A Glimpse Into Forever

by Golden_Au

Summary

What was thirty days, out of an eternity?

When you were a god, thirty days was a mere fraction of the life you lived.

When you were a glitch, thirty days was a month you didn't expect to live.

But when you were in love? Thirty days was thirty precious memories of the thousands you would get to share.

Notes
I'm so desperate for stories about this ship that I'm writing it myself. Help.

Chapter takes place pretty early on in their relationship, so things are still new.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Holding Hands

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When it came down to it, humans seemed to have some pretty big misconceptions about the gods. While some things were different depending on which universe you belonged to, there were enough worlds within the multiverse which seemed to agree on quite a few things.

That being said, Reaper couldn’t exactly claim to have ever had the head of a jackal, nor had he ever been married to any of the goddesses of his world, though Life was pretty nice. He could see them possibly being a thing in another, well, life (heh).

And, sure, biological sex tended to be a lot less set in stone when you were a skeleton and had to summon your bits to have fun, but Reaper was still very sure in the fact that he was male, thank you very much.

So...yeah. There were quite a few humans in even his universe that would probably be disappointed in what he actually looked like, although, with the cloak and scythe, their grim reaper depictions were pretty spot on. Almost scarily so, now that he thought about it.

One of the biggest errors when it became to the depictions of the gods; however, had to be the fact that everyone seemed to think that being one was this big, amazing thing.

Don’t get him wrong: there were definitely benefits. Despite being all skin and bones—minus the skin, of course—Reaper was actually pretty strong, even if he was lazy enough that, that strength kind of went to waste. Speaking of laziness; however, he could pretty much float everywhere instead of, ugh, walking. He was immortal, too, so he didn’t have to worry about the frankly concerning amount of coffee he tended to consume killing him anytime soon, or at all. There were various other little benefits that definitely made being a god cool and all, but, sometimes, they seemed overshadowed by one big thing:

Reaper was the god of death.

Actually, it went beyond that. He wasn’t just the god of death; he was death itself in the (figurative) flesh, and it was that, that made being a god kind of a downer.

People died everyday, so his job never technically ended. Every minute, every day humans and monsters alike had to be reaped and, while he was perfectly fine with slacking off, the other gods of his world tended to get a little cranky if he went too long without working. Besides, Papyrus had to take over his workload whenever he went on break and, as nice as his brother was, there was only so many extra souls he could take before his patience snapped and he all but demanded that Reaper get off his boney ass and go to work (he actually said that once. It was terrifying).

Reaping souls was exhausting though, so it wasn’t much surprise that his usual laziness seemed amplified by his drastic workload. That being said, a lot of his unwillingness to work tended to come less from the fact that it never ended and more from the simple truth that Reaper simply didn’t like his job.

Although it probably wasn’t surprising, reaping souls was depressing. People didn’t just die peacefully in their sleep, after all. They were murdered, committed suicide, were involved in accidents, or, sometimes, didn’t even make it out of their mother’s wombs. There were a surprising
amount of ways to die and Reaper had seen every one of them. He’d seen mother’s clutching at their children, eyes glazed and little faces pale; witnessed murderers skulking away from bodies, some still warm, others decimated; and, most commonly with monsters, had simply struck his scythe through souls lingering in the air, their previous bodies little more than piles of dust blowing in the wind.

Death came to everyone, in the end. That end was just a little sooner, a little messier, for some people.

The real kicker, though, was that Reaper kind of...didn’t care anymore. It sounded cold-hearted, he knew that, but it was true. Millennials spent swinging his scythe around kind of desensitized him to his own work and, even if it hadn’t, he had seen what showing mercy to the wrong soul could do and wasn’t in the mood for repeating past mistakes. He still felt a twang every now and then if a reaping was particularly rough, and being called names just for doing your job wasn’t fun, but, overall, he felt numb to most of what he experienced when it came to his namesake.

And it was that, that made him dislike his job most of all.

It made him feel like a monster, that lack of emotion when prying souls away from their bodies. He’d been call cruel to his face plenty of times before, but didn’t want to actually think it could be true; yet there wasn’t really anything he could do to help his case. His touch alone killed everything around him, so it wasn’t like he could exactly leave his work behind when he went home, being the living embodiment of death and all.

When it really came down to it, being a god wasn’t all that fun in the end. At least for him.

He wasn’t exactly sure if he’d give up his title and powers if he ever could—what would he even do with himself, he wondered—but it still baffled him that there were actually some mortals out there who would actually kill to be in his position. Especially since, well…

Eyes drifting away from the blank, black nothingness he had been staring into while lost in thought, Reaper felt his usual grin soften into a genuine smile when his gaze settled upon the grumpy expression of his boyfriend.

The smaller skeleton was seated beside him on the floor of the Save Screen, singular eye light determinedly focused on the book he had spread out over his lap. Geno was almost always in a sour mood, which was understandable, given the fact he was the result of a genocide route gone off the rails, forced to watch more genocide routes happen, but his usual scowl’s effect was ruined by the bright blush seared across his skull. He was trying to look angry but really only succeeded in looking cute.

Then again, Reaper thought his angry expression was actually pretty cute, too, so maybe he was succeeding and Reaper was just being biased.

As adorable as his boyfriend was though, the god felt his attention drawn down to his right hand where the other skeleton’s left was being held, their phalanges intertwined.

Mortals so often thought that the lives of the gods were wondrous, that immortality and power outshined anything they could ever hope to achieve. But this, he thought, running his thumb across the back of Geno’s hand just to hear him sputter in embarrassment, this was the real treasure.

From an outsider’s perspective, Geno was actually pretty imposing. Months had passed since their first meeting, but, even now, Reaper could remember the way the other had looked when geared up, ready for a fight. The dual-tone eye light pulsating within his socket, the grin that stretched wide even as blood seeped through his teeth, and the way he stood proudly on his feet, despite the wound
clear on his chest; as though asking that if a injury like that couldn’t keep him down, how could you ever hope to? Reaper hadn’t been afraid, other souls had fought for their lives before, but he could easily see others being frightened away by his little Genocide.

And he meant that “little,” by the way.

Despite his easily unsettling appearance, Geno was honestly kind of tiny. He was rage and revenge wrapped up in a little four-foot-something bundle. It was adorable, especially considering the fact that Reaper had a good deal of height over him. It wasn’t just his body that was smaller than Reaper’s own, though. No, it was his hands too.

Had they had flesh, he would have been willing to bet that Geno’s fingers would have been pudgy, the bones that made up his phalanges shorter and stockier than his own. Held within Reaper’s grasp though, the hand almost seem frail. Geno was immune to his deathly touch, but the shadow of death that lingered around the god made his little hands look so feeble when gripped by Death.

Very few were willing, or able, to be touched by the god, but here Geno was, unwilling to be conquered by him, but more than happy to hold his hand (even if he wouldn’t admit it).

It was amazing! Nothing about life as a god that the mortals dreamed up could compare to this simple pleasure, he was sure, chuckling as he brought their tangled hands up and nuzzling against the delicate bones making up his boyfriend’s metacarpals.

Geno squeaked, red blush burning brighter as he attempted to tug his hand away, failing miserably. “Stop that, you weirdo!”

“Stop what?” He questioned innocently, pressing skeleton kisses to the smaller’s knuckles now.


Good thing the book wasn’t hardcover. He knew when to admit defeat though, understanding that pushing further could pose of the risk of making Geno actually angry, rather than embarrassment induced annoyance, so, sulking, he opened his hand, letting the other skeleton’s own slide from his grasp.

Curiously enough; however, Geno’s slight frown slid into what he would probably deny was a pout, his focus seemly shifting to finding his spot in his book, but his eye light clearly glancing in Reaper’s direction every few moments. In response, the god raised a brow, confused yet appreciative of the way his blush seemed to be spreading down his neck, disappearing under his scarf.

“I meant stop being weird.” the other finally huffed out, turning just enough to meet his stare head on. When Reaper’s brow simply raised higher, he grumbled, “You can keep holding my hand, idiot.”

Reaper blinked, slowly, not quite comprehending the fact that Geno was outright telling him to hold his hand. Seeing the smaller skeleton begin to falter when he remained silent shook the surprise away though, and he was quick to snatch up his hand, lest he take the offer away.

Geno made a quiet, disgruntled sound, but Reaper was still able to catch the way his teeth shifted into a smile before he hid it behind his scarf. Smiling himself, he closed his eyes, simply enjoying his time spent with the other and the warmth of those delicate fingers curled between his own.

This really was the best.
-Geno is 4'9
-Reaper is 5'5

Fun fact: Smol Classic! Sans is one of my most favorite things in this world and you can sure as hell believe that I love the idea of smol Geno too.

Plus, I love the entire concept of the unassuming cutie actually being a scary badass when provoked. Geno is a creepy, bleeding unassuming cutie.
Cuddling

Chapter Summary

In which Reaper beats up a group of teenagers, probably making them think the sidewalk is haunted, and the author showcases her poor ability at following prompts by not adding any cuddles until the very end of the chapter!

Chapter Notes

Geno gets kind of panicky in this chapter. I'm not sure if it qualifies as a panic attack, but I'm suggesting that anyone sensitive to them be wary and tagging it anyways.

Also, this chapter takes place quite a bit into their relationship. They've done the dirty by this point!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Although time didn’t work within the Save Screen, Geno knew that he had lived there for what had to be at least a handful of years by now. Genocide routes took time, after all.

Getting from one end of the underground to the other could be sped up when Riverperson was willing to give you a ride, but walking the entire way took days; especially if you were a homicidal human set on hunting down every last monster you could find first.

There were also the resets to consider. For the most part, they pushed the timeline back before the human fell into the underground. This was usually anywhere from a single day to an entire week, from what he estimated based off of how long it took them to appear from the ruins. Every now and then something went strangely; however, and he would find himself stuck watching the new Sans and his brother from when they were babybones all the way up until their deaths by the human’s knife. Those were always...startling, to say the least (It hurt; watching his childhood play out again...seeing Papyrus so small...and knowing that those innocent, happy lives were going to end because he wasn’t able to stop the human, because he couldn’t get Sans to see how his plan could save them, because Sans was starting off too young, with too many years worth of memories between the last reset and this one and-).

The point was, all those days within all those genocide routes added up. And Geno had sat through them all, so, yeah, it had really been quite some time since he had first come to call the Save Screen home.

Which made his current situation so jarring.

Flinching when a group of humans passed him, Geno tightened his hold on Reaper’s arm, scooting closer to the god in what was definitely not an attempt to hide away from any possible encounters. He had fought against the worst enemy the underground had ever seen—countless of times! Heck, he was literally courting Death! There was no way a few humans was enough to shake his nerve. Although ‘a few’ probably wasn’t the most accurate description, he thought, fingers curling into the
fabric of Reaper’s cloak just a smidge tighter as he eyed the impressive crowd around them.

In response, his boyfriend gently shook Geno’s hold loose so that he could pull his arm away, instead sliding it around the other’s shoulders and tucking him close into his side. “They can’t see us, Gen.” the god reassured him.

“I know.” Geno snapped back, not exactly angry, but feeling a bit snippy in his current situation. “I’m just not use to...all this.” This being the outside world.

When Reaper all but tackled him this morning, exclaiming that he had found a way to get him out of the Save Screen without killing him, he had felt a lot more wariness than he did relief, even in the face of his lover’s excitement. He didn’t understand a lot about what went into the creation of the little pendant tucked under his scarf that was supposed to protect him, and that made him nervous. He was an abnormality, after all: a glitch within the multiverse. There wasn’t really anyone else like him to test it out on to make sure it would work, so he worried that he’d dust the moment he stepped through the portal Reaper had created into their world.

He hadn’t, luckily, but stepping through that portal still made him tired. According to the Alphys of Reaper’s world, who had helped worked on the pendant, the god of death had panicked when Geno just...dropped, asleep. Apparently they all thought they killed him, but it was just Geno’s body trying to readjust to time suddenly moving around him, even when his own body’s time remained still; impending death no closer than before (but Death latched onto him tightly, wailing for him not to leave him. It was actually a pretty upsetting sight, Alphys admitted. Easily number one on the Top Ten Saddest Anime Deaths list, when they thought it was actually a death, that is).

Upon realizing that he was, in fact, just resting, Geno was moved to Reaper’s bed where he was closely monitored as he slept. It was estimated that the pendant should last a little under a week before having to be resupplied with power. There was hope that a more permanent solution would be found in the future, but, at the time, everyone simply wanted to make sure that the pendant alone would work and he wouldn’t dust in his sleep.

No one wanted to be responsible for accidentally killing The God of Death’s lover with a faulty piece of jewelry, after all.

After two full days and nights of rest, Geno had finally awoken, to the relief of everyone. He was CHECKed over carefully once more and made to perform a few test before he was finally deemed to be as good in shape as someone in his condition could be.

Reaper, overjoyed, had celebrated this by introducing Geno to his world, starting with the bed he had slept in but hadn’t gotten as acquainted with it as the god felt he could be.

Thank goodness babybones needed at least a little intent for them to be created, or else his first official meeting with Life later that day might have been a lot more mortifying.

That had taken place yesterday, though, and, while there was still more Reaper wanted to show him, the god had chosen to whisk him off to the mortal plane instead after breakfast, claiming that he had a list of fun things to show him there as well.

“They can’t actually see us.” He had explained when Geno brought up being seen. He didn’t know if the mortals in Reaper’s world were all humans or not. “We decide if we want to show ourselves to mortals. Since that pendant was created through our magic, the same should go for you.”

Thankfully, this held true and Geno was currently also unseen, but walking around others was still so...unsettling.
He was used to his Save Screen. He had that little beam of light over the small patch of flowers and grass, and Reaper had gotten him a few lamps, but the darkness there seemed to stretch infinitely beyond the little area he made into a home; being all that he could see for what could have been miles or just a few feet.

As a genocidal Sans, he had also never made it to the surface in his world, so he was still getting used to just how bright the sun actually was. It pleasantly warmed his bones but the sheer strength of its light hurt his eye.

Aside from that though, there was just...so much around him. The underground had been big, but still small enough to feel claustrophobic with how many monsters had all lived down there. The city they were currently walking through, however? It was huge.

There were buildings ten times the height of the tallest building in New Home, more shops than there had been monsters in the underground, more types of car than he knew even existed, and just more...everything!

Most of all; however, he found that there was more people, too.

He wasn’t use to people, anymore. Sure, he had his friends from Grillby’s, but those were the kind of friends you never really found yourself talking to outside of running to them in person. Don’t get him wrong; he liked them, but hadn’t ever felt the need to call any of them up for a chat. Papyrus was the social one, not him.

And now? Now he didn’t really have any kind of friends. Well, no, that was lie. There were two people that came to mind when he actually thought about it, but that was kind of a weird situation.

Still, his point remained: he just wasn’t used to being around people who weren’t Reaper anymore. Even if he hadn’t really realized it until now, isolated had taken its toll on him, and he was finding himself having a hard time adjusting to the sheer amount of individuals around him; unaware that he was even amongst them despite moving subconsciously around the two (handy, considering that the lightest touch from Reaper would kill them).

All in all, being out in the open was just a very unusual experience, especially with such a large crowd of people. He wasn’t scared, though! Just...wary. His track record with humans wasn’t all that great, so far. And there were a lot of humans….

Distracted as he was with both his thoughts and constant vigilance of the people around them, Geno failed to notice the concern looks being shot his way.

‘Maybe I should have just taken us straight there....’ Reaper thought, pulling Geno tighter against him when a loud honk from the street next to them made the smaller skeleton jump and tremble ‘I didn’t think this through, did I?’

He had been so excited to finally get Geno out of that dark little world that he didn’t stop to consider that the smaller may have needed time to adjust. Sure, he was used to huge cities like the one they were currently in, but he had been hopping from world to world for his job for so long that there wasn’t much he wasn’t use to. Hell, he had pretty much been there to witness the evolution to cities like this!

It was different for Geno though, he knew. He just...forgot that he knew that in his excitement. Now; however, he felt guilty for not thinking about Geno’s own feelings more, and had actually wanted to suggest turning back for a while now. But he knew Geno. The smaller skeleton would take offence to the suggestion, insisting that he was fine and that they continue with their outing, no matter how much of a bad time he was truly having.
Geno was always trying to put on a brave face though, feeling the need to be strong in the presence of his fears in a misguided belief that he had to be tough all the time.

He was strong, yes, but the issue was this: Every fight that Geno had fought and every genocide he had gone through had all come together to create a facade of this fearless, unwavering monster that Geno thought he had to keep all the time. It didn’t matter how anxious or scared he was. If Geno felt like he was at risk of appearing like he was weak, then he would put on a brave face and try to hide it, usually with an angry expression.

Even now, the small skeleton was scowling, eye light flaring his dual tone in a subconscious attempt to warn threats away. He was trying to present himself as though ready for a fight, but his body was betraying him; quivering with the fear and anxiety he was trying so hard to repress.

‘He looks like a kitten trying to be a lion.’ Reaper couldn’t help but think, a little fond but mostly concerned. ‘If he doesn’t settle down soon, then I’m taking us back, no matter how much he’ll insist otherwise.”

Suddenly, loud, rowdy laughter drew his attention and he found himself looking around curiously.

A little ways ahead, a group of teenagers walked, hovering close together in a bundle of hormones and body spray. They were laughing as they pushed at each other, roughhousing carelessly even when in such a tightly packed crowd and, just as they began to pass the two skeletons, one snorted at something another said and pushed him; calling out in surprise when his friend stumble, off balance.

Arms waving as he tried to right himself, the teen’s hand caught the hood of Geno’s jacket. As nifty was it was that the two couldn’t be seen (or heard, really), touch was something more difficult to work with; and Geno yelped as the kid’s fingers curled in the material reflexively as he fell, being yanked out of Reaper’s hold and dragged to the floor.

Hitting the concrete hard, he groaned. He didn’t think anything was broken, but the impact had still hurt, his socket clenched shut in pain. Hearing Reaper curse drew his attention though, and his eye blinked open to look at his boyfriend when the god called him name, only for his body to still; frozen in alarm.

Mere inches away, hand clenched tightly in his hood, was the human that had tripped. What was worse was the fact that his friends, concerned by his fall, had stopped, forming a circle around him in worry as they stared down at the fallen teen. The issue with this; however, was that they had formed that circle around Geno as well, subconsciously acknowledging that something else was on the floor, even as they remained unaware of him.

One of them suddenly shifted, bending down a bit to nudge their fallen friend, and Geno jolted, feeling something within his chest grow tight when their arm nearly brushed his skull.

“You okay, dude?” he heard them ask, but the words sounded funny. Muffled, almost. Like he was hearing them from a distance, or through a wall.

“I’m fine, I’m fine,” the one that had fallen groaned, waving him away. The hand still holding Geno’s hood shifted; however, squeezing curiously. “What the hell am I holding onto though? Did I grab someone’s hold on the way down or something?”

“No one is wearing a hat, you weirdo.” a girl spoke up “And you aren’t holding onto anything.”

Finally sitting up, the teenager blinked down at his seemly empty fist, before jerking his arm up as he stood. Geno screeched when the sharp motion dragged him across the sidewalk and up onto his feet,
toes scraping desperately against the floor as he struggled to find purchase on the sidewalk. The human was tall.

“I swear I am,” he distantly heard, the words becoming increasingly foreign sounding as that tightening in his chest grew. He couldn’t breathe, he realized. He didn’t need to breathe, but it was instinctual; something babybones learned to mimic when they were around monsters that required it for survival. The lack of oxygen felt wrong, now, and the area within his rib cage where his lungs would have been began to burn, his mind tricking him into believing he was suffocating. The human holding him up shook his fist (“I can feel the weight of something, guys!”), jolting Geno. Magic briefly flared in his socket before he felt his eye light sizzle out, it suddenly sinking in that oh stars, a human was holding him up, he was in a human’s grasp, at their mercy and they were going to—to—

Multiple scenarios ran through his head, each worst than the next. The human from the underground had been so difficult to face. His original, measly 1hp had meant that a single shot from them would guarantee his death, but he had watched monsters sturdier than him fall to a single swipe of that blade, too. And that human was a child! What damage could a teenager do?

But they couldn’t see him, a small part of him tried to argue, nearly drowned out entirely by his panic. How could they enact a battle without knowing he was there?

Oh stars. They didn’t know he was there, but, he realized, legs flailing as he was lifted higher, that made it worse.

As if to prove him correct, he was suddenly shaken about, roughly, the teenager grunting slightly at his weight, but staring dumbfounded at the seemly empty space before him. “Guys! I’m literally not fucking with you! I’m holding something! Here, reach out and tell me if you feel it too!”

Oh no.

“Oh, fine!”

Oh no, oh no, oh nonononono.

Vision starting to blacken near the edges, he watched as though trapped in slow motion as another hand reached out toward him. He had seen a monster with sharp, wicked claws before—the kind that humans seemed to think so terrifying—but Frank had been pretty nice and wouldn’t dream of hurting another SOUL. Those green, glittery nails though? Those looked like they belonged to someone dangerous. Someone whose hand was outstretched and coming closer and o-oh stars their hand was too low and he was too high and they were going to touch his pelvis!

Overwhelmed, he whined. Like his breathing, it was something he had picked up as a child, learned through his interactions with the puppies that had grown to join the royal guard. High pitched, it was loud, drawn out, and laced with distress. Paired with it was the desperate cry of his SOUL, the sliver within his rib cage sending out a single, terrified pulse.

Seconds later, the other hand landed on his shorts. The teenage girl gasped, pressing more firmly, and it was the last straw; the unintentional groping tearing a sob from his throat; his mind going blank with fear.

In response, there was a snarl from somewhere off to the side before one of the humans unintentionally boxing him in yelped in pain as they were knocked to the side by the staff of Reaper’s scythe.

Said god was furious.
He had felt Geno be torn from his side and had turned just in time to watch him crash to the floor, yanked down alongside the human who had taken him from Reaper’s side. There was nothing more that the god wanted than to scoop the little skeleton up and check him for injuries, but his single step forward had been halted as the humans rushed in front of him, surrounding his lover and preventing him from being able to help. His first instinct was to shove them out of his way, but he couldn’t. There were rules.

Asgore couldn’t stop him from spending what little free time he had wherever he wished, but the king of the gods would not accept the misuse of his powers. There had been accidents with his deadly touch before, but those were just that: accidents, so he couldn’t be held accountable for the things he mistakenly killed. Purposely placing his hands on the mortals before him, especially when they were all still so far from their true ends, could not be considered an honest mistake though, and would land him in a lot of trouble.

Usually he wouldn’t care about whatever punishment he’d had to dodge for breaking one of the king’s rules, but Reaper was in a delicate position with the other god due to his relationship with Geno. Not only had Reaper not taken the smaller skeleton’s soul, but he was dating him! Relationships with mortals were forbidden and, while Reaper actually wasn’t sure if Geno was mortal anymore, his lover was still a glitch—an abomination, in most worlds. A threat.

The king had been convinced to leave them be, but still wasn’t happy about Geno’s continued survival, or relationship with Death. Killing mortals just because they were blocking him from reaching his boyfriend would only give Asgore reason to reconsider letting the smaller skeleton live. Make no mistake: Reaper would bring ruin to all who tried to slay his lover, but that was a last resort kind of thing. He didn’t actually want the old fluffybuns dead.

Geno was terrified, though!

Panicked as he was, Geno had forgotten that he could have shortcutted out of the human’s grasp and the god found himself gritting his teeth and forcing himself still as he watched the terrified expression spread across the smaller’s face. When the human held him up like some prize to be gawked at, he growled, knowing that the kid didn’t realize what he was doing and that he had to wait for him to get bored at staring at his empty first so that Geno would be let down.

‘Just drop him and walk away,’ he silently urged, balling his hands angrily. ‘You can’t see anything, so get bored already and let go and maybe I won’t hold this against you when we meet again in seventy eight yea- are you fucking kidding me?!’

All but snarling at the mortal hoisting Geno up when the fool shook his arm around like he wasn’t aware that he was holding the most precious monster in all the multiverse (which, he struggled to remind himself, the human actually was unaware of), Reaper fought desperately against his own instincts to continue just waiting things out. Geno was fine, he had to remember. Scared, yes, but fine, even if he looked so helpless and small; turning this worrying grey when the foolish mortal tried coaxing a friend into reaching out to touch what they perceived as emptiness.

One of the girl’s in the group gave into him, rolling her eyes even as her hand settled on somewhere only Reaper should have been allowed to touch.

And then, he heard it.

That little whimpering whine that tore at his heart was bad enough, but then there was the cry of Geno’s soul; panic and hopelessness and fear all bundled up in a tiny little plea that had him seeing red.
“I can’t touch you,” his voice was low and threatening, raspy with the echo of death that, even if unheard, still brought uneasiness into the air around them. “but all you mortals are in my fucking way!”

Magic sparking to life in his socket, he felt a wide, chilling grin settle onto his skull as his scythe was pulled into existence. The blade of his weapon was sharp and wicked, able to cut through anything, yet he dispelled it so that only the long pole-like handle of the scythe remained, resembling a staff more than anything else now.

Expertly, he spun the staff in his grasp before lunging forward and slamming it into the side of one of the mortal’s in his way. They screamed as the force of the hit sent them crashing to the side, their friends crying out in confused horror as they landed dangerously close to the busy street. When none of them moved, stunned, Reaper growled and sent two more of the mortals flying, uncaring of the way people in the crowd had stopped, cell phones out to film this strange phenomenon.

He worked through the rest of the teenagers until he could finally stand in front of the one keeping his boyfriend captive. In his alarm, he had lowered his arm to his side, but the mortal’s hand was still gripping Geno’s hoodie, the smaller skeleton trembling in his hold.

Blue, flame-like magic flaring brighter, Reaper made sure to keep himself hidden from view even as he let his presence be felt, the aura of Death making the human pale in fear but causing the skeleton in his hold to relax the slightest bit; finding comfort in the unease that meant his ghoulish lover was near.

Reaper would have smiled at the smaller’s strange reaction to the dreariness that followed him around had he not been so upset. Instead, his grip grew tighter on his staff as he jabbed it into the mortal’s stomach, making him cry out as he stumbled a few paces back, finally releasing his hold on Geno.

Not even giving the other time to find his footing, Reaper dematerialized his weapon and scooped the other up into his arms; teleporting away.

Briefly, he considered taking them back to his room in the realm of the gods, but decided against it, instead redirecting them both to the Save Screen; certain somewhere more familiar be more beneficial for the current situation.

“Geno? Honey?” He called out worriedly, appearing on the bed they so often shared with his lover on his lap. “Are you okay, Gen? Can you look at me?”

Shaking in his hold, Geno shook his head, hiding his face in Reaper’s neck and clutching at the soft material of the god’s robe. Softening when he felt the dampness of tears, Reaper wrapped his arms the other tightly, gently rubbing at his back and skull in an attempt to soothe the smaller skeleton.

Back in the Save Screen as they were, small glitches were popping up all along Geno’s form. It was a common occurrence, but Reaper found himself concerned over just how many were buzzing around the other; spawning and despawning rapidly in response to his poor emotional state.

Worried, but unsure of what, exactly, he was suppose to do, the decided that, at the very least, some comfort would do Geno well.

Gently, he coaxed Geno away from his neck, murmuring soft reasurances as the smaller glared up at him; magic leaking from his socket in tears. Wiping the tears with his sleeve, he carefully pressed his teeth to the very edge of Geno’s still void socket. When the other didn’t push him away, he nuzzled him lovingly and began sliding his jumper off.
“N-no,” Geno startled, trying to tug it back on, not in the mood. “I d-don’t-”

Reaper merely shushed him, kissing him softly and saying nothing but a quiet, comforting, “Beloved.”

Immediately, the smaller skeleton melted, making the god smile. He had a multitude of nicknames for his boyfriend: honey, baby, sweetheart, pudding, and so on; but he only ever called Geno beloved when he was being especially mushy, or worried. Had Reaper planned on pressing for sex, he wouldn’t have called his lover such a precious name, though he was slightly offended that Geno thought he wanted sex to begin with. Was he really that bad?!

Deciding to pout about it later, Reaper went back to focusing on removing Geno’s hoodie, followed his scarf which he unraveled, only to rewrap it around Geno’s neck once he had gotten the other’s shirt off. That taken care of, he carefully slid those cute, bloodied slippers off of the other’s feet but kept him in his socks, knowing Geno didn’t like being barefoot and instead moving to slide off his shorts.

With the other now bare before him, Reaper turned his attention to the bindings keeping his cloak closed, years of practice having them untied and off within seconds. He dropped them off the side of the bed lazily before pulling the fabric open and motioning Geno closer.

Realizing what he wanted, the glitchy skeleton crawled into his space and snuggled close, too emotionally drained to bother feeling embarrassed at the feel of bone against bone. Instead, he closed his socket and sighed quietly as Reaper closed his robe around him, the cloak being so loose that they could both fit within without issue; almost feeling more like a blanket than a robe.

‘It’s warm…’ he thought absently, barely noticing when Reaper rolled them onto their sides and curled around him protectively ‘smells like him, too.’

The scent of Death shouldn’t have been pleasant, but it was Reaper, and that alone made it comforting. He found himself squirming even closer to the other, nuzzling against his sternum happily as he lost himself in the sensation that was his lover’s everything; soothed by the god’s scent and warmth and loving embrace, but, above all else, reassured of his safety by the promise beating in the gods SOUL, whispers of love and protection lulling him to sleep.

Even as he drifted off, the god continued to cuddle Geno, nuzzling his skull and peppering his face with little kisses that made him twitch in his sleep. Not quite tired, Reaper found himself talking to the other, voice soft and pitched low to prevent waking Geno from his nap.

He listed every nickname he could think of for the other, going so far as to invent new words to do so; recalled the time his coffee maker broke and, forgetting he could teleport, he had resorted to eating the beans out of pure desperation for his caffeine fix; and even started plotting out future ideas for children (“I want, like, fifteen. No, thirty. No! Infinite children! We can name them after the Starbucks menu”). At one point, he even got into an intensely whispered play-by-play of one their more adventurous sexcapades. Thankfully, it was long after that story that he felt Geno stirring, unsure of just how long he had been talking, but hopeful that the nap was helpful to the other anyway.

“...You back with me?” he asked softly, pressing light kisses to the others skull. He felt more than saw the smaller skeleton nod, Geno limp in his hold even as Reaper snuggled him impossibly closer. He made a quiet noise when the god eventually attempted to pull away, fingers curling through his ribs as he snuggled closer, face buried in the other’s chest. Reaper chuckled even as he resisted a pleasurable moan, but let him be, happy to let his lover cuddle. Still, there was something he had to say before the other got so comfortable he drifted off again and, guiltily, he murmured, “I’m sorry,
Gen. I should have thought more about how you’d feel before taking you into somewhere as busy as a city.”

“It’s fine.” Geno mumbled, voice quiet.

Frowning, Reaper shook his head, arms tightening their hold. “It’s not, Geno. It’s not at all okay that I took you somewhere that could send you into a panic. You were trying to hide it long before the human grabbed you, but you were scared. And I knew that. I should have taken you back long before you were put in a situation that turned that fear into terror.”

When the other didn’t answer, he sighed, but didn’t push the matter for now. He knew Geno was brushing off his apology and what had happened, but he didn’t want to argue about it. Instead, he used his hold on the other to pull him up, ignoring his until they were face to face and he could steal a kiss. “Love you, Geno,” he murmured against the other’s teeth.

“Love you too, Reaps.” Geno whispered, kissing him back before tucking his face back into the taller’s neck.

The two shifted around again until they were especially comfortable, Geno clinging to Reaper like some kind of small animal with his arms around his shoulders and a leg thrown over his hips. Reaper’s own arms were wrapped around him like he was a teddy bear, his hands gripping the material of his cloak even as he held the other to ensure they’d remain wrapped up.

In the morning, or what accounted for morning when time didn’t move, Geno would be back to normal, probably waking up shrieking and fighting to get out of the embarrassingly naked, cuddly hold the two were in.

For now; however, he was simply happy to be held, lulled again by the soothing warmth of his lover and the knowledge that he was safe; and smiling as he faintly heard the god whisper to him as he drifted back to sleep.

“Sleep well, beloved.”

Chapter End Notes

I like to think that Geno is a tough little skeleton who is probably pretty fucked up over his time in the Save Screen. I mean...spending hours upon hours without much pleasant company, watching your friends and family be killed over and over again? Tell me how you remain undamaged after that.

A lot of my headcanons for Geno though tend to overlap with my ones for Classic! Sans, too. If I ever write a story involving classic, you’ll probably see some overlapping.

As for Reaper? I don’t know, man. I love me some protective, secretly OP Reaper who doesn't entirely like killing people, but who dislikes people messing with his boyfriend even less. You can pet your ass that blade would have remained on his scythe had he not been trying to keep those teenagers alive.
Watching A Movie

Chapter Summary

Movie date! Seems innocent, right?

Chapter Notes

Another chapter set once their relationship is well established!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Reaper had suggested an in-home movie date, Geno had initially been suspicious, and for good reason.

Usually when the two of them watched movies together they would do so in the living room, bundled together up on the old, lumpy couch Reaper had dragged into the Save Screen ages ago; snacks close by and drinks in hand. This time; however, the god recommended that they watch a movie in bed, citing that it would be far more comfortable.

It seemed like an innocent request, but this was Reaper. Nothing he did was ever all that innocent. Still, he hadn’t really been able to find a good enough reason to deny the other’s request. Reaper was a pervert, yes, but he could behave and Geno didn’t want to risk telling him no if it turned out that he really did just want to watch a movie in bed. So he agreed, helping the other to move the TV to the area he had decided was his bedroom and climbing into bed beside the other once the previews on the DVD began to play.

He thought the title was a little weird—were there actually 50 shades of grey, he wondered—but shrugged it off as he settled in to watch the film.

The fact that Reaper had seemly chosen a romance movie surprised him. It wasn’t a terrible genre by any means, yet it also wasn’t one that either of them usually preferred, though Geno liked it more than horror.

He wasn’t totally sold on what he was assumed was supposed to be the main couple, but they were barely into film and he was willing to give the two a chance; absently munching on popcorn as their awkward interview took place and snorting a bit when she asked him if he was gay, of all things.

“If he is, I’ll take him!” he joked, laughing when Reaper shot him a playful glare. They both knew humans were far from his type.

