. No caring that the leather belt was digging into your stomach as you squealed and groaned.

Feeling your phone buzz, you snapped back up. Face cherry red with your gaze on the road. Refusing to look at your phone any longer.

“This is how I die. Do me a favour and drop me off at home, tell Sans not to learn necromancy, thanks.” You say, leaning on the window and stuck out your tongue. Pretending to be dead while Edge continued to drive towards your apartment building, although, now worried. Not that he’ll ever say that to you.

The next day, you found yourself at the rooftop of your building. Looking up at the clear night sky. A small pout on your lips as you tightened the thick blanket around your shoulders. Teeth chattering slightly as you watched Sans set up his telescope. A meteor shower was happening tonight and Sans wanted you to see it with him because the others weren’t interested in astronomy—which he had ranted for five minutes about last night.

Unlike last night, tonight’s sky was clear with zero clouds. giving you a full view of the sky and the twinklings stars. You stared at the moon, a soft smile on your lips as you giggled. Covering the bottom parts of your face from the cold. Sans paused for a second to glance back at you with a raised eyebrow ridge before returning to carefully set up his telescope.

"Hey, Sans." you called, trying to fight back a stupid smile. trying to keep your voice leveled as he turned to look at you once more, showing that you had his full attention. It took you a minute to
stop giggling, thinking about the joke alone made you want to burst into loud laughter despite the cold nipping away your bodily warmth.

"H-How do you know when the moon's going broke?" You asked, pointing up at the moon. Sans looked confused, looked up at the moon then back.

"how?"

Instead of hiding your glee, you laughed: "When its' down to the last quarter!"

“so uh, people are callin’ the shower a winter icicle.” Sans said, barely containing his giggles.

“Winter...icicle?” You asked, a puff of white air appearing in front of your face before dissolving, your cheeks were starting to hurt but you didn't care.

“winter icicle.” He repeated, taking a step back from the telescope and nodded. He glanced at you, the corners of his grin falling at how cold you looked.

“oh geez, i forgot ‘bout human skin and weird temperature thing.” He said, running his bony hand through the crown of his skull. A chuckle coming from him.

“I’ll be fine, a little cold never hurt anyone.” You say, tightening the blanket around you and covered your mouth, blowing hot air into it.

“y/n, we don’t gotta watch the shower. more will happen next year on a warmer weather.” He said, going to your side and rubbed the small of your back comfortingly.

You stubbornly shook your head. “No, you were excited about this since yesterday. We’re watching it and you’re going to like it.” The stern in your voice made Sans’ sockets widen. A disbelief look in his eye lights before he turned his head, his palm slapped over his closed sockets as his shoulders shook. Trying to stop himself from laughing.

You narrowed your eyes, trying to keep the stern visible but when he glanced at you, he burst out laughing again. You shook your head and leaned against him, laying your head on his shoulder.

“Besides, you like astronomy. It’ll take a while for the next meteor shower to happen.” You said, eyeing the telescope. A sudden blue glow caught your eye and you turned your head to look at the blue flush over Sans’ face. He had a hand over his teeth, looking away with his sockets tightly shut as if trying to silence himself.

You blinked owlishly then smiled softly, leaning back to stare up at the sky and the twinkling stars.

All thoughts left your head as you continued to stare and appreciate the starry sky. All your worries faded the longer you stared, trying to count the amount of stars in tonight’s sky even though you knew it was impossible. A soft content sigh came from you, a puff of white appeared and disappeared the next.

“I like the stars.” You say after a short while. The soft blue glow at the corner of your eyes slowly fading. “I only know the Big Dipper though.” You laughed softly, lowering your gaze from the sky to the ground.

“that one,” Sans spoke up, leaning towards you with his chin hovering over your shoulder as he pointed above. “is perseus, the one next to it is. . .”

And just like that, Sans began to point out each constellation to you. Lining up the dots for you and
even pointed at visible planets. He suddenly stood up, took your hand through the blanket and pulled you towards the telescope.

First he looked through it and lined it and took a step back, telling you to look through it and tell him what you saw.

A sharp gasp came from you at the rings around Saturn. “They really do look like the ones in cartoons.” You say without thinking, lightly pushing the telescope left to see other stars up close.

A bright star zoomed past the telescope, making you gasp once more and look up at the sky. The telescope now forgotten as you watched meteorites pierce through the atmosphere for a split second before disappearing.

“Wow..” You whispered.

Completely unaware of Sans’ lingering gaze on you instead of the meteor shower he was excited about.

“wow...”

half an hour later, less and less meteorites zoomed by. Soon, it was the end of the shower and you were no longer a shivering mess. Slipping the blanket off of your shoulders, your stood up and stretched your arms over your head. A shiver crawling up your spine as Sans stood up.

“Let me help you pack it up, then we can go downstairs and drink hot cocoa and.. Disney marathon?” You say, walking towards the telescope you two had left in favour of the blanket you had folded and placed in on the spot you sat. Biting your tongue, you smiled softly when SAN nodded his head wordlessly, carefully taking apart his telescope and placing the pieces in the bag carefully.

“the other thing i wanted to talk to you about was, uh, ‘bout thanksgiving.” Sans said, zipping the bag close and clipped the two sides together. Taking out his phone and placed it into inventory. How? You weren’t sure. Monster phones were strictly for monsters.

“oh?” You raised your eyebrow. “Whose coming to town?” You asked, the corners of your lips curling as you pulled open the door, the cool metal slightly stinging your skin. Sans grabbed the blanket you used and walked past.

“no one?” He sounded unsure, looking over his shoulder towards you for a brief second before turning away. You furrowed your eyebrows in confusion. Didn’t Edge say a few family members were coming out of town?

“anyways. we’ll be busy with important things that week....family stuff, yenno?” He shrugged, pressing the elevator button and shifted his (almost?) weight to one leg to the other. Lightly tapping his legs.

“Am I allowed to guess?” You ask as the doors slide open. Taking a step inside, you pressed your floor level and sent him a sly smile. He rolled his white eyelights.

“nah, if you manage to guess correctly, it would be awkward.” Sans shrugged his shoulders again, looking up at the numbers on top of the door.

You bit your bottom lip.

“uh, also.. maybe block our numbers? the ones you have, anyways.” His voice was nervous, his
gaze lowered as if he was expecting a bad reaction. Chewing on your bottom lip, you nodded, turning your head away with a silent sigh. Why did it feel like he was breaking up with you?

“Why? If you don’t mind me asking.”

“some of us... have already grown attached to you. it’s uh, it’s bad.”

Nervously tapping your fingers together, you felt your heart drop to your stomach. What was he saying? That it was a bad thing to be so close to you? Or was it something unrelated and—and you was overthinking this.

Inhaling softly, you exhaled and nodded. Remembering Hannah’s words about your train of thought, if it goes negatively; cut it off. Keep your head high and keep going.

Licking your lips, you glanced at the mirror on the side. Sending your reflection a smile just as the elevator doors opened. Sans took a step out first with you following closely. Passing identical doors, you stopped at yours and fished out the apartment key.

Opening the door, kicking off your shoes and pushing them against the wall. Waving a hand towards the direction of the living room. “Pick a disney movie and i’ll make the hot cocoa.”

Sans shut and locked the door behind him.

Whilst getting out the mugs, you slowed. Harshly biting down on your bottom lip as you thought over his words again. Your curiosity and anxiety fighting.

What did he mean about that? Was he trying to get rid of you? What if he was? Would it hurt to ask or would he think you were being clingy? Twisting your tongue, you shook your head. Running your hand through your hair and lightly slapped your cheeks. If they were playing you, Edge wouldn’t have given you the time of day. Much less the whole evening with just the two of you together. Heating up the milk, you stared at the mugs.

They were cute matching Halloween mugs your friend bought a week before Halloween, it was like the mugs you two had of your drawings but instead of that, these were pumpkins, spiderwebs and several other witchy decorations.

"i never watched disney." Sans said, walking into the kitchen with a sheepish, almost guilty, grin. He frowned once he saw your expression, immediately going to your side. His hand ghosting over your back. "hey... are you okay?"

Blinking twice, you looked up from the counter and smiled unconvincingly "yeah, why-why wouldn't I be?"

"cause the milk is boilin’ over.” He said, shutting off the stove top. “are you okay?”

Nooded quickly, you picked up the oven mitt and picked up the pot, pouring the heated milk on each mug. Placing it back down and grabbed the hot chocolate from the cabinet. Sans plucked it from your hold, blocking your view from the mugs as he stood in front of them. Looking at you expectantly.

You frowned. “Okay, Okay.. i’m-” You shook your head, closing your eyes and lowered your head. “It is really bad that any of you are comfortable with me?” You whispered.

“that’s..that’s not what I meant, y/n.” Sans said quickly, putting the small container on the countertop. “...” he sighed deeply. A blue flush dusting over his cheeks as he thought over his
words.

You marvelled at the blue hue, guiltily liking the colours that represented their magic flush their faces like this. Sans coughed awkwardly, covering the bottom half of his face and turned his face away.

“oh, okay. uh, it’s, uhm.” He stumbled, unsure how to explain the week long situation. “It-uh, it’s different for some of us. me, mostly.” He said, the blue flush growing in colour—from royal blue to a navy blue. Small beads of sweat lingered on his temple.

“ok. monster heat.” Was all he said, avoiding your eyes and opted to stare pointedly at the kitchen floor. Face growing even more blue, illuminating a soft glow in the darkest spots in the kitchen.

Your eyebrows furrowed. “Monster heat?” You repeated. Somehow, Sans got even more blue.

“heh, yeah.. it’s uhm, most monsters go through every few months....” he trailed, pulling his hood over his skull and pulled at the strings. “can we no talk about it? i’ll tell you later...” he practically whined.

The corners of your lips perked upwards. “Sure,” you agreed, bumping your hip with his. “But i’m asking the others about it if you don’t.”

He groaned loudly while you bursted out laughing.

Timeskip

Sans had ended up sleeping over that night. One too many cups of hot chocolate knocked him out on the third movie, you tried watching the rest of it but at the end you fallen asleep with a piece of marshmallow stuck to the corner of your mouth.

Sans had left long before you woke up, a sticky note attached to your forehead; i’m choco-late for work. see ya later -sans.

It was now the last day of working and tomorrow was only day of the week that you got to lay around and basically do nothing for the whole day. Worry about life the next day and to just live in the moment where you could do anything without much work. No homework, no ridiculous working hours, and no disturbances from the outside world within your little wrapped up blanket.

Tonight at Phantom Restaurant, however...

“Hello, I’m Y/n and I’ll be your waitress tonight.” You say with a standard smile. The little notepad and pen in your hands as you smiled at the small family of four. Two girls and two fathers.

Your chest tightened slightly, mentally holding back an ‘aww’ at the cute sight. “Would you like some time deciding on what to eat?” You say through a more genuine smile.

The married couple glanced at each other and nodded. The one with freckles spoke up. “Yes, thank you. Could we get some water, too?”

“Can..can I have orange juice?” The little girl asked cheekily, smiling up at you and nudging her sister back with a small frown. The other girl giggled.

“I’ll have apple juice!”
Feeling your chest tighten once more, you silently inhaled then smiled and nodded. “Alright, I’ll be right back!”

You turned your heel in a practice manner, making sure your shoes didn’t click too loudly as you pushed through the double-sided doors and down the hallway towards the kitchen. Grabbing a cold bottle of water, poured it into glasses and made sure to throw it into the recycling bin, grabbing the freshly made orange and apple juice and added ice.

You sighed softly, completely unaware of Hannah searching the floor and the tables you worked at. Placing the glass cups on the black circular tray, you shoved your notepad in your pocket and walked back out. Completely missing Hannah as you walked past while her back was turned.

Returning to the family of four, you placed the glass cups in front of them. Putting the tray in between your arm and waist and took a step back. Bowing your head at the family before returning to another table you worked at. This time, it was a family of three. A wife, a husband, and… you avoided looking too much to not come off as rude, they were either non-binary, fluid or transgender.

To be polite, you interacted with them as well.

“Hi, is everything going on okay?” You asked, noticing the sour looks on their parent’s faces. Biting your cheek, you felt your heart quicken.

They shook their head. “No, it’s fine.” They sighed softly upon seeing your reaction. “They aren’t thrilled that I took the foreign exchange program.”

A small ‘ooh..’ came from you, shaking your head and smiled sweetly. “Anything else I could get you?”

They wrinkled their nose, shaking their head and laughed softly. “The cheque, please.”

You nodded, bowing once again and walking towards the front — Hannah grabbed your arm, pointing at a waitress by the wall and gestured her to take your place. Snatching your notepad from your hands, you furrowed your eyebrows in confusion as she practically shoved the items onto the woman’s hands wordlessly, spun you around and pushed you towards the back.

“Hannah?” You whispered, the double doors rocking silently as you looked back, enough to see the confusion and slight hurt from the two fathers and their daughter’s faces before it stopped swinging. Biting down on your lip, you slowed your pace, letting Hannah drag you further into the back with small curses and giggles coming from her mouth.

Were you in trouble? You did everything by protocol, by the book, was it because you talked to the person? Did you perhaps misgendered someone? Are you paying for it by having the sweetest, most kindest — oh.

Sitting on the floor near the steps, clutching a bottle of the kitchen’s mustard was Red. Singing deeply at the bottle as if it was an actual living thing. You blinked owlishly, unsure how to react.

“I’m..I’m not fired?” You asked, looking at a grinning Hannah. Although, her grin fell when you spoke up.