“Heh,” the god eventually mumbled, frowning a bit “I feel like he’s coming on a little too strong. Wait a minute,” gasping, he turned to Geno “is that what girls like? Am I supposed to buy you books? Because I can get you books but dropping thousands on some first editions seems a little excessive. I’d do it for you though~”

“I’m not a girl so why are you even asking me?!” Geno grumbled, crossing his arms over his chest as
he watched the movie go on to introduce a bar scene. Man, when he got his degree he didn’t have the energy to go out for drinks. Instead, he slept for a week, all the lack of sleep and long hours of crunch hitting him at once. “And you already buy me books, idiot.”

“Yes, but do you want expensive books?”

“I’d bleed all over them.”

“That isn’t a no~”

Rolling his eye light, he shot the other a flat look. “No, Reaper. I don’t want expensive books.”

“Hm, okay then.” Blissfully there was a moment of silence as they both focused on the film. Then: “Wow, she’s a worse lightweight than you.”

Geno had to actually bite his tongue to prevent himself from snapping at the other that he was not a lightweight. The god had photographic evidence that would disprove any claims he attempted to make. Damn his low tolerance! He was distracted from his ire at the other by the conflict on screen, watching as the main character’s friend suddenly became uncomfortably pushy and gasping slightly when the love interest suddenly swooped in to save her. That was nice, but…. “Did I miss her telling him which bar she was at?” he questioned himself out loud before wincing. “Oh, she’s puking now. That’s...gross.”

Thankfully, his lover was sensible enough to merely nod in agreement. If the god had chosen to tease him about the time he vomited after a bit too much to drink, Geno would have throttled him. Instead, the two watched as the movie eventually transitioned to the next morning, the protagonist waking in an unfamiliar bed. To her relief and Geno’s, it was quickly clarified by the love interest that nothing had happened while she was inhibited.

“Necrophilia is not my thing.” The very human love interest stated at point in the conversation he was having with the main character. The two skeletons who were, very much not human, slowly turned to look at each other, then laughed.

Unfortunately, the laughter didn’t last as the character began scolding the woman. Getting drunk may have been irresponsible, but who was he to scold her? She just graduated! It was a celebration simply went a little too far. And why was he taking off his shirt? And crawling on the bed? And telling her that, had she been his, she wouldn’t have been able to sit down for a week?

“Is he…” Geno began, hesitantly. “Is he telling her that he would have spanked her?!?”

Reaper chuckled. “I’m sure you’re just reading into it too much.”

How else was he supposed to take that though?! He narrowed his socket at Reaper, but the god simply pretended that he couldn’t see him, watching as things played out.

Then, a little more than half a hour into the film, he realized that this wasn’t a romance.

It was erotica.

Kinky erotica.

...Kind of bad, kinky erotica?

Geno wasn’t shy when it came to sex. Actually, no. That was a lie that he couldn’t get away with.
When it came to intimacy in general—anything from holding hands to rolling around in the sheets—Geno knew that he was pretty timid. No matter how often they came together, he couldn’t shake his embarrassment. To make matters worse, they were both pretty...adventurous in the bedroom. It wasn’t anything to be ashamed about, but he was still a little horrified about the things he had come to realize he enjoyed; vividly recalling a recent scene involving ropes and quite a bit of role-play that had left him limp, sore, and sated.

Watching the humans come together on screen, however? It didn’t make him feel shy so much as it did just plain uncomfortable, especially when the raunchier elements came into play.

The actors were doing a pretty decent job, but he just didn’t really buy their interest in each other. It kind of soured the film for him because the lack of chemistry he kept perceiving made it difficult to overlook the...honestly kind of concerning way the love interest acted. Was it just him, or was the way he behaved kind of creepy? Watching the way he interacted with the protagonist actually made him feel a little offended in his own boyfriend’s defense; knowing that Reaper was a sadistic bastard but that the god would never dare act like that with him.

And don’t even get him started on the main character. The guy was pretty bad, but she was far from perfect. Why would she insist that he’d whip her if she knew she wouldn’t like, only to turn around and insult him for finding pleasure in it?! Hell, why was she so interested in a relationship with him when they were clearly not right for each other? She seemed uncomfortable with a lot of what he was doing, even outside of sex!

Honestly, even if the ending was pretty abrupt, he found himself glad that it showcased her leaving the man, nodding in firm agreement with the decision.

“I hope she never sees him again,” he said as the credits began to roll “they were absolutely terrible together.”

Laughing weakly, Reaper’s eye briefly flashed with cyan magic, two more dvds appearing in his hand. “Actually....”

“What?! Let me see those!”

Snatching the movies from the other’s hand, Geno stared at the covers in horror before quickly flipping each around to read the little summaries on the back. “They get back together?” he whispered, horrified. “They get MARRIED?!” wait, there was a price sticker on these. “You BOUGHT THESE MOVIES?!”

“In my defense,” Reaper began, raising his hands in self defense when Geno looked about ready to pelt him with pillows “I thought they would be fun to watch. It’s BDSM, Geno! BDSM!”

“It’s terrible is what it is! Well,” he sighed, tossing the movies to the side. “the movie wasn’t that bad. I mean, I’ve seen worse, you know? It’s just...I don’t know. Don’t you think they made all that stuff look kind of bad?”

“Oh, they definitely didn’t do it justice,” the god immediately agreed. “I like it when you cry and all, but usually you’re enjoying yourself when that happens; otherwise it’s not fun for either of us. That punishment scene though? That was brutal.”

He was going to ignore most of that. “Until the very end I couldn’t really tell if they wanted you to think the movie was sexy or concerning. I thought they decided on concerning, but she apparently gets back with him in the next one?”
“Maybe it’s better?”

“I don’t think I care to find out.” Geno admitted, flopping back against the pillows, uncaring of the way his popcorn bowl nearly tipped onto the bed. “Let’s do something else instead.”

“...Okay~”

Shiiiiit.

Reaper’s voice could do a lot of weird things. As a Sans the god had that usual low timber that most of them spoke with, but, as Death, there tended to be this weird...well, he wasn’t really sure what to call it. It wasn’t quite an echo, nor was it really a tone of voice. Reaper himself called it an accent, but even that was a bit of a stretch considering it was...well, it was every dark, unsettling feeling bottled up and somehow transformed into sound. It made every sentence the god spoke feel like a death sentence, pun actually not intended.

Thankfully his boyfriend had literal ages to learn how to adjust the way he spoke around others. Geno loved him, creepiness and all, but that rasping, chilling voice had once gotten Reaper flung out of bed when his whispered ‘good morning’ had scared the absolute fuck out of the smaller skeleton.

Apparently being alive for an insane amount of time left you kind of bored though—even when you should have been working too much to have the time to be bored—and Reaper hadn’t just put the effort in to learn how to cover the horrifying otherness in his voice. No, the god had also played around until he could do quite a few other things as well: scarily accurate impressions; high tones that almost sounded natural; whiny voices he liked to use to complain about work; and dozens of others little tricks had been learned through sheer boredom.

But this was this one thing he did that just...just...

...turned Geno on.

As already stated, most Sanses had pretty low voices. Reaper though? Well Reaper had this ability to go from low to lower in a pitch that dropped so much it rumbled, turning every word he spoke into this...this purr. It was unfairly attractive and the god had been using it to flirt ever since he first caught Geno shivering in delight at the sound.

And he was using it now!

Seeing that he had his undivided attention made the god smirked, sockets growing half lidded as he began digging into his pocket. “I,” he purred, staring at Geno intently “actually went and got us a little something to go with the movies. Wasn’t planning to use them so soon, but I don’t mind skipping the other two films if you want to have a little...” he chuckled “fun.”

Already shivering at that delicious, rumbly voice, Geno shifted. Don’t ask. Don’t ask. Don’t ask—

“W-what did you get?”

—why did he ask?!

Silently, the god pulled his hand from his pocket. Swinging from a single, hooked phalange like a pendulum on a clock was, of all things, a pair of black, fuzzy handcuffs.

Stunned, he stared at his boyfriend in disbelief. So many things could have been said but, embarrassingly, the first thing that came to mind was: “Don’t we already have those?”

Compelling, flirty tone dropping from his voice, Reaper chuckled. “We broke them remember?”
“...so you got more? You were supposed to be getting movies?”

“They were on sale!”

“Where?! You were supposed to be getting MOVIES!”

Wait.

Feeling a little like he was having an out of body experience, Geno turned his gaze back to the television where the DVD had begun to automatically replay. The *erotic* romance movie? Wanting to watch it in bed? *Buying handcuffs?*

“Did you seriously plan a movie date just because you wanted kinky sex?” He asked, voice dangerously low.

Reaper, the unashamed bastard, nodded. “I thought the movie would be sexier,” he admitted “and that maybe you’d be in the mood for replicating anything fun from it.”

He...he wasn’t even surprised. Oh stars, he was so use to this kind of bullshit that he wasn’t surprised. Why did he like spending time with this pervert?

“I want to replicate the part where she leaves him at the end.” he growled, red faced.

Gasping in mock horror, Reaper pulled Geno into a hug, fighting against the hands pushing at his skull in order to rub their cheeks together. “Don’t leave me, Geno!”

“Get off!” Geno spat back, sputtering in rage when a kiss was stolen. “Reaper!”

Figuring that his pushiness was about to turn fatal, the god quickly released his fuming boyfriend, smiling sheepishly when the little skeleton threw him a pretty vicious glare. Maybe he miscalculated this time. He pretty much annoyed Geno no matter what he did, but there was a big difference between endearingly annoyed and angrily annoyed that usually decided whether or not he got to sleep in bed. Geno’s couch was comfy and all, don’t get him wrong, they napped on it all the time, but who wanted to sleep on a lonely sofa when their lover was only a few feet away?

“Okay, not in the mood. Got it.”

Angrily muttering a little ‘good,’ Geno tore the handcuffs out of his boyfriend’s hand and tossed them away with a scowl.

“Don’t pull this shit again,” he warned “I don’t like feeling like you’re trying to trick me into sex.”

Oh, shit. Sockets widening slightly, Reaper frowned. “I didn’t mean for it to come off like *that*. It was supposed to be...I don’t know, sexy, in a way? I swear that I didn’t want to make you feel tricked or forced into having sex though, Gen.”

“I know,” Geno murmured. And he *did* know that Reaper honestly hadn’t meant to make him feel that way. He was just so use to him being upfront about what he wanted that his ‘sexy plan’ kind of felt underhanded in comparison. “Just don’t do it again.”

“I won’t.” Reaper promised, pulling him into an apologetic hug. “Want to cuddle and watch a space documentary?”

Nodding with a slight smile, Geno left Reaper to switch out their movie with one of the many documentaries he owned. Cold popcorn in hand, he found himself hesitating on his way to the
kitchen when his sight landed on where the handcuffs had ended up after being thrown. Making sure that the god was absolutely distracted by trying to decide on what dvd to select, he quickly bent down and snatched the ridiculous fluffy things up; pocketing them.

Maybe, if Reaper was lucky, his mood would improve…

...and they could see some stars in an entirely different context.

Chapter End Notes

The author promises she does not judge people who like 50 Shades of Grey. It isn't her cup of tea, but that doesn't mean other people aren't allowed to like it.
On a Date

Chapter Summary

In which what was meant to be a cute, simple date takes an unexpected turn.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is definitely pretty deep into their relationship.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If there was one thing that could ever possibly rival his love for Geno, it was coffee.

Although he had a preference for Starbucks—he had the entire menu memorized—he still made it a point to pop into little cafes and coffee shops whenever advertisements for new flavors caught his eye. The world’s sweetest coffee? Well, let’s see how true that is. As dark and bitter as your soul? Oh ho ho, that’s a pretty bold claim when Death was your customer. He was pretty much willing to try anything at least once and there was a lot to sample when you had access to nearly every world in the multiverse. Over all, he had fun hunting down new brews to find.

Geno, on the other hand, was boring. For someone who was adventurous enough to have, at one point, gone around drinking condiments before settling on ketchup as his favorite, he didn’t seem to see the point in playing with flavors when it came to coffee. Hell, he usually just drank his coffee black. Reaper liked black coffee too, don’t get him wrong, but it still baffled him that the other chose it over any of the fun flavors he had offered before.

“You could at least try it before saying no.” Reaper had sulked, noisily slurping at his drink “What if you’re missing out on the best thing of your half dead life?”

“I really doubt that a little bit of caramel in my drink would qualify as the best thing in my life.” Geno had grumbled back, pointedly ignoring the half dead comment. “Or,” he added when Reaper seemed like he was about to reply “strawberry, chocolate sauce, whip cream, or anything else you were about to say I could add instead.”

“It could be though, Geno! It could be!”

It was something they bickered about often, usually whenever Reaper showed up with a new flavor he was interested in getting Geno to try. Geno never did, but Reaper was adamant that he would convince him to try something, some day.

Apparently; however, he mused, blinking down at his little scowling lover, that day was today.

Nothing in their relationship was exactly normal, what with one of them being half dead and the other being, well, Death. A lot of what they did together took place in Geno’s Save Screen, even after having found a way to get him out of there for at least a few days at a time. Reaper was doing what he could to try and help Geno adjust to being able to actually leave his home without dusting
on the spot, but their progress was still pretty slow. Whether he’d admit it or not, the smaller skeleton’s experiences had left him more than a little agoraphobic.

Which was why he was sure he had just heard the other incorrectly, because it sounded like Geno had just asked him to go out. To get coffee, of all things.

“Never mind,” the object of his affection mumbled, tucking his teeth and chin behind his scarf to hide his disheartened frown “we don’t have to.”

“I want to!” Reaper reassured him, quickly. “It’s just...are you sure, Gen? I’m not sure if there’ll be a lot of people or not.”

Geno’s expression remained nonchalant though. Had he been speaking to anyone else, they most likely would have been fooled. Reaper; however, was not just anyone and knew better, catching the way his little datemate’s fingers twitched with the repressed desire to fiddle with his scarf. It was a nervous habit the other had been trying to stop ever since realizing it tended to give himself away when he was trying to lie about his feelings. Noticing that Reaper had still caught the tiny motion, the smaller scowled a bit and shoved his hands into his pockets. “I’ll be fine.”

“Geno…”

“I will.” he insisted, voice firm.

Reaper still wasn’t satisfied, though. He loved Geno, but the smaller skeleton could be too stubborn for his own good, especially at the worst of times. The moment Reaper had popped in for a visit he had noticed that Geno had been acting strangely and now he was sure it had been the anxiety about going out eating at his nerves. He wasn’t going to let his boyfriend put himself at risk of a panic attack just because he wanted to be headstrong.

Sockets devoid of any light as they normally were, he let his usual grin even out into a neutral line as he stared the other down, knowing that the look was unnerving.

“I hate it when you do that,” Geno grumbled, shifting uneasily when the flat stare didn’t change. Finally he huffed, throwing his arms up. “Fine! Fine! I’ll tell you if I need to leave, okay? But I,” shy, he looked away “I do want to still go.”

“Okay!” Reaper chirped, finally dropping his blank stare in favor of his traditional smile. “Do you want to go now, or…?”

Rather than answering straight away, the smaller skeleton hummed thoughtfully as he eyed his clothes, picking at where a bit of blood had crusted when it dried. “Should we change?”

It was just a coffee date, but Reaper knew that he was less concerned with the occasion and more worried about where, exactly, the god planned to take him. As they were, they’d stick out in quite a few worlds, Geno’s appearance startling almost anywhere he went and Reaper unnerving with his eerily dark sockets and signature cloak. The two could go unseen if they wished, but that’d make ordering more difficult. People tended to freak out at voices coming out of thin air, for some reason.

“Yeah, we probably should.” he agreed, starting to unravel the ropes sealing his robe shut. He had clothes here so he could save time by simply changing now rather than stopping by his own home. “Mind throwing me a sweater? Oh,” giving the other a suggestive look, he let his cloak drop open; exposing himself “and some pants.”

Laughing when his lover predictably sent the requested items hurtling at him with red magic, he called out a cheerful thanks before shrugging on the outfit. Normal clothing always felt a little too
restrictive in comparison to his usual flowing robe, so he was thankful to see that Geno had chosen a simple pullover and some matching sweatpants. Absentmindedly pulling his hood up, he gave himself as best a once over as he could without a mirror before staring at his toes, bemused. Did he own shoes?

“You can wear these,” Geno offered, sounding amused as he offered him a pair of flip flops. “They’re too big for me.”

Glancing at them curiously, the god found himself chuckling at the skeletal feet printed onto the soft foam of the shoes. He had seen these in passing when work had taken him to a busy shopping center (Someone had choked to death on a chicken nugget, of all things). None of them had been in Geno’s size, but he found the design too funny to pass up. Testing them out for himself, he was pleased to find that they fit decently enough with his bones lining up near perfectly with the ones in the picture.

Happy with his overall appearance, he turned his attention to Geno, grin widening as he not so subtly ogled the other.

Although it wasn’t all that original for the god of death to like the color black, Reaper had come to think as the dark shade as his color. It was pretty much all he wore, after all. That being said, he was more than a little appreciative to see that the other had chosen to wear it. Realistically he knew it was to make the bleeding gash across the smaller skeleton’s rib cage less noticeable, but the black t-shirt the other wore looked nice on him; the bright red scarf and light gray, nearly white pajama pants contrasting with the dark color pleasantly.

Geno bent over to slide on another pair of slippers—black too, how cute—and he felt a lick of heat low in his abdomen when the soft red of the other’s lower back was revealed. Was his ecto body summoned? He guess he was looking a little squishy under his clothes....

Hmm. Maybe they could stay in, instead…?

Nah, Geno was initiating a date! They could have sex later.

Dressed as they were, the two probably looked like they were heading to bed instead of a date but they were comfortable, and being comfortable would go a long way in keeping Geno relaxed while they were out.

“You look cute.” he complimented. He considered it a win when the other blushed, but thanked him quietly. Half the time he got smacked for calling the other cute. “Ready to go?”

Double checking that he had his life support—a name not so joking coined for his pendant—the half dead skeleton nodded, taking Reaper’s hand when the other offered it. “I’m ready.”

Squeezing the other hand comfortingly, the god waited until Geno squeezed back before teleporting them out of the Save Screen.

Once their eyes adjusted to the sudden rush of sunlight, the two found themselves standing in the middle of a dreary alleyway; trash and graffiti littered about. Neither blinked, both aware of the importance of not being seen teleporting places. Monsters and humans alike found shortcuts like theirs disconcerting, more often than not, so keeping the ability a secret made things easier in the long run—especially if you were a god with the ability to jump worlds. So instead of worrying about what he was pretty sure was a bloodstain in the corner, Reaper began leading Geno out of the alley; keeping an eye out for any signs of overwhelming discomfort as they turned the corner onto a sidewalk.
The foot traffic wasn’t terrible for what he estimated to be around noon, but he still found himself speeding up a bit when he noticed Geno tensing at his side. Thankfully, he had chosen a world where monsters on the surface were common, so they weren’t being eyed fearfully for their appearance; even if skeletons were still quite rare. Despite this, he was happy to note that they were almost there, the cafe he had chosen being a short walk from where he had teleported them to. Their progress had been pretty good when it came to getting Geno out and about, but his boyfriend seemed to be having a bad day; arm curled around his stomach and shoulders hunched nervously.

“How about we get some coffee?”

Geno tensed at his side, clearly not in the mood for socializing. “That?”

“Let’s see,” he replied, leaning close to his ear. “Was a sentence, not the name of a drink.”

Laughing a bit, he shrugged. “Good thing you like reading, then, because there’s longer ones on the menu.”

He was pretty sure Geno thought he was just pulling his leg. Oh well, he’d learn better soon enough. After all, one should never underestimate the complexity of a coffee house menu.

Spotting the sign to the cafe he had chosen for their date, the god was happy to note that there didn’t seem to be too many people inside. The weather was nice today so most of the customers were seated on tables scattered outside the shop, leaving most of the inside seating open. Perfect.

A little bell jingled overhead as he opened the door, the scent of coffee and sweets instantly filling their senses as he ushered Geno inside. Reaper was already practically drooling, tongue summoned behind his teeth in an almost Pavlovian response. It had only been a couple of hours since his last cup, but, presented with the familiar, delicious scent, it was starting to feel like ages.

“Are you ready to order?” the woman behind the counter asked kindly. She was an animal type monster, some kind of tiger-panda mix. Huh, she was going to die soon though. Shame.

Keeping that little tidbit to himself, he turned to Geno curiously, only to see the little skeleton staring up at the menu, eye light rapidly moving from side to side as he read through all the names listed in bright, colorful chalk. He was mouthing the words to himself, expression growing increasingly helpless the further down the list of drinks he went.

Taking pity on him, Reaper nudged him to gain his attention before motioning to the designated seating area. “Why don’t you find us a seat? I’ll pick something for you.”

Not even bothering to pretend that he was offended by the suggestion, Geno was quick to agree, wandering off to find a good place to sit.

As he inspected their options, he missed the surprised expression the monster behind the counter, her eyes widening in alarm as Reaper began listing their order. When the god was done, assuring that, yes, it was all correct and, yes, he was paying for it, he found that Geno had chosen a table tucked
into the corner, partially hidden behind some bookshelves. The little nerd’s face was already hidden
behind a book from said shelf, something about space travel, he saw upon sitting down; reaching out
to tap the worn cover with the tip of a phalange.

“Anything interesting?”

“Space,’ Geno said simply “it’s all interesting.”

“More interesting than me?” he whined, pouting at the firm “yes” thrown his way. “I want a
divorce.”

Could someone snorting disdainfully be attractive? If not, Geno pulled it off anyways, the ridge of
his nasal cavity wrinkling adorably as he made the sound. “We’re not even married.”

“...do you want to be?”

Fingers tightening around his book, Geno very resolutely did not look at him, his face red. “Not if
your proposal is going to start with a demand for a divorce.”

“That’s fair,” he admitted, smiling. “I should probably make sure the ring fits before proposing,
anyway.”

Geno’s head snapped up, socket wide, but before he could figure out if the god was just messing
with him or not, a cup was placed before him on the table, another being set down before Reaper.
Then another cup.

And another.

Staring incredulously as more and more cups were placed onto the table, he turned his gaze to where
Reaper was grinning, all thoughts of marriage completely out of his head in the face of the gleeful
expression on the other’s face. “Reaper?”

“Yes~” he sang while withholding a snicker.

“What the fuck?!”

Laughing, the god thanked their waitress before waving a hand at what had to be half the menu
sitting on their table, little cups pressed close together in an impressive attempt to make sure they all
fit. Briefly, he wondered how she made them all so quickly. “I ordered for you!”

“And the entire underground!” Geno hissed, slightly overwhelm by the sheer amount of coffee in
front of him. These were all different flavors? “How much did this even cost?”

“Oh, this one’s a peppermint mocha!” Reaper cheered, very clearly not answering the question as he
selected a cup at random. “I was actually surprised to see this still on the menu. It’s not even winter
anymore.”

Knowing when an argument was lost, or in this case: completely ignored, the smaller skeleton simply
sighed and accepted the small, disposable cup when it was offered to him. He could feel the warmth
of the drink even through the coffee sleeve, so he decided to give it a moment; blowing into opening
on the lid gently. “Does the season matter?”

“Sometimes,” Reaper said, explaining further at the other’s curious expression “it really depends on
where you go, but some places only offer certain flavors during specific seasons.”
Nodding in the understanding, the smaller finally took a sip of the drink, expression one of mild curiosity. Immediately, that changed to a look of distaste. “What did I just put into my mouth?”

“You don’t like it?” there was a bit of a whine in his voice, but he couldn’t help it. He didn’t think he’d mess up on the first try! “I thought you’d like it, being from a snowy town and all. Wasn’t it like Giftmas twenty-four-seven there?”

“It was not!” Geno protested, holding the cup out to be taken away. He had a feeling Reaper wanted to finish it. “We just never bothered taking down the lights. Besides, even if it was, that doesn’t mean I’d like peppermint. Well, I do,” he admitted “but I think I prefer it as far away from coffee as possible.”

Happily accepting the cup back from his boyfriend, Reaper proved the smaller’s inkling correct by tipping his head back and chugging the remaining contents. Despite it having practically been full, he was tossing the empty cup into a nearby trash within mere moments, licking his teeth happily and shooting his disgruntled date a contented smirk. “Well,” he drawled “I liked it.”

“Gee, I couldn’t tell.” Rolling his eye light at the taller’s shenanigans, he turned his attention back to the remaining cups on the table. One down, a few dozen more to go. “Are any more of these peppermint? I don’t think I want to try them, if they are.”

“Um,” quickly snatching up a cup with little red and white crushed bits of candy on the whip cream, the god began nonchalantly sipping at the drink. “Now there’s not!” he said around the straw, using his free hand to select another coffee and reading the name written on the side. “What about this one? Its cinnamon.”

“Oh,” actually seeming pleased, Geno took the cup in hand and sampled the new flavor, humming as the taste settled on his tongue. “I like it.” he admitted to Reaper’s delight. “Want the rest of this one too?” when the other seemed surprised, he shot him a deadpan look, motioning to the small army of cups between them “I like it, but I still have to try the rest.”

Pleasantly surprised—he hadn’t really expected the other to humor him this long—Reaper exchanged the cinnamon latte for another cup, this one being a caramel frappuccino. Tapping their cups together, he smiled. “Cheers.”

“Cheers.” Geno echoed, smiling back.

After that, the two seemed to lose track of time as they sat together, passing drinks back and forth. A few cups in, Geno stopped waiting for Reaper to select the flavors and began choosing them on his own, treating his boyfriend to a wide range of expressions as he sampled a bit of everything.

Sometimes he’d wrinkle the nose he didn’t have when he found a flavor combination he didn’t like, the ridge of his nasal cavity scrunching up adorably. Other times, he’d stare at the cup as though it personally betrayed him, having expected to have liked a flavor but being thrown off by the taste or texture of the drink.

Reaper’s favorite reaction; however, was when he found something he especially liked. Geno could be such a hard ass at times that it was cute how excited he seemed to get, eye light flickering into a star and leaning across the table excitedly to give Reaper a taste. Reaper had made his way across the menu long before their date, but he found himself humoring the other every time.

And for someone who kept drinking their coffee black, Geno seemed to lean heavily towards the sweeter drinks on the menu, nearly finishing a white chocolate mocha on his own and practically prying a chocolate monstrosity of a drink from Reaper’s hand when the other kept teasingly remarking how sweet it was between long sips. When Reaper pointed this out to him; though, he
seemed embarrassed. Having a sweet tooth didn’t really go along with the other’s usual morbid, vengeful appearance, but this was a date, not a battle, and the god ended up ordering them an array of little desserts to go with their remaining drinks.

They had to drag another table over just to fit everything and Reaper found himself choosing to sit next to the smaller skeleton after he finished pulling one over, yawning exaggeratedly after his little bout of hard work as he cheesily stretched his arm around the smaller’s shoulders. Amazingly, Geno merely laughed at the classic, silly trick, settling his weight against the god and offering him a fancy little treat.

‘What would everyone think,’ Reaper found himself wondering at one point, pressing a cup to Geno’s teeth when the smaller refused to put down either of the desserts in his grasp despite his thirst ‘if they could see me now? Death itself, in all my glory, shrugging off work so that I can share indirect kisses and bites of cake with an overdue victim.’

They’d probably never know it was him, to be honest. Hell, even the other customers in the cafe didn’t seem to realize that they, quite literally, dined with Death. It wasn’t just because of his change in clothing, though. No, this went beyond a wardrobe change, the usual dark, dreary air that surrounded him seeming to lessen significantly whenever Geno was in his presence; his disturbing grinning softening into smiles and the voids of his sockets somehow warming.

Geno made him happy, plain and simple. Well, maybe not so simple considering the fact that Reaper had actually gone against the king of the gods himself in order to win the right to court a mortal. Even if Geno technically wasn’t a mortal—not anymore. Still, Reaper had broken a lot of rules for the little, half dead skeleton, even some of his own self imposed ones.

‘He’s worth it though.’ He thought fondly, swooping in to steal a bite of cake from Geno’s fork and distracting him with a short kiss when the other’s eye light actually shifted into battle mode. ‘I want to keep him. Forever.’

Actually….

“I-huh? Wait, no!” Geno snapped when Reaper caught his hand, another forkful of cake in his grasp “You’re not getting this bite, too! Get your own, Reaper! ...Reaper?”

Eyeing the deceiving delicate phalanges gripping the fork, Reaper hummed thoughtfully before nodding. “I’m pretty sure it’ll fit.”

“What are you talking about?”

Reaper smiled, gently prying the fork from his fingers so he could intertwine their fingers. When the other’s teeth parted in protest, he stuck the bite into his mouth; asking, softly, “Gen? You know I love you, right?”

Mouth full, the other merely nodded, adorably pink.

“Good,” he waited until the other swallowed before adding “because you’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me.”

“W-what?” Geno squeaked, startled. “Reaper, what are you going on about?”

“I was just thinking about how happy you make me.” He said, not at all embarrassed over such a sappy admission. “You know, earlier I thought to myself that if there was anything I could ever love more than you, it would be coffee?”
“Wow, thanks.” his lover grumbled, glaring at what few, half finished drinks remained. Most had gone cold by now.

Smiling sheepishly, he brought Geno’s hand to his teeth, pressing a kiss to his knuckles before curling their fingers together so that both sets of their hands were now interlocked. “It was a joke,” he insisted “there’s absolutely nothing in all of the multiverse that can compete with you, Gen. You’re,” he laughed, the sound full of awe “you’re amazing. You spent years living a nightmare time and time again but never gave up on trying to make it out alive. You didn’t succeed,” he admitted, gently to soften the blow “but even then you didn’t give up. Most people fight until the very end, but you went beyond the end, saying ‘No, I won’t give up’ even when you were face to face with Death.”

“More like face to rib cage, you tall, floaty bastard.” Geno teased, voice a little raw with restrained emotion.

“Shush you tiny, gravity adhering brat. I’m not done.”

Rolling his eye playfully, the other squeezed his hands softly. “Go on, then.”

“You weren’t the first soul to refuse their death. It’s annoyingly common, but,” voice trailing off, he found himself recalling their first meeting; smile turning fond “you weren’t angry when you lost. You were upset, yes, but that was because you hate failing, so you were upset with yourself. Not me. It was actually kind of creepy.” he admitted “I’m so use to the souls I reap blaming me for everything that I kind of didn’t know what to do when you started blaming yourself for losing. Dodging your attacks was easier than figuring out to do when you started crying.

I mean,” releasing Geno’s hands, he began waving his own, making vague, helpless motions “when you were battling me, you seemed so...so big . You weren’t cocky, but you were so confident in yourself, so determined to succeed that it was easy to overlook the huge gash across your chest and the blood seeping through your teeth. You fought like you were in perfect health, like battling a god was a walk in the park, so when you started crying…it was kind of startling because you suddenly looked so hurt and small and I wanted to hug you. You probably would have tore my scythe from my hands and murdered me if I tried, but the fact remains that I wanted to try.

Long before you were even born I made a promise to myself that I would never fail to reap a soul again but I couldn’t bring myself to finish you off that day. Or the next day or any of the others that followed that first meeting. Asgore all but had my head when he found out I had fallen for a glitch of all things, but how could I help it? You’re so...kind , Gen. Even after everything, even when you actively try to hide it, you’re kind. You didn’t like me.”

“That’s not true!” Geno protested, surprising him into silence. His singular eye light was wavering within his socket, a tell that he was restraining tears. “I...I didn’t like the idea of you,” he admitted, regretfully “the idea of death as a concept, I mean. Dying always meant that I failed and I was always so desperate to change that, that it was just so frustrating to meet you, in the end. I felt like a failure. But I didn’t dislike you , as a person. I mean,” he backtracked, flustered “You were annoying throughout that entire first meeting, don’t get me wrong! You made dodging my attacks look easy and you flirted with me through half the battle, but you weren’t entirely horrible. The human seemed more threatening than you did! Even if you were the one suppose to kill me for good.”

“Like I said,” Reaper murmured, a little breathless. “you’re so kind . People don’t just...don’t just like me, Gen. You don’t have to justify your first impressions of me, yet you’re still trying to make sure I don’t think they were too bad in case my feelings might be hurt.”

“I’m not-”
“You are,” he interrupted, smiling. “and it’s fine. I’m not upset that you probably weren’t happy to see me, at first. No one ever is. What’s amazing, though, is that changed. It took time, yeah, and getting you to admit it was like pulling teeth, but you’re actually happy when I show up now, Gen. You like spending time with me, not just because it gives you something to do, but because you like me.”

“How could I not, idiot?” Geno whispered as he reached out, cupping his cheeks. His hands were warm against Reaper skull, red magic hotter than the god’s. “I’m not an easy person to get along with, no matter what you try to say to make me think otherwise. I’m cranky and I can be mean and I get blood all over the place, but you always put up with me anyways. Actually, you don’t just put up with me. No, you like me, moodiness and all. That’s not something I can say about a lot of people I’ve met since becoming the person I am today. Heck, that’s not something I can say about a lot of the people I knew before I became, well,” he looked embarrassed “admittedly kind of a bitch.”

“You’re perfect and anyone who says otherwise can fight me.” He was only half joking about that.

“I’m not.” Geno denied, smiling shyly “But you make me feel like I am.”

As lost in their own little world as they were, both startled when one of the cafe workers cleared their throat, uncomfortable as they politely informed them that they had kind of been there forever and that it was Sunday so the cafe would be closing early and could they please just leave already?

After sheepishly requesting a box and bag for their remaining desserts and paying for everything, the two quickly left the cafe; Reaper slightly mournful of the coffees he didn’t get to finish. He had something more important to complete; however, and found himself dragging Geno into the first alley he could find, teleporting them to his own world the moment he saw it was empty. They ended up standing on a small cliff overlooking a mass of water, the sun just beginning to set. Perfect.

“Geno,” he murmured, turning to smile down at his little lover “why did you want to go out for coffee, of all things?”

He could see the smaller warring with himself, questioning whether or not he wanted to tell the truth. Finally, he sighed, glancing away with a helpless, flustered smile. “You’ve been working a lot, lately. I know it’s because you’re trying to make openings in your schedule for us to be able to see each other longer, but it’s making you tired. You like coffee,” he explained, shyly, “so I thought a coffee date would be nice. That way we could spend time together and you could get your caffeine fix in.”