“What? Honey no! He had shown up out of the blue, holding a firewhiskey bottle, walked into the kitchen without being seen, took the mustard bottle and came to sit out here, singing.” She explained while frantically gesturing to Red. Whom had stopped singing to squirt a generous amount of mustard into his translucent bright red tongue.
Wrinkling your nose and shivered, you shook your head and sighed. “How do you know if he knows me or not?” You whispered, cupping your mouth from his view. Not that he noticed that you were standing directly behind him.

Hannah rolled her eyes. “He said your name thrice. First one was a mistake, the second time was on purpose and the third time was a charm.” She said, holding up three fingers and pushed each down as she counted off.

Laughing nervously, you scratched your cheek and glanced at a drunk Red. How did he get drunk? He didn’t have any nerves — what was a firewhiskey? “Uhm, maybe he meant someone else?”

She gave you a deadpanned look. “He came to this restaurant specifically, raided our refrigerators for mustard, and called your name out three times while bellowing out a song, don’t tell me he meant someone else when you’re the only Y/n working here.” She pokes your shoulder, no longer caring that the door was opened and your coworkers could hear every word she said.

Flushing in embarrassment, you sighed softly and nodded. “What do I do?”

“What else? Take him home. Let him sleep on your couch tonight.” Hannah said as if stating the obvious. She rolled her eyes at your worried expression and patted your head, you wrinkle your brow and leaned away.

“Don’t worry that little head of yours. This will come out of your paycheque, just the mustard though. I’ll have you covered.” She said, semi-circling you and patted your back. “Don’t worry about changing, too. I’ll make sure no one touches your stuff.” And slipped your phone, charger and keys into your pocket before closing the door with a loud ‘bang’.

Red turned around, sockets narrowed into a glare. You looked at the door then back at Red, a forced smile on your lips as you sighed deeply.

“C’mon, you can stay at the apartment today.” You say, walking towards him and took the firewhiskey from his iron hold. Examining the bottle — it was a dim glowing purple swirl with a strong alcoholic, yet sweet, smell.

“don drink it-” Red growled, trying to snatch it back but stumbled forward instead. If you didn’t have his arm over your shoulder, he would have face-planted onto the pavement and would have needed another golden tooth.

“You had enough, Red.” You said and began to pull him towards the employee’s parking space, towards your vehicle.

“heh, tha view ‘ere ain’t pretty bad.” Red said, disoriented red eye lights scanning up and down your body as you pushed him onto the passenger’s seat, hard.

“wha-!? watch it, sweetcheeks!” He bellowed, a low growl coming shortly. Feeling a shiver crawl up your spine, you attempted to take the mustard from him — but he swatted your hand away and hunched over the bottle like it was a life line.

Glancing at the (questionable) alcoholic drink, you tipped it underside, letting the content spill until emptied. Red didn’t bother to shout at you but instead cared for the mustard bottle.

after throwing the bottle in the trash, you buckled him up, tightening the belts before rounding the vehicle to the drivers side with your phone out. Shoving the keys into the ignition, you paused—you didn’t have Edge’s number.
“ha, didja sit in sugar?” He asked, tilting his skull towards you, the disoriented red eyelights on the top of his sockets as he stared at your with a shit-eating grin. “'cause ya got a sweet ass.”

“RED!” You gasped, face flushing red itself as the monster besides you bellowed out in loud laughter. Teeth slightly ajar as he kicked his feet like a child.

Rolling your eyes, you placed your phone underneath your thigh and drove off towards your apartment.

Red’s giggling was distracting, he’d laugh harder at the jokes he would mumble underneath his breath, at least he was keeping himself busy.

“heya, y/n. didja know that i am similar ta a rubik’s cube.” He asked, barely containing his drunken giggling. Biting down on your lip, you stopped at a red light and turned to him.

“How?” You humoured. He took a full minute to stop laughing, wiping a translucent tear from his sockets as he sat up, looked at you with the same shit-eating grin.

“tha more ya play, tha more harder i get!”

Pursing your lips into a tight line, you slowly turned back to the road and inhaled, exhaled in an exaggerated volume. Not at loud as Red’s laughter, though.

Pressing on the gas, you continued forward while Red continued to giggle and laugh. “i-i gotcha ‘nother one!” He said, tapping your arm. “life is lika dick.. cock, penis, whateva ya call’em.” He waved, shoulders shaking slightly. “when it gets hard, ya go ‘fuck it’!”

Forcing the blush down, you tighten your hold on the steering wheel, turning the street into another. “A-are you done?” You coughed.

Red shook his head. “nah, I gots plenty more for ya ta hear. say, is yer name winter?” He asked, leaning towards you, this time without a grin.

Rubbing the tip of your tongue along your teeth, you exhaled loudly. “No? Why?”

“'cause ya’ll be cumin’ soon.” He laughed.

You rolled your eyes and sighed once more. “Winter is already here, doofus.”

“heheheh.. y-ya.. ya cum fast!” He burst into loud laughter, the car stopped next to you glanced towards yours. Looking oddly at Red as he giggled and laughed hard, then turned towards you, red in the face, trying not to smile and definitely not enjoying drunk Red — no matter how inappropriate he was being right now.

Biting down on your lip, you picked up the speed by a smidge. Wanting to get home as fast as you can without getting a speeding ticket or suffer through more of Red’s dirty pickup lines.

The light turned green and you were off once again. It took a long while for Red to calm down, no longer having the seat belt on (much to your ignored protests) he turned his body so that he was facing you fully.

His teeth parted slightly, clicked shut then opened again. He looked hesitant to say the next few words. Stopping at another red light, you raised your eyebrow at him.

“i’d.. neva.. play hide’n’seek with ya…” he started slowly, no mischievous smile or grin, but a red-
faced Red who nervously fiddled with the yellow zipper of his jacket. “’cause someone like ya is.. impossible ta find. shit, wait. I hava ‘nother one.” He cleared his throat as you began to move forward once again. Two more blocks until your apartment building — the inappropriate pick up lines now sweet and.. genuine?

He quickly dig into his pockets, tossing the unwanted things into the back seat — his phone, his mustard bottle, a rolled up receipt, a bottle cap, and a chipped... tooth?

“Where did you get a chipped tooth?!” You asked, watching Red examine the tooth with a confused expression.

“shhhhh! i’m thinkin’. ” He shushed you, rolling down your window and tossed the tooth out. Finally, a jingle of keys was pulled out of his pockets, a proud grin on his teeth as he leaned back and jangled them.

“see these keys?” He asked, implying heavily by jangling them again. “i wish i had the one for yer heart.”

Today, thank heavens, is Saturday. Saturday meaning your day off from life. You had left Red on your bed as he had refused to be a room apart from you — you had snuck away in the middle of the night to sleep on the couch. It was uncomfortable but you made it work by sheer force and determination. It was 9:30 AM and you can’t wait to do nothing and laze around once returning back to your apartment.

Hanging up your uniform in your locker, you stuffed your pockets with your personal items and slammed it shut—a little too loud but the place was deserted saved for Claude, Sebastian and a few cooks.

You huffed softly, rubbing your hand through your hair and walked out of the changing room. Saying goodbye to the cooks that were looking through fresh meats and vegetables. Another tired sigh, you pushed the back door open and made your way towards the parking lot. The thin sheet of snow crunching softly underneath your shoes, pulling the scarf over your nose and quickly unlocked the door and slipped in.

The skies were cloudy, barely giving room for the sun to show but that didn’t stop the snow from glowing a faint white hue as it fell.

Making a quick stop to the local grocery store — saying hell to Felix on your way out — and returned home before 2 pm. Heating up yesterday’s left overs, You gingerly picked up a spoon and slowly went to your bedroom.

Knocking twice, you jumped at the thud sound from your door. Swallowing thickly, you twisted the doorknob and pushed it open.

On normal days, your room would have been lit up with natural sun light but today was.. less than normal. For instant, a hungover skeleton shuffled around your bed, a thick blanket covering the window, declining the sunlight to deep through.

Putting the hungover soup on your night table — Red growled loudly and you stopped.

“Red, What’s wrong?” You say, sitting on the edge of your bed. Reaching over to pet the hungover skeleton. What’s up with skeletons sleeping in your apartment lately? He growled lowly, pushing your hand and turned away, pulling your covers over his skull.
“nothin’ tha matter.” He grumbled, scooting away from you little by little.

“Red..” you sighed, rubbing your hand through your hair. “You came to my work drunk last night. They had to keep you in the back!” You stressed, grabbing his shoulder and forced him to lay flat on his back. He groaned as his hands flew to his forehead, rubbing in a circular motion.

“keep yer voice down.” He muttered under his (non-existent) breath. “too loud...”

“Sorry,” You whispered, frowning. “What’s wrong? That’s the first time you’ve done this... is.. it going to be a frequent thing?”

“nah... didja have fun on the date with boss?” He asked shortly after the drawling silence. Your pursed your lip, shifting slightly into a more comfortable position although you knew it was to avoid the question. He cracked open a socket to glance at you, dim red eye lights watching you silently.

“It wasn’t a date.” You said finally, intertwining your fingers together and circling your thumbs. “Wait,” You perked up. “Is that why you’re upset?”

“...no. bro told everyone that he took ya shopping then ta dinner. seemed pretty happy ‘bout it.” He grumbled, slowly sitting up and placed his hands on his skull once more. You pursed your lips, wondering if you should tell him about his... inappropriate behaviour last night. When you glanced at him, you decided against it. He was beating himself over something he wasn’t telling you, you weren’t about to add another pile to the mix.

“He said it wasn’t a date——” he cut you off.

“ya don’t gotta explain, dollface.” Red said softly. “just like i don’t gotta tell ya muh probs.”

Suddenly feeling angry, you wrinkled your nose and turned your head away. Hands balling into fists as you stared at your bedroom floor. “Why not? I told you mine.”

“ya? well, i offered. I dont gotta tell ya shit.” He growled, rolling his eyelights at you, although you couldn’t see as you tried to force the anger low.

“Red, we’re friends. We help each other through difficult times.” You stressed after inhaling and exhaling. Looking at at him but flinched at the hard glare. Quickly standing up, you foot got caught on the blanket and you fell onto the floor with a loud ‘thud’. Eyes widening as Red quickly got to his knees despite the obvious hangover, you quickly kicked off the blanket around your ankle and crawled back.

“B-but If you don’t want to, t-thats fine.. too...” you quickly say, voice trembling as you saw your brothers instead of Red. Shutting your eyes tightly, you shakily inhaled a large gulp of air. The room feeling smaller than before as you forced your eyes open, instead of Josh or Joseph, Red was on his knees in front of you. His hand out stretched hesitantly to your face, barely hovering over your cheeks as if the lightest touch would break you with a look in his features you couldn’t comprehend.

Was that..concern?

You exhaled in relief, leaning forward so the the tips of his phalanges touched your cheek.

Chapter End Notes
Can I just say how much I hate editing? (I tried my best pls don’t drag me)

can we all just agree that was a low key d a t e

alsoalso o o p, Reader is still terrified of Stretch

This was A L M O S T 10K words ! ! ! ! BUT I STOPPED BC THATS SPOILING Y’ALL (According to Quotev, anyways.)
"shit y/n, ya ain't used ta us, are ya?” Red said, lightly trailing the curves of your cheek before pulling away. You sighed loudly, bringing your knees to your chest.

"No, i..i just thought you were my.. my brothers."

His jaw slacked shut. His fingertips no longer on your cheeks instead balled into fists. His shoulders shook as a red hue leaked out of his socket, the other devoid of any light.

Sucking in a sharp breath, you grabbed his wrist and pulled him into a hug. Wrapping your arm around his shoulder while keeping a tight grip on his wrist, you tightly shut your eyes and shook your head.

The light red shining in your room died down and Red sighed deeply, pulling you into his lap with his arms around your waist, his chin resting on your head as you calmed.

Whatever Red was thinking to make that kind of expression, you didn’t want him to do something that he’d regret—you weren’t worth it, after all. No amount of Hannah’s words would ever change your mind about that. Sure you could fake confidence as if it were pure now but behind the safety of your walls, you were the same girl growing up.

Treading his fingertips through your hair, you sighed softly and leaned closer, eyes shut with content as Red silently gave you your time to think.

Five minutes later, he finally spoke up.

“they really scarred ya, huh?” He said in a slow pace, unsure if you had enough time to gather yourself. Biting down on your bottom lip, you didn’t bother to move from your position on his lap, on the floor.

“heh, i see. want me ta show’em a good time?” He chuckled.

You rose your head, eyebrows slowly knitting together. “Why would you give them a good time?” Feeling utterly betrayed, you climbed off of him and crawled back to your bed. Opening the edge of your blanket and crawled in. Ignoring Red’s frantic movements and his hand pressing down on your hip—he must’ve thought that was your shoulder, you winced and jerked away as the ghost hand of your brother’s nails dig into your skin.

“no, no, i meant that i would be having a good time, since they would have a bad time.” He said,
removing his hand from your hip and pulled down the covers.

“Next time, go with that.“ you muttered, smacking him over the head with your pillow. Flushing in embarrassment—you jumped into conclusion again.

Red chuckled. “will do.”

Red had left shortly after, saying that Edge is probably wondering where he disappeared to.

Finally, your Saturday off can begin, You didn’t have to study or work for the whole day. You can munch on anything without any regret until the very next day where you’d feel bad about your body and the poor decisions you’ve made.

You sighed, watching your friend run to one point of the apartment to the other. Gathering her things as fast as she could before her father picked her up. You felt light envy with her free schedule, that she could relax any day without worrying about upcoming exams, siblings dropping in unannounced or working hours.

“Y/n, I won’t be here for a while, are you sure you’ll be okay?” She said, pulling her luggage with her towards the door, looking down at her phone before looking up to you.

Sitting on the white sofa with your blanket over your shoulders, empty chip bags on the table and a bottle of iced tea. You blinked, mid-chip in your mouth and nodded slowly.

She rolled her eyes. “You’re such a pig.” And picked up her purse, pulled her luggage with her as she left the apartment.

You pouted at the name, shoving the chip in your mouth and chewing loudly, even though you knew she wouldn’t have heard you.

Glancing around your space, you sighed once more. No wonder she called you a pig, you were sitting around garbage and there was no doubt you looked like garbage yourself.

Kicking off your blanket, you swiped up the empty chips bags and formed a small ball to the side of your palms, picking up the empty bottle of iced tea and threw it in the trash in the kitchen. Stretching your arms over your head, you groaned softly and began cleaning every surface you could reach.

Within half an hour you were finished.

So you resumed your couch potato-ing with your blanket wrapped snugly around your shoulders and head, only showing your face as you stared at the TV paid programming.

An hour or two passed and you decide that instead of wallowing away on the couch, that you should go out. It’s a snowy weather and you weren’t sure if you actually wanted to get out of the comforts of the apartment.

a small frown tugged at your lips as you kicked off the blanket and began to clean up the mess on the coffee table.

Throwing the empty chips bags in the trash, putting your blanket and pillows back into your room, you stood at the front of the TV. Watching the uninteresting commercial. What should you do today? I knew that it was a day off from your unusual schedule but you felt antsy to do something.
Your phone buzzed in your hand, momentarily stopping you in the middle of the kitchen— slowly lowering the cup into the sink and unlocked your phone. Happily letting the distraction in.

[UNKNOWN ID]

*hiya! it’s blueberry! I got your number off of papy’s phone, I hope you don’t mind! anyways, do you want to have lunch together:)?*

Eyebrows furrowing slightly, you leaned against the counter and typed a simple ‘okay’ and a greeting to be polite. Looking down at your attire, you bit your cheek and quickly walked to your room. The device in your hand forgotten for a second as you began to change. Blue jeans, red flannel with a black tank top underneath and a thick overcoat.

Your phone buzzed again. Checking the address, you nodded and left the apartment, making sure to grab your keys as you locked the door behind you.

Fiddling with your phone, you reread the message. Saving Blueberry’s number and listed him as ‘Sky Blue’.

Soon enough, you found yourself sitting in a booth in front of Blueberry. You rose your eyebrow at Blue. He was giggling to himself again, he would stop for a second and try to stop but then he’d look back at you and giggle?

*Stretch’s Pov*

Pacing up and down the street, Stretch gnawed softly on a toothpick. Unsure how to approach any of with without alarming you. He acknowledged his mistakes, apologized multiple times and said that he would do better. Simple moments trapped in a loop played over and over again that he couldn’t help but draw it out— capture your expression, your movements, and even your words.

It wasn’t obsession, he knew that. You were a diamond among coal and he had no idea how to express his affections, he never really had to try anything in his life — that is until he met you.

It was crazy how someone like you ended up being important to him. He knew he scared you, he knew that you were ready to run. But you forgave him.

He wasn’t going to think about the ‘vibe’ he had when he actually put effort in his clothing, but the expression you made after realizing what you had shouted was priceless, and Stretch just had to draw it out.
He looked through the window as he passed it once more. You sat next to his bro, laughing and shaking your head while Blue beamed happily. His shoulders shaking indicating that he’s laughing too.

Stopping his tracks, Stretch sighed deeply and switched out the toothpick for a cigarette, lighting it up and taking a long drag.

He tried asking you out before but Edge had cut him off and basically drag you along. He had begged Muffet to go after the two of you as he had thought it might have made you uncomfortable if it was him that showed up — so he stayed back. Looking after the shop with a go-lucky grin on his teeth and overly sweet tone.

When Edge arrived back, he immediately began to shove the events of their faces. Stretch especially. Despite his physical pain he inflicted, you were somehow more comfortable with Edge than himself.

Red, that little shit, pointed out that Stretch (or in his words; ashray) had betrayed your trust while ‘boss’ is simply in a redemption stage with you. Then continued to drill his bro about anything that might’ve hurt you.

Stretch blocked that out, the raspy tone of Edge fading away while his own brother’s voice growing.

“What does Red-me mean? Did you hurt her papy?” He queried, growing concern by the minute while Stretch struggled to find the correct words to soothe his brother’s worry.

He had none and reluctantly agreed to Red’s words.

It was there for a split second but Stretch knew he saw a hint of disappointment in his brother’s blue eye lights before he had bounced back with the same positive enthusiasm.

Stretch knew that Blue was hiding something, it was easy to spot if you knew what you were looking for, and as someone who had grown up under his brother’s care; it was almost immediately detected.

Flicking the bud on the ground, he pocketed his hands and walked into an alleyway. A long sigh coming from him as the surrounding area whirled and he appeared in front of a door. Twisting the knob and entered, he didn’t bother to take his sneakers off as he ventured in. The tell-tales of his roommates (should he call them that?) talking loudly in the living room and hushed once he made his appearance and plopped down onto the couch.

*End POV*

You pursed your lips, covering your mouth as you turned your head away to stop yourself from laughing.

It didn’t matter the Blue and yourself was causing a ruckus, occasionally getting glares from people around you. Blue was in the middle of retelling a story Alphys told him but with more dramatic effect and a few exaggerated words and movements.

It was weird, half an hour ago the two of you barely held a conversation, refusing to look at each other instead stated down at the teacups. It was until Blue asked if you wanted to hear the dangerous adventures he went whilst underground.

Must was weird to hear about Alphys, soft-spoken and timid Alphys, being loud and rowdy.
Encouraging Blueberry to crack taco shells like they were the smiles of your enemies. To hear him reenact a hearty laugh and the exact words Alphys said to him.

Still, it was hard to believe that the Alphys you knew had the same, if not more, boisterous personality as Blueberry himself.

“—AND THEN THE CANINES RAN ALL THE WAY FROM SNOWDIN TO HOTLAND IN 5 MINUTES TOPS! THE EMERGENCY WAS THAT UNDYNE RAN OUT OF CUP RAW-MEN!” He huffed, crossing his arms with a displeased frown but instantly brightened at your soft expression.

“ALPHYS WASN’T MAD, SHE UNDERSTOOD AND QUICKLY WENT TO BUY SOME MORE!” He leaned back with a sigh, picking up his cup and took a sip with his teeth opening slightly. A soft cyan glow caught your attention as you leaned forward, trying to get a better look — but as fast as it came, it was gone.

Masking your disappointment with a nod, you took a sip of your tea. The two of you fell into a serene silence, letting the calm atmosphere of soft chatter and clinking china rise.

Feeling quite content, you sighed softly. Turning your head and watched people walk by and chat. Some were on their devices; Laptops and smartphones alike.

Blueberry cleared his throat, tearing your attention from the surroundings and back to him. A soft cyan glow bloomed on his cheekbones as he lightly brushed his fingertips on the side of his tea cups.

“I Suppose You’re Wondering Why I Asked You To Come...” he trailed, keeping his voice soft. A small grin tugged at the corners of his mouth as he glanced up at you.

You rose your eyebrow. Sure, you were wondering at first but the last hour you found yourself enjoying Blueberry’s presence. When you didn’t answer him, he continued.

“I Wanted To Know If You Remembered Anything. I Read On The Internet That Sometimes Human Block Out Traumatic Memories,” he paused to look up at your once again. Blue eye lights searching within your (colour) eyes. “I Thought Maybe... That You’ve Done The Same Unintentionally.”

Your eyebrows furrowed. “Are you saying I... repressed some of my memories?”

“YES! ‘CAUSE IF YOU DIDN’T, YOU’D KNOW WHAT WE HAD FUN ON HALLOWEEN - NO MATTER HOW SHORT IT WAS!” He giggled softly, shaking his head as if reliving the memory you couldn’t recall. Growing slightly frustrated, you lifted the cup and took a large gulp. Ignoring the slight burn as the hot liquid traveled down your neck.

“Run me through it,” You say, lightly patting your chest as if it would soothe the heat.

Blue frowned, placing the cup on the table and nervously pointed his fingers together. “I Can’t.” He said, visibly defeated. “If I Force You To Remember, It Might Hurt You Mentally. That’s What The Human Articles Say, At Least.”

You strummed your fingertips on the edge of the table, a small hum coming from your as you thought deeply. If you did have repressed memories, did that mean you lost a quarter of your childhood? Pursing your lips, you tried to think of times where things escalated quickly — a sharp sting stung you at the back of your head, making you hiss softly and lean forward, your head lowered as you racked your fingertips through your scalp.
Blueberry frowned, leaning forward and placed his hand on yours, making you flinch and sit right up. Eyes wide as you leaned back, momentarily forgetting that he wasn't your brothers for a split second.

"Sorry," You apologized, sighing softly and lifted your empty cup. Glaring at the emptiness, you lowered it and intertwined your fingers, lightly tapping on your knuckles as Blue shook his head.

"Why Are You Apologizing?...This Visit Was Probably A Waste Of Time." His words caught you off guard. Looking up at him in alarm, he smiled softly. "I THOUGHT IF I TOLD YOU ABOUT IT, THEN MAYBE YOU WOULD GET SOME MEMORIES BACK...I WAS WRONG."

Quickly shaking your head, you reached over the table and cupped his hands in yours, giving his a hearty squeeze and looked straight into his buzzing eye lights. Your own buzzing with determination as you softly glared with no heat. "It was fun, not a waste of time, Blueberry." You say sternly.

His maw opened to disagree, but with a quick glare he snapped his jaw shut. Nodding slowly with the same cyan colour dusting over his cheeks and his gaze fell to your joined hands. Blinking twice, you followed his gaze and quickly retracted your hands. A small pink colouring your cheeks as you coughed nervously. "I mean it. It's been fun, I was hesitant for a while but... you aren't a bad company, Blue."

A loud 'Mweh-heh-heh!' resonated from Blue as he puffed his chest, his blue eye lights shifting into bright blue stars. "OF COURSE! I AM THE MAGNIFICENT BLUEBERRY, AFTER ALL!"

You laughed along, nodding softly. "Yes, of course."

Blueberry shined increasingly at your words, proud of himself that he managed to make you laugh yet again. He was doing great so far. It was hard to tell that he ever forgot about you -- not entirely but forgot what you looked like, more so; your personality. It was drastically different than it was three years ago. You weren't careful like you were now but more opened and had a bit of a teasing undertone. Now? You thought very carefully of your words and actions. Sometimes, from what Blue gathered, you would overreact. Which was a understandable trait for you. Whatever happened during those three years were traumatic enough to have your brain repress some memories for you.

"Do You Have A Therapist?" He asked before he could stop himself. The surprised look in your eyes made him shrink back. Regret filled the endless void of his body as he watched your eyes lower to the table. A slight dullness in them that he desperately wanted to rid of at that very moment.

"I don't need one." You say, much to his disappointment. "I feel alright. Nothing too bad that I can't handle." You say once again.

A frown tugged at the end of his mouth. He didn't know you all that well but the lies spewed out of your friend's mouth and the small praises from his counterparts and brother. Although, they mostly kept to themselves when it came to you, choosing to keep a small part of you with them. Blueberry frowned softly. If only he stuck around you when you first offered to make french toast - a small bribe to get him and his brother to leave.

At first, he didn't like you at all because of that. What kind of person hides themselves just to tell others to leave? Rude. It was until the game before Frisk's party that he saw that you weren't a terrible person and that the kind words Papyrus and his brother and Sans said were about you.

Although it took you weeks to make the french toast -- he found that he didn't mind after finding
out the truth. You were shy and under the unforgiving reigns of your friend. you didn't have a say in things from what he could tell that night of the game. Blue couldn't help but wonder how you'd act if you got drunk like the rest of them. Would you be more open? more carefree?

Although as tempting it was to slip alcohol into your drink, he held himself back with a smile. "It Wouldn't Hurt To Try, Y/n."

"True, but what am I supposed to talk about?" You said nervously, scratching your cheek and avoiding his look. "I wouldn't even know how to begin a session.." Blueberry paused.

"PRACTICE WITH ME! - OH ! WE CAN PLAY PRETEND! I CAN SET UP MY ROOM TO LOOK LIKE AN OFFICE AND WEAR GLASSES!" he said, using his pointer and thumb to make glasses with his hands. A wide grin on his mouth as be buzzed with excitement.

Despite this, you didn't know if you should feel grateful or offended. You didn't feel like you needed therapy. Sure your life wasn't perfect but it wasn't all that bad to begin with. except maybe the fact that your brothers often stress you out without doing much of anything... okay, maybe they were the bane of your existence - You weren't sure how to feel about this. couldn't you just push it away and act like everything is totally okay?

The grin slowly disappeared from Blueberry's mouth - okay, nope. You can't do that. "Alright, sounds exciting!" you say quickly and watched as his expression brightened once again.

It has been hours since your tea session with Blue, He didn't want you to go early so he purposed to head to the zoo to see the animals. It went smoothly without a hitch, Blue asking questions to the guide about the facts and pointers of each animals he came across. Surprisingly, you weren't all that mad about spending half of your day off with Blueberry. He boosted your moralities and confidence that you momentarily forgot about life and enjoyed the small moments in the zoo with him.