“You know,” he smiled at the smaller “I really liked our date. It was worth all the rushing around I’ve been doing. You’re worth it, Gen. I know you get upset sometimes when I have to leave so quickly to reap souls though, so I don’t mind doing what I can to get us more time together.”

“You don’t have to push yourself just for me.” Geno lightly scolded “I can wait for you to find time, you idiot.”

“But you shouldn’t have to.” here, he steeled himself. “You know...I’ve been arguing with Asgore for ages that Paps and I should be given a set of normal work hours. So many people die across the multiverse each and every day that, realistically, it’s impossible to reap them all on time. We’re almost always at least slightly behind schedule, so a few hours off every day wouldn’t really change anything too drastically. As long as we deal with any potentially problematic souls first everything else should be fine. The big guy’s been brushing me off with years though, until I finally put my foot down and told him I didn’t want my never ending work cycle interfering with my marriage. Finally, he agreed.”
“You’re not married.” Geno said slowly.

SOUL pounding within in his chest, Reaper slid his hand into his pocket; carefully using only the slightest bit of teleportation magic to bring the little, red box he had on his nightstand into his hand. Shakily, nervously, he smiled at the other, the grin wobbly around the edges. “I’m not married,” he reassured him, laughing weakly “but, I...I want to be, Gen. So,” deliberately, he lowered himself to one knee, Geno sucking in a harsh, startled breath as he revealed the dark ring nestled within velvet “will you marry me?”

The bag containing their leftover sweets fell to the floor with a soft thud as Geno’s grip slackened, the smaller, stunned skeleton not even seeming to notice. Instead, his wide socket was trained on the ring, his entire body still.

“Gen?” Reaper prodded, panicked. “Do you…do you not want to…?”

Not quite able to get the rest of the question out, he trailed off, feeling alarmed. Did he mess up? Was this too soon? Trying not to feel disheartened, he went to raise himself to his feet, but the slight movement seemed to break Geno out of whatever trance he had fallen under; the small skeleton jutting his left arm out, fingers spread.

“Y-yes!” he blurted as tears rapidly filled his socket. “Yes, I...I’ll marry you!”

Relieved, Reaper beamed up at the smaller skeleton, carefully sliding the ring onto his phalange. It fit perfectly, thank the stars. Jumping to his feet, he scooped the other up, spinning him around with a bright, joyful laugh. “I’m so glad!”

“Put m-me down, you i-idiot!” Geno sobbed through his own laughter, pressing his face into the taller’s sweater once his feet were back on the ground. “I can’t b-believe you a-actually proposed.”

Refusing to let his fiancé hide from him, the god gently coaxed Geno into looking at him, thumb wiping away his tears. “I can’t believe you said yes.” Another laugh bubbled out of his throat, his grin so wide it hurt. “We’re going to get married, Gen! And I’ll get evenings off so we can spend time together without having to worry about me getting called away! And ,” practically shaking with excitement, he brought the hand wearing the ring to his teeth, kissing the metal “we can live together. Outside of the Save Screen.”


“Not until you’re ready, of course!” Reaper hurried to reassure “I know you’re far from comfortable with leaving for too long. I’m fine with staying with you there for however long it takes for you to be comfortable with the idea, but,” he smiled, tapping the ring Geno now wore. It was a plain black metal with small, delicate white carvings. Glitches, Geno realized upon further inspection. “we found a way to extend the magic we used for your pendant and used it on the ring, so, long as you wear it, you can leave the Save Screen without worrying about dusting—for as long as you wish!”

“I’m definitely not ready to move out just this yet,” Geno admitted. “But I think I’d like to, in the future.” Happily, he looked around them, smiling at the sight of the stars now shining brightly above them and the way the water reflected the moonlight. “Your world is so open and beautiful compared to my own. There’s plants and animals and I get to see every star in the sky at night.” Smiling blissfully, he absently moved the hand adorned with his engagement ring so that it rested on his stomach. “It’ll be the perfect place for the baby to grow.”

“...”
Eye widening, Geno’s attention snapped back to Reaper, panicked. “O-oh! I...I mean-”

“Baby?” Reaper repeated weakly with a voice pitched higher than the smaller had ever heard it before.

“...I may have also asked you out today so I could tell you I was pregnant.” Geno admitted, smiling unsurely. “I, uh, noticed today. S-surprise?”

“That’s why you seemed extra on edge today,” Reaper murmured, recalling how Geno had kept an arm around his stomach their entire walk to the cafe earlier. “you were protecting our baby. Holy shit,” he laughed. “We made a baby! Geno, honey, beloved! We made a baby!” For a moment, he could only laugh more; the sound hysterical. “H-holy shit, Gen. How?”

It was a big deal.

Skeleton monsters were one of the most heavily reliant species when it came to their magic and SOULs. All people ever usually saw was their bone but a great deal of what made them up was actually their magic. It softened the stiffness of their skulls so that they could express emotion beyond their eternal smiles; gave them the luxury of tasting food through the summoning of ecto for tongues; and was pretty much responsible for everything they did. All monsters were made of magic to some degree, but skeletons needed it to survive.

As reliant as they were on magic, skeletons were also heavily affected by intent and the way it could bend and twist their magic.

Humans and other species of monsters so often had children by accident. It was something Reaper liked to tease Life about because it was kind of her fault, in a way.

Their type of monster, though? Well, skeletons simply couldn’t have children by mistake, not if the monster providing the sperm didn’t want to and especially not if the skeleton acting as the mother didn’t want to. Their flesh wasn’t permanent and their biological sex was extremely fluid—not even limited to human sex organs if one wanted to be a little adventurous—so they had to actually want a womb in order to have one.

Children wasn’t ever something they had discussed though. Reaper...Reaper didn’t do kids, okay? He was Death. Every child he had ever encountered he had killed. He was the end of all things, not the start of them. Creating life was, well, Life’s job! And that was fine. He didn’t want kids. Really.

Until Geno had come along and he had realized that he was in this relationship for the long run. Geno might have just gotten the ring but Reaper had known he wanted to marry the other for ages. But he didn’t just want marriage. No, he wanted the whole package: a life with the skeleton he adored and a house full with the little pitter-patter of tiny, boney feet.

Geno never seemed interested though, always scoffing and rolling his eyes when Reaper would joke about wanting a dozen children but never seeming to catch the prodding tone behind the teasing; or giving the idea of kids much consideration.

But he had to be thinking about it!

Suddenly, it hit him. “Your heat!”

He had thought it a little strange when Geno had gone into heat off schedule. His boyfriend—oops, he meant fiancé—had horrible heats due to the way the save screen affected the time around him. It was like every heat he had ever had was hitting him at once, leaving him in a terrible state. Thankfully, they were always spaced far apart, always during the last week of the month they hit.
A few weeks ago, barely halfway into the month, Geno’s heat had overcome him without warning. There was no sweet scent a few days prior to tease the event or any changes in the way he behaved. Geno had simply apparently woken up, damp with sweat and a certain slickness; and called Reaper away from work, sobbing into his rarely used phone that he needed him home to help. Reaper had obliged the moment he heard that distinctive, needy tone, and rushed back to his lover. And then, well, then things got heated (damn right that pun was intentional).

Reaper was a talker, even during sex. It wasn’t always dirty talk, but things had gotten downright filthy when Geno had been crying out for him; begging for anything the god could offer. And Reaper? Well, Reaper liked seeing his magic in Geno. He wasn’t just talking about his dick, either, though he liked seeing that in the other too. No, what really pleased the dirtiest parts of him was seeing his magic through Geno’s transparent, red flesh. And if it still, somehow, wasn’t clear, he was talking about his cum.

With Geno pleading for him to give him anything, everything he could, he gotten a little carried away; growing into his lover’s ear that was going to stuff him full again and again and again. The primal part of him, enchanted with the overwhelming scent of his lover’s need, had reared its head though, and he had found himself groaning about how good Geno would look, full of his essence, like he was heavy with their child.

Geno had gone insane.

He thought it was just his heat, but, looking back, he realized it was after that statement that Geno had thrown his legs around his waist; refusing to let Reaper go no matter how much the god came until he was all but limp with exhaustion.

His own kink’s aside, Reaper knew the sticky feeling was uncomfortable for Geno and gone to clean him as he usually did after they had sex, but the smaller skeleton hadn’t let him; citing that he was tired and it could wait.

But that had only been the first day.

As he stated, Geno’s heats were bad and they took days to work through, and, he realized, gaping at his fiancé, the smaller skeleton had repeated that same little list of acts the entire heat; latching onto Reaper to keep him from pulling away and then later refusing to be cleaned.

Geno had wanted to get pregnant! That’s why his heat had hit off schedule! It was his own want, his own intent, urging his body into a state that would best assure it would happen. Just wanting wasn’t always a guarantee, though. Skeleton mothers needed to want a child as a requirement for their body to produce the necessary equipment, but it was still down to chance at the end of the day.

But both of them had wanted children, Reaper’s own desire for a little souling always lingering in the background. Up to chance or not, there was no denying that their combined desire had all but doubled their chances.

His earlier, hysterical laughter returned. “You little shit,” he gasped, dragging Geno into his embrace and kissing him firmly, excitedly. “You manipulative little asshole. How long have you been keeping wanting kids from me that your own damn body had to take matters into its own hands?”

“Awhile.” Geno admittedly shyly. “My heat was still a surprise, though. I knew I liked the idea of kids and all, but I didn’t realize just how much I wanted one until you said that during the first day. Then it just kind of clicked and, well, you know the rest.” Suddenly, he startled, hands reaching up to cup Reaper’s face. “A-are you upset?”
A little confused at the question, Reaper blinked, a little surprised to feel the motion squeeze something from his sockets. Oh, he realized. He was crying.

As though waiting for his acknowledgement, the damn broke and the god found himself sobbing; crumpling to the floor on ass, too worked up to focus on keeping himself standing. He saw Geno’s panicked expression through his watery sight and gently tugged him down with him, so, so careful of the precious bundle his lover—his fiancé—now carried within his womb. When they were both settled, Geno on his lap, he pulled the other into a loving kiss.

“How could I be upset, Gen?” Even as he blinked another wave of tears from his sockets, he smiled. “Stars, Geno. I’ve been wanting this for long. I,” he couldn’t even laugh, the sound strained and resembling more of a croak. “I thought this was going to be a normal day. Go to work, stop by for some cuddles, and work again. But you asked me out on a date and we got coffee a-and,” momentarily at a loss for words, he grabbed Geno’s left hand, kissing the ring then kissing him “and now we’re engaged and having a baby!”

Tears starting to fall from his own socket, Geno smiled shakily. “It’s a lot at once, huh?”

“It’s perfect.”

Geno smiled wider even as he began to cry harder. The two latched onto each other, sharing watery kisses and strained laughter, so happy that the overjoyed tears simply refused to stop, no matter how many times one of them tried to wipe them away. Finally, they just waited it out, watching the stars through blurry eyes with their SOULs glowing within their chest from sheer, unadulterated joy; resonating together.

“Can you see it yet?” Reaper asked, sometime later when his tears finally seemed to still. “Is that how you knew? Or did you have to take a test?”

Bashful, Geno scooted back just far enough that Reaper wouldn’t struggle to see before lifting his shirt. The pretty red ecto that Reaper had gotten a glimpse of earlier was still summoned, his usual chubby stomach not yet rounded further with their child. Instead, a small speck of a SOUL could be seen through his flesh; such a tiny little thing that, had he not been looking for it, Reaper may not have seen it at all. Squinting, he felt his heart melt when he realized that it was purple.

“They’re already just like their mother.” He whispered, awed. “Absolutely perfect.”

Geno blushed but his reply was interrupted by a yawn that seemed to startle him. “Oh,” he seemed upset “I’m tired.”

Neither of them wanted their absolutely perfect date to officially come to an end but, as another yawn escaped the smaller skeleton, Reaper decided that it was best he get his pregnant fiancé to bed. “Want to stay here?” he asked, carefully lifting Geno into a firm hold.

The smaller shook his head though. He was use to Reaper’s world more than any other, but the souling residing him made him yearn for his own bed and the comfort of the knowledge that there was far less that could harm his unborn child there. He’d try sleeping at Reaper’s another time, when the souling was stronger and his instincts to hide away, keep safe, protect were more settled.

Having an idea of his reason’s, Reaper simply nodded and took them back; leaving behind the forgotten box of desserts under a star filled skill as evidence of the date that they’d never forget.
So...originally this chapter was just a cute coffee date. And then what was suppose to be joking about marriage turned into Reaper proposing. Which somehow turned into Geno admitting he was pregnant (forcing the author to go back and try to add in little hints before the reveal).

All in all, this chapter was a mess of ideas that kept forcing itself into my word document and kept giving me MORE ideas for OTHER chapters!

That being said...I don't suppose anyone would be interested in seeing what went on during Geno's heat in vivid detail? Day 5 is kissing and I had some partial smut planned, but I'm considering reworking what I already had into something, well, possibly dirtier.

Let me know what you think in the comments!
Kissing (NSFW)

Chapter Summary

In which the author falls victim to her shameless love for heat fics and forgets that KISSING was the prompt, but kissing still happens!

Chapter Notes

This takes place before the previous chapter. It wasn't planned, but I ended up writing a little smidge of the heat Reaper's mentions that ended up with Geno getting pregnant.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Heats had always been a bit of a sore spot for Geno.

Long before he had even gone by his current name, the topic of heats had always gotten him a little worked up—and not in a fun way.

To be fair, it wasn’t exactly a topic you’d bring up during polite conversation. Heats were... private, to say the least. They took even the strongest of monsters and reduced them down to their most basic instincts, leaving them vulnerable to their own desires and helpless against anyone who may wish to take advantage of them in their wanton, incoherent states. Monsters as a whole were typically a kind, peaceful race, but incidents had happened in the past and, in order to avoid future conflicts, most simply kept their heats on the down low; trusting only their closest of family to guard them if they were without a mate.

Thankfully most monsters didn’t even receive their first heats before they were mentally and emotionally prepared for one because, as much as he loved him, he had not wanted to explain to Paps the ins and outs of heats and how to deal with them. Papyrus was a smart, strong, and overall capable monster, but he had still been Geno’s baby brother and just the idea of him doing things made him a little ill. Hell, Paps had still been struggling to understand the concept of dating when Geno had been underground. How on Earth would he have explained sex things to his innocent, naive brother? Just...just no. No thank you. Not today, not ever (considering that his Paps was gone and all...forever...).

Geno himself had been a late bloomer when it came to his own cycles. His first heat hadn’t hit until he was almost in his majority and it that entire experience had made him wish it had never come around at all. Paps hadn’t been out of his stripes yet when it had hit and had still required parental, brotherly care. Blue in the face and a disgusting, sweaty mess, Geno still sat through their normal routines; dodging questions about his strange behavior and making excuses to not leave the house before finally, finally escaping to his room for relief once Paps’ bedtime story put him to sleep.

It had been a terrible, exhausting experience that he had to repeat multiple times until Papyrus had gotten old enough to take care of himself. He still had to sidestep some awkward inquiries and suffer through renditions of Fluffy Bunny but Papyrus’ insistence on independent as a teenager had afforded
Geno some much required me-time.

Still, he had *hated* his heats and that hatred had not only followed him to the save screen, but had *grown*.

As much as they were a natural, biological phenomena, heats were still affected by the state the monster was in and Geno was in a pretty shitty position what with his broken bones and fraction of a SOUL. His current condition wasn’t just poor—it was *fatal* …

...had he been anywhere else, that is. Instead, the save screen had kept him alive, the DT running through his system aiding his survival despite being responsible for nearly *melting* him. He *shouldn’t* have been considered healthy, not with the way he looked or his tendency to *cough up blood*, but he couldn’t actually die anymore; so his body had just kind of shrugged and decided *meh*, good enough, before throwing him into the worst heat he had ever experienced.

Honestly? He didn’t remember most of it. Whether he blacked out or had simply lost himself to the overwhelming sensations was up for debate, yet he could still vividly recall the sheer amount of *pain* he had been in. The heat had been *long*, so much longer than ever before, and there had been absolutely *nothing* in the save screen to aid him. His hands alone hadn’t been enough to soothe the fires burning through him and, left unsatisfied, he had *burned* in his own desperate desire. Once the last embers of his cycle had finally fizzled out, Geno had awoken; naked, sore, and impossibly exhausted.

Unfortunately, the next heat had been much the same. And the next. And nearly every one since. By the time his heats had settled into a set schedule, Geno had gained an everlasting hatred for them that far outweighed his dislike of them from when he underground. They may have been less frequent in the save screen but they were *torture* and he always found himself dreading the near future whenever preheat began rearing its ugly head.

*Ugh*, preheat.

Not all monsters had the same mannerisms while in preheat. Some got aggressive while others didn’t even seem affected by their nearing cycles at all. Geno though? He got *affectionate*. Which was fine and all when he had Paps there to cuddle but in the save screen? Well, things had gotten a little sad.

There was *no one else* around. He had his little patch of grass and light alongside his ability to follow along with the events of the human child and the genocides but none of those things could be held. There was no affection to be found in the save screen so whenever his preheat would creep in, usually with an unbearably sweet scent, he would find himself resorting to clutching his scarf; curled up tightly around the fabric and weepy as he sought the comfort of a loved one he’d never get to see again.

Preheat didn’t steal away all your inhibitions like heat did, but that only meant that he was aware enough of his actions to be horrified of his pathetic behavior. He could never quite bring himself to stop though, wanting, *needing* something to cuddle up as though trying to soak up as much comfort before facing the *dis* comfort of heat.

All in all, heats were shit. The end.

Thank stars his next one wasn’t due for another few months.

…
Or so he thought.

Legs tight around a pillow, Geno sobbed as he rolled himself onto the soft material, hips thrusting and grinding frantically against it in a search for pleasure; for relief.

There had been no warning signs; no preheat. He hadn’t felt cuddly. No sugary sweet scent trailed after him in the air. He had been left unknowing of the change in his cycle until the heat had ambushed him in his sleep, fire creeping into his veins and setting fire to his nerves. His magic burned as it came to life and Geno had awoken *keening*; sweat on his skull, socket leaking tears, and thighs slick from his weeping sex.

Desperation had overcome him long before the cloud of drowsiness slowing his mind had gotten so much of a chance to dissipate. Plea on his tongue, he had turned to his boyfriend to aid yet Reaper’s side of the bed had been empty; the sheets having long since gone cold. This wasn’t an uncommon occurrence. With souls constantly calling to him with their nearing ends, Reaper couldn’t avoid work forever; but Geno *needed* him and he *wasn’t* there! He couldn’t even be angry though, the scent of his lover still heavy on the messy sheets. Moaning, he had clutched a pillow and nuzzled into the smell before ending up where he was now: chasing pleasure on it like some mindless beast.

*It wasn’t enough!*

The pillow was too soft, too plush. It gave under his weight when he needed it to hold firm against him and he found himself tumbling off of it, falling onto his side and crying miserably as he plunged a hand into his sleep shorts. Searching fingers found his entrance and pushed inside with abandon, the sound of his pleasuring slick and lewd as he worked himself harshly; quickly.

*It wasn’t enough!*

Legs spreading, he whined as he thrust his hips against his pumping fingers, fucking into the pumping digits even as his other hand came down under his waistband to search out his clitoris. Blindly, he found the nub of magic swollen with desire and pressed into it, pinching and grinding to push himself closer, closer, closer until his fingers curled perfectly within him and his thumb scratched wonderfully against his sensitive clit and he *came.*

*But it wasn’t enough!*

Greedily, the fire consuming him had devoured his orgasm, stealing the pleasure of completion and leaving behind a hunger for more, more, *more*. His fingers hadn’t stilled, still driving into his pliant magic with a force behind every thrust and fondling his clit needily while his hips pushed forward to take it all. He was uncomfortable—heels struggled to find purchase on the bed and back aching as he bent into an arch—but he didn’t care, lost to the compulsion to find satisfaction.

Release seemed to escape him; however. Four fingers deep and another dipping down to tease the stretch of his dripping cunt, Geno couldn’t feel that pressure that had come so quickly previously building in his abdomen. His own touch was enjoyable but it wouldn’t be enough. Not again.

Still, he tried. He forced his fingers as deep as they could reach, scissoring and curling and stroking the innermost walls of his sex while his free hand worked his clit so severely that it grew flushed with magic and sore. Evidence of his pleasure dribbled from his pussy, trailing down uncomfortably between the curve of his ass and driving him to release his swollen nub in favor of following that
slick path. The angle was odd but he worked with it anyways, rubbing his phalanges against his own fluids so that he could wiggle a finger into his unused hole. He wasn’t use to touching himself there but the sensation wasn’t terrible despite the string, so pushed himself in deeper until he was fucking onto his fingers no matter which direction his hips thrust.

“P-please,” he begged, had been begging for a while “please, p-please cum. I...I n-need it! I need it!”

Another finger was prodding at the tight ring of muscle of his second hole. He wasn’t exactly ready for it yet, but threw himself back onto the digit anyways. The stretch was painful but good, even if the overall sensation of taking himself from behind was mediocre at best, his prostate not summoned in his form. Starving for more of that sensation, he unthinkingly prodded at himself with two more fingers just to feel that pleasurable burn, but it was too much, too soon and he yelped when what he had expected to be pleasant pain simply just hurt. He tried pushing through the unpleasant feeling, urging the fingers in a bit deeper, needing more, but he hadn’t gotten the phalanges slick and the wetness from the one’s already within him wasn’t enough to ease them in. It would feel so good though. Just...a little...deeper...

“O-ow!”

Yanking his fingers out from burning hole, Geno’s hips collapsed onto the bed as a few pained tears dripped from his already teary socket. The fingers still within his wet mound withdrew too even as his heat addled mind begged him not to stop. He was so hot, so desperate for release that thinking clearly was just so hard, but what had just happened left him with enough clarity to leave him shaken.

Geno liked pain during sex. Although initially in denial, it was something that he and Reaper had experimented with before to undeniable results. Despite this, Geno still had his limits. His body had its limits, limits which Geno had just clearly ignored in his current state. And that? That scared him.

“Reaper,” he whimpered, curling up tightly on his side. He needed Reaper—wanted Reaper—knowing that his boyfriend would keep him safe and help him through his heat. “R-reaper…”

Blearily, he tried to remember where he had last left his phone. It wasn’t something he used often. Thinking was hard though and he nearly lost himself in his heat before he managed to snap out of it, climbing out of bed and onto shaky legs so that he could stumble into the living room, sure he had seen it on the sofa at one point.

Sure enough, he found it buried in the cushions and practically crumbled onto the floor in relief, shaking as he pulled his up his boyfriend’s number; dialing.

Thankfully, the other picked up. “Geno~”

“R-Reaps,” he cried, squirming at the sound of the god’s voice. “Please come h-home, Reaper. P-please come home. I...I n-need you.”

There was the sharp noise of static in his ear as the other inhaled, gasping, followed by the distinctive sound of the call being end. Geno would have cried out in despair had the god not appeared before him seconds later, concerned sockets finding his crumpled form and quickly kneeling before him; calling out his name but stilling when that honeyed scent teased his senses. Those dark, endless sockets slowly looked him over and realization set in.

“So soon?” Reaper murmured, referring to his heat. “Did it just start?”
Shaking his head, Geno hiccuped around a sob, curling into his lover’s chest when the taller skeleton opened his arms invitingly. “E-earlier.”

“Did you try to take care of it yourself?” The god cooed, hand sliding down his back sensually, coping a feel. When his palm slid against the curve of Geno’s bottom; however, he frowned, catching the smaller’s flinch. “Gen?”

“H-hurt myself.”

Reaper startled and immediately pulled away, looking him over with a critical eye and frowning in confusion when he didn’t see anything out of place. Avoiding his questioning stare, Geno shifted and whined; upset about his own actions but embarrassed to admit them. Concern would drive his lover mad though, so he shifted onto his knees and turned around, using the sofa as leverage and pressing his torso against the cushion before sliding his shorts down and spreading himself.

Choking on air he didn’t even need, Reaper stared with wide sockets as the smaller skeleton presented himself; puckered hole on full display. That was...admittedly unexpected. And kind of hot, holy shit. As appealing as the view was; however, he found himself taking notice of how the red of the flesh was flushed, darker than it should have been and, curiously, he pressed the tip of his finger against it.

Geno initally jerked in surprise, then mewled as he pressed back against him; Reaper’s phalange easily sinking into him.

“You were fingering your ass?” Gaping, he withdrew his finger, though he was severely tempted to continue. “Stars Geno, you hit me last time I suggested that! How bad is your heat?”

“Bad.” Geno whined, wiggling his hips in an attempt to entice the other. Why did he pull away? Why wasn’t Reaper touching him more? “Hurt myself trying to take too much, t-too soon, b-but,” he sobbed “I need i-it. I need it, Reaps, p-please. Please!”

Gawking at the state of his lover, Reaper found himself at a bit of a loss of what to do. Oh sure he knew what Geno wanted him to do and all, but Reaper was kind of an asshole and found himself torn between helping his little, begging lover out, or being a little playful first. Slowly, his eyes trailed up and down the other’s body—always eventually drawn back by his lewd display—and he groaned, the heat scent emanating from his lover making him decide that he didn’t really care what he did as long as he did something with the delicious view.

Reaching out, he bodily turned Geno back around and lifted onto the sofa, pulling off the shorts hanging around his knees and fitting himself between eagerly spreading legs, still in a kneeling position. Geno tried to drag him closer in an attempt to press Reaper’s stirring magic against his own but Reaper didn’t let him, leaning into his space with a ravenous smile even as he made sure not to touch the other.

“Where’s my welcome home kiss?” he needled

Geno blinked at him, dizzily. His head was cloudy, thoughts lost to the sensations of fire burning through him. He was tugging at Reaper weakly, trying to pull him closer before what the god said finally sank in and he growled, tugging harder. “I d-don’t want k-kisses!” he griped before his moment of annoyance passed and trembled, whimpering. “R-reaps...p-please…”

“Well,” the god chuckled “I want my welcome home kiss. Besides,” he purred, sockets lidding “your lips are practically begging for one.”
Back arching, Geno keened as Reaper dipped down between his invitingly open legs; grin pressing
briefly against his wet, weeping mound before parting so that his tongue could dart out; lapping at his
sex as though he were a man starved before pressing between his lips in a search for more.

“Y-yes!” Geno moaned, hips thrusting frantically into that skillful tongue, fighting against the hands
that came up to still them. “Oh s-stars, y-yes! Yes!”

His lover’s magic was tart on his tongue but Reaper found that he didn’t mind, the bitter taste always
made sweeter with the beautiful sounds Geno made; compelling him to press into the other with a
moan lost to the heated flesh. Geno was absolutely soaking and he was sure his teeth and chin were
both a mess of magic at the moment, but he didn’t mind, focused on drawing out his lover’s pleasure
through his ‘kiss’.

Up close, pressed into that yearning warmth as he was, the thick scent of heat was becoming even
more pronounce. Geno was all that filled his senses: his gaze entrapped by that beautifully wanton
expression, Geno’s scent around him; magic on his tongue, moans in his ears, and soft flesh gripped
in his hands as he held the other down for his feast. Here, in the save screen, there was nothing but
Geno, Geno, Geno and he growled, spurred on by a desire to lose himself completely within all that
was his lover.

He dropped a hand from the smaller’s form, uncaring of the leg that immediately came to wrap
around his skull as he fitted his fingers between what little space remained he and his love. There
was a shriek from above him as he flicked that small, sensitive nub before abandoning it entirely in
order to sink two digits into that pretty little pussy which throbbed around his invading tongue in a
plea for more.

Reach far deeper than he had been able to manage with his tongue alone, Reaper worked the other
with a practice ease even as his pace hurried. He was without mercy as pleasured the other, scraping
those walls with his fingers and rubbing against that special little spot that made his lover screech
when his digits caught against nerves. His tongue moved with fervor, movements never stopping
until that leg around his skull grew tight and Geno wailed with his release, arching so harshly that
nearly none of him remained on the couch.

Respite from the ecstasy was withheld from the trembling skeleton as he fell back against the
cushions of the sofa, Reaper crawling over his lover and sealing their teeth together in a bruising kiss
even as his fingers continued their plundering. Mouth already agape with his heavy breaths and
moans, Geno was helpless against the god’s probing tongue as it licked it’s way past his teeth; tasting
of Geno’s own flavor. Dizzy with heat, Geno could do nothing more than respond weakly against
his lover’s invading muscle, their magics swirling together slickly while fingers forced him closer to
the edge he had barely stepped away from. It was weak—unsatisfying with how those digits
suddenly seemed so inadequate—but Geno came again, strangled moan swallowed whole before
Reaper finally pulled away; phalanges withdrawing.

“W-welcome home.” Geno said, faintly. That had been a hell of a welcome home kiss.

“Thanks, love.”

Magic smeared messily across his face, the god smiled but it soon turned into a frown when Geno’s
trembling didn’t ease. The smaller was tense, his eye light hazy and blown and magic flushing his
bones. It wasn’t just that his skull was reddened, but his neck was too, pink trailing down into the
collar of his shirt and joints almost as red as the magic that made up his flesh. Tears dripped from his
socket and saliva fell from his mouth, but Geno seemed unaware of it all as he squirmed, quiet noises
of distress and need uttered between desperate pants.

“What do you want, baby?” Reaper asked softly, reaching out to caress the other’s cheek. Stars, he was hot to the touch. Feverish, almost. “What do you need from me?”


Surroundings shifting, the two suddenly found themselves on the bed among the wrinkled sheets, Reaper’s eye briefly catching on his magic stained pillow before he returned his attention to Geno; now spread out before him, hands clenched in the blankets and shirt clinging to sweat soaked ribs. When their gazes met, the smaller released his hold to stretch his arms out; reaching for Reaper with a quiet whine.

“What another kiss?” He teased even as he crawled over Geno, lowering himself onto his forearms and into that yearning hold. “I wouldn’t say no.”

Surprisingly, Geno nodded, though he pulled Reaper’s skull up rather than down; their teeth clanking noisily as they met.

For all the need devouring Geno and the way his heat scent urged Reaper into action, the kiss remained unhurried; sweet. Geno yearned for comfort just as much as he did for relief from the burn eating at him and Reaper was more than filling to provide.

He lavished the other with affection, sweet kisses that neither could seem to pull away from, one always dragging the other back if they tried to stray too far. Every now and then a tongue would flick out teasingly, grins unsealing as things took a brief, heated turn, but, eventually, they’d find their way back into sweet, gentle presses.

Suddenly, Geno tore himself away, head thrown back with a startled cry when Reaper shifted his weight and pressed against him; poorly concealed erection brushing against his yearning sex, reminding him of the issue that had yet to be truly resolved.

“Reaps, p-please!”

Answering the call of his little lover, Reaper peeled the smaller’s shirt off, the damp fabric resisting a bit as it was sticky with blood and sweat; catching on the little chips decorating the other’s ribs. This wasn’t something unfamiliar however, so Reaper simply worked through the slight snags until the shirt was off; his lover’s naked form revealed.

Hands smaller than his own were tugging at the belt around his waist in an attempt unknot it, teasing fingers curling around his aching erection as it sprang free. The god moaned in appreciation and allowed himself a few moments of the satisfaction from his lover’s touch before regretfully prying the hand away. This wasn’t about him, after all.

Coaxing Geno’s legs wider, he leaned his weight onto a single arm as he took himself in hand, cock sliding along his lover’s wet lips slickly before he positioned himself at the entrance to Geno’s pretty little pussy. Carefully, he eased the head inside his lover, the tight, warm heat pulsating around him; attempting to suck him in further when the god stilled. Geno whined, displeased, but Reaper merely swallowed the sound as he instigated another kiss, tempting the smaller into a sensual, familiar meeting of teeth and tongues. When his love was distracted—immersed in the kiss—Reaper braced himself with both arms on either side of Geno’s head before surging forward, cock hilting with a single, powerful thrust.

“Is this what you wanted?” He growled as Geno screamed, cumming from the simple feeling of his
lover’s magic buried so deeply within him; thick and long and exactly what the smaller had needed since he awoke. It made the god’s thrusts slicker, his shaft sliding in and out of the smaller’s cunt easily even as it clenched with release. “Is this was you needed?”


“Everything?” Reaper purred, voice husky as he dragged out every syllable in the word. “You already have my cock,” he emphasized this with an especially harsh thrust “so what more can I give? Unless you want my cum, too?” Suddenly, it was his turn to moan, the imagine of cyan magic shining through red flesh appealing. “You’d look so good like that, stuffed full with my dick even as I forced you fuller. Once wouldn’t be enough for you though, would it? No, I’d pump you full again and again and you’d still beg for more.” raspy, he laughed, the sound catching on a pleased noise. “You’d be overflowing with it, in the end, so fat with my magic you’d look heavy with a child.”

Either by his words or through the intense thrusting of Reaper’s cock into his magic, Geno came again, voice gone raw with pleasure as the sound was torn from him mercilessly. He was babbling as Reaper fucked him through it, clawing at the god in order to get him impossibly closer even as his legs suddenly clamped around the taller skeleton’s waist; heels driving Reaper into him deeper, harder.

That rich, tight heat was too much this time around for the god though, and Reaper’s harsh pace began to stutter until he came upon hilting. His moan of completion was drowned out by Geno’s own sobbing cry as the sensation of hot magic hitting his walls and pouring into him nearly sent the smaller spiraling into orgasm again. It felt good. He felt good, yet he needed more. More of Reaper, more of that friction against his walls, more of that hot, thick magic pouring into him, just more.

When Reaper’s hips tried to withdrawal, Geno shrieked in protest, bawling as he begged the other not to pull away, legs wrapped tight around the god’s waist.

“No, no, no!” He cried, latched on tight “M-more! More!”

Groaning lowly, Reaper stilled. “I’m not stopping!” He reassured “F-fuck, Gen. I’m not stopping but you gotta let me move.” Panting, he groaned as his sharp inhales only filled him with more of that delicious heatscent. “Stars, Gen. I’m not going to stop until you’re full and begging me to.”

It was Geno’s heat but Reaper was his chosen mate. His own magic only burned hotter whenever that addictive scent reached his nasal cavity, his cock hard and aching even after having just cum. Until Geno was satisfied and his body began to settle, Reaper’s own would remain responsive.