He pulled you towards the Aquarium and pointed at different fishes, telling you facts he read on the pamphlet -- He pointed at a clown fish and said that it reminded him of his brother, Stretch. You asked why and with a straight face, Blue said "Because His Jokes Are Terrible." and then hinted to the Disney movie 'finding nemo' and reenacted the scene with the sharks.

To you absolute surprise, Blueberry had his own fair share of jokes and japes up his sleeves that he often pulled out to hear you laugh or groan depending how hard he tried. always snickering softly when he succeeded and brightened considerably.

At las, the zoo was closing and you had to say goodbye to Blueberry. whilst parting, he said he would text you when he had the house to himself - that way you wouldn't feel too embarrassed to play pretend therapy in case you actually decided to book a professional one. Feeling grateful for him, you kissed his cheek and said your goodbyes. You didn't catch the glowing cyan and the heart-shaped lights in his sockets.

Finding yourself back on the couch, you pouted at the silence. What were you going to do without your friend around? The Silence was unbearable and almost suffocating as you lazily switched channels through channels, looking for something interesting among the prepaid stations.

You spend half an hour staring idly into the screen, only until the doorbell buzzed that finally snapped you of your idleness. blinking twice at the entrance, you jumped to your feet, eagerly letting the distraction fill the boredom you faced.
When you opened the door - you did a double check.

"Papyrus?" You voiced, eyebrows raised in surprise at the tall skeleton in front of your door with mail in his hands. He dusted orange and pointed to your mailbox on the wall next to your door.

"IT WAS OVER FILLING. I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND BUT I GRABBED THEM FOR YOU!" he said, handing you the small stacks of mail. you cringed at the amount -- how did you miss that? pushing the door wide open, you grabbed the stack from his gloved hand and gestured him inside. He smiled widely and stepped in without any hesitation, closing the door behind him and took off his shoes and trailed after you. Flipping through the mail, you muttered under your breath.

"bills, bills..more bills, her penpal -- a letter?" voicing your confusion, you dropped the rest of the mail unceremoniously onto the table and carefully ripped open the letter addressed to you without the sender's ID.

**Dear Baby sis,**

Joseph and I decided to write to you like they did in the 1800’s! I don’t know when you will get this but hopefully it’ll be before Thanksgiving because me and Joseph are going to come stay with you until then! Since you had missed mother’s birthday, why not come home for the holiday’s? I hear Uncle Aaron and Aunt Julie will be coming for the feast at grandpa’s lodge:^)

I also read about the incident on your side of the mountain. It’s unfortunate but I can’t—I can and I will say that the blue bunny thing deserved it.

Anyways, please tell your monster ‘friends’ to fuck off, and to tell the bitch to leave. Me and Joseph don’t want to associate with them. It is bad enough that we are willing to breath the same air. Disgusting. We don’t want Aunt May, Uncle Jim, And Our Grandparent’s to know that we’re allowing you to befriend these creatures.

**I have said this multiple times, dear sister, and I am growing tired of repeating it.**

*_Loose those ‘friends’ or so help me I will literally drag you back home and lock you up in your room for weeks until you are convinced that they have brain washed you with their ‘magic’, and that it was your fault for falling into their hands._*

Mother and Father sends their regards.


The Letter wasn't what you expected. sure a few threats about your recent choices -- but to actually drag you back unnerved you. Was he really going to do that? Knowing Josh, he would.

Papyrus stared at your back, shoulders trembling as you ripped up the letter and muttered to yourself. you hands finding their way to your hair and tug. tears gathering in your eyes as you tried to calm yourself down. Yet no matter how hard you tried, you felt yourself slip into the self-pitying while everything blackened around you. You couldn't hear Papyrus but you felt his ghost-like touches on your back, a soft scream escaped your throat as you stumbled away from the touches, shivers crawling up and down your spine as tears gathered in your eyes as you began to panic. You couldn't see. it was pitch black, a bottomless abyss that called your name in a eerie non-existence wind. You were trapped with no where to run or hide.

Biting down on your lip, you tried once more to calm yourself down, but the ghost fingers appeared on your back and you stumbled back, pushing the hands away from you and fell to your bottom. a loud yelp came from your lips as you curled into a ball, your arms over your head as if it block out the hits you thought were coming. The darkness was crawling into the warmth of your body and - and suddenly you felt like you couldn't breath.

"Please, Please..." you begged no one. hands trembling so much that even when you pressed it
against your chest you could feel it move. "I'm so sorry.. imsorry.." you whispered, thinking your brother's were near as their laughter echoed in the darkness, growing louder and louder and closer to your ears as you sobbed silently, hands over your ears as if to block it out. It proved to be futile as it only grew louder. Voices of Josh bashing you with harsh words, saying that it was your fault. What was your fault? Everything. Everything was your fault.

Someone was calling your name. It felt distant and muffled as if you were underwater with no telling how long you had been there. Someone was calling out to you, over the loud obnoxious laughter and taunts of your brothers, you looked up and saw a paint orange glow in the distance.

Josh screamed your name, making your flinch and curl into a tighter ball. arms tightening around your knees as you slowly began to rock. hyperventilating with tears streaming down your cheeks, hands over your ears with your finger in the ear holes to block it out once more. The orange glow you saw was even more distant and you couldn't help but hiccup and sob.

"Y/N!" A Different voice cut through your brother's taunts. for a second, Everything went silent. no mockery from your brothers, no laughter nor taunts. It was as if they looked at each other in confusion before looking down at you.

"Your fault!" Joseph shouted.

"No one cares~" Josh coo'd.

"Useless!" Joseph muttered hatefully.

"Idiotic and pathetic~"

"Damned sister!"

"So cute, cry more~"

"No one fucking cares about you!"

"Y/N!" the same voice shouted, slicing through the discriminating words Josh and Joseph said. silencing them as their figures disappeared with a look of pure hatred and came the distant orange glow. You tightly shut your eyes, stiffening up in fear of what the orange thing would do. Was it like your brothers?

However, you found yourself leaning towards the orange heart. The warmth radiating from it was welcoming and secure. hesitantly opening your eyes, you noticed that it was a inverted white heart with a orange glow around it. The white inverted heart was pure as no orange mixed into it but it glowed the warming and perfect orange that you couldn't help but feel drawn too.

Without noticing, you began to calm down. the tears lessened, your breathing became normal and the towering thoughts of your brothers were no more the longer you admired the heart and it's beautiful orange glow. How was it that something so simple held so much beauty in it? You wanted to reach out to touch it but something within told you not to, that it might shatter if you so much brushed a fingertip along it, so you opted to stare wistfully at it.

The darkened room began to fade as the light returned along with the surrounding. The inverted white heart with the beautiful orange glow began to fade, too. Having to stop the sharp gasp from escaping, you blinked and came face-to-face with a worried looking Papyrus. A very subtle orange glowed from his chest caught your attention, instead of looking at his worried stricken face you stared at the centre of his chest.
"Y/N?" he called softly. "I'm Here, Don't Be Scared." he said, looking in your eyes that was downcast. He followed your line of sight and looked at his chest. "Y/N?"

"Papyrus..." You croaked. vocals sore from your crying and sobbing. Papyrus tensed and immediately went to your side.

"Yes?" he said, carefully helping you to your feet while shifting uncomfortably when he saw that your line of attention didn't waver. However, his skull deepened in deep orange from your next words.

"You have a gorgeous soul."

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Summary: You have tea with Blueberry, We see a bit of Stretch’s POV, and you find out that Papyrus is your safe haven.
Papyrus stayed silent, watching you carefully as you stared at his chest. He wasn’t sure how to react and was still glowing the deep orange hue. When your eyes flickered upwards, he felt his soul clench and immediately averted his eye lights. Nervous sweat began to build on the base of his skull.

Your eyes were puffy and red, your lips darkened in colour - almost a cherry red, and your nose pinked. You still hiccuped every now and then but it was more spaced than moments earlier. A shiver caused your shoulders to jerk slightly, wiping the lingering tears in your eyes, you sighed softly and lowered your gaze.

“I’m sorry, that was probably awkward to say.” You apologized. Pushing the chair tucked into the table, when you stumbled back you had moved it into an awkward position — much like how you were feeling right now.

“Y/N...” Papyrus whispered, the glow flush growing. “I Didn’t Show You My Soul.” Despite his words, Papyrus only grow oranger. He began to twist the ends of his shirt, gaze lowered.

You blinked twice, eyebrows slowly furrowing together in confusion.

“I DIDN’T SHOW YOU MY SOUL - ARE YOU SURE YOU WEREN’T SEEING THINGS?” He said, sounding desperate whilst trying to force down the orange blush. When he say your eyes drop to his chest, he crossed his arms over his chest and turned away. The orange deepening even more.

“No, no i’m pretty sure I saw it? I can draw it for—”
“N-NO! I MEAN, NO THANK YOU!” He exclaimed loudly, looking utterly flustered.

You pointed towards the hallway. “Are you sure? I can—”

“NO, NO! IT’S FINE I BELIEVE YOU!” he said, eyes tightly shut. “PLEASE, CAN W-WE TALK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE?”

“You’re so cute, Papyrus.” You say without thinking. Papyrus stumbles back, covering the bottom half of his jaw with his pinpricks avoiding your (fond) gaze.

“YOU HAVE A FEVER! COME! LETS LAY YOU DOWN O-KAY?”

Feeling your head pulse, you sighed softly and smiled at a silent Papyrus and walked towards the bathroom. Papyrus quickly snapped out of his thoughts and scurried after you, gently placing his hands on your shoulders (you couldn’t help but recoil harshly) and maneuvered you to the couch.

Pointing at the cushions, you rose your eyebrow. “SIT.” He said, fluffing up the couch pillow and gestured you to sit down with his eye lights before he disappeared down the hall.

While alone, your mind wandered towards his soul. Did he voluntarily exposed himself like that? Was it a trick monsters could do — like how they could heal minor wounds with a piece of candy. Your wrinkled your stuffy nose. No, that wasn’t likely. Then why did you see his soul? He looked confused when you uttered those words then confirmed that he never showed it to you.

White base with a bright orange glow. You couldn’t stop thinking about it - did all monster’s have that type of souls? Or did it differ from monster to monster?

Can you sense the souls? You quickly shook your head, regretting it almost instantly as your headache came back full force.

Seeing souls sounded unreal. You weren’t anything special. The average joe, like most of the world’s population. A strangled noise came from you as a weighted blanket dropped on your shoulders, pulling you back and against the couch as Papyrus placed a box of tissues, a cup of tea, and something for your headache. You blinked at the items. You weren’t sick, you could have done that yourself.

Opening your mouth to speak, Papyrus shook his head and placed a bony finger against his teeth. Getting the message, you quickly shut your mouth as he pulled two tissues out and began to clean you, despite the wordless complaints spoken with your eyes.

Trying to duck away from him, he held you in place with his magic. Too which you glared at him for — he only shook his head and continued with a soft grin.

After wiping away your tears and making you blow through your nose, he lifted his magic and handed you the tea. Eyes narrowing at the odd hue, you blew cool air and took a sip, only to jerk back and gag at the salty sea taste.

“What is this?!” You asked, voice cracking slightly at the volume. Papyrus glanced at the cup.

“SEA TEA. IT’LL HELP YOU WITH YOUR HEADACHE AND PUFFINESS.” He said, taking the cup and experimentally took a sip. Frowning softly, he handed it back. “IT ISN’T TOO BAD. JUST DON’T THINK ABOUT IT.”

Looking at the sea tea with a flickering doubt. Your taste buds aren’t going to be happy with you — exhaling and inhaling to prepare yourself. You tightly closed your eyes and chugged the whole
thing down in three large gulps. The saltiness made your eyes water, a small sting at the back of
your throat made you gag and the sea-weed smell made you nauseous.

The after effects quickly melted away just as soon as it appeared, barely giving you the time to
react fully and feeling much better than you did before.


Papyrus laughed, enjoying your reaction to monster tea. Unlike humans, Monsters didn’t really
need to consume food and beverages - no place for the solids to go as their bodies were just masses
of magic. Monster food on the other hand, was a whole different story.

“I HAVE DECIDED!” Papyrus said loudly. “THAT WE WILL MAKE OUR FRIENDSHIP
SPAGHETTI!”

Putting the cup down, you watched as Papyrus stood up and went to the kitchen. Since there
wasn’t a wall, you watched as he pulled out ingredients and the pots and pans.

“Do..do you need help?” You called, feeling the pounding headache slowly fade away.

The couch shifted much to your confusion and took a wary glance to your left. Sans looked like a
mess, like he had just stumbled out of bed and grabbed the closest thing possible, threw it on and
blipped to your side.

“NOPE. THIS WILL BE THE GREAT PAPYRUS SPECIALITY!” Papyrus said without looking
over.

Eyes widen, you quickly went to your knees, unsure if you should laugh or cry about the
predicament.

“Are you okay!!” You whispered, trying not to alarm Papyrus who was beginning to cut up the
tomatoes then violently smashing them into the bowl.

Sans, now wide awake, groaned and looked around. His head rested on the cushion comfortably
but his feet were sticking out from underneath the couch and the cushion was lumpy - no doubt his
shoulders and arms.

Covering your mouth, you bit down on your bottom lip, trying not to laugh or cry. You still
weren’t sure which sound would come out and you weren’t going to risk it with Papyrus violently
making pasta a few feet to your right.

He blipped out of existence then reappeared, plopping down on the couch with a tensed smile.

“heya.” He said, as if the last few seconds did not happen.

“Hiya,” You snickered, shaking your head at his shenanigans.

“you ok? paps texted me sayin’ you were red ‘n pink.” He said, eye lights moving up and down,
looking for any signs of distress. It was probably just the Sea Tea but you felt better, more alive.
He didn’t relax but took your silence as an answer.

“I’m fine now.” You say finally, fiddling with your thumbs as a ‘nyeh!’ Came from the kitchen.
Both of you glanced towards Papyrus as he furiously wiped at his sockets, orange tears steadily
streaming down as he chopped up the onions — ...they don’t have tear ducts?
“if ya say so.” He shrugged, sinking into the couch as you adjusted the weighted blanket. Feeling eyes on you, you looked at Sans again. He was staring.

Raising your eyebrow in question, he shrugged his shoulders again. “ya don’t mind if i go ‘n ya bathroom, right?”

“Uh, no? But what do skeletons do in the bathroom?”

His grin widened drastically. Papyrus stopped to look at the two of you as if he sensed something was coming and narrowed his sockets at his brother.

Sans winked. “a skele-ton of things.”

You rolled your eyes, shaking your head at the pun while Papyrus pretended he didn’t hear it — although purposely chopped the tomato much louder.

Sans chuckled good willfully, disappearing into the bathroom while you stood up and walked towards the kitchen with the blanket over your shoulders, sitting yourself down on one of the chairs and gave Papyrus a cheeky smile.

He sighed loudly and smiled back, letting you stay instead of shooing you back to the couch.

Propping your leg up, you leaned back against the metal and silently watched him move around the kitchen. He had improved since the first time he cooked around you - although still did stuff violently and filled with passion, but he would be considerate and go at a slower pace.

Once nearly finished with the sauce, he placed a large pot on the stove with water, took out the monster produce of spaghetti, and snapped it in half, dropping it into the water then salting it as it began to boil ten minutes later.

You blinked in surprise, slumping back when he would stir the pasta a little too hard that made the water come out - he didn’t seem to mind and kept going.

You watched as Papyrus went to the sauce, dipping the tip of his phalange in and licked it off with a bright orange tongue.

You instantly perked up at the view, eyes wide in awe at the translucent tongue disintegrating then reappearing again to lick the tip of his finger.

“OH? INTERESTED IN BEING THE TASTER?” Papyrus asked upon seeing your stare. He brightened as he scooped a small bit in the wooden spoon, his hand underneath it as he blew lightly. “IT IS HOT. AS SOMEONE AS GREAT AS I AM, I DO NOT WISH THAT MY FRIEND GETS HURT.” He said, blowing onto the sauce once more and brought the wooden spoon to your mouth.

Eyes still on his teeth, you opened your mouth — your attention immediately being torn away as you stared eye-wide at the spoon. A burst of flavour tingling your taste buds and you couldn’t help but groan.

“Oh my god..” you whispered, licking your lips. “It tastes so good, Papyrus!” you exclaimed loudly as Sans returned from wherever, a frown on his usual grin.

You turned to look at him and grinned. “Papyrus made amazing spaghetti!” You exclaimed, gesturing to the barely finished food. Papyrus flushed and smiled proudly while puffing out his chest.
Sans chuckled. “‘course he did, m’bro’s amazing.” The fondness if his features made you grin larger, a sense of pride of the amount of love Sans had for his brother. It made you envious, yes, but it also made you glad.

While Papyrus went back to tend his spaghetti, Sats pulled a chair out and sat next to you. A soft jingle coming from his pockets as he did so. His attention solely on you, the frown still on his mouth as he glanced briefly at Papyrus then to you.

Your pursed your lips and nervously shuffled on your seat. Looking back at him with a challenging stare, Sans recoiled in surprise before softly smiling at the unwavering stare.

The frown came back as he slowly took out a bottle from his pocket and placed it on the table. You froze for a second, the familiar orange colour instantly catching your attention the moment he pulled it out - it was your medications.

The ones Joseph came to drop off that one time the first week you moved to this side of the mountain.

“kid,” Sans started in a low whisper, his eyes on Papyrus incase he turned around. He pushed the bottle and it disappeared, back into its original place behind your mirror in the bathroom. He turned to you. “wanna share why you’re taking antidepressant? ’cause th’last time I checked, you aren’t depressed.”

Your eyes widened. “They aren’t antidepressants.” You whispered, now nervously looking up at Papyrus. “My brother said that I needed it, he’s a doctor so I listen.”

The dim eyelights in Sans’ pupil was so dim that it almost seemed that there were no more pinpricks but just large gaping sockets, devoid of any light from any source. “do you do everything your brothers say?”

Why was he antagonizing you? He didn’t need to know about this stuff. Nibbling on your lip, you sighed softly and tightened the blanket around your shoulders. Sans took your answer as a ‘yes’ and frowned some more. The feature looked unnatural to you, always seeing Sans grin and smirk. It was weird seeing his perma-smile fade like this.

“Anyways,” You say, brushing off the topic. “You said you were going to explain monster heat to me?”

At the same time, both brothers spasmed. Papyrus dropped the pot into the sink (thankfully it was emptied) and whipped around to face sans. The same colour of his magically tongue bloomed on his cheekbones.

“SANS!” He shouted, the blush intensifying when Sans pulled up his hoody and tightened the strings.

“heheh… i was hopin’ you’d forget ‘bout it…”

You raised your eyebrow in question. The corners of your lips curling slightly as he leaned away from you, turning his head to avoid looking at you while Papyrus went back to prep the spaghetti.

“So?” You probed, leaning onto the table and peering up at Sans. The blue flush over his cheeks surprised you, making you stop and blink owlishly.

Sans’ white eye lights trailed to you for a split second before his sockets shut tightly, the blue flush intensifying much to your pleasure.
Sans sighed. Unsure how to explain monster heat to you without gaining too much questions in return. Spirits knows how much he can handle before he is a mushy mess of embarrassment. He understood that you were curious and that he told you that he would explain later — he just really wished you forgotten. Helplessly glancing over to Papyrus, his frown deepened when Papyrus refused to meet his gaze. Pointedly looking down on the containers of spaghetti with a light blush over his cheek bones.

Sensing their discomfort, you frown and fiddle with your fingers.

“Once, or twice depending on which type of monster you are, every fellow months…” he started slowly, pointing his phalanges together. “Monsters in general go into, uh, heat cycles. It’s the result of our bodies producing too much magic, and having nowhere for it to go.”

He nervously scratched the back of his skull, chuckling forcefully. “Rare monsters - for an example, skeletons, have their heat twice the amount, so four times a year. The reason because there - there is only tw-six of us left and our instincts goes everywhere. The only thing we think about is how we need to add the numbers-”

“Like bunnies?” You ask, cutting him off. The blue over his cheeks deepened, colouring the room in a royal blue with a mixture of tangerine orange. You glance over towards Papyrus, mouth slightly opened as you nodded. Letting them collect themselves before Sans continued.

“Like bunnies…” he mumbled, the royal blue flush not leaving his bones as he inhaled and exhaled. “Skeleton monsters don’t have human’s complicated reproductive systems - which is why our magic plays a huge part in this, we don’t carry any fluids but dust and pure, raw magic. We can manifest bodily parts -” he paused, opening his maw and stuck out a royal blue tongue. “- it takes up a lot of magic so it helps immensely… our heats are different than the average monster since our instincts are heightened and we.. we have a strong sense to mate, or even breed. to satisfy our-our mate.”

You nodded once more, feeling like a king going to school for the very first time - learning about things you never really thought about.

“…sometimes, we use our souls.” Sans said, surprising you even more and stared agape at Papyrus - who on returned shrunk to his chair and covered his sockets. Sans paused to look in between the two of you. “If we are not comfortable in using the ectoplasm, we use our souls. You already know that it is the very culmination being that makes us, well, us, so we feel every emotion, intent, and arousal pulsing out from your soul.” He curled the ends of his finger and joined his thumbs. An inverted heart. “For humans, it’s disconnected but there. For monsters, we can feel everything you want us to feel. The love, the adoration… most monsters use this type but skeletons, like us, use ectoplasmic magic.”

“Do you guys go through stages? Or is it a constant.. uh, horny feeling?”

“I wish you didn’t call it that.” Sans groaned. “But yeah. Depending on the type of monster and their lv level.”

You glanced at a silent Papyrus then back at Sans - feeling slightly uncomfortable that you were talking about their oncoming heat cycle, but you were curious.

“LV?” You voiced, tilting your head just a smidge.

Sans sighed, slumping against the table. “Red n’stretch didn’t fill ya in that, huh?... it’s an acronym for ‘level of violence’ and it’s what it sounds like. The amount of violence you inflicted on others
with the intent to harm adds up, which also adds up your heat cycle. for edge and red’s case, they’re probably more, uh, *animalistic* than most. the first level could be either nesting or clinging onto your mate or potential significant other, it’s controllable but uncomfortable to a certain point. the next is wanted attention from said mate or potential, the other is demanding sex, and the other two levels are non-stop sex for the last two days of the heat.”

“What do you mean ‘animalistic’?”

“kid, go ask red.” He grumbled, pulling his hoody up and tying the strings, groaning loudly and long. “that’s enough, we gotta go before the clock strikes 12.”

Papyrus suddenly gasped, head flying to the left to look up at the clock on your all. “THATS RIGHT! THE OTHERS ARE LEAVING THE MANOR FOR THEIR—” he glanced at you. “—...EXCITABLE EVENTS SOON!”

He picked up the plastic boxes and tucked them underneath his arm. Clinking his teeth against your forehead and effortlessly picked up Sans. “COME, BROTHER! WE MUST BID THEM FAIRWELL AND SAFE TRAVELS! Y/N!” He pivoted with sans underneath his other arm - it looked funny but you were too distracted by the conversation. “I MUST REQUEST THAT YOU BLOCK ALL OF OUR NUMBERS. THERE IS NO TELLING WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF ONE OF US COMES IN CONTACT WITH YOU DURING THE LAST TWO DAYS! PLEASE, FOR YOUR SAFETY, BLOCK OUR NUMBERS!” He took two large steps forward and clinked his teeth against your head, this time lingering slightly before he took a step back and waved goodbye before the two disappeared from view.

Realization dawning on you, you slapped your hands over your mouth and lightly banged your head against the table. A deep blush taking over your whole face and neck as you realized that you had asked papyrus if you could draw him like *one of the frENCH GIRLS!*

**timeskip**

It was around 5 am when your phone began to blare the familiar ringtone. Yesterday was the last day of weekly working for Muffet and switched to the other weekly job. The banging on the wall made your stir from a pleasant dream and picked your phone from the side table, lightly knocking on the wall and ceased the banging from my temperamental friend.

The shopping bags laid on the floor hazardously after your outing with Edge, the clothes he had picked weren’t your type but at least it gave you a few brownie points from him.

Without looking at the caller I.D, you answered and pressed the device to your ears.

“Babysis!” Shouted Joseph. “Open the door, it’s cold as shit!”

You flinched and pulled the covers off of you, the words of Joseph not registering until you left your bedroom door. A sharp gasp came from you as you pressed the phone to your ear once again.

“What do you mean? You’re outside?”

“Yeah, well—” Joseph said but the phone was snatched from his hand.

“Just open the damn door, it’s cOLD!” Josh hissed, teeth chattering together as the front door shook with each powerful bangs. You swallowed the lump in your throat and quickly scurried across the floor, unlocked the door and—it swung open as Josh hurriedly inside with his arms firmly crossed over his chest, the large fluffy winter coat doing nothing as Joseph closed the door.
behind him in an orderly fashion.

You stood at the door with your mouths slightly open, eyes wide as Josh ripped the jacket from his shoulders and hung it up. Shivering in delight at the toasty warmth of your apartment.

“W-what are you doing here? Don’t you have work?” You asked, quickly following the twins into the kitchen. Josh going straight to your cabinets while Joseph went to refrigerator. The two working together to have a cup of orange juice and toast.

“The hospital’s granted us a full week off, so I proposed we’d come and visit you until Thanksgiving.” Joseph said, taking a sip from the cup and lowered it to his abdomen. (Colour) eyes looking around the kitchen and narrowed slightly at the more-than necessary things.

“I take it you didn’t kick her out.” He said, looking back at you through the rim on the cup. A foul frown on his thin lips.

“Oh.” Josh hummed. “She’s still here?”

Your pursed your lips, crossing your arms and lightly tapping your fingertips against the soft of your skin. “She pays majority of the rent—it’s her apartment moreso than mine.”

Josh sighed from the livingroom. Running a hand through his hair as he turned to glare down the hallway, his cup now on the coffee table with Joseph sitting next to him.

“If you needed money, baby sis. You could have just asked.”

“Money isn’t—that’s not the issue!” You said quickly, “I moved here because I wanted her to be my roommate—”

“And in return, she brings disgusting monsters here.” Joseph cut you off. “Those two I already met—it’s obvious the small one is hiding something. For fucksakes, Y/n, he attacked me.”

You bristled at the accusing tone, a small panic beginning to swell up as you huffed. Scrunching your nose as you crossed your arms in attempts to keep you grounded. Way too many emotions were sweeping you over the edge and you needed a safe place to be - but Joseph and Josh were here. If you tried to lock yourself in your room they’ll.. they’ll............

biting down on your lip nearly to the point of drawing blood, you slumped. “I’m sorry.”

Joseph clicked his tongue disapprovingly and ‘playfully’ punched your arm. You winced and recoiled, laughing it off while rubbing the dull sting of his knuckles digging into your skin. You sighed inaudibly knowing that a bruise would form in the next day or so.

It seem you’ll be wearing long sleeves until they leave.