Deceptively strong legs still clamped around him, Reaper groaned; his hips slowly beginning to rock. “Y-yes!” the smaller moaned “More!”

They were in for a long night.

“No more! N-no more!”

Geno was a mess.
Bite marks were scattered all along his neck, Reaper’s teeth imprinted into the sensitive, fragile bone while bruises marred the pretty red flesh of Geno’s hips and waist, a few even dug into his supple ass.

His arms were trapped above his head, tied together by the rope that had been around Reaper’s neck; the god’s cloak having long since been fully removed.

The binds weren’t connected to anything yet his arms remained limp above him anyway, his head lolled to the side and socket void as it sluggishly dripped pleasured tears; overwhelmed. Every few seconds; however, his eye light would flicker to life, hazy but in the distinct shape of a heart.

He was so, so tired; drained in way he almost never was outside of his cycles. His heat was far from over but, for now, it was burning through the last of the day’s embers; slowly dwindling down. All he needed was one more. Just one more push into climax…

... but he was so full.

“P-please,” he begged, the words once meant to encourage now pleading for rest “please, Reaper. N-no more. I…” he was almost too exhausted to cry “it’s too much. T-too much!”

Above him, Reaper grunted as he continued to ravish the other, smaller skeleton, his breathing ragged as cyan sweat dripped from his skull; matching drool dribbling from his gaping mouth. He was chasing that one last orgasm he could feel, sockets trained hungrily on his pleading lover’s stomach. Geno was pumped so full with his essence that it was actually noticeable in the pronounced curve of his already so soft tummy. Reaper had delivered on his filthy words, pouring every release he had into the other. After the first few Geno had begun whimpering then, when it became apparent there was so much more to come (heh), he had begun crying, sobbing that it was too much and begging him to stop.

Reaper was an attentive lover, though. Even as he ignored the pleas of his love he was listening, ready to stop at anything that even remotely sounded like the start of their safeword. He was seemingly pushing Geno pass his limits but he knew what his lover could take and was watchful for any of the signs hinting at true discomfort. Still seeing none of said signs, he angled his hips with purpose and gave three sharp thrust in succession, smirking at the way Geno’s cries raised in pitch.

“O-one more, baby.” He panted, groaning lowly as he fucked into Geno’s g-spot over and over again, relishing in the way his walls tightened so damn much around his cock. “You can take one more load, darling. Just one more.”

“No, n-no, nonono!” Geno denied weakly even as his shaking legs kept their hold around his lover’s waist. He hadn’t let the god go once this entire time. “I c-can’t!”

“You can, Gen.” Reaper merely insisted, fingertips digging small grooves into the smaller’s hips. Fuck, he was pretty tired himself but he was so close. “You will.”

A few more sharp thrust were made before Reaper found himself tipping over the edge for what felt like the hundredth time that day, seed pouring deep into Geno and forcing out that last orgasm he needed. Both moaned upon reaching their completions, but the sounds were weak, tired, with Geno’s own pleasure sound wet with his exhausted sobbing.

“N-no more….” he whimpered, legs finally falling from his lover’s waist.

“Y-yeah,” Reaper agreed tiredly. “no more.”

Carefully, the god pulled himself from his lover, shushing the smaller skeleton when the drag against
his walls sent weak sparks of pleasure down his spine that made him whimper. Cum trailed after his retreating shaft and Reaper couldn’t help but wince sympathetically even as he purred in pleasure at the sluggish drain; pleased that not too much of his seed was leaking out. It not only made for an easier clean up with how the magic would simply disperse with Geno’s body but his little, utterly spent lover also looked damn good: all messy and obscene in his current state. Reaper loved it.

Geno, on the other hand, would probably start getting cranky pretty soon if he remained sticky for much longer and, tired as he starting to feel, Reaper couldn’t deny his lover the right to his own comfort; especially not after he had done so well for the god.

“Let’s get you into a bath.” he murmured, reaching for the smaller, drowsy skeleton. “You can fall asleep if you need to, Gen. I’ll take care of you.”

Rather than sleepily agree as he expected him to do, Geno shook his head and simply rolled over; trembling a bit as his nakedness started to feel cold in the absence of the fire that had been heating his bones. “L-later.”

“Are you sure?” Reaper couldn’t help but ask, frowning. Washing was apart of their post sex routine. “I can wipe you down here if you want to stay in bed.”

“Later.” Geno insisted grumpily, socket falling closed. His arms came to wrap around his filthily glowing stomach though, and Reaper wasn’t all that convinced.

“Gen-”

“Fucking shut up and kiss me goodnight!”

Well, who was he to argue with that dual tone eye light glaring at him tiredly?

Nudging the messiest of the bedding off to the side to be dealt with another time, Reaper climbed into bed next to his grumpy yet sated lover. It was probably the cleanest thing around them at the moment so the god found himself draping his robe over their naked forms as Geno rolled over to face him, cuddling into his arms as his skull lazily tipped backwards expectantly.

“Kiss.” The smaller demanded moodily, as though Reaper had already forgotten.

Chuckling, the god nodded. “Kiss.”

It wasn’t the most passionate kiss of the day, nor was it the sweetest, but, as their teeth came together, sleepy grins fond, both couldn’t deny that it was still perfect, in the end.

Chapter End Notes

You can bet your ass that I laughed when I remembered that the prompt was kissing JUST as I was writing the first kiss of the chapter...which was definitely not to Geno's teeth.
Chapter Summary

Two updates in one day! At the END of the day, too, because I'm terrible.

Chapter Notes

This chapter takes place before they're engaged or married!

ALSO: Rape-play is heavily hinted near the end of the NSFW bit. I'm sorry to anyone uncomfortable with that. It just kind of sneaked in when I wasn't looking.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘This is it,’ Reaper thought distantly, the cool hue of his magic dusting his skull as he ogled the sight before him 'I've found the eighth wonder of the world; the most magnificent sight in all the multiverse.'

Laid bare before him, propped up by the abundance of pillows on their bed, was Geno; legs bent at the knee and spread wide, the soft, red flesh of his thighs straining under the rope tied firmly around them, tethering them to his ankles. Bound behind him were his arms, more soft, sturdy rope laced between his radii, ulnae, and around his wrist, keeping his forearms tightly interlocked. Reaper found himself thankful for having gone with the black ropes, the dark material a pleasant contrast to the red of Geno’s flesh and the white of his bone. He looked good. More than good, actually.

He looked like Reaper’s, all wrapped up in his colors as he was.

Magic stirring low in his pelvis, he couldn’t help but think that the smaller skeleton looked like a sexy sacrifice; meant to earn his favor or appease his ire.

His lover was usually so strong, unyielding even in the presence of death, yet now, before Death, he was vulnerable; movements restrained and sex exposed. Like this, he was defenseless against the perverse desires of the god. No, not a god. His god, Reaper decided, his sockets deep, rich voids of blackened desire. Geno had submitted to him, had laid himself bare before the god countless times before and did so again now; timid and trembling, but trusting that his touch would bring pleasure, not death.

Due to his usual behavior, people tended to forget just how much potential Reaper had, just how terrifying what he was could be. Had he wished it, he could spread his essence across the multiverse, bringing the end to all things living. He was used to power, had more of it than most realized, but never really desired more, barely liked the so-called gift he had now.

Here, though? Standing tall before his lover, lust in his veins and fire in SOUL, he realized just how intoxicating power could be; his domination over the smaller skeleton giving him a taste for control. Geno couldn’t touch himself, tied as he was. Every quiet gasp and whimpering moan would be a result of Reaper’s actions, every orgasm a gift graciously given, or punishingly withheld. Reaper
held his fate in his hands.

Well, he would. But first….

“Words?” he questioned softly, breaking the silence.

“Blue if I need you to stop,” Geno obediently recited, shifting slightly against his bonds “red if I’m unsure about something, or you need you to slow down.”

“And if you can’t talk?”

“I have permission to use my magic to get your attention.”

Their words had been decided upon quite a long while ago, but Reaper was adamant on making sure the other delivered them every time they entered a situation where they may be required. Reaper may have been the one taking charge, but if Geno said one of their words, then he would listen. Pleasure was a big part of it, but, ultimately, their sex was about love and trust. When Geno hadn’t been able to get their words out, once, too overwhelmed by a poor sensation too speak, he had been shaken; scared. Reaper was an attentive lover and had stopped the moment he had taken notice that something seemed wrong, but still later insisted that the smaller use magic on him if he ever found himself in another situation where he couldn’t voice his needs.

Praising the other for remembering his lines—and chuckling when the he flushed, pleased—the god found himself basking, once again, in the beauty that was his lover; all plush, red flesh and spider web cracked bone. He delighted in how badly he could tell the other wanted to squirm, his inky, heated gaze no doubt a heavy weight.

It could be a challenge to pinpoint the exact location of his line of sight, so he made a show out of a slow nod, shy understanding flickering across his lover’s expression when the other realized that Reaper was checking him out top to bottom, clearly admiring the view.

Quietly, embarrassingly, Geno whined, aching to close his legs. Tempted, his legs twitched, the faux muscles in his thighs tensing in response as he scrambled to force his traitorous body to still. Reaper had chosen this position because he liked the way it put the most intimate parts of his lover on display. He wasn’t allowed to close his legs, even if the ropes wouldn’t fully prevent him from doing so.

Unfortunately, the god caught the movement. His expression had been pleased as he eyed his stunning lover, but it evened into a dispassionate stare; tongue clicking in disapproval. “Already disobeying orders? We haven’t even really started.”

“I didn’t close them!” Geno defending, realizing his mistake a few seconds too late.

“Arguing too?” Reaper drawled. “I thought being posed like this would take some of that attitude out of you, but I guess I was wrong. Maybe a punishment would put you in your place, instead? No, you’re not being that bad. Oh, I know,” finally, he smiled. It wasn’t a kind look. “I’m going to wait a bit longer to touch you.”

As far as threats went, that probably seemed pretty week. Reaper could see how Geno’s body seemed to lose its tension, his lover relieved, and he found himself smoothing his expression back into a neutral look in order to hide the smirk that so desperately wanted to blossom across his skull. The little skeleton liked to lie to himself when it came to just how needy he could be when they became intimate, often begging for the other’s hand on his heated flesh, or the god’s teeth on his bone. All tied up as he was, Geno was more embarrassed than anything else, but he’d be yearning
for his lover’s touch soon enough, begging for it even.

For now, he didn’t correct the other’s assumption that he wasn’t facing a great loss, knowing that, at the very least, Geno would double his efforts in keeping himself open; lest he find himself facing worst consequences.

‘He really is quite pretty like this though,’ Reaper found himself thinking, dreamily. ‘I never want to forget this sight.’

Actually, he could keep this memory. *Forever.*

Finding the hidden seal within his robe, Reaper reached into it and pulled from the pocket his cellphone. Causally flipping through the frankly alarming amount of apps he had, he finally found the little camera he was looking for and tapped it. Taking full advantage of his ability to float, he sought out the best angle for a photo before rapidly tapping his thumb against the screen.

“R-reaper!” Geno protested, attempting to hide his face but unable to do with his arms bound. Instead, he turned his head, eye light averted. “Delete those now, you asshole!”

Reaper raised a brow, thumb hovering above the camera button. “A demand? *And* name calling?”

Growing ashen, all of Geno’s bravo seemed to melt away, the smaller skeleton attempting to shrink away from the scolding expression he was faced with. “S-sorry…” But he knew the damage was done. That was four mistakes already in quick succession.

For a long moment, Reaper said nothing. He let his phone drop onto the bed, but merely watched the other squirm uncomfortably, Geno whining quietly as the air around them grew tense. When the smaller began looking upset, he spoke.

“You know,” his voice was slow, every word spoken deliberately. “you don’t seem to realize the position you’re in. Well,” he chuckled darkly “metaphorically, at least.” hovering over the bed, he rearranged himself into a seated position in the air before Geno, legs crossed and elbow on his knee; hand propping up his head as he simply watched the other stare up at him silently “Nothing to say? That’s strange, you’ve been mouthy so far.”

“I’m sorry.” Geno whined, quietly.

‘You will be.’ Reaper thought, smirking at the other. “Are you? Because you don’t seem to understand just how helpless you are right now. I want to touch you, Gen,” he purred, dipping into that low, rumbling octave he knew his lover found enticing. “and you can’t stop me, not all wrapped up like that. You can close your legs, but you can’t kick me away, can’t push my hands away from that pretty little pussy of yours, or hide your shame if I decide to take you now and pump you full.”

Red faced at his vulgar words, Geno squirmed. Horrified, he realized that he was a little wet, tears of embarrassment welling up in his socket when he felt the little dribble of magic slide down his exposed sex, staining the sheets with his desire.

He knew that the god noticed, his magic so vibrant against their dark sheets and his position so open that it would have been impossible to remain ignorant of his needy sex.

“I haven’t even touched you yet.” Reaper murmured, pleased. “Stubborn, prideful Geno, all wet and wanting over the idea of being used. How delightful.” Uncrossing his legs, Reaper allowed himself to drop down onto the bed, knees sinking into the mattress as he leered down at the other. Pressing upwards against his cloak was a large bulge, telling of his own arousal. He cupped himself through his clothing, groaning as he fondled his shaft, eyes firmly on the smaller skeleton who struggled not
to watch the lewd actions. “What would you do, I wonder, if I just pleased myself? Would it turn you on?” he asked “If I fucked my hand and came all over you, would it turn you on?”

“Y-yes.” Geno whispered, mortified, but sensing that Reaper wanted an answer.

“Maybe I should do that, then.” the god mused, sliding a hand into his robe. Fingers curling loosely around his cock, he allowed himself the pleasure of a few, quick strokes, the action hidden poorly behind the dark material of his clothing. “I could get you all worked up by getting myself off…” he grinned “…and then I’d go to work, leaving you behind to stew in your arousal, soaked in my cum, for misbehaving.”

Geno jolted, eye light snapping up in alarm from where it had fallen to the hand hidden behind his clothes. He shifted against the sheets, trembling as he bit his tongue in order to still his protest. “Please don’t.” he begged instead “P-please don’t, Reaper. Please, please. I...I’m sorry!”

“Then prove it,” Reaper growled, pulling his hand from his cloak and working at the ties. He didn’t bother pushing the loosened fabric off, merely let it hang open on his form once the ropes around his neck and waist were gone. Geno was still propped up against their pillows, sitting more than he was laying, so Reaper slid a hand behind his skull so that he could pull him forward to where his cock was now freed; thick, blue precum already bubbling from the tip. “suck it. Show me how sorry you are for acting up.”

Shivering, Geno obeyed, coyly pressing his grin to the weeping tip; teeth parting as his wet, red tongue darted out to lick up the pre. Moaning as the taste settled on his tongue, he opened his mouth wider; taking the head of the cock into his mouth.

Magic made their facial abilities far more flexible than bone should have allowed, but their lack of flesh meant that their teeth acted as their lips, too. Teeth weren’t as pleasant to feel on a cock though—not if you weren’t careful—so Geno was sure to be gentle as his grin resealed, he was the one that liked pain; not Reaper.

Grin curving around the shaft, he suckled the head now within his hot; wet mouth, tongue lavishing the sensitive flesh with attention. Reaper was big, the head of his cock alone already a surprising stretch, but as his tongue pressed against his slit, Geno found himself being forced to take in more of the member; sooner than he expected. Mouth stretching wider around the invading magic, he choked as a throat suddenly snapped into existence; forced to accommodate when his mouth alone couldn’t contain Reaper’s flesh.

Tears pricked at the corner of his socket, a whine escaping around the magic, but Reaper merely groaned as his throat flex around him, massaging the magic so pleasantly. “Fuck, Geno. baby,” the god groaned, thrusting the rest of his cock into that hot cavern “Take it all, Gen. Take my fucking cock.”

He didn’t need to breathe, he tried to remind himself. With Reaper’s dick pressing into his throat, his body couldn’t produce the airflow it was used to mimicking. It was just his mind playing tricks on itself, but his head felt fuzzy, even as it screamed at him that his was fucking choking at his boyfriend’s dick of all things.

The hand on his skull tightened its grip, fingers digging into the back of his head and he was pulled off the god’s cock, only to be forced back forward.

Not really able to do much, he simply flattened his tongue and relaxed his throat, taking the god’s magic as the taller skeleton moved him as he pleased; grip tight on his skull and hips thrusting to chase his own pleasure. Geno sucked when he could, moaning around the shaft even as he cried
from the rough treatment, the sensation of choking nearly too much to handle. He couldn’t use his hands to help the other along, couldn’t even move himself with the way Reaper was holding him firmly, moving him however he wished. He could only lie there, mouth gaping and drool sliding down his chin, forced to let the other use him like a cheap toy.

Distantly, he heard Reaper curse before he was dragged off of the shaft entirely; air rushing in to fill his pseudo lungs, leaving him panting ragged breaths as he stared up at the other dizzily.

“Mouth open, tongue out.” the god directed, pumping himself with firm, even strokes.

Realizing that the other had been closer than he thought, Geno hurried to comply, teeth parting and tongue lolling out, dripping saliva and unswallowed pre messily. Distantly, he heard Reaper groan, but assumed it was due to his pleasure; unaware of the sight he made, nor that his eye light had since long ago flickered into a heart. Reaper was still so close to him, the head of his cock was mere inches away from his hanging tongue and, tempted, he flicked the soft ecto against it.

Immediately, Reaper’s hips stuttered, his orgasm tearing through him at the unexpected touch; semen spilling from slit of his cock in thick ropes. Geno caught what he could with his tongue, but most of it landed on his face, splattered messily across his skull. Some was at risk of dripping into his socket, so he closed his eyes, tongue curling to prevent the heavy load settled upon it from dribbling out. Distantly, he heard the sound of a shutter.

“Gods,” Reaper groaned, phone back in hand and snapping away even as he lazily stroked himself with the other; riding out his orgasm. “you look so good like this.” pleased with his new pictures, he let the phone drop again, stopping the ministrations on his shaft in order to reach out and wipe the mixture of magic and tears from the smaller’s eye. “You can swallow now.”

Dragging his tongue back into his mouth, Geno did so with a hum as his socket blinked back open, staring up at Reaper with that blown out, heart shaped pupil. “My turn?” he whimpered pleadingly, voice hoarse but hopeful.

“I don’t know, I’m kind of tired.” When Geno looked betrayed, socket welling again, Reaper chuckled and lean in to kiss him soothingly. “I’m kidding.” he reassured him, hand sliding between still spread thighs to tease those soaking lips. “It’s your turn now.”

Mewling when three fingers pressed into him straight away, the smaller skeleton squirmed, shaking his head and hiccuping as he began to cry. “N-no.” he whined, hips trying to twitch away.

“Oh?” Raising a brow, the god continued his movements, watching interestingly as Geno kept trying to pull away from his fingers, to no avail. “I thought you wanted this?”

Flustered, his little lover turned his head away. Pointedly; however, he wiggled in place, arms and legs straining against his bonds. “No, p-please.” he whimpered, face red as he struggled.

“Oh.” Reaper murmured again, understanding settling in. This position was suppose to keep Geno defenseless, after all; a victim to whatever deeds Reaper chose to enact. Voice dropping, he smirked deviously. “Guess we’re playing that game today.”

This would be fun.

“You did so good for me,” Reaper murmured through labored breaths sometime later. He had Geno on laying prone before him, kept comfortable by pillows as the smaller skeleton shook in the
aftermaths of his pleasure; the god picking apart the knots on his bonds. “so, so good.” slowly, carefully, he began unraveling the ropes, starting with his arms. “You took everything I gave you so well.”

Face squished against a plush pillow, Geno grumbled in reply. “Shh, sleeping.” he whined, smiling slightly upon feeling the god press a kiss against his previously bound bone.

Chuckling at his sated lover, Reaper merely continued trailing after the rope with his teeth, pressing light kisses along the newly freed areas. There were lines of red magic along the bone but he knew they were less serious than they looked. Still, he made sure to lavish every inch of the marks with soft kisses, remembering not to rub them or press his teeth too hard. Once he deemed the smaller’s arms taken care of, he slid down to repeat the process for Geno’s ankles and thighs.

The bone of his delicate ankles looked much the same as those of his arms, but the soft flesh of his thighs were different; red magic bruised darker in rings. Knowing Geno would try to kick him if he went anywhere near his used sex with his mouth, he gently coaxed the smaller into stretching out his legs and chose to press his kisses to those skinny ankles instead, taking special care not to hyper extend the other’s legs as he did so.

“Do you want a wipe down?” he asked.

Unsurprisingly, the other nodded, carefully rolling onto his back with his arms laying limply at his side. He was blinking sleepily at Reaper, somehow so cute despite the pure sin he was capable of, and the god cooed, hovering up closer to steal a kiss before tracking down something to clean him up with.

As he cleaned the other up, Reaper found himself stealing more kisses; dropping little, loving pecks across Geno’s skull as he wipe his face and dodging lazily flailing hands as he peppered kisses across those damage ribs. He managed to pry himself away from the other long enough to give special attention his lover’s giant wound and sore sex—both needed to be well cleaned, for entirely different reasons—but, eventually, he went back for more affection.

By the time his usual routine was all wrapped up, Geno was practically purring, sore in the best of ways and perfectly content to be pulled into his lover’s embrace, a heavy, warm blanket enveloping the two.

After a nice, long rest he’d be back to his normal self, screeching at Reaper’s perverse attitude and all but running from the other’s attention, but, for now, he was happy to meet those searching teeth with his own, Reaper’s kiss the last thing he felt before drifting off into well deserved sleep.

Chapter End Notes

This was originally what I had written out. Instead of leaving it to be slowly forgotten about on my laptop, I decided to post it as well. Embarrassingly, the kissing doesn’t really come into play until the end of the chapter. Again. I wanted it to be a cute post-sex thing in which Reaper likes showering his boyfriend with kisses after doing him raw.

Also, please excuse any similarities to the previous chapter!
Wearing Each Other's Clothes (Part 2 of Date)

Chapter Notes

Takes place not too long after Geno learns he's pregnant and gets engaged!

Actually, I'm just going to call this Part 2 of Date

See the end of the chapter for more notes

This may come to as surprise to some people, but there was actually something out there that Geno almost hated just as much as he did Chara.

Most common annoyances couldn't compete with a demonic, murderous ten year old responsible for the murder of your friends and family but this was a special case; something that had plagued him long before the human had ever fallen and the cycle of genocide runs had begun. He had escaped the unending battle against the human but this was a war with that which would never end; with an enemy he couldn't run away from.

It was laundry.

He hated doing laundry. Ever since he was a wee little babybones trying to take care of an even tinier baby bones he had struggled with the chore. Clothing in the Underground wasn't always in the best condition so you had to be careful with the way you washed things. If you mixed your colors and ruined your favorite shirt, chances were that there wasn't another one just lying around.

It hadn't helped that Papyrus had grown so quickly, either. It had been difficult, rushing to find the green for bigger striped sweaters and digging through the dump in search of pants stylish enough for his cool bro, but also long enough for those tall legs. Every time he found something that fit his beanstalk of a brother, the younger skeleton would simply shoot up another few inches and he'd be back to square one.

Aside from the sheer amount of clothing he had gone through as he grew, there was also the fact that Papyrus had been so active to consider. He had learned to be more careful as an adult, but as a child? Paps had come own covered in a variety of things, ranging from flower petals and mud to, on one occasion, bright pink slime. Doting older brother that he was, Geno could never find it in himself to scold the other—not when Paps was making friends and looked so happy—but he still hadn't been fond of all hours he had to spend scrubbing filth and stains off all those outfits Pap's had owned.

The day Papyrus had informed him that he would be taking over the troublesome chore, Geno had nearly wept, vowing then and there not to ever do a single load of laundry again. He had made good on that promise, too, until his experiment with the DT in that last, fatal battle with the kid landed him in the save screen.

Wearing white when you kept bleeding all over yourself was a terrible, terrible idea. He didn't really have a choice at first though. The Save Screen hadn't offered him much in the way of, well, anything, least of all a change of clothes, so it wasn't like he could just not wear white. And even when he was finally in a position where he could change, he found that he had come to like his red and white color scheme; having had more than enough time to grow used to it.
Why did it have to be so hard to clean though?

When it came time for his scarf to need a rinse, he found that he didn’t mind putting in a little extra time and effort into the cleaning. He still hated the idea of cleaning clothes, but Pap’s was important to him. The idea of something potentially going wrong during a wash cycle made him anxious so he was always sure to handwash the scarf instead of using the machine. It was his only real vibrant piece of clothing being such a striking red and all, so cleaning it separately also saved him the trouble of having to worry about the color bleeding into his other clothing—bleeding being the key word in this scenario.

Most skeleton monsters tended to have marrow the same color as their magic. Papyrus was pretty sturdy but there had still been occasions in the past where Geno had needed to kiss little orange-tinted skinned knees better.

When it came to himself; however, he bled red, even prior to the DT when his magic was still cyan. And that was an absolute bitch of a color to bleed when your usual outfit consisted of a white shirt and sweater.

He had white on his shorts, too, but those were primarily black and didn’t usually get blood on them. In fact, they were all currently in the washer, spinning merrily in the soapy water without a single issue to be seen.

He was so tempted to just toss in his t-shirts and hoodies like he had the shorts, but he knew he’d regret it. Last time he had gone the lazy route, the shirts had been ruined; forever. Who knew hot water and blood went so poorly together?

No, he had to do this right. Which meant soaking them in cold water first before trying the various methods he had long since copied down on how to get blood stains out. The list he had was actually pretty impressive, if not concerning for just how lengthy it was.

“Let’s do this!” he cheered, trying to shake off his dread. It didn’t work and he deflated, childishly whining, “I hate laundry day.”

Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad, this time?

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!”

He had done something wrong. He didn’t know what he had done wrong but he had done something wrong! Half of his shirts were now pink while others had lines of red swirling out from the harsh streak of marrow cutting across the fabric. His hoodies were ruined too, most of them looking like a bad tie dye job. Great. Just great.

Scowling at the pile of wet, soppy clothing, he grumbled complaints under his breath as he turned to the washing machine. His shorts were done in there now and he quickly switched them over to the dryer before grumpily tossing in his should be white clothes and doing what he should have done in the first place: Using the huge bottle of bleach he owned.

Pouring a hefty amount in alongside some soap, he took great pleasure in slamming the door to the washer machine closed, the wash cycle starting the instant the lock clicked into place.

“There,” he groused. “it’s your turn to deal with that mess!”

Grabbing the basket that had been sitting innocently on top of the dryer throughout his entire struggle, he gave the washer one last glare before turning on his heel with a moody hmph! and exiting the laundry room.
Once in the hall, he found himself blinking at the row of doors he was presented with, trying to remember which one was Reaper’s room. Why did the god’s home have to be so big? When he had lived with his Pap’s there had only been four rooms!

Peeking into every room he passed, he silently cursed the god, not only for his too-big home, but for somehow getting him to agree to spend the week there. Reaper was pretty understanding about his hesitancy when it came to leaving the Save Screen but had still insisted that he’d never feel comfortable outside of it if he didn’t at least try spending time elsewhere, both with and without him there. The goal was to eventually move Geno into his world, after all, and Reaper had work to attend to everyday, so Geno needed to get used to being out and about without his boyfriend constantly there to comfort him.

“Although,” Geno mused softly to himself, blushing. “he isn’t exactly my boyfriend anymore, now is he?”

Stopping outside the last room in the hall, he shifted his hold on his basket so that he could reach out and open the door, a smile softening his previous grumpy expression as the dark metal of his ring caught the light. He still couldn’t believe they were getting married! As uncharacteristic as it was, he found himself giggling to himself giddily, a little skip in his step as he entered his fiancé’s room.

Heading over to the closet, he hummed quietly to himself as he set down the basket, pulling out the first neatly folded robe in the pile in order to hang it up. It was a little unfair, he couldn’t help but think as he sorted Reaper’s freshly cleaned clothes. The god wore all black so his things were never difficult to clean, no matter how much blood or dust seeped into the dark fabric. Plus, the god didn’t usually bother with clothing outside of his cloaks, so there was always a lot less in his laundry basket to take care of in comparison to Geno’s.

‘Maybe I should start wearing them too.’ he thought jokingly.

As he went to place the last robe onto a hanger; however, he found himself pausing, a thoughtful expression on his face as he eyed the fabric in his grasp.

Excess length and torn cloth aside, Reaper looked good in the robe, Geno had to admit, so haunting and chilling when dressed in the dark, flowing fabric. With those empty eyes and that wide, frightening grin aimed at you from beneath the shadow of his hood; he really did look as imposing as you expected Death to be. It was kind of hot, in a fucked up way.

Geno could be pretty intimidating too, but, though he hated to admit it, he was short. If the cloak was already large on Reaper, then he would be practically drowning in the dark material of the cloak. He’d look less like the dark, divine figure his future husband appeared to be in the outfit and more like a child playing dress up with their parent’s clothes. Being caught in the clothing would be humiliating.

...But there wasn’t actually anyone home to catch him, was there?

Smiling a little deviously to himself, he slid out of his slippers and carefully set them aside so he’d
know where they were later. He left his socks on but stripped out of his shorts next, followed by the over sized shirt he had worn specifically for laundry day. Rather than leaving the clothes on the floor, he coaxed them into the now empty basket at his side, leaving them to be dealt with next week.

He forgot about the full length mirror on Reaper’s closet, he realized, flushing as he met his reflection’s startled gaze. Normally he’d hurry to cover himself, not always comfortable with the sight of his own broken body, but he felt himself hesitating, eye light drawn to the softly glowing ecto encasing his bones.

Outside of sex, he didn’t form his flesh all that often. His bones were already so... ugly: chipped and cracked as they were. They didn’t make him feel good about himself, even if you could argue that they were proof that he had gone through hell and survived (well, in a way). At least he could blame their ruined appearance on the fallen human. His body though? That was all him.

He was fat, to put it simply. His thighs were wide and his stomach was embarrassingly soft, the curve of it clearly noticeable even when hidden under the thick material of his usual jacket. He supposed his breast were nice, soft and plump, but he didn’t actually like having them, so his ecto almost always ended at his rib cage when summoned.

A few weeks ago; however, his magic had settled into a near-full form. He had been avoiding looking at himself, but now that he did….

His arms and hands were left bare, as were his lower legs and feet, but red flesh began at his clavicle and stretched down his torso and thighs from there. He was dismayed to find that his breast seemed even larger, his cut stretching across the right one on an angle, but he did his best to ignore that for now, eye light trailing down the stomach he usually disliked, but actually finding himself smiling when he saw that it was a little bigger; a little rounder. No, he still didn’t like his usual weight but he quickly came to realize that he adored this weight; the one that came from having that little purple SOUL glowing in his stomach.

Nearly three months of pregnancy and he still couldn’t believe it sometimes: the fact that he, of all monsters, was going to be a parent. Initially he had been overjoyed, but that joy had tapered out into fear as he found himself concerned over the health of his child. Broken as he was, with a mere fragment of a SOUL and a large, everlasting gash, he had worried that maybe his little baby wouldn’t make it; that their mother’s damaged body wouldn’t be able to support them, or, stars forbid, they’d end up with a crippled SOUL. Geno wouldn’t have forgiven himself if he had learned it was his fault his child couldn’t survive, but Reaper had taken him to the best scientist he could find and they had been reassured that everything was coming along perfectly.

His little souling was happy and healthy, safe in his womb, and Geno found that he really couldn’t hate his usual chubby form if it currently meant that his baby was doing well.

Smiling when the little SOUL seemed to shine all the brighter, most likely sensing it’s mother’s affection, Geno decided that was enough staring and finally fitted himself into his future husband’s cloak. It was definitely too big, but he found that he liked it, the material soft against his sensitive body and still smelling faintly of the god despite having been washed. Rather than using the ropes his husband tied the robe shut with, he stuck his hand through a mini shortcut and pulled his scarf into the bedroom from where it had been left with the laundry, hung to dry.

Pleased that it wasn’t damp, he overlapped the two folds of the robe as much as possible before wrapping the scarf around his waist a few times, tying it into a little bow under his breast. Hopefully, the cloak would soak up most of his blood, but even if it didn’t, he knew Pap’s would understand and that his marrow wouldn’t stand out much against the usual red of the fabric.
Double checking that the robe was secure, and scowling when he noticed that, without the a rope sealing the neck shut, his cleavage was showing, he decided that was good enough before making his way out of the room; careful not to trip over all the extra fabric on the floor. The stairs were a challenge he wasn’t willing to risk, so he shortcutted to the bottom of them and continued his way to the small bookshelf tucked into the corner of the living room.

“What do you want to read about this time, little soulng?” he found himself asking, having grown use to talking to the little, unborn SOUL. Recently, he had taken to reading to them. “Want to finish the story from last time we were here?”

Grabbing the thick, leather bound book about Greek gods that Reaper only owned because he found it funny, he scurried over to the couch sitting in the center of the room; settling onto the plush cushions with a contented sigh. The sunlight streaming through the window was getting into his eyes, so he pulled Reaper’s hood over his head to block it before finding his previous page, voice breaking the peaceful silence of the house as he began to read.

“Known as the queen of the underworld, Persephone…."

“BROTHER,” Papyrus scolded “I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT GENO WILL APPRECIATE THE CAKE THAT WAS FINISHED MERE SECONDS BEFORE THAT BAKER DIED.”

Having finally found a pastry box among all the chaos currently happening around the lifeless body at his feet, Reaper grinned; carefully sliding the cake into it and sealing it closed. Ooo! It had a handle on the top to make carrying it easier. Nice. “He doesn’t have to know, Paps. Besides, it’s cake!”

“IT’S MORBID.”

Simply shrugging and throwing his brother a carefree grin, he opened a portal back home; their front door within view. “It’s free.”

The two stepped through the portal, Papyrus continuing his scolding, and he merely hummed in fake acknowledgment as he followed the taller reaper into their home. He went to find a place for the cake in the kitchen and couldn’t help his low laugh as he heard his brother let out a frustrated noise, apparently having found something else to scold him for.

“REALLY BROTHER?” the other called, disbelieving “YOU LEFT YOUR CLOTHES ON THE COUCH?!”

Huh, he didn’t remember doing that. “You sure it’s mine?”