Josh was oddly silent. Looking over the decor of the apartment and roll his eyes at the more expensive items laying here and there. Joseph wrapped his arm around your shoulder and lead you towards the kitchen, closely behind Josh as they examined in silence.

Feeling your anxiety spike up, you tried to keep silent whenever they would roll their eyes, purse their lips, or glare at something as if it oozed poison.

It was late, and you had no energy to deal with your brothers at the dead of the night but you knew that if you took off, they wouldn’t appreciate it and stick to your side as glue.
Blinking away the tiredness in your eyes, you sluggishly leaned against the wall — Joseph letting you go to look in your fridge.

“What are you doing?” Josh spoke up when your eyes closed. The feeling of warm breath brushing against your ear made you yelp and flinch away. Eyes momentarily tightly shut; as if you were expecting to be smacked.

“Nothing!” You said quickly. “Just-just tired, yeah, ahaha....” you waved your hands, smiling unconvincingly at Josh. He blinked twice and nodded, hawk-like eyes on you as you slowly went to sit on the chair.

Slumping against the table, you sighed inaudibly once again. Running your hand through your hair. The suffocating feeling was back - like you had to tread carefully in your own place or else you’d get - get something bad in return. You silently hoped Papyrus (or literally anyone) left you a message, something to keep you grounded and that you we no longer living on the other side of the large mountain.

“Oh, Mom still wants you home by thanksgiving. Time to pack and whatnot.” Josh said, voice like icicles against your skin. You shivered the cool tone and nodded, sitting up while the two maneuvered around you like machines.

“Monster produce.” Josh said in the same tone but with more heat. You bit your bottom lip - now realizing why they were looking around thoroughly. They were looking for any monster-related items.

Feeling your heart dive to your stomach, you straighten your back in weak attempts to make yourself bigger. Seeing this, Joseph rose his eyebrow.

You instantly shrunk back, smiling nervously. “It’s...hers. She has people over.” You say weakly. Josh huffed, tossing the spaghetti noodles and other monster produce into the trash while Joseph stood with his (large) arms crossed. A discriminating look over his features.

You shakily exhaled. They wouldn’t do anything to you today. It was last and they most likely knew you were tired from—from...... having fun with your friends. Your monster friends.

You barely had any friends who were human - saved for Garrus and his group, but that was it. You were just a friend of a friend. You barely knew anyone from that part of the police department - scratch that, you knew nothing.

“Are you taking your pills?” Josh asked, hauling the last of monster produce into the trash and tied the ends. He looked over his shoulder towards you — and for a second, you thought that their eyes shined despite the darkness.

“uh-yeah! I’m running out though, the supplements weren’t going to last forever and-and I feel much better!” You forced a laugh, trying to show them that you were fine without them.

Josh and Joseph shared a look before Josh made his way towards you. Feeling your heart drop, you kept your eyes open as he lifted his palm and -

the kitchen was still. No noise dared to penetrate through the thick silence as your head was jerked to the left. Tears gathering in your eyes as the stinging sensation erupted on your whole cheek.

Yet still, you kept silent. They wouldn’t appreciate it if you made any noise.
So you blinked away the tears. Smiling softly as you turned back to Josh. His calm, cold, collected eyes were now red with fury. His eyebrows knitted together in an angry furrow. Pure hatred leaked out of his stance with his hand still in the air. You fought back the tears.

Once again, your head was jerked to the left. The stinging coming back ten-fold as you squealed in pain.

“Look at what you made me do, Y/n.” Josh said, suddenly cupping your cheeks and forcing you to look up at him. His gong entails digging into your chin. ”if you hadn’t lied, I wouldn’t have to punish you.”

Clear salty tears rolled down your eyes, yet you forced yourself to smile and apologize in a wavering tone. On the verge of sobbing, you tried to regain your emotions. Crying now would only result into a panic and it was way to late to do that.

“Be a good little girl and go take the new pills we bought and to go sleep, yeah?” Joseph said from behind Josh. Josh nodded with a soft smile.

“Cute little sister, I am hurting that I have to discipline you like this,” he says as he slowly drags in his hand down, soft red streaks appearing on your skin as Josh took a step back. Pointing to the couch with his chin.

You hastily got up and grabbed the brown bag from the couch and retreated to the bathroom with the burning gazes of your brothers eyes on your back.

When you locked the door, you leaned against the sink, turning it on while you let out ragged breath. Trying to force yourself from crying out, from calling anyone.

Your parents never really cared about this. They overlooked it as if ‘rough-play’ while growing up and encouraged you to rough play back — it only resulted in —

in..

in the attic.

Heart race picking up, you rocked back and forth, letting your tears fall onto the porcelain skin while the rushing water became louder.

Before you could fall further, you forced yourself to shut it off and stare into your reflection. The cheek where Josh slapped you was swelling but thankfully there was no signs of bruising. Your eyes were puffy, your nose was pink with your lips a darker colour.

You looked like how you were before moving.

Licking your lips, you opened the bag and put the bottles into the pantry, opening one and taking three before swallowing it down with little water. The feeling of dry pills and the taste nearly made you throw up. Forcing yourself to keep the bile down, you exhaled loudly when it finally went down. The after taste making your shiver and cringe inward.

Grabbing a roll of toilet paper and wet it with cold water, you inhaled softly and softly dabbed it against your burning cheek. You hissed softly but kept soothing the ache with the wet toilet paper.

Once finished, you tossed the wet toilet paper into the trash and walked out of the bathroom, shutting off the lights as you quickly went to get the entra blankets and pillows from the closet — Josh grabbed it from your arms and pointed to your room.
“Sleep, we’re going to be busy tomorrow afternoon, you’ll need the rest.” He said, patting your head and turned away, walking back to the livingroom.

You couldn’t help but flinch. Smiling softly and entered your room. Only until you were safely under your covers did the façade crumbled.

Laying on your side, you pressed the blanket against your mouth trying to silence your sobs. Tears streaking sideways as you tightly shut your eyes. Shaking slightly at the amount of force you tried to keep everything at bay.

This was happening way too fast, just hours prior you were laughing at Sans’ embarrassment, talking to Red and happily trotting with Blue through the zoo. Papyrus’ spaghetti that he took to feed the others, the content feeling you felt then.

Now? Now you felt like you were stuck. You had no idea how long their heat lasted and Sans had practically begged you to block their numbers from today until.. until when? Until they seek you out after their heat? How long would that be?

Shakily picking up your phone, you scrolled through the contacts and clicked on Papyrus’ name. Biting down on your finger through the fabric, you quickly changed their contact names to human sounding names.

Josh or Joseph might ransack your phone and see their names. Half of the group had female names while the third stayed male names.

You can’t let your brothers know about them, what would they say? What would they do? They found Monster produce in the pantry and all they did was slap you.

God, you were an idiot. How could you let this happen? How come you couldn’t keep your distance and let them continue to be oblivious about your presence in your room. You didn’t deserve any of them, you were idiotic-stupid and down right... not worthy.

You tightly shut your eyes. Clicking on the phone call, sitting up you grabbed your earphones and quickly plugged it in and laid back down with your thick covers overhead.

A few rings in, Papyrus picked up with heavy panting and soft groans. “THE- THE GREAT PAPYRUS HERE!” He wheezed out. “Y/N, YOU KNOW THAT—” a shout was heard on the other end along with loud protests of Papyrus as he shoved something away with a loud cry. “—THAT YOU CAN’T C-CONTACT ANY OF US.. PLEASE HANG UP.” He begged.

You pursed your lips, a shaky hand covering your mouth as you hiccuped softly. “Papyrus....” you cried softly.

His breath hitched, a strangled cry coming from his voice box. “Hang Up..” he said once more, panting softly.

“You sobbed silently, begging for the skeleton to not make you hang up. “I need you, please. I don’t-” You hiccuped. “f-feel safe..”

The soft chatter of your brothers made your breath hitch. Trying to stay silent saved for the close panting in your ears. A soft whine came from Papyrus as you went completely stiff.

“Y/N, IT’S OKAY. I-I AM HERE. Liii~” he moaned softly, “I’m Sorry, Sorry About T-That, I
Can’t... I Can’t Control This..” he apologized profusely. “YOU ARE.. ARE OKAY. LISTEN TO M-MY VOICE... YOUR.. YOU’LL BEEE~ FINE.."

The weight lifted slightly. Feeling yourself growing tired as Papyrus continued to sing praises about you, reassuring that you were, and are, wonderful.

Soon, you found yourself fast asleep with the fading voice of Papyrus until he hung up.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Summary: Your Sunday morning is less favourable and you call Papyrus, as he is your safe haven despite his plea to block their number.

**Other** i am going to post a ‘pov’ book of the skele’s week and link it on the next chapter:^)

It is going to be rated ‘M’ ‘cause it’s a heat book with horny skeletons begging for the reader.

Also, I love how so many of you are so ready to grab the torches and pitchforks. Sadly, that isn’t the last you’ve seen of our darling brothers.

*Welcome to the new mini arc:) grab the drinks, tissues, pitchforks, flame torches — anything you are comfortable with and I hope you’ll enjoy your stAY BC WE GET TO SEE HOW THEY ACT.*
Waking up the next morning was slow. You stared at the dead screen of your phone for twenty minutes after gathering the enough courage to get out of bed and face today’s troubles with a semi-brave face.

closing the bathroom door, you tiptoed towards the kitchen. Briefly glancing over at your brothers on the couch and steadily took out a bowl and cereal.

“Did you take your pills?” Josh asked, rolling his head to look over his shoulders towards you. Biting down on your lip, you nodded softly as you slipped onto the chair.

“Good - are you doing anything today?” He asked, returning his gaze to the TV while Joseph fiddled with his phone only to briefly look up to examine you.

You opened your mouth to answer but Joseph laughed loudly and dropped his phone to his side. “No? Good! We can start heading home then.”

“I have classes.” You say. Despite the obvious chill in the air, you shoved a spoon full of cereal in your mouth and shrugged. “We can leave after today’s classes. I can tell my professors that i’ll be absent tomo-”

“the whole week, maybe longer.” Josh cut you off. Shrugging his shoulders. “You barely kept in contact during your time here. It’s best that you come home for the week.”

“I can’t do that.” You say desperately. “I’m still behind schedule and-”

“then drop out and move back. Easy.”

Biting down on your tongue, you froze when both brothers turned to look at you. Feeling your heart race, you stood up and dumped the rest of the cereal in the sink and walked towards your room to grab your keys, your phone and changer, and your jacket. Not bothering to change out of yesterday’s clothes.

“I can’t do that!” You say, startling yourself from the volume. Instantly shrinking back when Josh stood up, you tried to calm yourself down by the breathing exercise but that didn’t work and you could feel yourself slip away. Shutting your eyes when Josh began walking closer, you flinched when his hand softly caressed your cheek.
“If-if I want to get the-degree, I need to stay here and-make sure I get it! Going home whenever you want me to won’t make me succeed!” You say, voice wavering horribly. Tears building in your eyes as you quickly ducked away from Josh’s hand and rounded him - only to bump into Joseph’s chest. The helpless feeling of being trapped heavily weighing on yours as Joseph wrapped his arms around your waist and held you tight.

Hearing Josh sigh loudly behind you and turn, he grabbed your arm and yanked you away from Joseph’s arms, glaring heatedly at him before looking fondly down at you.

“It’s fine, I can provide for you.” He said in a sickeningly sweet tone, the undertone is what you heard though; a deep threat.

“Y-you can’t.” You say weakly, wincing softly as his grip tightened.

Joseph huffed begins you and grabbed your other arm, pulling you away from Josh. “Then how about me? I have the money.”

“We have the money.” Josh bit. Glaring at Joseph whilst pulling you towards him. Joseph grunted and yanked you back, making you stumble and yelp.

“N-no!” You shouted, startling both brothers. “I want to do things on my own!”

“What good would that be?” They said in sync. “You aren’t going to last very long on your own, you need us.”

Yanking your arms back, you hugged yourself and shook your head, pushing past Joseph and ran out the door with both of your brothers shouting out your name, both sounding pissed.

not nothing to wait for the elevator, you quickly ran down the stairs. Desperately trying to blink away the oncoming tears as you descended at a neck-breaking speed. Tightly holding onto the rails incase you tripped.

At the second floor, Josh came out of the elevator in attempt to corner you, but you quickly jumped from the rails and onto the next flight of stairs.

Twisting your ankle on the poor landing, you forced yourself to keep running. As you ran towards your car, you pulled the hood up and quickly entered. Not caring that you were being rushed and feeling unsafe, you backed out and drove off.

“Don’t cry, don’t cry, don’t cry...” you whispered as you drove. Hoping that they didn’t pursue you any further now that you drove away. Looking in the review mirrors to see if they did, the tears softly streaming down your cheeks when the flood of relief over washed you.

on the red light, you plugged in your phone and texted Alphys, asking if she could gather this mornings assignments for you and to apologize to the professors. She asked why, and if you were okay. You ignored her and turned right. Wiping away the tears, you tried to do the breathing exercise once more. Feeling much better now that you were near home - or the apartment, at least.

“Don’t cry!” You say desperately, yet the tears still streamed down your face. Luckily, the pain in your ankle distracted you from your thoughts enough that you had the time to park and lean back. Inhaling softly with the tears slowly streaming down the sides of your face.
Walking down the street and to the café was slow. Each time you put pressure on your foot you could feel the sharp sting in your leg. It was no doubt swollen by this point but you had to force yourself to walk.

The ‘closed’ sign made you frown, slowly sitting down on the pavement and lean against the glass doors, your head resting against it with your eyes closed. Now that the adrenaline passed, you felt exhausted. You wanted to sleep and forget the feeling of dread loom over you whenever you thought of your brothers.

Not only that you were limited to the skeletons, you were also limited to everything you did; your brothers were assholes like that.

A soft click made you flinch and sit up to look up at Muffet, you blinked owlishly and laughed nervously. “Hi..”

“Hello dearie. I didn’t realize you work today?.” She said, helping you to your feet. You paused for a second, thinking of an excuse - but a hand cupped your cheek and a purple fingertip softly tracing over the little bump and bruise.

Muffet’s warm expression shifted drastically. Her brows furrowed and her fifth eye tightly shut. “Who?” She asked, a soft undertone hiss.

“W-what?”

“Who did this to you?” She asked, her shoulders tensed. “I simply will tear whomever had done such harm to you, dearie.” She huffed and continued to softly carcass your swollen cheek. “Let me ask once more; who did this to you?”

slowly moving away from her, you sighed softly and lightly cupped your cheek. “I’m used to it, i’ll be fine.”

Muffet frowned, clearly upset by your words. Softly grabbing your arm and begin to pull you towards the back - you hissed softly as you limped to keep up with her pace.

She slowed and apologized. The shadow around her eyes darkened noticeably as she helped you sit down and hastily went to the kitchen.

Slowly slipping off your shoe, you exhaled loudly at the release - there was no more pressure around your ankle and you couldn’t help but moan. Lightly tracing your fingertips at the bruising, you sighed softly and leaned back, running a hand through your messy hair and frowned.

Muffet came back with a bowl, a white cloth and a bag of donuts.

“Y/n, dear.” She started, giving you the bag and slowly sat down, placing the bowl on the table. “If you’re unsafe at home you can tell me.”

You pursed your lips.

“If a significant other is—”

“it’s not what it looks like.” You say quickly, cutting her off mid-sentence and sighed. “Just- Don’t- it’s fine. You don’t have to worry about it.” It’s only this week. You thought at the end, twirling your thumbs together.

Muffet slightly bristled, her glasses slipping off her nose before she pushed it back up. Her hand
moving to dip the cloth into the warm water. “Alright. I won’t pry.” She said, lightly grabbing your chin and lightly dabbed the bruise.

“Thank you...” you whispered.

She hummed softly. You knew that she wasn’t convinced but you really didn’t want to talk about it - not right now, anyways. What would she think of you if you told her? Would she blame you for your brother’s actions?

It seemed unlikely - even now as she cleaned off your cheek, wiping away the heavy concealer. A twinge of anger flashed in her eyes before she went neutral.

“The donuts are heavily laced with healing magic, take it while I work on your ankle.” The slight edge in her tone made you meekly nod. Knowing that her anger wasn’t directed towards you, you slowly unraveled the bag, letting her slowly lift your leg to her lap and roll up the cuffs of your pants.

Biting into the fresh pastry, feeling it disintegrated in your mouth before you could swallow and taking another bite. The lingering tingle sending shivers down your spine as Muffet placed her palms around your ankle. Her eyes shut and a soft green glow emitting from her palms, sinking into your skin.

You watched in fascination, idly taking another bite of the pastry - your focus solemnly on the fading bruise.

“it is not broken but i’d advise not putting too much pressure on it until it fully heals on its own.” She said, pulling her hands from your ankle to examine it. The bruise was partially gone - there was still faint colours of red and purple but it wasn’t as puffy as it was mere seconds ago.

“No heels?” You asked.

Muffet huffed, shaking her hand with a soft laugh. ”you cannot wear rollers but you can wear heels?”

Flushing in embarrassment, you pointedly took a large bite of the donut whilst avoiding eye contact as Muffet laughed.

“I assume they are small? Uniformed.”

You nodded softly, swallowing the last bits of the pastry and brushed your hands together. Looking down at your ankle, you rolled it experimentally. A small sting running up your leg made you flinch - it was bearable, at least.

She gently picked up your leg and set it down, letting you sit up correctly as she stood and slowly rolled out the room. She returned with her middle arms cupped, holding a small spider in her palms as she sat next to you - the healing process was slow yet it did its job as the swelling on your cheek lowered, the discolouration slowly melting away like snow on warm skin.

Eyeing her hand, you leaned closer to look over her shoulder. She shook her head and chuckled.

“This is my cousin. We call him Agile,” she paused, letting the small spider run down her hand to her lap. A small string of web connecting them before it snapped. Agile looking up between you and Muffet, he huffed almost comically, raising his from arms in the air and waddled left and right.

“....” you suppressed an ‘aw’ at the small spider. Unsure if Agile wanted to be intimidating or to
show his dominance. Muffet’s mouth moved, silent sounds coming from her as Agile lowered his arms, another huff forming from him as his mouth? Moved in reply to Muffet’s words.

Muffet pushes up her glasses as she giggled.

Tearing her attention from her cousin, she looked up at you. “I don’t mean to appose, but - to lessen my worries - will you take Agile with you?” She asked, gesturing you to pick up her cousin.

They were a type monster, yes. But it still felt wear calling a spider her cousin. Did that make you a racist? God, you hoped not.

Gently picking Agile up, the spider turned to stare up at you, wide eyes unblinking and shining in the light.

“What, why?” You say after registering Muffet’s words. Despite what she thought : she didn’t have to worry. You’ll be around family meaning that your brothers wouldn’t do anything drastic.

“Y/n, sweetie. Please. Agile will find a way to contact me should anything happen. A lot of people care about you, even if you do not see it - we do not want to see you torn, okay? So please. Take Agile with you so I would not be worried as much as I am as of right now.”

Pursing your lips into a thin line, you gently smiled at the spider. “Guess you are stuck with me, huh, Agile?”

The spider slightly bristled, waving his arms in his air and side-stepped twice on your palm. Muffet covered her mouth and began giggling once more.

Her mouth moved yet no sound came out. Agile turned to face Muffet, his own mouth moving much more and his legs now firmly on your palm, inching closer to the edge while still trying to size up Muffet.

Pursing your lips into another tight line, you giggled nervously. Silently, and patiently, waiting for the two’s conversation to end instead of cutting it short.

When Muffet stopped talking, she looked up at you. “Thank you, y/n. Agile says that he’ll keep a close eye on you. You don’t wish to share why you feel unsafe at home but I want you to know that I am here if you need someone to talk to, Okay?” She said, lightly rubbing your shoulder. A soft smile on her purple lips.

Suddenly feeling a tad bit overwhelmed, you bit back the tears and nodded, not trusting your voice. Muffet ‘awed’ and pulled you into a hug, being mindful of Agile resting in your palms.

*Timeskip*

Arriving at the university didn’t take as long as it did when going to Muffet’s. Probably because she healed you but still, it was better. A small inhale of the icy wind, you shivered and pulled the collar of your coat up, blocking the freezing wind from getting to Agile. The spider quickly nested himself into the warmth of your neck - feeling slightly jealous you pushed that aside as you limped towards Alphys’ classroom, silently praising to the heavens that she didn’t have her classes up a few flight of stairs.

Knocking on the door before pushing it open, you smiled brightly at the professor whom could mutually call you her friend rather than that of a student.
“Y/N!” She called, pulling off the protective goggles from her face and placed it on her head. “Th-there you are!” She said, quickly going to your side.

A frown appeared on her lips as her sight trailed to your foot. “Y-you’re.. l-limping.”

Swallowing thickly, you nodded and wobbled towards a seat, exhaling lightly as the pressure disappeared from your ankle - a little relieves.

“...uh, y-yeah! I-I got your..your w-work.” She scampered, flushing a dark colour as she quickly turned around and rummaged through her bag. “Th-the professors we-were asking for.. for you. S-so I said you-you were.. sick..”

“Thank you, I know lying to the other professors must be a chore for you.” You say, leaning onto the table with your arms straight out. Alphys laughed nervously.

“Y-yes... uh.. Y/n?” She called, cleaning up her desk. Neatly putting things away in their right compartments. You quirked your eyebrow at her, her eyes shifting to you for a second before fiddling with the lock.

“...Are.. you okay?” She whispered.

You laughed breathlessly, holding the packet to your chest with a small frown. “You’re the second person to ask me that today.”

Alphys twirled her fingers, pushing the papers further onto the desk with a swift flick of her tail. “Re-really? — I mean! I-you...” he trailed, covering your face with a growing blush.

You smiled softly, letting her collect herself with a few inhaled and exhales.

“U-undyne and I are going to h-have another marathon. W-want to join?”

Feeling grateful that she wasn’t probing you for answers, you nodded.

Almost after you agreed, Alphys’ stutter disappeared as she began to talk to you about the Anime she wanted to show you, (You already finished the one she recommended a week ago) and that you wouldn’t be able to honk of anything but anime guys pinning for one girl.

Upon arriving, Alphys quickly darted towards the kitchen, gathering the necessary food for the anime marathon - not before kissing Undyne a ‘hello’ before disappearing.

Undyne chuckled, moving to wrap her arm around your shoulder and grinned widely, showing her large teeth.

“You finally got around to go shopping- bleh, I know! BUT! we got something fitting for you! It should be upstairs, lemme check.” She said quickly, shaking you in excitement that basically rivalled Alphys’ when you agreed to come, and when she began to talk about the ‘new’ anime.

“Fitting?” You called back, walking towards the stairs and stared at the hallway Undyne disappeared from.


“It’s a matching pair. Keep it — it’s ONLY for our Anime marathons, got it!? No Skeletons allowed!”
You blinked owlishly, holding onto the bundle with both arms. It was grey, as far as you could tell. Her words didn’t register For a second before your face bloomed a perfect rose red. “What is that supposed to mean?!?”

Undyne snickered softly, her hand covering her mouth as she shrugged innocently. “Nothing too serious.” She winked, turning around and disappearing into her and Alphys’ shared bedroom.

You pouted, looking down at the small grey cushion. A sigh coming from your lips as you went and changed out of your day clothes into the PJ’s. Sometime while you were in the washroom, Undyne and Alphys switched, letting the former to change into PJ’s whilst the latter went to keep an eye on the popcorn. (Agile sitting comfortably on your head)

Once in the living room, freshly changed and kind of cold, you grabbed the first cover off the pile and read the title.

“A reverse harem?” You asked, eyeing the DVD cover. It was the typical trope, one girl with many guys. The protagonist looking weak and girly — the perfect bait for hormonal men.

Undyne snatched the cover from you - you instantly flinched away and shoved your hands behind you.

“ARE YOU SERIOUS!?” She roared. “This, right here,” she pointed at the cover. “Is the BEST!”

You exhaled softly, thankful she didn’t question your movements. “I.. never watched much Anime growing up.” You admitted, despite them already knowing this.

Undyne groaned, falling back onto the love seat and ran her webbed hand through her red locks. “How do you live, I wonder?”

“I don’t.” You frowned. Undyne’s expression twinged for a second before her toothy grin appeared albeit more forced.

“Well, you are going to have a FUN time watching this anime, GOT IT!? ‘Cause you ain’t leaving until your shift starts, okay? OKAY!” She cheered just as Alphys came back with two bowls of popcorn. A cute pink Pj’s with printed fishes (in pastel) on them. Her tail curled around her feet as she slowly approached the couch, placing the bowls on the table, near the 2L drinks and family-sized chips.

Undyne wore her pj’s, too. Dark blue with streaks of green, purple, and pink along with white dots littering about.

You, of course, was dragged into it too. Sporting yourself a grey shirt that read ‘kiss the beauty’ in pink cursive with matching pink shorts with soft ruffles.

While Undyne had her hair down, you had yours tied up into a bun with a few strands pushed behind your ear.

It was only 3:27 in the afternoon and normal adults would’ve been out at work — but Undyne has the day off and Alphys finished her classes until tomorrow. You? You had until 10 to get to work.

While the two got seated on the love seat, Undyne having her arm around Alphys and laying behind her despite her protests, Alphys being the smaller spoon and you got comfortable in a laying position on the couch. Snickering softly at the opening sequence.

Both females shushed you loudly, making you cover your mouth and nod.
Times like this - made you forget the looming doom back at your own apartment.

A sinking feeling appeared in your gut as you gazed towards the hall. Wondering if your brothers were spamming you with text messages, demanding where you ran off too and that you come back or else.

Swallowing thickly, you shifted positions. No longer feeling comfortable laying down and sat up instead. Glancing over your shoulder as if expecting Josh or Joseph, you sighed softly and stiffly returned to the television.

“You are doing a piss-poor job at hiding your emotions.” Said Undyne, startling you for a second. Alphys went stiff in her arms, eyes trained on the tv before snapping up to look at Undyne.

Undyne looked bored, like she had played this scene over and over again. Mindlessly popping a popcorn in her mouth, she glanced over towards you. Red hair blocking her vision before pushing it back. “Yenno, I could feel the way you’ve been feeling ever since ya got here. I didn’t want to say anything until you said something but you’re as stubborn as Sans!”

“Am I really that easy to read?” You whispered as Alphys paused the episode.

“No, and yes. You spend so much time inside your head that you don’t notice that you zone out completely! It’s frustrating that I don’t know what you’re thinking and what you’re going through but- goddammit! You are my FRIEND and I want to see you HAPPY! Got it!? So while you are with me and Al, just know that you are SAFE! And that you CAN let your guard down!”

Shutting your mouth shut, you cupped your cheeks. Inhaling softly. “I’m sorry.. I-i never noticed that I think too much..”

“it-it’s fine, Y-Y/N!”

You smiled gratefully at the two, even if it didn’t reach your eyes, they settled for that. Both glancing at each other and wordlessly nodded before getting up and sat on both sides of you, leaning onto you in their own way.