“OF COURSE I’M SURE!” there was the distinct sound of bone clicking on wood, a telling sign that Paps was probably walking closer to the sofa “MY CLOAK IS CLEARLY A MORE STRIKING SHADE OF BLACK! YOURS, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS…Oh….“ a surprisingly soft chuckle “My Mistake, Brother. It Seems I Mistakenly Jumped To Conclusions.”

Thrown off by the sudden shift in volume from LOUD to quiet loud, Reaper set the box of cake on the table and went to join the other skeleton. As soon as he stepped into the living room he noticed that, yeah, that was his cloak, but it wasn’t until he was standing next to the other reaper that he saw what Paps had clearly already noticed, a soft, loving smile settling on his teeth.

“Oh that’s just too cute.”
Laying on his back on their sofa, fast asleep, was Geno, one arm hanging off the edge, loosely gripping a book, and the other bent at his side so that his hand could rest comfortably over his stomach.

It was clear that he had fallen asleep at some point while reading but Reaper found himself caring less about that little tibit and more about the fact that the smaller skeleton was all wrapped in one of his spare cloaks, the robe held shut by his fiance’s scarf, but still in slight disarray due to the moving around the pregnant skeleton must have done in his sleep. As though to prove this theory, Geno made a little, sleepy noise, rolling onto his side so his front was facing them and finally losing his grip on his book. Both reapers cooed at the sight however Papyrus’ transformed into an embarrassed cough when the cloak, already loser at Geno’s chest, slid open, giving them both an eyeful of one of Geno’s full breast—nipple and all.

“I Think The Cat Needs To Be Fed!”

Snickering at his brother’s poor excuse to leave the room—they didn’t have a cat—Reaper shook his head at his sleeping lover fondly, reaching down and carefully pulling the fabric of his cloak back into place. He knew Paps wasn’t interested, but still. That sight was for his sockets only, thank you very much.

“You’re going to be mortified if you find out that happened.”

Chuckling when Geno merely mumbled something in his sleep in response, the god bent down to carefully scoop up his slumbering fiancé. Drifting above the floor like he was, the long, excess material of his robe that hung over his arms barely brushed the wooden floors of their living room but he found himself raising a few inches higher just to ensure it wouldn’t catch on anything. Once, he gone crashing into a wall because the damn thing had gotten hooked onto something without his notice. He didn’t want to risk a repeat of that with his pregnant fiance in his arms.

Making sure to tell Paps, who was pretending to feed their fake cat, to call them down if he decided to make anything for dinner, the god drifted up the stairs and into his bedroom. Absently, he noticed that the door was left ajar but figured that Geno had probably been in there earlier, so didn’t worry about it. Instead, he used his magic to peel back the blankets on his bed and carefully tucked himself in with his armful of slumbering skeleton still held tight.

Despite work, he wasn’t all that tired himself. Given a bit of time he could probably drift off due to sheer laziness but, for now, he was more than happy to relax against the pillows with his lover in his embrace.

‘Well, not just Geno.’ he mentally corrected himself, sliding a hand into his fiance’s borrowed robe and resting his palm against the rounded flesh of his belly. ‘I have you in my arms, too, little one.’

With his future spouse and child within his protective hold, the god decided that life couldn’t get much better than this…

...unless he could get Geno to wear his clothes all the time. Then it’d be a lot better.

---

**BONUS!**

Mysteriously, all the laundry that Geno had been working on had disappeared by the time he had been awoken for dinner that same night. Grinning innocently, Reaper had blamed the cat even as he cheerily presented Geno with yet another one of his spare robes, insisting that he didn’t mind the
other borrowing his clothes until his own were found. When accused of being the one who stole his clothing (“You don’t even have a cat!”) the god had merely played dumb (“Maybe it was the dog, then?”) and pressed the folded cloak into Geno’s arms; beaming.

Now, a few days later, Geno was still in his fiance’s clothes, the dark material enveloping his body still far too large on him; but at least better secured with the usual ropes meant to hold the fabric in place. Reaper had tied them himself even, smiling in amusement at some memory he refused to share with Geno as practice fingers ensured his lover’s modesty. Strangely, Paps had seemed relieved at the sight of his brother’s handiwork, unable to meet Geno’s eyes as he blabbered about the usefulness of a good, reliable rope belt to keep your clothing in place. Weird.

The robe was comfortable though, so Geno secretly didn’t mind his fiance’s annoying clothes theft or Papyrus’ strange behavior, happy to be wrapped up in the dark fabric that felt so much like a constant hug as he watched Reaper ready himself for work from his spot on the god’s best. Apparently there had been an incident in one of the worlds: something about shockingly low temperatures and snow storms that were stealing the lives of those too unprepared for the harsh weather. A little time spent in some cold weather didn’t usually affect the god, but the numbers from the incident kept piling up and he wasn’t actually sure how long he’d be stuck working in the cold.

In preparation, the god had decided to dress warmly. Geno assumed he’d be wearing a cozy jacket at least but somehow found himself not surprised when the other simply threw on some sweats and slippers under his usual getup. “That’s all you’re wearing?”

“It’s my warmest outfit!” Reaper defended, sensing his disapproval. “I’m sure it’ll keep me all warm and toasty until someone dies somewhere warmer.”

“You’re not even wearing a hat! Or a scarf!”

“I have my hood,” said hood was drawn up with a grin “and I don’t even own a scarf, babe.”

Huffing, Geno scowled at his fiance as the taller began looking for his scythe. He wasn’t going to remind the idiot that he summoned the weapon at will. Let him looking for something that wasn’t even lying around.

Who didn’t have a scarf, though? It was such a basic part of winter wear! Even if he hadn’t usually worn it, Geno had owned a scarf while in the underground and now, well, now he always had a scarf, the remembrance of his brother always wrapped around his neck, keeping him comforted, safe, and warm.

...Warm, huh?

Eye trailing down to the worn red fabric draped it’s usual spot, Geno stared at it, hesitant. Did he really want to…?

“Oh, yeah. My scythe is magic.” the god finally realized, sheepish. His voice broke Geno from his thoughts as the taller floated on over, leaning down for a kiss. “Bye, baby.”

Kissing back, Geno couldn’t help but ask, playfully, “Which one?”

“Both.” Reaper simply grinned. “You,” another kiss was shared before the god lowered himself to the floor, happily nuzzling Geno’s stomach “ and you.”

Smiling, the smaller skeleton gently lay a hand on his stomach before leaning down to press a kiss to Reaper’s head. “Be safe,” he whispered, glancing down at his scarf once more before coming to a decision. “and be warm.”
Reaper’s expression was content as he gazed up at him yet it turned to a look of astonishment as Geno unraveled the red fabric around his neck in favor of carefully winding it around the god’s neck.

“Gen, you don’t have to—”

Silencing the other with a single, firm look, Geno focused on making sure the scarf was secure before leaning down for one last kiss. “I want to. Now, go to work, you lazy ass.”

Still a little stunned, Reaper chuckled quietly before nodding. “See you later.”

And then he was gone, black cloak floating dramatically and red scarf trailing behind him as he disappeared through a portal.

Chapter End Notes

I need more cute boyfriend-cloak in my life.
Not for the first time, Reaper found himself thinking that his brother’s friends were pretty weird. Undyne he was used to. Reaper didn’t exactly get along with her, but she had grudgingly won his respect due to her kind treatment of Papyrus.

Although his reapings were kinder, Paps was still a god of death and had been shunned quite a bit by others in their world thanks to his status; however, Undyne had never judged him for being a reaper. As the goddess of war, she was use to death and saw no reason to be afraid of it; especially if death came in the form of a smiling, naive skeleton who just wanted a friend. She was even a little protective of him. Little by Undyne’s standards, that is, which meant that she was willing to suplex you to hell if she thought you were eying her best friend the wrong way.

Undyne’s wife, on the other hand, he was a lot less familiar with.

He saw her around pretty often whenever Undyne would come to steal Paps away for a few hours but they never really talked. Reaper wasn’t all that sciency of a Sans, so they didn’t have that common ground he knew Geno had once had with his own Alphys to bond over. Speaking of Geno, he was the only reason that Reaper had taken to speaking with the little goddess to begin with: having needed her help to get his boyfriend out of his world without the skeleton dusting. A lot of discussions needed to be had in order to find a solution, Reaper popping up frequently enough with whatever information Alphys would request that the timid goddess actually stopped shaking whenever he was near.

He was grateful for her help, don’t get him wrong, but even after her theory on how to get Geno out safely had proven true, he still wouldn’t really call her a friend.

She was the reason he could take Geno from the save screen though, and that meant that Reaper owed her—something that Undyne kept reminding him of whenever they crossed paths. He always kind of shrugged the matter off but today he had been informed by his own brother that it was time to actually repay the other divine creature. And how was he paying her back?

By cosplaying, of all things.

Apparently his Alphys was also a huge fan of anime, alongside her wife and, surprisingly, Papyrus, who didn’t really get a lot of the weird shit that went on in the shows but still liked watching them
with his friends.

The three had been marathoning a show when Alphys had absently commented that she could totally see Reaper as one of the characters in it, at least visually. It wasn’t meant to be something to look into, but the comment had been enough to spark a conversation about whether or not he could really pull the outfit off; followed by an intense debate over what other characters the people they knew could be.

From what he understood, Alphys hadn’t actually been planning to cash in on a favor—or anything else really—as repayment for her help with Geno, but Undyne had decided that she needed to see at least one of the character assignments they had agreed upon come to life, so she decided for her wife that they would use Reaper’s debt to the little goddess as a way to force him into the cosplay. Reaper still probably wouldn’t have agreed, only she cheated and brought it up in front of Papyrus who she knew wouldn’t let him weasel his way out of it, thus leaving him with no choice but to agree.

Which brought him to where he was now: staring at his reflection in the mirror bemusedly and questioning his brother’s choices in friends.

‘I guess it’s not all that bad.’

He wasn’t as tall and broad as the character they had shown him but he had to admit that the guy’s outfit didn’t look all that bad on him, even if he did feel a little silly.

His usual, comfy cloak had been exchanged for one that was a lot more elaborate than what he was use to wearing. For a robe it was actually a pretty complex article of clothing, worn open at the chest and draping to the floor; plated shoulder pads widening his shoulders with metal armor meant to look like jeweled adorned bone latched onto them. The robe seemed to be made up of the same fine, black material as his usual clothing, but was given a richer appearance with the silky purple fabric outlining where the fabric sealed shut; two long strips of the purple cloth hanging loosely from the inside of his hood down to his knees.

And just to make it all that much more richer: there was gold lining on the robe matching the golden necklace-like piece around the lower portion of his head. Expensive looking rings were worn on every phalange of his right hand while his left held an intricate, curvy golden staff adorned with jewels.

All in all, he looked like some kind of rich, imposing lord. It wasn’t too bad a look, but he could have done without the sphere of red, glowing magic hovering below his rib cage. It wasn’t anything harmful, or so they said, but it still felt weird.

“Gotta be accurate though.” He sighed, having already sat through four different lectures on the importance of accuracy when cosplaying. Suddenly, however, there was a thud and a muffled curse from the room next to his and he found himself smirking; mood greatly improved. “Glad I’m not the only one suffering.”

Being the loving boyfriend that he was, he had dragged Geno into cosplay hell with him all while stating that it would only be proper for the smaller skeleton to do something nice for Alphys to show his own gratitude. No one really expected Geno to repay Alphys for something he hadn’t even asked for, but the god wasn’t going to let that stop him from making his boyfriend suffer through these weird, complex outfits with him. Plus, Geno in a costume? Mmm, yes please~

Figuring that there was really no use in hiding out in his room, and chuckling at the continued cursing from the guest bedroom, Reaper decided that it would be best to go downstairs where everyone was waiting, cameras ready. He was tempted to sneak a peek but Geno seemed like he was
having a fight with whatever outfit was chosen for him and Reaper didn’t want to risk walking into a bone attack if the smaller decided the clothes needed to die.

“O-oh!” Alphys gasped upon noticing him “It...i-it looks really good!”

“WOWIE!” Papyrus exclaimed “IF I DIDN’T KNOW BETTER, I’D ASSUME IT WASN’T EVEN YOU, BROTHER!”

Undyne squinted at him, eyeing him closely for a good few minutes before finally nodded in approval. “You’re pretty puny in comparison, but you actually make a pretty decent Momonga.” a wide, slightly menacing grin suddenly split across her face, putting him on edge “I CAN’T WAIT TO SEE YOUR BOYFRIEND!”

“Why, what is he supposed to be? Another skeleton?”

“U-um, no, actually!” Alphys cut in, practically vibrating in her excitement to discuss the show. “H-his character looks p-pretty human, but she’s a-actually, a, u-um, she’s actually a...s-succubus.”

That was...interesting. Yeah, interesting. That was the word he was looking for.

“PLEASE CONTROL YOURSELF, SANS!” Papyrus requested, sounding a little exasperated. “YOUR...EXCITEMENT...IS QUITE EMBARRASSING TO WITNESS.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about, Paps.” he replied, face blue and grin wide. He was a lot closer to the stairs than he had been a few seconds ago, having moved forward with a purpose. “I’m just being a good boyfriend by checking to see if Geno needs any help getting out of—” he coughed, pretending to clear his throat “I mean, getting into his costume.”

Rolling her eyes at him but grinning widely, Undyne tossed him a camera. “Can you at least take a few pictures before ruining the outfits, punk? We had to get those custom ordered!”

“No promises~”

Leaving behind the golden staff to sit propped up against the wall, Reaper hummed a cheery tune to himself as he began floating up the stairs. His lack of footsteps made it easier to sneak up on people, so he pressed the side of his skull against the door to the guest room Geno had gone to change in without a single worry of being caught by the other. He didn’t hear anymore cursing but there was the faint sound of fabric rustling along with quiet mumbling.

Slowly, quietly, he tested the door handle, finding it unlocked. Good.

“Geno~” he sang, bursting into the room with a wide, egear grin.

Said skeleton yelped and whipped around, his socket wide, and Reaper…

Well, Reaper went a little brain dead.

He liked Geno’s red magic. Red was such a violent, passionate color but it seemed so soft whenever he got Geno to blush; sometimes so light you could almost call it pink. It could be a little gruesome in situations where tears or saliva were mistaken for blood, but Reaper was okay with gruesome. In his extremely biased, somewhat insane, opinion, Geno made looking like a horror film victim look good!

Best of all though, was that Geno’s particular shade of red looked so pleasant against his own cyan hue. His cute little lover got all fussy whenever he brought up his plans for having, like, thirty-something children, but there was little else that Reaper enjoyed more than seeing their magic mingle
. An army of children almost seemed inevitable, in the end.

Currently; however, out of all the things Reaper liked about that pretty red hue, he was finding himself extra appreciative of the way the bright color looked wrapped up in pure, contrasting white. That peppermint color scheme was what Geno usually wore; yes, but this time it was different. So, so deliciously different.

White like ivory or freshly fallen snow was a long, fine dress clinging to his lover’s form. Geno’s soft red flesh was summoned, stretching down from the white, golden lined collar he wore and trailing to his arms where it disappeared into the long snowy gloves he had adorned. Short sleeves were draped halfway down his upper arms leaving his delicate shoulders bare while the sweetheart neckline of the dress, though keeping Geno’s modesty, still offered a tasteful look at the cleavage of ample breast.

From there on the fabric of the dress stretched down, a decorative ruffle at the waist of the dress and then more beginning at the knees, layering the dress until it ended at the floor; the fabric tight around Geno’s legs.

Unlike Reaper’s own cosplay, the smaller skeleton didn’t wear much jewelry. Still, there was a thin, web-like chain of gold over Geno’s chest, fine lines wrapping around his arms and shoulder, and then down near his waist. Matching that golden, thread-like piece was a fine trim across the lower abdomen of the dress, outlining these wonderful cutouts on that revealed the sides of Geno’s hips and thighs.

Overall, the dress was extremely beautiful and far more modest than he had expected from a character meant to be a succubus. Somehow, that made it even more sensual than something short or revealing, those teasing, tempting hints of skin only a taste of what lied hidden and making him hunger for the full meal. He was sure that Geno’s entire body was formed too, the dress tight around curves bone couldn’t form on its own and his usual, straight laced wound molding to the shape of what had to be flesh.

It was a shame that said wound was tainting the pure fabric with blood, but, hey, that was the Geno charm: Morbid yet alluring. Reaper was into it!

Aside from the dress, which Reaper was definitely keeping, the smaller skeleton also had horns attached to either side of his cranium where they then curved around and forward, almost like a crown framing his head. What really drew his attention though, were the impressively lifelike wings Geno had been given as part of his cosplay, making a little part of the god want to trill in pleasure.

When you could teleport or float pretty much anywhere you needed to go, flying didn’t seem all that impressive, or even useful. For that reason, not too many knew that Reaper actually had wings. They weren’t a constant part of his anatomy so he was able to summon and dispel them at will; much like the scythe he used for reaping souls. Still, they were a part of him; flesh and feathers and bone all bound to his nerves even when not in use. Sure they were kind of annoying—feathers were so difficult to keep tidy—but they were his.

Seeing Geno with wings, fake as they were, seemed to be pleasing this primal part of himself he hadn’t even known he had. They began lower than Reaper’s own, attached somewhere on the smaller’s lower back, but the feathers were the same black as his feather’s. Actually, he squinted, those might have been his feathers.

Huh. Guess Pap kept them the last time he had bothered grooming. Weird.
Oh but that made it better. His cute, bashful Geno draped in a beautiful gown and looking so otherworldly due to *his* feathers crafting those wings.

Forget succubus, he looked like an *angel*. A fallen angel, maybe, but who cared? He looked *so good*.

And also looked upset?

Shit, how long had he been staring for?

Geno kind of wanted to crawl in a hole and die.

He knew the dress would be form-fitting the moment he had seen it hanging in the room and would have been lying if he said he hadn’t felt a little betrayed at the sight of it. Well, more than a little betrayed, actually.

The thing about the multiverse was that it could be a little difficult to remember that the people who *looked* like the ones from your world weren’t them. That asshole you hated since you were five? Actually a pretty decent nice guy somewhere else. Hell, Geno was *dating* another version of himself and Reaper’s personality and experiences were by far as different from his own as they could get.

He knew that Reaper’s Alphys wasn’t *his* Alphys and all but knowing that she had a hand in choosing this outfit for him still kind of hurt. The wings and horns? Those were fine, but the dress?

Back in his world, before the genocides, he and Alphys had been friends, bonding first over science, then over the realizations that they shared a lot of common anxieties. One of those had been the fact that both...kind of didn’t like how their bodies looked. Geno was lucky in the sense that he could choose to have one or not, but Alphys’ was a lot more permanent and she had confessed that she sometimes wished she was skinnier. That so many of the cute outfits and cosplays she saw were meant for thin figures, making her feel like she’d get ridiculed for even so much as daring to try cosplaying when she wasn’t the ideal size for the costumes. Geno had always done his best to boost her self-confidence—and she had done the same for him—but they were both kind of crappy at moral support.

Still, his Alphys had understood.

This one clearly didn’t.

The dress was *tight*. It clung to the dips and curves of his body and did nothing to hide his chub, instead conforming to it. Geno wasn’t *huge* or anything, even if it sometimes *felt* like it, but it was still very clear that he didn’t have that sleek, sexy figure all those magazines in the dump had plastered their glossy pages with.

The character he was supposed to be was tall and beautiful, big breasted and curvy, yet *thin*.

Geno was as far from that as you could get; short and chubby.

*Ugly*.

And Reaper *was just staring at him*. Quiet.

Logically, there was no reason for this to upset him. There were days where Geno would have even
been *pleased* at his silence, not always in the mood for conversation or his boyfriend’s antics. It was just…

He didn’t *need* anyone to tell him he looked good, okay? But it...it was *nice*.

Reaper was always *gushing* over him whenever he bothered with changing out of his preferred outfit. It was silly and embarrassing—the god had wolf whistled at him wearing *sweats* before—but it admittedly made him feel a little good. No matter how poorly Geno viewed himself, he knew that, at the very least, Reaper liked him; thought he was attractive even if Geno personally couldn’t see it and wasn’t afraid to let everyone know.

But was he just *staring* at him now and Geno could feel his insecurities starting to rise, so much louder in his head than before. This wasn’t the first dress he had ever worn—not that Reaper knew—but never had he worn something as fine and beautiful and *clingy* as this.

Hyper-aware of just how silly he must look, he shifted, arms wrapping around his stomach self-consciously as he looked away. Pathetically, he felt tears prickling at his eye. Was he really going to cry like a child over this? Apparently, the answer was yes.

Stars, he was pitiful.

At the first sign of tears, Reaper found himself dropping the camera he had been holding and marching forward; rapidly closing what little distance had been separating him from his lover in order to pull the smaller skeleton into a burning kiss.

Geno jumped in surprise but ultimately melted in his arms, opening up so nicely for him at the first begging prod of his tongue against the smaller’s mouth. Practically purring in delight, he wasted no time in devouring that warm cavern, magic sparking pleasantly on his tongue as he drew Geno’s own into a slick, carnal dance; greedily swallowing up the other’s alluring sounds of pleasure. When not a single speck remained unravished by his tongue, he withdrew; their magics briefly connected lewdly by a single strand of saliva before it snapped.

“*You,*” he drawled, gaze smoldering “*look absolutely stunning.*”

Unfortunately, even as a blush blossomed on those ivory cheeks, doubt also unfurled in that still damp gaze. Frowning, he swiped at a tear from Geno’s chin before it could fall and further ruin his lovely gown; kissing away the rest before coaxing the other to turn, their gaze meeting in the mirror Geno had been staring into before Reaper barged in.

“Look at yourself,” he urged the other “and try to tell me that you don’t look like an *angel.*”

“One that got hit by a car, maybe.” Geno mumbled, eye light averting from his reflection. “Reaper, I look ridiculous in this.”

“Ridiculously *beautiful.*”

The smaller snorted, frowning. “Yeah, riiliIGHT!”

Having decided that he needed to pull out the big guns, Reaper had simply bent down and picked up the smaller skeleton; Geno’s voice raising in pitch as he shrieked in surprise at suddenly finding himself perched on the god’s arm like some kind of over sized bird. The smaller might have been impressed at the other’s strength had he not been too busy trying to deal with the fact that his feet
were higher off the ground than he would have liked. Knowing Geno would need a bit of time, Reaper held still, even as arms wrapped around his skull nervously, covering one of his sockets.

“Sorry,” he apologized. “but the wings would have made a bridal carry difficult.”

“P-put me down!”

“No can do, angel.” He was starting to like that nickname. “You see: My boyfriend—you may know him, actually, his name is Geno—looks so damn beautiful in his dress that I need to show him off to everybody. He looks so divine that even us gods can’t compare.”

“S-shut up!” Geno mumbled. Then, hesitantly, “...I’m not too heavy?”

Reaper’s forearm was tucked under the smaller’s bottom, his dress clad legs hanging before him as though he were sitting on a bench alongside side those lovely black wings. There was nothing else but the god’s arm keeping him up; however, so all of Geno’s weight was on that single limb. It wasn’t even so much as shaking though, and Reaper made a show out of blinking at the other in mock confusion while he easily brought him closer, Geno’s arms sliding down to loosely hold his neck.

“Heavy? You’re as light as a feather! Actually,” eyeing the feathers on the other’s faux wings, he grinned. “you’re lighter! And prettier.” he sighed, dreamily. Sure his feathers were pretty nice, but Geno? Geno was… “Gorgeous. You’re so, so gorgeous, Gen.”

“You asshole...” his boyfriend huffed, adorably red. “It’s just a dress.”

Making sure that his precious bundle wouldn’t fall, Reaper began making his way out of the guest room. “Who said anything about the dress? I mean it’s lovely and we’re totally keeping it, but,” sounding a little indignant, he gestured with his free hand, waving it pointedly at Geno “you’re far more beautiful than it. Or handsome, if you’d prefer. Dashing? Yeah, dashing works too. Stunning. Striking. Sexy~ ”

“S-stop, stop!” The smaller squeaked, embarrassed.

But Reaper could see the pleased expression he was trying so poorly to contain and merely smiled wider as he floated down the stairs, listing more ways to describe his lover’s beauty. Another compliment was on the tip of his tongue but, as they drew the attention of the others in the house, he was beat to it, Alphys squealing in delight.

“Y-you look wonderful!” She gushed as Reaper proudly held Geno up before them all. “I w-was a little worried when you a-asked if you could go without the wig b-but,” beaming. The goddess was actually beaming. “you look g-great!”

“You look hot!” Undyne added, grinning widely as she eyed the two together. “A little short, yeah, but you make a damn fine Albedo. I’m glad we didn’t go with Shalltear instead.”

“PERSONALLY,” And there was Papyrus’ input “I THINK HE WOULD HAVE LOOKED RATHER FETCHING IN THAT OTHER DRESS! BUT,” Inspecting Geno’s current dress, he nodded, even if he did seem a little flustered. “YOU LOOK LOVELY IN THIS ONE AS WELL, GENO.”

“Shalltear’s outfit i-is p-pretty cute,” Alphys admitted “but Albeto i-is totally a better f-fit with Momonga!”

Reaper grinned, pleased. “Thats me right?”
“Y-yes!” the small goddess confirmed. She eyed the two of them together and blushed, shooting Geno an apologetic look. “Albeto, G-Geno’s character, had h-her settings changed to b-be, uh, um, w-well…”

“MADLY IN LOVE WITH MOMONGA!”

“Y-yeah, that.”

Immediately, Reaper’s grin turned knowing as he tilted his head to look at his lover. The positive reactions to his outfit had already flustered Geno, but now? Now he looked like a cherry with how red his face had gotten. “You hear that, Gen? Our characters are madly in love~”

Undyne snorted. “Actually, your character kind of regrets making her love him.”

“In love~” Reaper repeated, louder. “Just like us!”

“Get me out of this. Now!” Geno hissed. “Let me down! I’m going to change!”

“But we haven’t g-gotten any pictures yet!” Alphys complained before coughing embarrassingly “I m-mean...if you’re o-okay with them?”

“Oh no!” the cheer in Reaper’s voice made eyeone raise a brow, not use to the deadly god sounding so upbeat and chipper. “Geno and I are perfectly fine with taking pictures! This is all to repay Alphys for her help, after all! Take as many as you’d like!”

“BROTHER,” Papyrus began, voice flat as Undyne began laughing hysterically next to. “YOUR NOSE IS BLEEDING. WHICH IS FRANKLY CONCERNING SINCE YOU DON’T HAVE ONE.”

Huh, he thought his nasal cavity felt a little tingly.

Grinning perversely, Reaper merely brought a sleeve to his nose in order to hide the telling leak of magic. “So,” he said, casually “What pose should we do first? Something cool? Cute? Something... sensual?”

As Geno made a leap of freedom off the god’s arm and took off running, heavily restrained by his tight fitted dress, the god met Alphys’ eyes, brow raised. Beside her, Undyne continued to laugh for a few moments longer before recruiting Papyrus to aid her in hunting down Geno, leaving Reaper and the smaller goddess alone. Seeming nervous, the smaller deity glanced around, as though looking for an escape, before her gaze return to Reaper’s unnerving stare.

“...I’ll give y-you copies i-if you k-kiss him.”

“Deal.”

Maybe Reaper and Alphys would end up as friends after all.

Chapter End Notes

All characters mentioned for the cosplay are from the anime series Overlord. That being said, I am terrible at describing clothing. Terrible.
Fanart with Reaper with wings makes me so happy. I need to write about Reaper having wings more.

Also, since gods generally live pretty long lives I like to think that Reaper's Alphys is a lot more comfortable with her body than the one Geno use to know. She's had a lot of time to work through her insecurities.

Also, she and Reaper's Undyne are totally married. Fight me.
Shopping (Part 3 of Date)

Chapter Summary

In which no one (you care about) dies but the author is still very, VERY sorry and urges readers to read the tags and the chapter notes at the start.

Chapter Notes

This is part 3 of date! So it takes place once Geno and Reaper are engaged while Geno is pregnant.

WARNING!
WARNING!
WARNING!

There is non-consensual touching of a pregnant person in this chapter! There is NO RAPE and nothing below the belt, but Geno gets very distressed and has his chest revealed and fondled against his will. PLEASE DO NOT READ IF YOU ARE SENSITIVE TO THIS!

The author apologizes for any discomfort.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Geno! Geno, babe, look!”

Glancing up from the tiny pink socks he had been contemplating buying at the sound of his fiancé’s voice, Geno laughed as he turned to face the god only to find him grinning widely, an itty bitty black onesie with a skeleton printed onto it held up proudly in his lover’s hand.

“Perfect.” he praised “Throw it in the cart.”

Happily, Reaper did as commanded before scurrying away in search of more skeletal theme clothing to add to their already sizeable collection. It was maybe a bit cliche and more than a little silly, but they were both huge dorks and couldn’t resist all the bone themed outfits they kept coming across. Hearing another excited call of his name followed by a plea to come look at what else his lover found, Geno smiled fondly and tossed the little socks into the cart before dragging it off to wherever his fiancé had gone, one hand placed delicately on his rounded belly.

At just a little under five months of pregnancy, Geno had gone alongside Reaper to find out the gender of their baby. Neither one of them were all that strict about keeping the things they’d wear in alignment to their physical gender—Reaper always practically wore a dress and Geno’s favorite color was pink, after all—but it was still something the two had wanted to know. In a way, it was that last little thing that really made the fact they were having a baby real. Geno’s stomach was more than proof enough that it was happening, of course, but knowing the gender just seemed to solidify it. Well, that and them finally deciding on a name.
“Think our little Goth will like space like his mommy?” Reaper asked merrily when Geno finally tracked him down. He was holding a soft looking blanket with pinks and purples and blues all melding together with an array of glittering stars scattered across it.

Pleased when he reached out and found that the fabric was just as soft as it looked, Geno tugged the blanket out of his fiancé’s hands and tossed it in with the rest of their things. “If he doesn’t then I’ll take it.” Baby blanket or not, he liked it. “Did you find the brand of diapers we were looking for, by the way?”

“I got distracted,” the god admitted. “but I’ll go ask if they have them here. You going to keep looking at clothes for Goth?”

Eyeing the already impressive pile they had, he shook his head. “I’m going to look for things for myself, instead. We can always come back another time if we need more things for him.”

“Let me know if you need help trying on bras.” Reaper purred playfully, laughing as he caught a pack of neatly rolled washcloths thrown at his head. “Kidding! I’m kidding!” The pack was thrown back into the cart as the god blindly drifted a few steps back, watchful of any other incoming attacks. “I’ll track you down once I have the diapers.”

Watching with a narrowed socket as the other turned, Geno waited until Reaper disappeared from his line of sight before huffing and raising a hand to his chest with a scowl. His breast hadn’t been sore for weeks now but the weight of them was still uncomfortable and he had decided on getting a few underclothes to help with support.

“Might as well see what else they have, too.” he mumbled to himself while pushing the cart forward, eying more baby products for anything else they needed even as he headed towards the maternity area. “My shirts are starting to get tight again.”

Geno would rather be caught dead before admitting that he liked wearing his future husband’s clothes, yet he couldn’t really deny that it was comfortable. Unfortunately the god had started regretfully refusing Geno his robes after a scare in which he had tripped over the excessive length of the cloak. Neither the baby or Geno were hurt, thank the stars, but Reaper had been firm that he didn’t want to chance things again. Of course he had then offered what few hoodies and shirts he owned, but Geno had eventually outgrown them all. A trip to the store solved the issue temporarily but his stomach was still continuing to grow and it was better to stock up again now that they were back at the mall. Besides, Reaper could afford it.

“He’s the one who got me pregnant anyways, the asshole.”

Conveniently ignoring the fact that it takes two to tango and that Geno had wanted to get pregnant, he wandered over to the nearest rack of clothes, happy to blame his fiancé for the souling within him and the ache starting to settle in his lumbar. He already loved Goth will all his heart but the kid was a pain in the back. Literally.

Trying to ignore the discomfort for now, he sifted through the clothing options before him in search of something he’d like. Softer colors he was fine with and all but he wasn’t a fan of flowers, and a lot of these clothes had flowers. Damn. He gave the choices one more look over to make sure he hadn’t missed anything nice before sighing and waddling over to the next little circle of hanging clothes. He’d find something, eventually.

“Holy shit, skeletons can get pregnant?”

Fingers curling tightly around the pretty blue gown he had been examining, Geno stiffened. They
had gone with a world where monsters had never been sealed underground just to better their chances at avoiding conflict, but it seemed like Geno’s terrible luck was kicking in. Of course he’d still get confronted. While Reaper was gone, no less!

To his surprise, it wasn’t a human he was faced with as he turned around. Instead, there was another monster. Although it hadn’t been what he was expecting, his surprise still wore off quickly. Sadly, confrontations with fellow monsters weren’t really all that rare. It wasn’t usually anything violent, thankfully, but skeletons weren’t all that common and drew in the curiosity of humans and monsters alike. He had lost track of how many times he’d been asked if he pooped ages ago.

Still, he felt a lot safer with another monster than he would have with a human and found himself relaxing slightly. “Ye-

“Holy fuck!” The other monster—some kind of tall, gangling bat—interrupted, eyes wide. “Are you okay, lady? Shit, did someone attack you? Do you need help!!”

Shit, he had hoped wearing a red shirt would help hide his wound. Guess not. “I’m fi-

“Holy fucking shit! You’re a guy?!”

“Did you need something?!” Geno snapped, irritated at being interrupted again and starting to feel uncomfortable. He was a bleeding, pregnant male skeleton. It was weird. He got that, okay? “You’re interrupting my shopping.”

The other scowled. “Sheesh, dude. Sorry.”

Rolling his eye light at the clearly unapologetic tone, Geno simply grumbled and turned back to the clothes he had been looking back before. The item in his grasp was now horribly crumpled so he just kind of...guiltily hid it between two others gowns. A nightdress with what looked like it could have either been dots or stars caught his attention and he excitedly went to reach for it when he felt a sudden draft on his back.

“W-what the fuck?!” he shouted, whipping back around. The bat-like monster was still there, closer than previously and with the hand that had been holding the back of Geno’s shirt before the smaller moved still lifted. “What the fuck is wrong with you?”

“I just wanted to see if you had, like, skin or something.” Was the bat-like monster’s explanation. Geno was just going to call him Batty because he had to be insane to think that was a valid excuse.

“Are you some kind of half skeleton?” Batty suddenly gasped “Are you, like, half dead? Is that why you look all fucked up?”

“Will you just leave me alone?” He growled, eye light flashing his dual tone in warning.

“Hey!” Someone shouted from somewhere off to the right, hidden from Geno’s view due to the poor vision in his glitch covered socket. Sadly, it wasn’t the sound of his lover’s voice. “What the hell are you doing?!”

“He’s bothering me.” Turning to better see the newcomer and waving a hand in Batty’s direction, he continued. “I’m just trying to shop in peac— hey!!”

Stumbling back a few paces when he was grabbed by the shoulders and roughly shoved backwards, Geno glared, eye light flashing again even as he shrank back at the sight of now three total monsters looming before him. There were two more bat-like monsters, one yellow, one green, and both angry. Seeing this, Geno carefully took another step back, arms coming around his stomach protectively.
“Was this fat asshole trying to start a FIGHT with you, dude?” One of the other bats asked. Asshole, Geno decided he’d call him. He was the one that had pushed him, too. “We saw his eye change. Was that magic?”

“I’m not fat I’m pregnant, you prick!” Geno corrected, glaring. “We’re standing in the maternity section, idiot. And I wasn’t even using battle magic! I just wanted your friend to leave me alone!”

“Whoa.” The last bat gasped. “Skeletons can get pregnant? And you’re a guy?!”

He was definitely being called Dumbass.

“Isn’t it weird, dude?” Batty asked Dumbass, excitedly. “And get this! He has, like, flesh! He’s totally half dead which is why he’s bleeding and all. Oh, but yeah.” He nodded at Asshole. “Guy was totally trying to FIGHT with me.”

“That’s rude.” Asshole said “You should apologize.”

“I should?” Voice incredulous, he pointed at himself as though unsure of what he just heard. “You want me to apologize? Your friend is the one who should be saying sorry! That jerk lifted my shirt! That’s...that’s sexual harassment!”

“I was only looking!” Batty protested. “It was just your back, too! It’s not like I saw your tits or anything.”

Suddenly, it was like something in the air changed as all three of the monsters across him froze. Slowly, obviously, their eyes dragged down to where Geno’s pronounced chest was poorly hidden beneath what currently felt like a very flimsy shirt. Feeling a little alarmed, he hesitantly removed one of his protective arms from around his stomach in order to guard his chest while eyeing the monsters warily. He went to shuffle another few steps back but, to his dismay, he found himself out of room, a large rack of clothes blocking his retreat.

“Dude,” Dumbass whispered, the words still so loud in the sudden silence around them. No other customers were around. “He has boobs. Big boobs.”

“L-leave me alone!” Geno demanded. It came out more like a plea.

Asshole glanced around them carefully. The area of the store they were in was pretty far back, tucked into a quiet little corner with tall shelves and racks of clothing keeping them relatively hidden. His gaze slid back to Geno and he could feel the other sizing him up, most likely noticing how Geno’s height meant that he probably couldn’t even be seen with the racks around him. “I wanna see ’em.”

Magic flared in his socket like fire as his eye light shifted to that threatening red-blue combo. “Stay the fuck away from me!”

“Just a little flash, man.” Batty leered

Dumbass nodded eagerly. “Maybe a squeeze? Do they feel like normal ones?”

The three simultaneously stepped closer and Geno growled, magic flaring brighter as three bone attacks appeared in thin air; one aimed at each of the monsters. “Go. Away.”

Seeing that he wasn’t afraid to attack, the three shared a look. Geno prayed that whatever single brain cell he was sure they shared with one another was smart enough to make them heed his warning and leave, but he couldn’t shake the sinking feeling in his stomach telling him he was going
to be disappointed.

Without warning, all three of the monsters unfurled their wings and a massive gust of wind was blown Geno’s way. Reflexively, his socket squeezed shut and by the time he realized his mistake, it was too late. He was surrounded, the three looming over him and invading his space as they boxed him in against the clothing rack. They were leering but Asshole’s seemed especially wicked, and Geno froze in horror when he felt a palm lay on the arm over his stomach, fingers tapping warningly against the rounded flesh carrying such a precious burden.

“Don’t make us hurt the kid, sweetheart.” Asshole drawled, a cold look in his eyes as he stared into Geno’s singular gaze. “Just do what we say, got it?”

He couldn’t shortcut. Goth took up so much of his magic that shortcutting would leave Geno dangerously drained. He had enough for small bone attacks like the ones he had just summoned as warning, but those fingers against his flesh had claws and he couldn’t risk the monster tearing into him, either by reflex or choice. Terrified, Geno slowly nodded. Where was Reaper? Hadn’t he just gone to ask about diapers?

“Good.” Seeming pleased with his compliance, Asshole glanced around again. They were still alone but he grabbed hold of Geno’s arm, claws still readied at his stomach, and began dragging him off to the side, towards a set of changing rooms. When Geno stumbled a bit over shaky legs, losing a slipper in the process, he merely pressed on, friends following behind as he shoved the other into a decently sized stall. “Show us.”

“Please don’t make me…” Geno whispered as he clutched onto the hem of his shirt.

Batty groaned. “Just fucking show us. What’s some flesh to a skeleton? Aren’t you, like, only naked if we see your bones or some shit?”

Dumbass nodded. “Yeah, man! Besides,” he winked at Geno “couldn’t you get rid of them if you didn’t want anyone to see?”

He couldn’t. They were an uncontrollable response to reaching a certain stage of pregnancy. Trying to dispel any part of his current body not only didn’t work but could even be painful if he tried. “I c-cant.”

“Just show us.” Asshole growled, claws growing an inch or two threatendingly “All we wanna do is see ‘em, sweetheart. Just a little look and some touching. Never saw a skeleton before. Wanna feel how weird you are.”

“He’s taking too long.” Dumbass complained when Geno continued to hesitate.

Asshole seemed to agree because suddenly he was surging forward and tearing at Geno’s shirt, the smaller skeleton screaming even as Batty scrambled to cover his mouth. Tears welled up in his socket as he was cruelly exposed, all three staring at his chest with warped interested. Dumbass’ hand reached out and crudely groped, cupping his breast and squeezing a handful lewdly.

“It feels normal to me.” He informed the other two, curiously running a thumb across Geno’s nipple and making him jerk back, sobbing beneath Batty’s hand.

“Feels nice.” Asshole growled after knocking the other’s hand away to cop a feel of his own. “Shit, man. Your tits are sexier than most women’s I’ve seen.”

“I-let me go.” Geno pleaded when Batty’s hand slide down for a squeeze, his magic still swirling in his socket in a subconscious attempt to frighten the others away. “You s-saw so p-please just...just go
“Holy shit, guys.” Batty suddenly exclaimed. “Look at his stomach!”

Alarmed, Geno’s eye light snapped down to his stomach. At close to half a year of pregnancy, the little purple SOUL within him had long since developed into a tiny, fragile body. Skeleton fetal development was different than other cycles; however, so most of that body was a skull and spine, pelvis and limbs not yet formed despite being more than halfway through the pregnancy. Goth resembled a tadpole more than a child. And you could see all of this, Geno’s body too transparent to mask the child within him.

As Asshole and Dumbass both turned their focus to his stomach, Geno growled, arms moving to block their view even as he trembled and cried. That was his baby. His little, dainty Goth. He’d rather sit there and be molested than let them stare at his frail, unborn baby.

“Go the fuck away!” He snarled, voice breaking halfway through. “I l-let you assault me. I’m n-not going to let you g-gawk at my baby, too.”

Raising a brow, Asshole shook his head. “Wait, wait, wait. I wanna see that too before we go.”

“GO AWAY!” Geno screamed, Asshole’s soul turning blue with an almost cheerful ping as he was thrown, crashing through the weak wall of the changing room stall and skidding into a small shelf of clothes. The magic use made him dizzy though, and he stumbled back, luckily avoiding a grab from Dumbass as he pressed against the wall behind him; sliding down. Two more pings sounded, Batty and Dumbass joining their friend who was already rising. “G-go away, go away, go away!”

Arms tight around his stomach, uncaring of his exposed chest, Geno continued to sob as Asshole neared with an ugly, angry expression twisting his features. Why were there apparently no fucking customers or employees in this store? He needed help! Weakly, his magic sputtered in his socket as he tried to captured Asshole’s again, the monster’s SOUL briefly flashing blue before the flame-like magic in Geno’s eye died out.

Lightheaded and weak, Geno curled up the best he could, growling weakly even as he cried. “Don’t...d-don’t hurt my baby. If...If y-you touch him...,” he choked down a sob as he lifted his head, just DETERMINED enough that his magic sparked to life for a few more seconds, burning a bright, vicious red “I will kill you.”

For a moment, Asshole seemed afraid, but then Geno’s magic died out again and he was reminded that he was being threatened by a monster so pregnant he couldn’t even FIGHT for more than a few seconds. He hadn’t really wanted to hurt the kid, but he was pissed from Geno’s attack and began prowling closer again; claws glinting in the light and friends slowly rising behind him.

“Very spooky.” Asshole mocked “I’m so afraid you’ve practically scared me to death.”

“You called?”

Almost as though time itself had slowed to a stop; everything froze. The store had already been quiet, yet now the silence was so prominent it almost seemed loud, grating in their ears and heavy with the tension thickening the air. It felt wrong. Nervously, the three exhaled and could have sworn their breath was visible for how cold it suddenly felt, shivers running down their spines and hearts pounding in their chest with an overwhelming fear that crept in with the chill. None of them could move, they realized. Their legs were all locked into place with terror due to whatever creature was lurking behind their backs.
Geno, meanwhile, was staring into the eyes of Death with utter relief.

Before he began going by Reaper and despite being named Sans, Reaper’s true name had always been Death. It was interchangeable with either two of his most commonly used forms of address but it was more than a simple name; more than a title. Death was who he was. No, it was what he was, actually, for Death had always been so much more than a simple person or a mere god. He was a concept and a reality all at once, bound to a body but spread throughout all worlds at all times. He was the end to everything without an end to himself. He was kind and cruel; peaceful and hostile.

He was angry.

And Geno was so, so relieved.

Even as a certain otherness began to seep into that dark gaze, he was relieved. Even as Death’s simple, casual clothing began to twist and sway in a wind that didn’t exist, he was relieved. Even as the god’s very own shadow began to slither up his legs, draping him in an eerie darkness so deep it pained the eyes while a wide grin stretched impossibly wider, teeth suddenly sharper, and the god began looking taller, he was relieved. And even as wings so dark they seemed to be born of the void itself burst from his back, wicked and gleaming with protrusions of bone so sharp they were akin to knives, he remained relieved.

Because Death had come and he was angered, but his lightless eyes were soft as they gazed upon him; filled with a honest love and concern that twisted into hatred and vengeance upon shifting to the monster’s between them; cyan magic brighter than ever before as it roared to life with a singular, blue pupil within the unsettling emptiness of his left socket.

“Don’t you three know how to greet a new pal?”

Dumbass whimpered, legs shaking. On either side of him, Asshole and Batty looked just as scared. Death’s voice didn’t sound like a voice. They could all hear the words, yes, but they sounded like screams in their ears; like silent, bloody battlefields and the flatline within a hospital and a thousand before terrible things that shouldn’t have been fitted behind the sound of consonants and vowels but were.

“Why don’t you turn around and shake my hand?”

Whereas before none of the monsters of could move, they all seemed compelled to now. Slowly, fearfully, they turned in unison, faces paling as they gazed upon Death, not yet knowing who was before him but recognizing him deep down in their hearts. The god’s hand was outstretched, fingers looking so much more like claws, but neither reached for it and the arm slowly lowered, as a chuckle as pleasant as nails scraping down a chalkboard sounded in the silence.

“No? That’s fine. You all still have a few minutes left. Though,” That mockery of a laugh again. Horrified, Batty actually felt something trickle from his ear. “you can imagine my surprise when, from all the way on the other side of the mall, I sensed not just one, but three soul’s nearing their end. In the store I left my fiancé in no less.”

Clearly the smartest of the group, Asshole made the connection from the implication first. So pale his once vibrant, yellow hue was practically white, he turned his head to glance behind him.

Death snarled.

“Don’t look at him!”
“I—I’m sorry!” Asshole cried out, head snapping forward again. “We didn’t know he was yours, man! We’re sorry! I’m sorry!”

“I don’t care.” Death growled, slowly creeping closer. His wings were flared out behind him, consuming the light of the store and casting them in shadow. “I was curious on what could be drawing three people towards my grasp, seconds apart. A shooting? Some kind of accident? But then I saw my precious one fending off three, disgusting rapist and I knew,” A mere foot away, he stopped, spine seeming to bend and stretch unnaturally as he bent down so many feet of height in order to close in on their personal space. Batty and Asshole had stopped breathing but Dumbass had been less unfortunate, and he choked on the horrid, rotting scent of corpses. “I knew,” Death repeated “that it was I alone who called you to me. That Death itself was meant to tear you from this world rather than simply gather your soul.”

Urine spilled across the floor suddenly, the scent strong with the smell of fear. Asshole was sobbing for forgiveness, begging for his life and crumpling to his knees in the puddle of his own piss even as his friends were both stunned into silence. Slowly, Death smiled, reaching out his hand.

“Do you regret your actions?” his voice was softer, forgiving.

Asshole nodded rapidly, gasping through his sobs as he hesitantly reached for the other’s hand, relief crashing through him so hard it nearly hurt. “Y-yes! I’m sorry! I’m sorry!”

“Good.”

And the god’s closed against his own, touch cold but pain burning hot as those claw-like fingers dug into his flesh. Asshole couldn’t even scream as his body crumbled into dust; wide, horrified eyes looking up at Death as his mouth stretched in a silent scream. Then, he was gone. Forever.

His friends screamed and tried to run, but Death’s magic burned brighter and their SOULs let out a familiar ping as they turned blue. Forced into stillness, they could only watch as a tall, gleaming scythe was pulled into existence from nothing. Lazily, the god twirled the wicked weapon around him. He didn’t move but he didn’t need too. The blade would reach.

“You die for your abuse of my darling one,” Death informed, weapon skillfully never faltering in the circles he spun it in. “but if I find that my child has been harmed, that you dared to harm them as you dared to violate my love, then there will be no mercy for your souls even after I tear them from your bodies.”

The circles halted and then the scythe swung twice, two arcs cutting through the air and leaving only dust behind.

Instantly, Reaper was at Geno’s side, no trace of the otherness from seconds ago or gleaming scythe in sight. Cyan flashed briefly in his eye before he was wrapping the soft, starry blanket from earlier around his fiancé’s shoulders, covering his forcefully revealed chest and hiding their child from view. Distantly, he heard footsteps approaching and wrapped around the smaller in response, body blocking Geno from view even as he transported them to his room. He’d have to go back for the souls he left behind eventually but, for now, he was content to let them rot as he worriedly looked over his lover.

“Are you hurt?” He asked softly, urgently. “Is Goth okay? Did...did they?”

Slowly his hand trailed to the waistband of Geno’s pants. They didn’t look soiled or torn but Geno was missing a shoe and an entire shirt, so he was more than fearful of what could have taken place
Sniffling, Geno shook his head to the unasked question. “J-just my chest. They just t-touched my chest. I’m fine. G-goth is f-fine.”

Reaper was going to rip those souls into such tiny pieces they’d never have a hope of reincarnation.

“You’re not fine, Gen.” he denied, leaving the other on the bed in order to search through the closet for a shirt. Finding none he knew would fit, he broke his most recent rule and took a robe in hand. Geno was pliant as he slid it onto the other and pulled the smaller’s arms through the sleeves, only moving to slide the blanket out from the clothing so he could wrap it around himself over it instead.

“You’re five months pregnant and just got abused in the one store in the entire mall that should have been safe. You’re shaking and crying, so please don’t try to put on a brace face and tell me you’re fine.”

Watching blankly as his fiancé began sealing the robe shut, Geno merely sniffled again. Then again. Then again until his expression crumpled and he began to sob. “W-where w-were you?”

Quickly making one last firm knot, Reaper cursed himself and took Geno into a protective hold. “I’m s-so sorry, Gen. They didn’t have the diapers but they told me a few stores on the other side of the mall might have them so I went to check. I thought you’d be fine and that it would be quick so I didn’t see if you would want to come with. I shouldn’t have left you though, sweetheart.”

“No,” Geno whimpered “Don’t c-call me that. P-please don’t call me that.”

What? “Honey, what did they do to you?”

“Just t-touching.” he repeated through his tears “B-but one o-of them called me that a-and I...I d-dont…”

“Okay.” Reaper cut in, gently shushing the other. “I won’t call you that, love. I have a thousand other names I can use.”

“I was scared.” The smaller whined. It didn’t make much sense in response to Reaper’s words but the god didn’t care, holding his lover closer and listening to Geno attentively as he spoke. “I thought they were going to hurt the baby, R-reaper. I thought they were going to hurt Goth a-and...and I w-wouldn’t be able to stop them. They thought my body was weird and strange a-and that’s why they wanted to touch me b-but then they noticed that they could see Goth a-and I d-didn’t know what to do! They w-wanted to play with me like s-some kind of toy. What were t-they going to do with our baby?”

“Nothing.” The god reassured, gently rocking them side to side. “I saw you, honey. You would have torn them to shreds.”

Geno shook his head wildly, sobbing louder. “I c-couldn’t use anymore magic. I w-was weak .”

“You were so strong.” Reaper argued. “I know you, Gen. There’s no way those assholes would have touched you if you hadn’t been forced into a position where you felt like it was you or our baby. You would have sat through any disgusting thing they’d wanted from you if it meant you’d keep Goth safe but the moment you saw an opening, you acted. They had bruises long before I got there, honey. You kept yourself as safe as possible and you kept our baby safe, too. I wish nothing had to happen in the first place, but you’re so, so strong for getting through it whole.”

“I w-was so relieved you showed up.” Geno rasped, clutching onto him tightly “I don’t k-know what would have h-happened if you hadn’t.”
“You’d have killed them yourself.”

“I wanted to.” He admitted quietly.

Reaper kissed the top of his skull gently. “You would have and no one would have blamed you.”

Tears finally starting to slow, Geno snuggled deeper into his fiancé’s embrace. He was so, so tired. “I don’t want to go back. E-ever.”

“We can shop from home.” The god suggested. “I’ll open a few portals and you can just pluck whatever you want right out of the store without leaving the bed.”

Eye slowly sliding closed, he hummed absently. “That’s s-stealing.”

“The blanket you’re wearing is stolen.”

“Hmm…”

Smiling down at Geno as he drifted off, Reaper gently eased the other out of his arms so that he was laying down and tucked the baby blanket in around him. He didn’t think he’d keep it after this, not with all the bad memories that may now be associated with it, but, for now, it was useful for keeping his darling fiancé warm. Making sure that Geno was in a deep sleep, he pressed a kiss to the smaller’s skull before a dark look entered his sockets.

He was going to drag those souls to the deepest, darkest pit of hell he could find.

And then he was going to buy his lover some cake.

It was both well deserved.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry! I'm so sorry Geno T-T

And I totally forgot to mention his scarf so...just assume he's either wearing it or its being washed?

Here we got to see just how much I like the idea of Reaper being death and all the cool, creepy things you can do with that. Fight me if you don't think that there isn't some part of Reaper that would make Lovecraft cry in horror. Death can be such an unnerving concept that I like to think that Reaper has the ability to be extremely unsettling himself. People touched his man and made him cry? Time to wip out the nightmare appearance!
If she were being honest, Life, or Toriel as she preferred her friends call her, was more than a little wistful over what could have been.

She would be the first to admit that her behavior during their first few meetings had been unacceptably rude. Looking back on how cold she had been and just how unkind and unjust she was didn’t only make her feel ashamed of herself, but embarrassed too. Honestly, it was a wonder that the two had even become friends with her previous treatment of the other but, someway, somehow, they had and to this day Sans was one of her greatest companions. Her best friend, actually.

They were as different as night and day what with her being life and he death, but they had fun together. They both enjoyed puns and had often spent entire meetings telling joke after joke after joke. As much as she didn’t really care for some of the darker one’s the god of death enjoyed telling, she still had to admit that he had a killer sense of humor. Once, she had even laughed so hard that her magic had gone a little haywire and sent her garden into a frankly impressive state of overgrowth.

Sans made her happy in a way someone hadn’t managed to do since the early years of her marriage with her now estranged husband. Some small part of her was still in love with Asgore but, in the privacy of her own mind, she’d often find herself thinking that she could give him up for good one day. That she could truly leave the memory of their glory years behind in favor of someone else. In favor of Sans.

She didn’t think she had been madly in love with the god but she couldn’t deny that some affection was there and had been content to let it be. If things between them were going to shift in that direction, then she wouldn’t fight it. Hadn’t wanted to, really.

Their meetings were far and few between; however, what with how neither of their core beings ever truly ended their work. For all he complained about his job and lazed about on self established breaks, Sans was still nearly constantly busy. It got a little lonely, waiting for him, but she understood, even if she never could quite bring herself to accept his destruction of her beautiful creations.

Days or weeks or even months could pass before he found the time for her again and, with so many hours in between, so many things could happen. Sans usually had no less than five grand stories to share with her about the things he had seen while reaping, yet, one day, he had shown himself with strange expression and something he refused to share, only offering a single comment:
“I think I came across something special, Tor.”

Pressing him hadn’t gotten her anything else on the subject so she had dropped it entirely, offering Sans a sample of her newest pie and falling into their usual routine of gossip and jokes. It was as pleasant as always but she had known Sans was distracted, his gaze distant and expression awed as he absently told the same knock-knock joke for the third time in a row.

After that, things seemed to change.Sans seemed to change.

Toriel had never once thought that the skeleton had been unhappy. Discontented with his work, maybe, but unhappy? No, never. But then he came around only a few days after that meeting he had been so distracted throughout and his smile had been such a stark contrast to the one she had long since come to know. Every previous joyful expression he had ever worn paled in contrast to the sheer warmth and exuberance in the grin he had sported. He hadn’t seemed unhappy previously but how could she call anything she had ever seen from him happiness when faced with the way he laughed so much more brightly and smiled so widely? Even the shadow of death that always followed the god around and made him seem so dreary had receded enough to make way for more of that startling glee and newfound elation.

And then came the rumors.

The elder god of death was slacking off, they said. He was working less and sneaking off more, they stated. No one knows where he goes; not even King Asgore, they claimed.

Gods were such nosy, prying creatures that none of them found that they could ignore the sudden happiness that so obviously brighten the god’s usual off putting aura. And then there was slacking. Sans was famous for constantly dodging his duties but not to the extreme he had taken it to, apparently spending hours upon hours every week, every day off somewhere no one could find. Asgore’s fury upon learning about the god’s failure in properly performing his duties had been legendary; shaking the entire realm with an angry bellow of the reaper’s name and the thunderous pounding of his trident into the floor as the god was summoned.

Knowing of the horrors the king was capable of, Toriel had been worried when she learned of this but, during their next meeting, Sans had simply brushed her concerns over him aside with a shrug and a grin.

“What’s old Fluffybuns gonna do?” He had asked, carefree. “Kill me? I’m Death, Tor. That’s not gonna work all that well.”

“The king is not below targeting your loved ones in order to change your behavior, Sans.”

Sans expression had instantly darkened. “I wouldn’t let that happen.”

“Then why not simply ensure you prevent it by returning to your work?”

“I’m still working, Tor. Just not every minute of the day like Asgore wants. I...I found something important, okay? Something that needs my time and attention more than a few dead souls that will still be dead whenever I get to them.”

Admittedly, she had been a bit jealous. A little hurt. She had no claim to Sans’ time or attention, yet it was a hard pill to swallow to acknowledge that he had never made so much time for their meetings as he was making for whatever had caught his interest. It didn’t help that the other was so tight lipped about what it was that he had even found. Feeling a little frustrated and embarrassingly a bit petty, she had ended up saying something rude.
“What could possibly need the attention of Death?”

The way she had said death had been...nasty. Less of a word and more something that had been spat from her mouth, Sans’ true name had seemed more of an insult than anything else. Ashamed, she had to admit that she had probably meant it as one, too. Unfortunately, Sans had noticed.

“What does that mean?” The skeleton had asked, offended.

She had instantly attempted to backtrack, mortified at her own words. “I’m sorry, Sans, that was incredibly rude and uncalled for.”

“No,” Sans had pushed “I want to know what you meant by that.”

“Sans-”

“Tell me!”

“You cannot tell me that whatever caught your fancy is alive, Sans.” She had snapped, temper triggered by his raised voice. “As Death, your touch kills. Unless you’ve been keeping your distance, anything alive would have long since perished by your own hand. I simply cannot understand what unliving babble you’ve found that’s making you so...so rash and strange!”

“Rash? Strange?” The laugh following the word had been harsh, full of disbelief “I’m taking some time off for myself and that suddenly makes me rash? I...I’m happy and that makes me strange? Death kills everything touch so he can’t be happy? He doesn’t deserve to be happy, is that it? Is that what you’re saying?”

After that, everything had devolved into a terrible argument. None of them had been in the right by the time Sans took his leave, angrily teleporting away. Every word she spoke Sans had twisted into a insult and, in turn, Toriel had began spouting them herself. Had someone come across them as they argued—plant life overgrown in some places and decayed in others from flaring power—they would have assumed the two enemies instead of friends. It had taken hours for her anger at the other to wither away but, once it had, she had been tired; exhausted in a way that made her feel all of her long years and regretful of how, despite them, she had still acted like a child.

Following that disaster, she truly hadn’t expected Sans to ever come back, yet he did. Just a day later, he had appeared before her with a sheepish smile and regretful expression.

“Can you keep a secret, Tor?”

It wasn’t an apology, but it was something worth more. Trust.

Toriel had made tea to go with what she was sure was going to be a long conversation. It wasn’t a drink she knew Sans favored but the other god had sipped at it thoughtfully as he considered his words, fiddling with the ceramic of the cup. It took countless reassurances that she wouldn’t tell another soul what he planned to share with her but, eventually, the skeleton had shared his secret.

“His name is Geno,” his voice had been so soft. So...so adoring. “and I’m in love with him.”

And that been the end of any future she may have had with Sans.

“Reaper!”

Blinking, Toriel pulled herself out of her head and turned her gaze curiously to the voice that had broken her from her day dreaming.
Geno was sporting an impressively angry scowl as he waddled his way through her garden with something held in his hands, a red faced Alphys trailing behind him alongside her widely grinning, clearly amused wife. Sans—well, Reaper when there was another Sans around—looked down from where he was carefully tying streamers around a tree and shot the smaller skeleton an innocent grin.

“Yes, honeybunch? Can I help you?”

“What the hell is this?!?”

Having been in the process of placing arrangements of purple flowers around, Toriel found herself struggling not to drop one of the beautiful bouquets in her arms when Geno’s arms outstretched and what turned out to be a banner he held unfurled. “Oh my.”

It was actually pretty lovely. Fairly long and made of cloth, the banner was a very pleasant shade lavender with violet, curling text printed across it and endearing little golden stars scattered around the edges. The issue; however, is what it said:

“THE PROOF GENO HAD SEX WITH REAPER PARTY!
(ALSO KNOWN AS THE BABY SHOWER)”

“Oh, I was hoping you wouldn’t notice that until it was up.”

Geno seemed far from impressed. “When I told you to get a custom ordered party banner, this isn’t what I meant!”

“THAT’S TERRIBLY CRUDE, BROTHER!” Papyrus scolded as he finished unfolding the last of the tables they’d need for the party. “YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!”

“What Paps said!” Geno agreed, glaring up at the elder reaper. “You said you’d handle getting the decorations, you asshole! I trusted you to get the things we discussed, you fucker! You shithead! You...y-you...”

“Oh no, no, no!” Reaper startled, dropping his roll of streamers and swooping down to pull his fiancé into his arms. At seven months of pregnancy Geno’s mood swings had returned and the smaller skeleton was now bawling. “I’m sorry! It’s just a joke, baby. The real banner is in one of the boxes!”

“You’re a-an asshole!”

“I know, I’m sorry!”

“I h-hate you!”

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry!”

“G-go die!”

“I will! Just stop crying!”

Chuckling quietly to herself as she watched the scene before her unfold, Toriel smiled.

It was hard not to be wistful over what could have possibly been between her and Sans but, in the end, she was happy for him for the love he had managed to find.
If you had told Papyrus just a few years ago that he’d be getting a brother in law and a nephew all at once...well, he’d probably be very excited!

Because he was! Excited, that is. So, so very excited!

He was going to be an uncle! No, not just an uncle. He was going to be THE uncle! The best uncle the worlds had ever seen! The GREATEST uncle! Sure he wasn’t sure just how exactly one went about being an uncle, but he had gotten himself a manual and so far it was very informative. He couldn’t wait to test out some of the bonding activities it recommended!

Although a large part of it, he did have to admit that his excitement went beyond the simple delight of being an uncle. Oh, he was definitely delighted! It’s just...there was so much more to it than that.

For as long as he could remember, his blood family had only ever consisted of Sans. They had a father but he...wasn’t very involved with their lives. At least, he couldn’t recall him ever being involved.

Instead, Sans had been the one always there for him; his father and mother and brother all at once. When Papyrus was young and his childish curiosity had led him to discovering the unfortunate side effect of his touch, Sans had been the one to find him crying over the lifeless form a poor, small animal. Still quite young himself, the elder skeleton had comforted him even as he explained the terrible burden of their terrible power, taking special care that Papyrus never once doubted just how great and kind and good he was despite the horrors of their work.

When other gods had shunned him for his position as the younger god of death, Sans had always been there to wipe his tears and provide him with the attention he so desired. When those same gods had been vicious in their contempt, hurling insults alongside rocks, his brother had always appeared to send them away; threatening with his cold, void eyes and unsettling grin. Papyrus wasn’t one for confrontation, yet he couldn’t deny that it had been nice to have someone so willing to fight for his happiness like his brother had repeatedly been willing to.

Sans was, without a doubt, an excellent older brother but it had still been lonely at times. Once Papyrus had been deemed old enough to attend to souls himself, he and his brother had begun seeing each other less and less. When one was free, the other was busy and it became somewhat of a miracle to find the time for more than a quick conversation. Part of this was Papyrus’ own fault, he acknowledged. Sans had no qualms about shrugging off work to make time for him but Papyrus himself could never quite bring himself to slack off. It just seemed so...lazy! And Papyrus disliked being lazy.

Still...he had missed his brother.

Thankfully, meeting Undyne and then later her future wife had greatly reduced his frequent loneliness. He even liked to think they were a found family (that was the trope Alphys liked, right?) but Papyrus knew that only really applied to the way he felt about them, not Sans.

It was a bit upsetting, actually. The few times that Sans had been around for one of his last minute sleepovers with Alphys and Undyne, Papyrus had always been overjoyed to have his little makeshift family together but, to Sans, it wasn’t like that. His brother didn’t consider his friends, well, friends. Aside from Life, Sans didn’t really consider anyone his friend. Honestly, he was kind of a loner and that had always worried Papyrus a bit.

To him, friends and family (and maybe fame) had always meant happiness. He had both those things
Papyrus had always been content with his life, even if his experiences hadn’t always been kind. While he was happy; however, he could never shake the feeling that Sans wasn’t. His brother had never seemed un happy but he knew the elder had a wonderful poker face and a terrible habit of not wanting to bother Papyrus with his worries.

But then one day he had just…started smiling! Okay, Sans was always smiling because he was a skeleton so that didn’t sound all that important, but it was! Papyrus knew his brother’s grins and the one he had started sporting so frequently was one he hadn’t seen since his first word had been his brother’s name. The other had been overjoyed that day from so long ago and now he always looked that way. It was astonishing!

And mysterious.

Sans enjoyed his secrets so Papyrus had known better than to ask what was responsible for the change, yet his curiosity had remained. All the smiling his brother had done had been followed by such strange, puzzling behavior. Staring into space, giggling at his phone, a new, concerning adoration for blood (“Isn’t coughing up blood just so… cute?”), and suddenly claiming that he thought peppermints were adorable were all just a few of the many examples Papyrus had. The rumors of him causing trouble by not working had been concerning and all but Sans had started humming around the house! Humming! Love songs, of all things! It was...weird! Papyrus had even caught him singing once, though that was a memory he’d rather forget considering how... lewd the lyrics had been (“Like a virgin~ touched for the very first tim -Paps?! When did you get home?! ”).

In hindsight, the reason for all this strange behavior had been obvious but you couldn’t blame him for not realizing it sooner! Sans had never shown a romantic interest in others before so Papyrus hadn’t even thought to consider that his brother had been in love, of all things.

But he had been. Hest ill was.

And Papyrus liked the other skeleton that had gained his brother’s affections! Obviously it was a little strange that his brother was dating another version of himself from another world, but Geno was nice! A little morbid and grumpy with a strange habit of going a teary eyed around him whenever he thought Papyrus wasn’t looking, but still nice!

When his brother had nervously asked about his thoughts on the smaller skeleton possibly joining their family, he had been overjoyed! Because while his friends and brother made up his family and made him happy, Sans had finally found someone to do the same for himself. How the other ever thought Papyrus could possibly dislike someone who brought him so much joy was a mystery and he had all but demanded his brother ask the other quickly (“Or else I’ll have to propose for you!”).

For all that he tried to hide it, it was clear that Geno loved his brother. He knew the other, smaller skeleton would say yes and had been far from surprised to hear the good news his brother had to relay. Being told that Geno had said yes and was pregnant however?

Well, let’s just say that the news had sent him into a surprised sleep and leave it at that.

But all that led to where they were now: His brother was happy, he himself was happy, Geno was...currently beating his brother with a balloon, but probably happy, and everyone else seemed in good spirits as they all worked together on bringing a baby shower to life.

Things were pretty great overall and, as he watched his brother try to defend himself from and calm his lover at the same time while his friends all smiled and laughed, Papyrus couldn’t help but find himself a little smug.
He had the greatest family ever.

It took a while but, eventually, everyone managed to get the decorations for the baby shower up and the party going.

Even with such a small group, things were fun. They played games that Reaper and Papyrus could actually join in on without risking anyone’s life, enjoyed delicious food (and Pap’s cooking) alongside sweet desserts, and simply sat around talking and sharing stories; taking the time to just relax and enjoy the pleasant weather.