Pursing your lips as Undyne played the episode, you fought back the overwhelming tearing swelling up in your eyes. So much people had already offered their comfort to you - you don’t deserve so much kindness from these people..

attempting to blink away your tears only lead them to slip down your face. Unable to wipe them, you opted to stay silent and watch the anime episode with the two. Sniffling every now and then as the emotion washed over your like a tsunami.

You didn’t deserve any of them.

*Timeskip*

“You are limping.” Sebastian’s smooth voice said behind you just as your locker clicked shut with your personal items within. Agile hidden within the collar of your button up, away from view of your co-workers and customers.

Nibbling on your lip, you turned around and smiled. “A little accident happened at my earlier job. “you lied swiftly. “I don’t know how to stand on rollerblades...”
Sebastian's honey brown eyes lowered to your ankle - obviously favouring your right rather than your left, he noticed that you tried to hide your limp as if you were stumbling - barely hiding it too.

He inhaled softly then exhaled through his nose. “If you require time off, I’m sure we can—”

“No!” You shouted a bit too fast. Clearing your throat and smiled sweetly. Sebastian frowned softly. “Thanks, But no. I already took time off when my friend came here, raided our refrigerators, and sang loudly in the back.” You chuckled lightly at the thought. “I’ll be fine.”

You paused at his stare. A soft sigh coming from you as you swept your hair behind your ear. “Maybe.. for a week. Family wants me to go back home for a bit — I’m not sure when I’ll be leaving, though.”

You weren’t sure if that was too much information, rambling about it surely didn’t help but when Sebastian’s frown slowly perked up into a small smile, you concluded that it was alright.

“Very well, I’ll Inform Mr.Phantomhive. For now, please work until closing.” He lightly patted your head - you flinched and recoiled, lowering his hand from your head. Heart beat in your ears for a split second.

“Thank you, Sir.”

Before he could question, you ducked out of the locker room. The small spider coming out of hiding and nuzzled your ear. A shiver ran down your back.

Chapter End Notes

First chapter of the skeleton’s week is here Click!!
Agile the Spider

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Agile gently bit your earlobe, scurrying to your shoulder and lifted his two arms, walking side to side to catch your attention. A frown appeared on your lips as you rubbed where he bit you. The small puff of white disappearing in front of you as you wandered towards the front door.

“Aren’t you cold?” You asked, raising your brow at Agile. The spider’s lets trembled slightly before hiding underneath the collar of your coat. His legs tapping against your neck as you pushed the door open. Waving hello at the front desk before walking towards the elevator. tousling your hands together and pressed the button on your floor.

Josh has texted during your ten minute break; that he and Joseph had finished packing for the weekend and are ready to go whenever you were able to. You sighed as you placed your phone back and went to talk to Hannah. She was understanding about it, although told you that you could talk to her if your relatives were too overbearing for you. You hugged her and thanked her before going back to work.

A soft yawn, you shook your head and stepped out of the elevator. Unlocking the door to your apartment, you placed the keys in the bowl and slipped off your shoes, hanging up your coat — thundering footsteps ran towards you, a hand grabbing you from the darkness and yanked you forwards. A startled scream came from you as Joseph dragged your to the living room.

“It’s nearly five am! Where were you?” Joseph asked, pushing you onto the couch. Agile immediately jumped from the comforts of your collar and onto your shoulder, his legs up top and walking back and forth as if trying to be intimidating.

Joseph’s words died in his throat as he stared blankly at the spider. The corners of his mouth twitching into a scowl.

“I was at work! I thought-I thought you knew?” You say quickly, hushing softly at Agile. “It’s okay, he’s not... a threat.” You said although a bit hesitantly.

Agile comically huffed, lowering his arms and stood stiff, staring up at Joseph.

“Whose this?” He asked, taking a seat next to you to examine Agile closer. You pursed your lips, quickly thinking up a ruse. “His name’s Agile, I bought him before my shift today.”

“is that so? Which type of spider of he?”

“....jumping spider.”

Agile turned to you, his eyes sharp and alert for a second before he hid in his spot, although he peeked out to stare at Joseph. Small legs lightly tapping you for a few moments before he slowly backed away.

Joseph chuckled, shaking his head and roused his hair. “Good, thought he was a monster for a second there.”

You forced a laugh, hoping that it was somewhat believable. “Monster spiders, yeah right.”
Your brother rose his eyebrow at you but shook his head. “Alright. I’ll accept that you’ve been at work. But where were your beforehand?”

“At a friend’s house, they wanted to uh, watch anime?” You scrunched your nose - instantly flinching away when Joseph rose his hand. He squinted slightly and ran his fingers through his hair once more.

“Eh, Alright. Josh is asleep, which means you should too since we’ll be leaving tomorrow morning... in a few hours, actually.” He says, looking at his watch and pushed up his glasses before lowering his arm. Patting your shoulder, he smiled softly. “You should take your meds and get to sleep. Don’t bother with your sleeping pills, you wouldn’t be able to drive in the morning if you take them.”

“My-my sleeping pills?” You questioned. You never needed sleeping pills? All you knew that you were taking antidepressants. Did they diagnosed you again?

“Yeah, heard from.. someone that you weren’t sleeping all that well. Nightmares, perhaps?” He tilted his head. “Nevermore, just go to bed. Josh’ll have breakfast ready and we’ll leave, okay?”

“Oh, okay.” Biting your lip, you glanced at Joseph once more before standing up. Nodding your head at your brother before retreating to the bathroom. Your shoulders relaxing once you locked the door and leaned back onto the door. A deep exhale escaping you that you didn’t know you were holding.

Agile scurried from his hiding place, slowly going down your arm onto the counter, examining the toothbrush holder, a small neon green cup, and two hair brushes (along with skincare). After finishing your business, you filled the cup with water and popped the cap off the pill bottle — Agile waved his arms in the air, jumping up and down in place for your attention. Before you could pop in the pills, Agile’s jumping increased.

“What?” You hissed softly, lowering your fist that held the pills in. Agile quickly scurried to your fist and tapped your pinky. Furrowing your eyebrows, you unfolded your pinky - he tapped your ring finger, you unfold it, he tapped your middle finger and so on until the small white pill was on display. With a huff, Agile grabbed the three pills and threw it down the drain before you could stop him.

“Agile!” You shouted, looking down the drain and frowned. The darkness not helping the slightest. “Why did you do that?” You asked, a bit annoyed of the spider’s sudden attitude.

His fangs moved but stopped almost instantly. He shook his head and jumped up. “Yeah, no kidding.” You say sarcastically.

He huffed, turning his backside to you and began to work in between the cup and the toothbrush holder.

You wrinkled your nose at the webs. Muttering that you had to clean it up when he was done. Picking up the bottle once again, you popped off the cap and picked three. Placing it back in the cabinet, you glanced over at Agile (who was still walking back and forth, up and down, on his web) but paused when he stopped to give you the stinkeye.

Raising your hands in surrender, you crossed your arms and leaned against the door.

Five minutes later, Agile finally took a few steps away from his web and huffed proudly. You rolled your eyes at the look and examined his web. “Nice.”
Growing tired in the last few minutes, you honestly couldn’t care about anything right now. Your eyelids felt heavy, you felt like you could sleep standing up like this—Agile loudly tapped his feet against the counter, gesturing you down. Frowning softly, you crouched to his level and stared at the web.

‘not healthy for you’ it spelled in white glistening web. The words boxed but readable.

“What do you mean?” You asked, looking over at Agile. His mouth moved for a second before he huffed, pushing the pills you left on the counter and picked them up - only to throw them down the drain in agitation.

“Alright, aright. I’ll trust you.” You say, standing back up and offering your hand for him to climb on. Cleaning up the webs and pouring the water down the drain, you quickly went to your room and into the warmth of your bed. Agile scurried off, hiding within the darkness while you plugged in your phone and slipped off your sweater before settling deeper within your covers.

Staring at the window, you blinked slowly.

‘I wonder what the guys are up to?’ you thought as sleep began to take you.

You gasped, staring up at the ceiling in shock as your cheeks began to colour. Covering your mouth and nose in embarrassment, you whines softly. “So stupid, ohmygod.” You muttered, rolling to your side.

Your dream was none other than the guys - as embarrassing as it was, you couldn’t fight the butterfly’s in your stomach the longer you thought of it - it started off as a musical with you as the leading roll: Hamilton.

It started with the original cast before shifting to each skeleton - Sans replacing Anthony, Red replacing Daveed, the works.

The most bizarre thing was that Stretch, Papyrus, And Edge played as the Schuyler Sisters - which also meant Edge played Maria Reynolds.

Face blooming pink, you covered your face once again. The erotic song still playing at the back of your head as you screamed into your hands. It-it wasn’t erotic! It.. was suggestive.

That word felt better than the latter. Edge-

“I can’t face them anymore, nope, nope.” You whispered, face growing more red as you sat up and lightly slapped your cheeks. “C’mon, they don’t like you like that. We’re just friends whom you tried running away from after the first week! It’s okay, yes, yes.” You tried to convince yourself.

Still, you couldn’t wipe the memory of Edge body rolling against you— another scream ripped from your throat as you hastily got out of bed, out the door of your room and into the bathroom. (Ignoring your brothers who stood in front of your door)

Splashing your face with cold water, you stared at your reflection and sighed deeply.

A knock jolted you from your thoughts, the door opening slightly as Josh popped his head in. “You okay?”

Thanking the heavens you were in business, you nodded. Not trusting your voice as you opened the door and trailed after him to the kitchen.
“We’ll be leaving soon. You should put your spider in a cage or something.” Joseph said, biting into jam-covered toast.

“You have a spider?” Josh asked, his brow raised.

“Yes.” Joseph cut. Putting a plate in front of you filled with eggs, hashbrowns, bacon and two whole-wheat toast. “She bought it yesterday. An impulsive decision, I believe.”

“I wasn’t talking to you.” Josh hissed, lightly kicking the chair leg Joseph sat on. Joseph shrugged his shoulders, taking another bite of his toast and blandly ignored Josh’s mild outburst.

Before you or Josh could speak up, Joseph’s grin widen. “Mom asked if we could meet her at the family lodge. Everyone is already there except for us.”

“If we follow the mountain road instead of the highway, we could be there until five.” Josh slowly nodded his head, leaning on the counter with his arm crossed and the other holding his phone. “Tell her we’ll meet her there. Y/n’ll have to take her car since mine can only hold two people.”

You perked up at this. Five hours to yourself before being bombarded? Yes!

Joseph frowned softly. “I guess. You’ll have to follow us then.” He said, sparing you a glance. A light chuckle coming from him as he typed his reply to your mother.

“Alright. Finish eating up and I’ll go load Y/n’s stuff in my vehicle.” Josh piped, shoving his phone into his sweater pocket and walked towards the front. “We leave in ten, so get ready.”

“Wait! I wanted to take a shower first!” You cried after. Josh ignored you, grabbed your packed luggage by the door and walked out.

You frowned, ignoring Joseph’s snickers and began to scarf down the food, taking large gulps of water when you felt yourself about to choke. After devouring your breakfast, you got up, sprinted to your room, grabbed a change of clothes, and took a quick shower.

twisting your hair in the towel, changed into a fresh pair of clothing, you quickly retreated back to your room to blow dry.

Josh knocked on your door. “Ten minutes are up! Hurry up!” He shouted as you brushed your wet hair. Frustrated, you stuck your tongue out at your door and sweetly took your time drying.

“five more minutes!” You shouted back, thanking the gods that your brother didn’t slam your door open and dragged your down stairs.

“Five minutes.” Josh states sternly. Footsteps fading away.

“Agile? Come out, we’re leaving.” You called, arms in the air to hold the hair dryer and the brush. The spider slowly crept out from underneath your bed and walked to your feet - easily propping himself onto your pants and crawled up.

“Good boy~” You coo’d playfully, shutting off the hair dryer and unplugged it. Running your hands through your hair after the brush, feeling for any damp spots. Putting your hair into a low bun, strands framing your cheeks. Grabbing your bag, you stuffed your laptop into it along with the charger, your phone’s charger and earphones. The strap over your shoulder, you pocketed your phone and swiftly grabbed your fluffy maroon slippers.

"Let’s go!“ you shouted, opening and closing your door behind you and walked towards the front.
“You look like a girl leaving her best friends house.” Joseph commented, snickering softly at your messy attire. You narrowed your eyes at him.

“I can’t relate to that, thank you very much.” You bit. Putting on your jacket (Agile returning to his place beside your neck while staring at Joseph and Josh.) and slipped on your shoes.

“What’s that supposed to mean, hm?” Josh hummed. “Are you blaming us for your failure?”

Biting down on your tongue, you shook your head. “Lock the door on your way out.” You mutter, ducking underneath Joseph’s arm and down the hall.

Entering the vehicle, Agile crawled from his usual spot to the dashboard, nearing the air conditioner that gradually warmed up as you plugged in your phone, quickly swiping through playlists.

Glancing up, you smiled at your brothers. Josh stopped for a second before entering his vehicle with Joseph following shortly after.

Shaking off your coat and carelessly throwing it on the passengers seat, you backed out of the parking space and followed after Josh’s vehicle. Lightly tapping the steering wheel along with the beat of the song, mouthing the words with a light smile.

Chapter End Notes

**FANART!!**

art by Bakerymanslaughter
I TEARED UP guys it’s amazing go check it out!
P: no smut for this chapter - promise Sans’ part for ‘see you later’ will come out next chapter:^)!}

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!