Currently, the star of the show was seated at one of the tables spread out in the garden. He had gotten hungry again and was happily sampling multiple little pies Toriel had prepared for the event. Seated next to him was said goddess, a sad glint in her eye but warm smile on her face as she shared parenting advice with Geno. Geno had all but raised his brother, but he was still thankful for any extra help he could get.

Reaper had originally been with the two but Papyrus had come around some time ago in order to drag his brother off into an intense game of catch with Undyne that was starting to look more like dodgeball than catch. Ever the dutiful wife, Alphys was near them, cheering Undyne on (and maybe checking her out. Just a bit).

There was still a pile of gifts to get to sitting off to the side but there were still so many hours left in the day and no one was in hurry to rush through things. For now, everyone was fine with keeping things slow and relaxing. Peaceful.

Which meant that of course something had to ruin it all.

Suddenly, there was a sound akin to paper being torn apart as a portal appeared, ripping through time and space itself. Before anyone could react, blue strings shot through the portal, connecting with Reaper’s SOUL and stringing him up in the air as a dark clad, dark boned skeleton came stomping into Life’s garden.

Voice oddly glitched and layered, the skeleton snarled, “You asshole!”

“What the hell?!” Reaper hissed, struggling against the strings binding him.

Near him, Undyne’s eye narrowed as she summoned her weapon. “What business do you have here, Destroyer?”

“And how does it involve my brother?” Papyrus questioned, worriedly.

Barely sparing them a glance, the skeleton angrily dug through his pocket before pulling out what seemed like a crumpled piece of purple paper. No, not paper those close enough to see it clearly realized. It was a copy of the baby shower invitations. Looking extremely displeased, the dark skeleton waved it about, reciting the words printed across it from memory. “Oh BOY, it’s a skeleton! Please join the happy parents Reaper and Geno in Life’s garden for a celebration of their upcoming child Goth!” there was more on the card, but the skeleton stopped there, balling up the invitation and pelting Reaper in the head with it. “You fucker! You got him fucking pregnant?!”

“What’s it to you?!”
“A few months.” The other continued, absently stringing up Undyne as well when she charged him with her spear and Papyrus and Alphys for good measure. “I left for a few fucking months and you got him PREGNANT! Unbelievable! A fucking abomination fucked the glitch and now there’s going to be another abominat-”

“Pregnant or not, I WILL kick you if you call my baby an abomination, Error.”

Everyone’s attention snapped to Geno in horror at the casual way he spoke to such a clearly upset, violent person. Ignoring their looks, the small skeleton dodged Toriel’s protective arm as the goddess reached out to guard him and waddled over to where the confrontation was happening, an unimpressed expression on his face. The darker skeleton—Error—glanced back at him briefly but ended up doing a double take, dumbfounded.

“Holy shit you’re huge!”

“And you’re an asshole.” Geno snapped, sulking. “I’m having a baby in two months , ass. What did you expect? And let everyone go! I didn’t invite you to my baby shower just so you could make a scene! Did you not read the back of the invitation?”

“Uh....”

Exasperated, the pregnant skeleton shook his head. “I specifically hand wrote you a note telling you to behave ! No name calling! No fights! No trying to destroy my fiancé or his world!”

“FIANCÉ?!”

“DO YOU NOT LISTEN TO YOUR VOICEMAILS?!”

“Geno? Honey?” Getting sick of being strung up, Reaper summoned his scythe and quickly cut himself free with a few expert twirls of the bladed weapon. “Did you say you invited Error, the destroyer , to your baby shower?”

“And his brother.” Geno confirmed.

“You did WHAT?!”

Glaring at the destructive, glitching skeleton before him, Geno scowled. “You heard me. Also, do NOT make a ask a third time, Error! Let! The others! Go!”

To everyone’s surprise, the other actually did as told. Instantly, Undyne shot forward with an attack but the destroyer merely sidestepped the attack, glaring angrily but refraining from responding in kind even as his fingers twitched. “I won’t be so nice if you attack me again, abomination.”

“Error...” Geno hissed, socket narrowed. When Undyne looked about ready to try another attack, that stern, disapproving gaze turned to her instead and she froze under the sheer weight of motherly disappointment. “Undyne . Behave, the both of you!”

“Yeah, brahs! Ya gotta chill out. It ain’t rad to be throwing down during a party, ya hear?”

Startled, everyone turned to look at the newcomer. Another portal had opened without anyone’s knowledge and a very colorful skeleton now stood in the garden, grinning brightly and holding up double peace signs when he saw them staring at him. Interesting enough, the colorful ‘YOLO’ across his dark sunglasses changed, flashing into ‘SUP!’ briefly before turning back.
From his place next to Geno, Error screamed. “Oh FUNK no!” a pause “Will you stop funking censoring me?!”

“No can do, broski! S’bad for the little dude’s ears.”

“It’s not even born yet, you radhole!”

Geno sighed. “Please stop trying to insult your brother, Error. And don’t call my baby an it!” turning a smile to the newcomer, he waved. “Hi Fresh. I’m glad you could make it.”

Fresh grinned wider. There was something unnerving about it. “Woulda been lame ta miss mah brah’s party!”

“Ugh, why did you have to invite him!”

“C’mon, broseph! Ya know ya love me!” Before Error could respond with a firm denial, Fresh leapt at the other and threw an arm over his shoulder in a sort of half embrace. Immediately, Error shrieked in outrage, body jerking away even as his eyes flashed red and he seemed to just...crash. Chuckling, Fresh withdrew his arm. “Oops.”

“Don’t try to act like you didn’t know exactly what you were doing.” Geno scolded.

Meanwhile, everyone else within the garden was staring at the three skeletons with varying levels of confusion and concern.

“Gen?” Reaper slowly called out, wary. “Love of my life? Mother of my child? Would you mind explaining why you invited a well known enemy of the multiverse and, apparently, his brother to your baby shower?”

“Yo, Geno-brah is totally tight with me and Error-bro!” Fresh explained cheerfully.

Everyone blinked.

“...WHAT?” Papyrus asked, confused.

“We’re friends.” Geno clarified.

Error came back online just in time to hear that. “Like hecky-heck I’m friends with thatfunker!”

“Error! I said stop insulting your brother!”

“Stop telling people we’re related!”

“You ARE!”

“No one needs to know!”

“S-stop yelling a-at m-me!” And there came the tears.

For once, Reaper didn’t run straight to his fiancé in order to comfort the smaller skeleton. Geno’s crying didn’t even seem to really register as he stared blankly, watching as Error began panicking over the now sobbing, pregnant skeleton while Fresh made unhelpful comments in the background. Friends. Geno was friends with the destroyer of worlds who had a known hatred for AUs and apparently had a colorful brother that Geno was also friends with. Stunned, there was really only one thing he could say in response to that:
“What the *funk* ?”

Chapter End Notes

I want to make it very clear that Toriel isn't suppose to be a bad guy in this! I don't think I made her come off that way but, just in case, I hope everyone knows that I love Tori with all my heart.

Error Sans, on the other hand, I currently hate because he and Fresh somehow crept into my story and I CAN'T WRITE THEM TO SAVE MY LIFE!
With Animal Ears

Chapter Summary

In which we learn that cat ears are what led to Geno and Reaper dating.

Chapter Notes

Confession chapter!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Magic was...kind of like a cheat code for the universe.

Don’t want your food to go bad? Cook with magic. Got a skinned knee but no band-aids? Healing magic. Stuck answering awkward questions about how your body works when your body seems to be missing a lot of key elements? Blame everything on magic and then use said magic to shortcut your way out of there.

That last one was usually geared towards skeletons, if you couldn’t tell.

You see, skeleton monsters were weird. When it really came down to it, all monsters were made with varying amounts of magic. Elementals tended to be pretty high up on the list when it came to the amount of magic running through their veins. Trees didn’t just get up and start walking and little embers didn’t randomly start talking unless there was a lot of magic involved after all.

In comparison, most animal type monsters didn’t have much magic involved in the process of their births. Dog types, frog types, deer types, or whatever others you could think of were similar enough to their non-magical counterparts that, at times, it seemed like magic was all that really separated them.

It didn’t really matter how much or how little magic made you up, though. At least, it didn’t matter in the underground. Every monster—elemental, animal, ghost, etc—had turned to dust, in the end.

Oh. That was depressing. He was suppose to be working on not thinking so morbidly anymore.

Oops.

Anyways, back to his original point: skeleton monsters were weird. All monsters were made of magic, but not as many were made up of as much or were as dependent on it like skeletons. Physically, their bodies were made up of bone and bone? Yeah, bone didn’t really move on its own. Without muscles it should have been impossible for them to even twitch a finger, let alone walk. They especially shouldn’t have been as capable of portraying emotion as they were. And skeletons like Geno? Their seemingly eternal grins could open despite there being no visible seam hinting that their smiles was composed of more than a single row of teeth. Hell, things could even go through their teeth if they wanted to. Why work up the effort to open your mouth for a bite of food when you could just absorb it through your smile?
Oh yeah, that was another weird thing: they ate. Without tongues or throats or any else between their stomachs and their mouths. The food just went in and kind of…disappeared; transformed into fuel to replenish their magic. Well, monster food at least. Human food was different in the sense that, while their bodies still took from it what it could, there was a bit of… waste left over. That was never fun to deal with.

There were so many more things to take into account about just how strange skeletons were but, in the end, it was usually explained away by that wonderful deus ex machina magic could be.

Some things; however, weren’t so easily waved away with the excuse of magic because you see…Geno was kind of a dork. And he couldn’t really blame that on the stuff making him up. No, his dorkiness was all on him.

Which made his darkest secret so much more embarrassing.

Geno had been good friends with the Alphys from his world. Best friends, you could even say. And when you were best friends with Alphys it was utterly impossible to escape having at least one conversation about anime. Which turned into two conversations, then three, then four and so on until you found yourself having debates about who was best girl in a show in between your debates on what was the superior science.

Honestly, it was kind of fun though. He hadn’t been as into anime as Alphys had but he didn’t mind crowding in close together over her phone to catch a few episodes of this or that show while some of their longer experiments ran, or escaping to the safety of his living room to watch an anime film when Undyne and Papyrus began an impromptu training session. Even if he found a lot of it ridiculous, it was still amusing to watch and made his friend happy.

Maybe he should have cared less about making his friend happy…. The thing is, Alphys had gotten really into this one show about magical girls with cat ears. Kissy Cutie Mew Mew? No wait, it was Mew Mew Kissy Cutie. Kissy Mew Mew Cutie? Ugh, it was one of those, okay? Either way, it had been a cutesy show about girl power and friendship and Alphys had adored it.

When one of her especially down days had come around and Alphys couldn’t be coaxed out from under her desk he had known he had to do something to make her feel better so he had, well, he had summoned cat ears and performed Mew Mew’s terribly embarrassing pose and catch phrase, okay? It didn’t magically cure her anxiety and depression, but it had at least made Alphys smile and his ability to shape his ecto into ears had caught her interest enough that she actually began to speak again.

After that, it became a bit of a habit to pop some ears out whenever Alphys needed a little pick me up. Hell, he even started doing it for Paps too simply because his brother thought them neat. Mostly; however, he did it for Alphys. But friends were always terrible people and the other had begun convincing him to sprout them outside of needing to cheer her up. They’d make a great reference for fanart, she pleaded. I want to test if they change where your hearing comes from, she claimed. They’re super adorable and I like seeing them, she eventually admitted.

Eventually, he gotten pretty use to them. They weren’t all that bad once he adjusted to the fact that they seemed to have a life of their own, always twitching and flickering about on his head. Plus, they did find out that his hearing actually did change when he had them out and that he’d perceive sound through the ears. From a science standpoint, that was pretty cool. He drew the line at summoning a tail after the first time attempt—it was uncomfortable—but the ears? Really not so bad.
And, he had to admit, they did look kind of cute.

Which was why they were now the greatest secret he kept.

Geno…Geno couldn’t afford to be cute, okay? The genocides had taught him that the world (well, worlds apparently. Damn multiverse) was a cruel place. He had to be intimidating in the face of enemies! Not cute.

…

…

…

Yeah, that was bullshit. He just didn’t want Reaper to know.

Reaper was…he was…he was a lot of things, okay? At first, he had been terrifying when he had appeared within the save screen, eerily stepping out from the darkness around them with a fixed smile and his scythe at the ready. Then he had started flirting halfway through their battle and Geno had decided he wasn’t scary at all. No, he was annoying. And confusing because, despite his reason for being there, the god hadn’t taken his soul in the end.

The god was also funny, he had come to realize after the other decided he was apparently going to keep stopping by. His puns could be pretty morbid and his sense of humor was absolutely terrible, but Geno’s own sense of humor was shit and he found all the god’s jokes humerus (Ah, that was always a classic one. Nice). He hadn’t even wanted to speak with the other at first. Admittedly, he had been a cold bastard and kept ignoring the other, taller skeleton whenever Reaper would appear but then the god had made a horrible joke about death (“What’s blonde and dead in the closet? The Hide and Seek Champion from 1955!”) and he couldn’t help but snort.

Reaper’s smile had been elated at finally managing a response and…and how could he have gone on with ignoring him after that?

As rusty as his isolation had made him at socialization, Geno probably came off as grumpy and snappy and more than a little rude, but he had at least been trying. It was hard answering questions about yourself when you didn’t really feel like yourself anymore. Hell, Geno didn’t even go by his actual name anymore, Sans feeling like an entirely different person than who he was after the horror he had survived. Plus, Sans and Papyrus had always gone hand in hand and…Geno didn’t have a Papyrus. Not anymore….

Crap, there goes his depressing tendencies again.

Reaper was actually kind of good at pulling him out of his sad, somber moods. Oh, the god was an absolute sadistic asshole but he was…surprisingly nice. For all that he liked to work Geno into a frenzy and irritate him so much he wanted to scream, the god didn’t seem to like seeing him upset. Sad. If he thought Geno looked miserable, then he’d try to fix it; cracking jokes, telling stories, or even poking fun at him until his sadness turned into annoyance. Once, the god had simply sat next to him, quiet, and the silent companionship had been…really nice. Geno was used to silence in the void he called home yet that silence had felt so pleasant. Warm even. Or maybe that had been the heat from Reaper’s body who had been merely inches away…so close their arms had brushed…their hands barely apart…fingers slowly inching closer….

Bad memory. Bad memory! Abort!

In the end, Reaper really wasn’t that bad. So why didn’t he want the other to know about the ears he
Could form?

Because the god would tease him! And it wouldn’t be teasing. No, it would be teasing.

Yes, there was a difference. You see...Reaper liked to get him all worked up. Knowing this didn’t make it any easier not to fall for his needling or irritating remarks. Getting all red in the face from anger seemed to amuse the other. That was teasing. Teasing, on the other hand, resulted from the fact that Reaper liked to flirt. With Geno. Until his magic was burning so brightly he was sometimes worried it would remain seared into his skull forever.

Flirting wasn’t something he was used to, okay? When he was healthy and underground not many people had showcased romantic intent towards him and by ‘not many’ he meant no one. Drunken bunny might have possibly been interested but he had never been comfortable pursuing that when, well, her name was Drunken Bunny. What if she was just a friendly drunk and he ended up coming off like a creep for preying on her?! Better safe than sorry.

And he might have had a tiny crush on Grillby but there had been an age gap there that he knew the other wouldn’t have felt okay with. Certain monsters naturally lived longer than others and Grillby had already been an adult and a participant in the war against humanity before Geno was even a thought. Still, his schoolgirl crush had never really faded for the other. Grillby was hot.

Reaper though…. When he flirted, it made him feel embarrassed. Sometimes, it even made him irritated. The god was absolutely shameless and Geno’s already decent aim had improved so much more with all the attacks he whipped at the other in retribution for one perverse comment or another. He would have called it harassment even! ...If it made him uncomfortable. But it didn’t. Geno knew he wasn’t the nicest looking skeleton out there. He looked broken, he knew, like he was moments away from shattering into fragments of bone or withering into dust. Reaper had never seen Geno at it best but seemed to like the way he looked anyway. That was...that was really uplifting. Flattering.

But when Reaper flirted, his words went beyond perverted little comments or compliments about his appearance. Those Geno could brush off. Being told he had a nice laugh though? Reaper telling him he liked the way Geno got excited about science? How did he deal with that? The god once asked him if Geno was made of stars because he shown as brightly as them whenever he was happy. He likened Geno to stars!

Honestly, Geno hadn’t had a chance against falling in love him.

…

…

…

Damnit, he had been doing so well at denying that, too.

If Reaper saw him with those damn cat ears, then there was a high chance the idiot would flirt with him and Geno? Geno couldn’t deal with flirting. Not anymore. It made it so hard to hide the feelings he definitely didn’t have from the other. And he had to hide the very much non romantic feelings from Reaper because...he was scared.

He wasn’t an idiot okay? Clearly his totally not existing feelings were returned. Flirting could be friendly, he knew that. It didn’t have to mean anything. Going out to get someone flowers just because they mentioned being curious about surface world flowers wasn’t flirting though, it was going out of your way to pick flowers that you physically could not touch without killing them.
because you wanted to do something special. Bringing him books and blankets and anything else he could think of to make Geno’s home a real home? That wasn’t flirting either. Neither was getting him a phone to help stave off loneliness by allowing them to text, bringing him ketchup, or spending an entire week nursing him back to his usual poor health when Geno had gotten sick.

Those weren’t things you did when you wanted to be friends. Well, they could be things you did for a friend but Geno was pretty sure that wasn’t the case. So, yes, he knew Reaper liked him. And Geno not-liked him, too. Perfect right?

Wrong.

Look, he...he couldn’t risk it. Geno hadn’t been in love with anyone before but he had loved people. Alphys as a friend, Undyne as someone who made his brother happy, and, stars, Papyrus. He had loved Papyrus so, so much. Watching that human cut their knife across his neck again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again...you got the point.

It had hurt. He lost his brother and friends and everyone else that didn’t deserve to die more times than he could count and seeing it happen had hurt more than all of his own deaths combined. His SOUL may have been shattered as a result of the DT and battle, but his heart had broken long before the genocides had reached the hundreds.

How could he risk doing it all again? Geno didn’t know if Reaper even had his own Chara but what if that didn’t matter? Reaper was the god of death and that alone made him enemies. Could he die? Geno didn’t know. What if he could and something happened though? What if he, stars forbid, died while he away? Geno...Geno would never know. Reaper could stop coming to see him and Geno would spend every moment of his miserable life in this void agonizing over if it was because the god had lost his life or because the other simply grew bored of him.

Oh stars. What if Reaper got bored of him? He...he wasn’t interesting!

Urk, he was starting to feel a little sick thinking about it.

It...it was just better for him, in the end. He could keep himself from getting hurt at lot easier if he kept those feelings that weren’t a thing he was acknowledging to himself. So he had to keep those damn ears hidden, too. No ears, no flirting, no getting flustered and nearly blurting out a confession like last week. What a perfect plan!

“So,” Reaper concluded, wrapping up a long rant he had gone off on nearly ten minutes ago. “that’s why I’d say I’m definitely more of a cat person than a dog person.”

Geno’s face remained blank. Inwardly, he was screaming. Don’t show him, don’t show him, don’t show him! “Cool.”

“What about you?”

“I use to...sort of have a dog? We didn’t own him. He just...kind of showed up. We called him Toby.”

“Huh, so you’re a dog person then?”

“I guess?”

“Did you ever pet him?”
“Yeah.”

Reaper sighed wistfully, “I kind of wish I could at least try petting a cat. Their ears seem so soft.”

DON’T SHOW HIM! DON’T SHOW HIM! DON’T SHOW HIM!

“I can’t summon cat ears!” Geno blurted.

Fuck.

Blinking, the god stared at him with a very confused expression. “I...didn’t say you could?”

“Oh.” Shit, why did he say that then?! “I was just...making sure you knew.” Then, for good measure, he added, “Idiot.”

Reaper’s staring didn’t ease up, nor did his confused look. An awkward silence began to stretch between them and Geno shifted uneasily, fiddling with his scarf and glancing around just so he wouldn’t stare back. He could feel those dark eyes on him though. Was it a little hot in the void? He felt a little a little hot.

“...Are you blushing?”

“What? No!” Oh no he was blushing.

“You’re totally blushing!”

“I am not!” He was.

“Look me in the eye and tell me you’re not blushing.”

Scowling, he turned his head. “I’m not-”

Choking on the rest of his words, Geno stared, socket wide. Floating around everywhere even when you were sitting made it so that Reaper could move around pretty quietly and the god had crept closer without his notice. Now, the taller skeleton’s face was mere inches away. He couldn’t tell if his startled gaze was being met though, or if his face was being inspected. Unfortunately, it seemed like the latter when a smirk slowly twisted that confused frown into a teasing grin.

Shit.

“You are blushing.” Reaper seemed pleased. “What did I do? Was it my charming looks? My dashing smile? Are you into people who like cats? Oh, is that it? You want me to pet your p-”

The sound of Geno’s hand clanking against the god’s skull echoed a bit as he rushed to cover Reaper’s mouth, blushing furiously. “Don’t you dare finish that sentence.”

“Sorry, sorry.” The taller skeleton did not look sorry as he pulled Geno’s hands from his face. “You know, you’re a lot like a cat. Cute,” Don’t blush more, Geno “kind of pissy. All you’re missing are the ears.” A slow blink, a sudden look of realization “…that you randomly said you can’t form…? Holy shit.” Reaper looked amazed.

Best to nip this in the bud while he still could. “Shut up!”

“Geno!”

“Not another word, damnit!”
“Can you make cat ears?!”

“I said I can’t make them!” He denied, panicked.

Reaper snorted. “Yeah, but you’re a terrible liar and that statement was so out of place you had to be thinking about it.”

Denying it further would just make things worse. Reaper was a master at twisting his words around and bending his arguments so that they always suited his needs. Still, he didn’t plan on giving up that easily. “Did you know that humans believe that cats signify bad luck? It’s usually centered around black cats, but felines in general are still thought to represent death.” Distract him, Geno! You can do this!

“Oh?” He seemed interested! “Would you say that, in a way, they’re like death’s pets? I mean, if people actually think they signify death it would make sense, wouldn’t it? They’re death’s so they represent him?”

Keep him talking! “I mean...I guess you can see it that way?”

“So,” Was...was the god’s voice suddenly deeper? Was he getting closer?! “if you can summon cat ears...does that make you mine?” his sockets lidding, Reaper smiled deviously. “Would that make you Death’s?”

Freezing, Geno could only stutter. His face felt so, so warm. “I...t-thats not, I mean...”

“Geno....” Reaper drawled sensually “Can I see you form those ears?”

Don’t show him! Don’t show him! DON’T SHOW HIM! “U-uh, I c-can’t.”

A single pointer finger came up and curled under his chin, tilting his head back as Reaper leaned in close, their teeth nearly brushing. “Please, kitten ?”

Dazed, Geno almost didn’t realize the way the god’s delighted gasp seemed so much clearer than it usually would have. And higher? It wasn’t until Reaper was dropping his chin in favor of reaching higher that the understanding of what just happened sank in, a flush burning his cheeks as fingers prodded at the soft, red ecto sticking out from his skull. Ears. He had summoned his ears because Reaper had leaned in and called him kitten .

Someone please kill him because Reaper sure as hell wasn’t going to do his job anytime soon.

“I hate you.” he grumbled, shivering as fingers gently traced the delicate curve of his ear. “I hate you so much. Shoo! We’re not friends anymore. Go away.”

The god merely chuckled. “You’re so cute .”

No! No calling him cute! No flirting! That’s what Geno was supposed to avoid! “Shut up, you asshole!”

“Bad kitty.” Reaper scolded playfully as he flicked an ear. Immediately, he rubbed the sore spot when Geno yelped. “Is that any way to speak to your master?”

“Master?!” Outraged, he tried to swipe at the other but Reaper simply caught his hand and dragged him onto his lap. Oh no. “L-let me go you...you bastard!”

Falling back into that low tone, Reaper chuckled. “Didn’t we establish cats could be considered
death’s pets? You have cat ears. That makes you mine, kitten.” Pleased, he stroked the soft pseudo-fur of Geno’s ears, scratching near the base of his skull and rubbing at the smooth stretch of ecto. When Geno melted against him, he smiled. “My pretty little kitty.” he whispered into the ear he wasn’t petting, chuckling when it flicked at the feel of his breath then catching the pointed tip between his teeth. Geno mewled, squirming. “My adorable little Geno.”

“Why do I love you?” Geno whined, dismayed.

…

…I

Oh shi-

“Finally!” Reaper cheered, releasing his ears in order to spin him around on his lap so they were facing one another. “Stars, I’ve been trying to get you to admit it for ages!”

“I take it back!” He panicked.

“No take-backs!”

“Fuck you!”

“Maybe after we’ve gone on a few dates!”

“S-shut up!”

“You’ll have to kiss me for that to ever happen.”

“I hate you.” Geno insisted, face red and eye light averted.

A cool hand gently cupped his cheek, turning his skull so he was meeting Reaper’s gaze. The god was smiling. That same bright, elated smile from the first time he had gotten Geno to laugh. “Well, I love you.”

“Don’t.” Geno whispered, fingers curling into the dark material of the other’s cloak. “Just...pretend I didn't say that, okay? I can't love you. You can’t love me. I lose everyone who does.”

“Not me.” Reaper murmured as he slowly leaned in. His void-like gaze was so warm for something usually so dark. “You won’t lose me, Gen. Like an adorable, stubborn skeleton once said, 'I die when I say I die' and I'm not planning to do so for a long, long time. I'm not planning to leave you for a long time. Or ever, really.”

“Promise?” Almost as rule, Sanses disliked promises.

But Reaper only smiled. “Promise.”

And they sealed it with a kiss.

Chapter End Notes
Yup. Cat ears are what led to Geno confessing his feelings.

I like to think that Geno and Reaper were both completely obvious about their feelings and neither was surprised the other liked them.
Wearing Kigurumis (Part 5 of Date)

Chapter Summary

In which the author wanted to give Geno a fun shopping experience to make up for the last one.

Chapter Notes

Part 5 of Date!

WARNING! Discussions involving sexual assault/rape/molestation take place at the start of this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Genoooo~”

“N-no! Stay away!”

“Geeeenoooo!”

“Back! Back you fiend!”

“Give me a huuuuuuug, Geno~”

“I’ve seen your search history! I’m not going anywhere near those!”

“Geeeennooooooooo!”

Laughing, Geno continued to waddle away as fast as he could from his dork of a fiancé.

Two months. It had been just a little over two months since his last shopping trip in which things that taken such a terrible, frightening turn. You could argue that things could have ended up so much worse for Geno; that a little groping could have easily turned into a full assault and he had no reason to have remained scared for as long as he had. You could argue that, but then Reaper would have to hunt you down for your idiocy since Geno was too pregnant to do it himself.

To be fair though, Geno had felt ashamed of himself when a week had gone by and he had all but panicked at Reaper’s absent inquiry if he wanted to eat out for lunch. The god had been referring to eating outside their house on a little patio table he had gotten a while ago to enjoy the days where the weather was nice, but Geno had assumed he meant going out for food as in leaving the house. Just the thought of leaving the safety of his fiancé’s realm had filled him with nausea, ruining his appetite and overall mood when Reaper had noticed him shaking and had needed to calm him down. It felt embarrassing to be so affected by an incident that wasn’t that bad that it made him want to hide away. He had felt pathetic.

Upon confessing his feelings to his lover Reaper had assured him that there was nothing wrong with
the way he felt. When Geno didn’t quite seem to believe him, he had seemed upset, a sad air about him, but hadn’t pushed the matter. Instead, he had asked if Geno would want to talk to someone else.

He said no.

Thinking about what had happened was upsetting. Geno wasn’t a weak monster but he had acted like one. A little skeleton depended on him for protection and survival and Geno nearly hadn’t been able to provide either of things for him. He had failed his brother and friends with the genocides and he had failed his own child too, being able to do nothing but simply take the molestation and throw out a few weak attacks. Had Reaper not shown up when he had….

The thought was chilling.

So no. Geno hadn’t wanted to talk about it.

His behavior had been off afterwards; however. Reaper had honored his request that they not tell anyone (he was embarrassed, okay?) but Papyrus was around the house with his friends so much more often now that he, too, had regular working hours. Avoiding people is difficult when you’re pregnant and you have to wobble through the room they hang out in, in order to get to the kitchen. He had been so meek and quiet and jumpy that it had escaped no one’s notice. It wasn’t quite an intervention, but his soft spot for Papyrus and Alphys had been utilized against him when the two looked at him with such concerned eyes and asked if he wasn’t okay.

Folding like a wet paper towel, he had told them what had happened and his resulting feelings from the terrible event. Reaper had drifted in at some point during his retelling but had remained silent as he pulled his distraught fiancé onto his lap, arms around him comfortingly in a sign of support.

Everyone had looked furious once he was done. Even Alphys, the most timid of the group, had sported an angry expression few had ever seen from her. Papyrus, so kind and sweet and against violence, had seemed a little… twitchy, fingers flexing around air as though expecting to feel the staff of his scythe. And Undyne?

Undyne had gone quiet, eye filled with a rage so cold it burned, melting away her words and leaving behind only enraged silence. When she blinked, all that anger in her gaze had been hidden behind an usually soft expression, her hard features easing into something gentle when she looked to Geno.

“You’re pretty badass, you know?”

Out of everything he expected, it hadn’t been that. “W-what?”

“I’m proud to be the goddess of war,” She had stated, seemly in no relation to their original topic. “but even I’m not so prideful that I can’t admit some pretty crappy things go on during it. Senseless murder, theft,” looking apologetic, she added, “assault...rape. I’ve seen it all from humans and monsters. Mortals can be...pretty brutal. War isn’t kind and while the people who fight within him are often called heroes...the people who live through the consequences of war? The victims who suffered and survived? Well, I think those are the real heroes. I think you’re a badass hero for putting yourself through something terrible when it was the only way to keep your kid safe and coming out alive afterwards.”

“Yeah!” Alphys had agreed, nervous stutter gone in a moment of passion. “You...you may feel weak for not having been able to prevent what happened from happening at all but...but what you did took a lot of strength! You fought when you found an opportunity to and…” Here, her voice had gone soft. “I...I don’t think feeling afraid from what happened discredits that. You were really brave,
Geno, but...but you don’t have to be now that it’s over.”

“I Think,” Voice lowered as much as he could, Papyrus had joined in. “That It Is Very
Understandable That You Do Not Wish To Leave The Comfort Of Your Home. It Is Safe Here. You
And Your Child Are Safe Here And It Is Not Weak To Wish To Maintain That Safety After Such A
Horrible Experience.”

Wiping the tears that had begun welling in his eye, Reaper had smiled, gentle and loving and so full
of support. “Just because you weren’t... ya know... doesn’t mean you’re not allowed to be affected
by what happen, Gen. And just because you are affected doesn’t mean you’re weak. Give yourself
some time to heal instead of beating yourself up over needing that time. You did so well keeping our
baby safe, honey. Let your family keep you safe now while you find your footing.”

“What if I never do?” He had whispered, afraid. “I still didn’t really like going out before that
happened. What if I’m never able to bring myself to leave this realm again?”

“Then you’ll be like every god who has never left this realm but has been living happily for years.”
Reaper merely insisted, smiling. “Gen, most monsters never even realize they live in a multiverse.
You don’t need to be able to hop around worlds with me to be happy. Sure there’s no shopping
centers in this realm, but I can get anything you need for you. Hell, I’m pretty sure Al can work out a
way to get us godly Amazon.”

“I c-can definitely do that!”

“See?” Kissing his skull, Reaper had simply promised, “You’ll be fine, Gen. Maybe not now or even
a week from now, but you’ll be fine.”

And he was.

He had spent the following few weeks planning a baby shower from the comfort of their home,
always reassured that everyone was more than willing to hop to this or that store for him in order to
get what specific decoration he wanted. His friends and family freely gave their comfort and support
without Geno ever having to ask for it. By the time his eventful baby shower came and went, Geno
was feeling good. Great, even. Like he was ready to try going out. To try and stop being afraid, at
least as much as he could managed.

Reaper had been more than supportive, showering him with kisses and promising that, this time, he
wouldn’t leave, even going so far as to select a world, location, and mall as far away from the
previous one as he could get. Stepping through the portal had still been difficult but Reaper had been
doing everything he could since to keep him at ease.

Now, his fiancé was slowly walking after his retreating form in an absolutely insane onesie. A
kigurumi, he had called it. Either way, it was hideous. Meant to be an octopus, it covered the god
from head to toe and had eight arms on it total, two sleeves for Reaper’s arms and the other six
connected to the original two by string so that they moved whenever Reaper did. Geno had begun
cracking up the moment his lover had come crashing out of the changing room wearing it and was in
the process of making his escape from those eight outstretched arms.

“Looooove meeeeee~” Reaper groaned out, voice a slow drawl as though he were a zombie.
“Genooooo, loooove meeeeee!”

He had to stop, unable to keep to his quick waddle while laughter stole his breath. “Not until you
change!”
They were getting strange looks but he actually didn’t care, squealing and laughing harder when Reaper caught up to him; pulling him into an embrace with too many limbs and trying to kiss him even when neither of them could stop giggling. “Genoooooo~”

“You are not taking that home.” Snickering, he pushed his fiancé’s face away. “Stop trying to kiss me like this, you dork. All the choices they have and you had to go with the creepiest one?”

“Gen, I had to pick it! Octopi don’t have skeletons! I’m fulfilling its dream!”

“Yeah, well, fulfilling its dream is going to give me nightmares.”

“Fine.” Reaper conceded, chuckling. “Pick one out for me, then.”

“You sure you want to give me that kind of power?” Geno teased.

Grinning, Reaper shot back, “I’m going to pick one out for you. Although,” eyeing Geno and snickering, his smile grew “might have to find you a child sized one.”

“I’m not going to fit!” He protested. “My stomach-”

Interrupting him with a kiss, Reaper nudged him away to where a multitude of the onesies were hanging up. “I’ll find one that fits, don’t worry.”

Snorting at the sight a giant octopus floating away to look at the smaller sizes, Geno made sure that he’d still be able to see his fiancé before waddling to look at the options. He was considering a bird. Or maybe a wolf? All he knew is that Reaper better not get him and cow or a pig one. He was still sore about Error calling him fat during his baby shower.

“Oh my stars.” Pausing as he met the wide, innocent gaze of the eyes stitched onto a hood, Geno smiled.

It was perfect!

Glancing back at Reaper to make sure he wasn’t looking, he pulled the soft, animal themed outfit off of the hanger and carefully rolled it up so that none of the noticeable features on it could be seen. He didn’t think Reaper would know straight away what it was but he wanted to be sure it would remain a surprise for as long as possible. Just as he tucked it under an arm, he heard said fiancé let out a cheer.

“Found one for you!” Reaper called across the bit of distance separating them. “Do you want to put it on over your clothes or are you going to use the changing room?”

“Changing room.” He decided, only a bit hesitant. “I want us to come out at the same time.”

Snickering as he folded up whatever kigurumi he held, the god shot him a wink. “Sorry babe, I came out ages ago.”

“Shut your nonexistent bisexual ass up and give me my outfit.”

Oh, there was children in this store. Blushing in embarrassment at the scathing glare of a mother, he turned on his heel and marched off to the changing rooms as quickly as possible. Having noticed the glare, Reaper shot the mother an apologetic—and slightly threatening—smile before trailing after his lover. The stall he had used to change into his current octopus outfit was still free so carefully squished himself back in there as Geno took the one directly next to him. Once Reaper was out of the kigurumi he wore, he called a ‘ready’ to Geno and they threw their respective choices over the
wall separating their changing rooms.

Then broke down laughing.

“No way!” Reaper cackled “Gen, there is no way you knew!”

“I didn’t!” Geno cried out, snorts breaking up his laughter. Stars, he was crying. He was laughing so hard he was crying. “How did you know? Did you see me pick?!”

“No!”

Shaking his head in disbelief, Geno carefully hung the outfit by its hood and struggled out of his clothing. Wearing his scarf under the onesie might be uncomfortable so he set it aside for now before turning to Reaper’s choice for him, grin hiking up higher as he began pulling it on. Oh, wait.

“Reaps?”

“Yeah?”

Holding the open ends of the childish outfit closed, he murmured shyly, “...I need help with the buttons.” He wouldn’t be able to work around his stomach to reach the lower ones.

“Oh! Just give me a second, baby. I’m almost finished with mine!”

Nodding even though he knew the other wouldn’t be able to see it, Geno began to close the ones he could at least reach. By the time his bra was covered, there was a knock against the stall door and he unlocked it before smushing himself against the wall in order to make room for the taller skeleton. They couldn’t help but exchange wide smiles as they saw each other and Reaper nearly wasn’t able to fit the buttons through the holes with how his hands were shaking with his laughter. By the time the two stumbled out of the tiny room and in front of the mirror, their faces were flushed in pleasure and they probably looked like they had been up to no good.

“What are the chances?” Geno smiled, their eyes meeting in the mirror.

Both were dressed in almost identical bunny themed outfits, Reaper’s a pale blue with circles of darker blue around the stomach and on the insides of the rabbit ears on his hood. Said hood had two large, sparkling eyes that seemed so innocent as they stared out from on top of Reaper’s head. Twin little splotches of pink acted as little blush mark’s on the hood’s ‘cheeks’ while a little black button acted as a nose, matching stitching curving from it into a mouth. Geno’s outfit was nearly the same, but was a pale pink with darker pink accents and had little lashes on the eyes. His scarf was still around his neck though, and Reaper couldn’t help but reach out and adjust it, pulling it snug and then tying it into a giant, floppy bow.

“Adorable.” The god praised.

Geno smiled, pleased. “I can’t believe we pretty much picked the same thing.”

“This is the character from those books you asked me to find, right? The Fluffy Bunny ones?”

“Yeah,” For a moment, his singular eye light dulled; sad. “Yours is from Peek-a-Boo with Fluffy Bunny.” His eye light brightened again. “Mine is from Fluffy Bunny’s Fluffy Valentine.”

“Cute.” Reaper smiled, faintly recalling that there was something significant about the book series but not being able to recall just what. Still, it was obvious it was important to Geno and he turned back to the changes stalls in order to gather their clothing. “We’re wearing these all day. Let’s go
Rather than argue, Geno happily nodded and waited until the taller tucked their clothing away into an inter-dimensional inventory before grabbing his fiance’s hand and leading him to the registers. The employees gave them both amused looks and praises for the bold choice and were thanked for their compliments as the two left the store. Geno looked around curiously and missed Reaper’s soft smile when the god took notice of how his lover seemed so relaxed; his previous fears forgotten for the moment.

“Want to shop around or get something to eat?”

“Hmm.” Both sounded good. “Is there anything we can get that we’d be able to carry around?”

Nodding, Reaper tugged Geno in the direction of the food, exchanging smiles with those who seemed to enjoy their adorable, matching kigurumis and subtly shooting terrifying glares at anyone who stared mockingly or in judgement. Blue, floppy eared outfit or not, Reaper was more than capable of scaring off anyone who seemed the slightest confrontational and took full advantage of his eeriness to keep his oblivious lover safe.

“French fries!” Geno cheered, glancing up in time to see Reaper’s loving smile but turning away too soon to see it shift into a chilling grin when a human looked about ready to laugh at Geno’s clearly rounded belly in his outfit.

Making sure to memorize when the now terrified asshole’s death day was, Reaper began digging for his wallet. Thankfully the cute clothing came with pockets. “Do you want a hot dog or just the fries?”

“Just the fries for now. With a lot of-”

“-ketchup, I know.”

Pleased, Geno leaned up to press a thankful kiss to his cheek before snatching the wallet from Reaper’s hand in order to hurriedly get his fries. Leaning against a nearby pillar, the god kept his watchful gaze on the other and couldn’t help the mushy smile that settled across his grin. Nearby, a monster chuckled and shot him an amused look.

“That your wife?” She asked, fur starting to go grey at the very tips of her ears. Embarrassingly, she was a rabbit, though she seemed more amused than offended by his outfit.

“Husband.” Reaper corrected, still a little sheepish “Well, future husband. We’re waiting until after the baby is born to have the wedding.”

The monster grinned. “He’s a cutie. Though that blood starting to leak through his front his concerning. He okay?”

Aw, shit. “He’s fine. That just...happens. Doesn’t affect him or the baby.”

“That’s good.” And she seemed to mean it, sending Geno a cheerful wave when he glanced back at them. Geno seemed confused yet waved back, albeit slowly. “You two look good together. Good luck with the baby, though. I’ve had about twenty three myself and let me tell you, they’re a handful.”

“T-twenty three?!” He choked, eyes wide. Sure he liked to joke about having an insane number of children but someone actually had twenty three ?!
Laughing, the monster shot him a wink as she began walking away. “Some rumors about us rabbits are true, son. Hope you two have a swell day!”

“Y-you too.” Twenty three….

“Did you know her?” Geno asked confusedly, waddling up with his fries and Reaper’s wallet. He gave the god an apologetic smile when, upon handing back the wallet, the taller noticed it was notably lighter. “…I stocked up on food.”

“You filled up your entire inventory, didn’t you?”

“Yeah…. Oh!” Seemly pulling it out of thin air, the smaller skeleton looked pleased with himself as he offered his fiancé a cool can of coffee. “I got you this though!”

“Thanks, babe.” Reaper chuckled, accepting the drink in exchange for a kiss.

He didn’t take up Geno’s hand again as they began walking off in search of another interesting store. Sure his lover was in a good mood, but holding the other’s hand meant Geno wouldn’t be able to eat his fries and Reaper wasn’t going to be responsible for the grumpiness that would surely result from that. Instead, he slung his arm around Geno’s shoulder as they wandered around, leaning down to accept a ketchup soaked fry every now and then and happily sipping from his coffee.

They spent the rest of their time at the mall going from shop to shop in their matching outfits, Reaper still fending off assholes when he needed to and Geno slowly working his way through his stock of greasy fast food. At one point an employee attempted to tell Geno he wasn’t allowed to have food in their store and Reaper didn’t even have to threaten her into changing her mind because of it. No, it was better than that. She took one look at the clearly disappointed, pregnant skeleton dressed so adorably like a (bleeding) pink bunny and had melted on the spot, quickly informing him that it was fine as long as he didn’t ruin anything.

Geno’s adorableness: 1, Employees: 0

In another store Geno somehow managed to coax Reaper into buying a grim reaper Halloween costume while, in yet another, Reaper found payback through buying Geno a hot dog hat. They all but teleported to one of the baby stores when they found a store willing to custom print sayings and designs on clothing you provided and spent the next three hours wasting money on little outfits stamped with puns and bones and skeletons. Reaper even sneakily pulled some shirts from home and added designs when Geno was too busy fawning over a little pair of shorts now decorated with stars (“Um, sir, you want me to print ‘Claimed By Death’ on this?” “Yes. With a heart under it.”).

Eventually, carrying around a child grew tiring and Geno asked that they go home. With no reason or want to deny his love, Reaper scooped his fiancé into his arms and teleported them back to his realm. Geno was fast asleep before they even made it to the front door and hadn’t seen the smiles directed his way as Paps and his friends looked at the two upon their entrance.

“Did Things Go Well, Brother?”

“Yeah.” Reaper confirmed, relived. “He had a good day.”

“I l-like the m-matching outfits.” Alphys complimented, visibly containing her squeals.

Undyne nodded in agreement. “It’s weird seeing someone so creepy in something so cute though. I don’t think I’ve ever seen you wear something that isn’t black.”

She couldn’t tell, but Reaper was definitely rolling his eyes at her. “We’ll see you later if you
freeloaders are still here once Geno wakes.”

Laughing quietly at Undyne’s outrage of him calling her a freeloader, Reaper made his way up the stairs and into his room. Well, their room, actually. There hadn’t been any pomp and circumstance but the smaller skeleton unofficially lived there now, even if he did still return to the save screen for some peace and quiet every now and then.

“Reaper…” Geno murmured sleepily.

“Hm?” he hummed quietly, regretfully switching the smaller from his arms and onto the bed. The kigurumis were comfortable so he didn’t bother changing Geno, simply tucked a light blanket around him so he wouldn’t get too hot in the warm clothing. “You need me to get you something, baby?”

“Mmm…”

Glancing at Geno’s face in confusion, he chuckled. His lover was still asleep. “Sleep well, Gen.”

“Mm…”

He went to crawl in next to his fiancé but a stack of books on the bedside table caught his eye. Pausing, he grabbed the pile of thin, colorful books before carefully sliding into bed so that he didn’t risk waking Geno. Getting comfortable, he set the books down at his side and grabbed the one on the very top.

“Peek-a-Boo With Fluffy Bunny, huh?”

“P-paps…”

Glancing back at his lover, Reaper blinked at the upset furrow between Geno’s brows. Gently, he smoothed the wrinkles away with a finger before resting a palm on his lover’s stomach. His gaze returned to the book in his hand and he hummed thoughtfully, realization slowly setting in. This was the book Geno used to read his brother. He was going to put the books back, not wanting to interfere with such a precious memory, but he found himself unable to. Geno had wanted these for Goth, hadn’t he?

Eyeing his slumbering lover and his rounded belly, he hesitantly cracked that first book open. “Fluffy Bunny had a favorite game that he loved to play on his favorite day….”

“…The pink bunny was the prettiest bunny Fluffy Bunny had ever seen! Her eyes just sparkled and her fluffy fur gleamed! Oh, it had to be fate, Fluffy Bunny just knew! It had to be fate—”

“—because what goes better with Cotton Candy pink than Fluffy Bunny blue?”

Grip tightening around the book he held in surprise, Reaper turned his gaze from the colorful, glossy pages in order to meet the sleepy stare of his lover. Geno had curled into him during his sleep, stomach a barrier keeping them separated but the smaller still seeking his lover as he slumbered. His hood had fallen forward more at some point and Geno’s half lidded socket was barely able to meet his gaze, his glitch covered eye hidden completely by the bunny hood who’s ears were casting a shadow over Geno’s warm, sleepy smile.

“Hey, Gen.” Reaper murmured, setting the book down in order to help Geno sit up. “You just wake up?”
“Been awake for awhile.” The smaller admitted, allowing himself to be dragged into his lover’s lap. “You were doing a good job storytelling and I wanted to listen. That’s my favorite line though, so I couldn’t help myself. You’re already on Fluffy Bunny’s Fluffy Valentine?”

Kissing Geno’s head and adjusting him to be leaning against his chest as he settled against the pillows, Reaper lazily motioned to the clock. “You’ve been napping for a bit, honey. This is my third time going through the stories.”

“You didn’t have to read them that many times, idiot.”

“I wanted to.” he shrugged. “If I don’t practice my story voices now, then Mommy will outshine me.”

“Mommy has years of practice. He’s a Fluffy Bunny expert. You have no hope of beating me.”

Playfully nuzzling Geno’s skull, Reaper grinned. “That’s fair. But I gotta ask…”

“Hm?”

“Well,” he drawled, tipping Geno’s head back for a kiss. “If I’m dressed as Fluffy Bunny and you’re dressed as Cotton Candy,” gently, his hand settled on Geno’s stomach. “does that mean we should find an outfit for Goth so that he can be Baby Bunny?”

“Baby Bunny isn’t a thing, dork.” But Geno was smiling as he said so.

“I don’t know, Gen. Cotton Candy’s tummy says otherwise.”

Geno’s smile grew as said stomach growled. “Cotton Candy wants more fries.”

Well, guess this bunny had a future-husband to feed.

"Anything for you, Gen."

Chapter End Notes

So...Date is gaining more and more parts in my story notes. Ooops?
Making Out

Chapter Summary

5 Times Reaper Got Yeeted and 1 Time He Found Out Why (Also known as the chapter where the author overuses the word 'kiss')

Chapter Notes

Chapter takes place when their relationship is still new!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

1

The first time he tried it, it was a few weeks after they began dating.

This may come as a surprise to a few people but Reaper? Yeah, he wasn’t really an expert at dating. Surprisingly, not a lot of people liked you all that much when you were the eldest god of death and probably responsible for taking the life of at least one of their loved ones. Even less people were willing to date you when a single brush of your hand against their skin could kill them. And the icing on the cake? Reaper’s personality was kind of shit.

If you want to risk your life dating death, then go for the younger brother, people back home liked to say. At least he isn’t a lazy asshole.

In all honesty, Reaper had never found anyone he even wanted to date. Life was kind of nice but he could never quite tell if his affections went beyond the friendly variety or not. Did he like her enough to date her or were her jokes just that good? Before he could figure that puzzle out; however, he had come across Geno and, well, he fell hard and fast for the bleeding skeleton. Who knew blood could be so fetching on someone? Or that glitches could be so cute? Sigh, Geno was just so adorable.

Wait, what was he thinking about again?

Oh yeah, he remembered now.

You see, Reaper didn’t have any dating experience going into this thing with Geno. Hell, it had taken forever just to get the other to admit his feelings for him and, even then, Reaper was pretty sure most people didn’t jump straight into saying ‘I love you’ and kissing outside of romance novels and sappy movies. That didn’t mean he wasn’t sure about his feelings! Don’t get him wrong, he was absolutely positive that he loved the smaller skeleton! It’s just…

...he may have let his excitement over Geno saying he loved him get to him. And he may have jumped several bullet points down his dating outline by kissing him within five minutes of that confession.

Yes, by the way, he had a dating outline. Despite his laziness, he did actually put effort into wooing
Geno. All that effort seemed for naught though because he was off schedule since he had kissed Geno so soon!

The smaller skeleton had looked so sad in the face of his own admission of his feelings for Reaper, though! He knew Geno had been trying to hide the way he felt for whatever reason but he hadn’t expected that reason to be that he was afraid that admitting his feelings would be a death sentence for, well, Death. It was such a silly concern in Reaper’s mind, yet it had been a valid fear for Geno who had already lost everyone he had ever cared for. Reaper couldn’t just brush off his worries but, at the very least, he could reassure Geno that he had no plans of dying anytime soon. And when Geno had asked him to promise? Well, sealing it with a kiss had felt right.

It had been such a sweet kiss too; soft, shy, and really just a brush of teeth against teeth before Geno had pulled away to hide his face in Reaper’s chest, skull red.

Maybe it wasn’t planned and it wasn’t passionate, but it was still perfect in the end.

Reaper had still tried to use his outline after it—like he said, he actually put effort into this—but Geno had the amazing ability to throw curve-balls at him whenever he least expected it. Love confession doesn’t come until after the fifth date, before sex? Nah, let’s start with it instead. First kiss is scheduled for after the first date? No, that’s happening a few minutes after the confession. Cuddling should lead up to the first kiss? Ha, let’s get so shy after the early first kiss that your small, newly acquired boyfriend won’t let you so much as hold his hand for a month.

It was clear that trying to schedule things wasn’t going to work out so Reaper had deleted that neat little outline off his phone. Admittedly, it was probably for the best. At the very least he had known that it was best to let things run this own course but he had been nervous and thought that maybe having a list to guide him would help. Obviously, he was wrong.

A few weeks into dating and his list gone forever, Reaper did had to admit that things were going well. Geno eventually let him hold his hand and Reaper discovered a newfound love of having those pudgy fingers wrapped between his that was only outweighed by the weight of Geno on his lap. A few small dates had been set up within the save screen and, while things weren't all that different overall, just the knowledge that they were dating made what would have been just hanging out so much sweeter.

Plus, the continued kissing was nice. Very nice.

Ah, kissing. That right there was the root of all his problems because Reaper really liked kissing Geno. Small stolen kisses whenever Geno got distracted by his books, shy little pecks to his cheeks when he had to leave, soft presses of two smiles come together whenever he came back...there were so many types of kisses the two discovered and all of them were his favorite.

But Reaper wanted more.

And he was pretty sure Geno did too!

Reaper had noticed that their kisses were getting a little longer, a little firmer each time. Geno was still so shy when it came to sharing affection but he was lingering just as much as Reaper was, their pecks slowly dragging out into long kisses neither seemed to want to break. Stars, the noise Geno had made when Reaper broken a gentle kiss too soon had gone straight to his pelvis. They definitely weren’t ready for sex yet, but that was a sound he wanted to hear more of; quiet and breathy and pleading for him to come back for more.

He didn’t think adding a little tongue would be an issue. It didn’t feel like it was too soon or
anything, yet when he had tried …. 

Well.

_Slowly easing Geno back against the arm of the sofa they had been watching a movie on, Reaper smiled as their grins met in a soft kiss. And then another. And then another. Eventually, neither of them pulled away and Reaper hummed pleasantly in the kiss, pressing just a little firmer. Geno met the increased pressure head on by pressing back into him, arms sliding around his neck, and, almost subconsciously, Reaper’s head tilted; his grin parting just enough so that his tongue could peak through and teasingly run along the seal of Geno’s—_

_Ping!_

_Sockets shooting open—huh, he didn’t remember closing them—Reaper had just enough time to take in Geno’s startled expression before the smaller skeleton’s arm whipped to the side and he was sent flying across the makeshift living room; hurtling further into the darkness of the save screen._

Yeah, Geno had pelted him across the house the first time he tried adding a bit of tongue.

He just didn’t know _why_.

---

2

The second time took place about a week after his first attempt.  

They had been in the kitchen.  

“_C’mon, Geno! Let’s try it!”_”  

“_No way!”_”  

“_Please!”_”  

“_I said no, dork!”_”  

_Grinning around a forkful of pasta noodles, Reaper did his best to put on a pleading expression. He saw Geno’s stern frown twitch upwards at the corners for a moment and widened his sockets cutely in an attempt to further aid himself. Sure his lightness sockets were creepy and all so making them appear larger was probably unsettling, but Geno seemed to find the look cute and wavered._

“_Please Gen? It’s a classic!”_”  

“_Is it now?”_ Geno asked, trying to resist. “_You’re telling me that some scene about two dogs eating spaghetti together is really that iconic?_”  

“_Yes! It’d make the perfect date memory!”_”  

_Blushing a little at the reminder that this was a date, Geno’s resistance seemed to finally shatter completely. “...We just...eat a noodle until we kiss?”_”  

“_It’s very romantic._” Reaper reassured, already scooting his chair over so that he was seated at the skeleton’s side instead of across from him. “_We’ll just skip the part where I’m supposed to push a meatball towards you with my face._”  

_Seeing confused, Geno slowly nodded before shyly picking out a single noodle and capturing one
end with his mouth, careful not to bite through. Reaper did the same with the other and took a great deal of pleasure in watching the smaller skeleton turn darker shades of red the closer they got together. When their teeth finally met in a kiss, Reaper inwardly cheered even as he pressed closer, Geno making a muffled, shy sound but returning the kiss. Hm, he had a little sauce on the corner of his mouth. Maybe Reaper should....

Ping!

Shit.

That had been one way to end an date, that’s for sure.

3

The third time he hadn’t even been the one to instigate it!

For some odd reason, Geno seemed DETERMINED. And he was talking that all capitals type of determined which had led to his boyfriend pulling off some amazing feats (and getting his socket melted).

Before he was even all the way through his portal into the save screen Geno was marching up to him, expression set in a serious looking scowl and eye socket narrowed with intent. His eye light was even flashing a bit, sparks of magic and flickers of red-blue making him a little nervous. Had he done something, he wondered? He wasn’t given the chance to think back on what he could have done before Geno was griping the front of his robe and tugging him down with a surprising amount of strength from someone who looked so frail.

Their teeth clacked loudly as Geno’s frown met his confused grin and Reaper would have winced had he not been distracted by arms coming up around his neck to anchor him to the kiss. Still widely unsure of what was going on, he decided that it probably didn’t matter and dedicated his attention to that firm, demanding kiss. When he felt Geno’s teeth start to ease open he didn’t stop to think before opening his own and—

Ping!

He wasn’t sure to be glad or not that his portal hadn’t closed behind him before that kiss. On one hand, it saved him from being thrown through the save screen again. There was so much nothing that Reaper had been flying back for what felt like hours before Geno’s magic had dropped him. On the other hand, he had been coming back from work and had landed on a dead body after Geno had sent him back through his portal.

Both results weren’t all that fun, to be honest.

But Geno had started that kiss! And Reaper knew he had felt the other begin to open his mouth! What was he doing wrong that kept getting him thrown around by his SOUL?!

4

After three failures in a row, Reaper began doubting if he was really as good at reading Geno as he thought he was. He swore that Geno wanted something a little more sensual than cute little kisses but every time he tried he kept getting thrown! Maybe he was wrong though, and Geno wasn’t ready for that? Feeling a little bad, he had given it some more time, carefully watching his boyfriend for any negative signals before going in for a fourth attempt.
“How are you so tall?” Geno grumbled unhappily as he compared their heights. When he had to strain a little to reach the top of Reaper’s head, he scowled. “We’re technically the same person, right? So why are you so damn tall?”

Playfully hovering a few inches off the ground just to see that cute little frown deepen, Reaper shrugged. “I’m not actually that tall, Gen. You’re just that tiny.”

“I am not tiny! You’re just freakishly tall!”

“Freakishly tall?” Reaper laughed. “If anything, I’m a little short. You’re shorter than me though, so that makes you tiny in comparison.”

“Call me tiny one more time; I dare you.” Geno growled with a narrow socket.

Meeting Geno’s threatening expression with a challenging grin, Reaper let his feet touch the ground before he stalked closer to the smaller, glowering skeleton. “Sorry, I can’t hear you speak from all the way down there,” he paused dramatically once he was before Geno, his grin growing wider as he leaned down so that their gazes were level as he cheekily whispered, “tiny.”

His boyfriend jumped at him and Reaper laughed as he caught the other, the force of Geno’s tackle sending them crashing backwards but Reaper’s own power keeping them midair. He had to dodge a few angry smacks aimed for his head but didn’t seem to mind as he waited the smaller’s little fit out, Geno melting against him grumpily once he realized he wouldn’t be able to hit the god and settling for sending the other a glare.

“I despise you.” The glitchy skeleton grumbled.

Still grinning, Reaper kissed his cheek. “I love you.”

Adorably, Geno flushed bright red. A few months since he had confessed with those very same words and he still couldn’t handle Reaper saying them to him without going red. It was so endearing that he just had to lean in and kiss the smaller skeleton.

It was meant to be a small peck, just a little stolen kiss, but as Reaper began pulling away Geno let out this little, breathy whine and chased his retreating teeth with his own until they were pressed together again. Not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, Reaper more than happily settled into the extended kiss as hands came up to rest on his shoulders. He was a little worried Geno was going to push him away, yet those hands simply gripped the fabric of his robe tight and pulled him closer, their skulls tilting at opposite angles and their smiles seeming to slot together perfectly as they kissed. A little unsure of what to do with his own hands, Reaper eventually settled for wrapping his arms around the smaller’s lumbar in order to lock him into place on his lap.

Geno’s blush was brighter than ever once they finally parted. He couldn’t seem to bring himself to look at Reaper while he found his, admittedly useless, breath, shy smile parting as he panted and giving a teasing glimpse of his tongue. Eyes darkening, Reaper pulled an arm from around the other’s back in order to cup his jaw, his thumb tracing along the newly revealed open seam of Geno grin.

“Reaper…?” Said skeleton muttered shyly, confused.

“I’m going to kiss you again.” Reaper murmured lowly as he closed what little distance was between them, leaving only a hair’s breadth between their mouths. His sockets were so dark and intense and his voice so heated that Geno seemed to go a little a daze, his face so hot the god could feel it. “Can you keep your mouth open when I do?” Absently, he stroked the smooth bone of the
skeleton’s jaw.

“Yes…” Geno whispered, eye light hazy as Reaper captured his mouth in a grin and-

Ping!

Apparently he had accidentally seduced the other into saying yes or something because while Geno had agreed to keeping his mouth open he was still startled enough when Reaper’s tongue poked pass his teeth that the god had even up being thrown. Again. *For the fourth time!*

Honestly, that’s when he started losing hope.

5

The fifth attempt wasn’t so much as an attempt as it was Reaper fending off his boyfriend’s own attempts at smooching. Why would he be fighting Geno off when he really wanted to make out with the other? Well....

“Stars,” Reaper murmured, stuck somewhere between horror and awe. “I forgot you’re a lightweight .”

“M’not ah paperweight!” Geno protested with a slur, a flush cutting across his cheeks and his eye light all wobbly. “M’ Geno!”

“Lightweight, hun.” He corrected.

“Hun?” The smaller skeleton murmured, confused. Then, with a bright smile, he giggled . “Oh! Yer m’boyfriend!”

*Smiling at how happy the other looked at the realization, Reaper nodded. “I’m your boyfriend. I’m also going to have to be the bad guy here and take that bottle you’re trying to hide.”*

Geno gasped and shook his head. “Nuuu! Nu bottle ‘ere!” It was being held behind his back.

“Nice try, Gen.” He chuckled as he crept closer, trying to draw less attention to the fact he was getting closer by moving slowly. “I can see it though.”

“Nuthin’ ta see if...if its allll gone!” Geno grinned.

“Geno, no!” Reaper knew where this was going.

*The smaller skeleton cackled. “Geno, yesh!”*

Before Reaper could stop him, the glitchy skeleton brought the bottle he was hiding so poorly out from behind his back and to his teeth, head tipping back as he downed the remaining liquid. Tears prickled in his sock from the burn of the alcohol but he seemed pleased with himself once he lowered the now empty container, giggling.

Reaper groaned. “I’m glad I only brought one of those.”

“Nu more?” Geno whined.

“No more.” *Thank the stars for that.*

“Nuuuuuu!”
Sulking, the smaller skeleton plopped onto the floor. Judging by how hard the impact with the ground seemed, Reaper was guessing that he had been aiming for the couch a few inches behind him. When Geno shot the piece of furniture a betrayed look, he decided that the other had definitely been aiming for it and chuckled as he scooped his drunken boyfriend up in order to set him on the cushions.

“Why don’t you take a break from being Drunken Beauty and try being Sleeping Beauty instead, Gen? A nap will probably do you some well while your body sorts through the liquor.”

“Kiss?” Geno asked, suddenly looking attentive. Well, as much as someone so drunk could be.

Raising a confused brow Reaper echoed, “Kiss?”

“I’m Sleepin’ Beauty.” The smaller seemed pleased. “I get a kiss ta wake me!”

“Oh.” How cute. “Okay, you’ll get a kiss when you wake up—Geno!?”

Feeling a little panicked when the smaller suddenly went limp on the sofa, Reaper quickly dropped to his knees and reached out to shake the other. Instantly, Geno lifted his head and opened his socket, grinning. “M’awake! Kissh now!” When Reaper only stared, dumbfounded, he whined and tugged at the taller’s clothing. “Kissh! Kissshhh!”

But Reaper shook his head. “Gen, you’re really drunk. You can have a kiss once you nap everything off, oka- stop doing that!” He complained when Geno went limp again and began snoring fakely. “I know you’re awake, Genocide Gaster!”

“Kissh.” Geno demanded, grumpy at the usage of his full name.

Reaper shook his head firmly. “Sleep first.”

Not liking the answer, the smaller shoved at Reaper’s shoulders. In his drunken state it felt more like a soft tap to the god but he let himself fall back onto his bottom anyways, torn between remaining firm with his boyfriend and wanting to keep him in good spirits. Unfortunately, allowing himself to fall had been the wrong decision because Geno was sloppily sliding from the sofa and crawling onto his lap mere seconds later.

“Kissh!” The drunken skeleton whined, arms wrapping loosely around Reaper’s neck and trying to drag him in.

“No!” Reaper denied as he resisted the weak tugs. “Sleep first!”

“Kissh!”

“Sleep!”

“Kisssssssh!”

“Sleep!”

Suddenly, Geno’s expression crumpled. “Ya think ’m gross.”

“Slee- wait, what?” He startled “I don’t think you’re gross!”

“Am gross.” Geno sniffled, dismayed. “Dun wan’ kissh me ‘cause of it.” Before Reaper could reassure him that none of that was true, his sad expression shifted to a look of anger. “Dun like yah mean face!”
Unfortunately Geno forgot to let of him before flinging him away and Reaper had to explain to the other the next morning why he was hungover and had a bruise on the center of his forehead.

+1

All the slacking off Reaper had been doing in order to spend more time with Geno had come around to bite him in the ass. As Death he was used to the constant cries of souls calling to him with their ends but the noise always lingering in the back of his head had begun reaching unbearable levels and he had been forced to return to work just to get some peace and quiet. Sadly, tracking down all those overdue souls took time and it was now nearing two weeks since he had last seen his boyfriend. Unfortunately this meant that the last time he saw Geno was when the smaller had been grumpy from a hangover and not in the mood for kissing him goodbye, so he was starting to go through withdraws. Geno withdraws.

There were a few more souls to take care of but he was working as fast as he could, almost cheerfully cutting his blade through lingering souls and hopping from world to world in order impatiently until the noise finally died down enough that he could go back to ignoring his work for at least a few more days.

Making sure that no blood or dust was dirtying him, he made a stop at the nearest Starbucks he could find for some coffee before eagerly teleporting himself back to Geno’s void, happily singing out, “Geno~”

His coffee splattered across the floor as the cup lid from his slack hand.

Reaper didn’t care.

Geno was curled up into a little ball on a pile of blankets and pillows on the floor; his knees drawn up to his chest and his back hunched while his entire small frame shook with rough, wet coughs. There was blood splattered against some of the blankets, Reaper absently noticed as he rushed to his boyfriend’s side. It matched the vivid red leaking pass the hand Geno had clamped over his mouth, the little trails of crimson getting larger as a particularly harsh cough raked through the glitchy skeleton’s body.

Worriedly, he called out to the other, unsure of what to do but needing to do something. Weakly, Geno’s eye light glanced in his direction but disappeared as the smaller clenched his socket shut tightly in response to more of those terrible, bloody coughs. More than a little worried, Reaper attempted to tug Geno’s hand away but the smaller jerked away and rapidly shook his head, visibly trying to fight against his own coughing in order to rasp out a quick ‘no’ to him.

“Covering it up isn’t stopping it, Gen!” Reaper snapped back, frightened. “I...shit, what do I do? Do you need a towel? A bucket?”

“T-time…” Geno choked out “J-just...n-n-need...t-to w-wait...i-it o-o-out.”

“Don’t talk!” He panicked when the other skeleton began to choke and wheeze. “Don’t...don’t talk.”

Wait it out, Geno said. They just needed to wait it out. Wincing when the smaller began gagging and seemed to swallow something back down, Reaper hesitantly reached out to pull him onto his lap. He couldn’t just sit there and wait! He had to do something, even if all he could do was cradle his sweetheart and try to ease the other’s pain as much as he could. As a god of death he couldn’t heal
but, at the very least, his own cool, blue magic should feel nice against Geno’s magic-flushed, magic-leaking body. Carefully, he ran a lightly tinted hand up and down the smaller’s back through his clothing while his other gently rubbed circles on Geno’s chest, careful of his wound. Geno didn’t really react much beyond leaning into his touch but he kept it up until the longest twenty minutes of his eternal life passed and Geno’s coughing began to die down.

“Gen…?”

“I-I’m fine.” The smaller whispered, voice hoarse. His hands were still covering his mouth. “I’m f-fine, Reaper. It’s n-normal.”

He was horrified. “Normal? Geno, you looked like you were dying!”

“I’m h-half dead.” Geno reminded, wincing at the discomfort at talking. “D-did you f-forget t-that?”

Well, kind of. “No.”

Feeling tired, Geno leaned more heavily into his embrace, hands only coming down from his face when he was sure his head was angled so that Reaper couldn’t see his teeth. “M-my cut isn’t j-just for s-show, you know? I-it...it d-damaged me. W-what just happened i-is a side affect o-of that.”

“Coughing up blood?”

“Y-yes.”

“It happens often enough that its normal ?”

When Geno nodded, Reaper couldn’t help but to feel a little sick.

It was important to understand that he wasn’t squeamish. Blood didn’t unnerve him and even the most grotesque of wounds didn’t make him turn away in disgust. His work led him to so many terrible, bloody sights that he was typically unfazed when it came to body horror.

But this was Geno. His Geno. He wasn’t blind to that huge, bleeding wound torn through his boyfriend’s rib cage, okay? He knew it had to hurt and that Geno’s melted socket probably didn’t feel too great either but the smaller skeleton had never showed that pain. Hell, Reaper was pretty sure the other liked it whenever he accidentally scraped against that bleeding gash with his clothing during hugs. It needed some more secret experimenting, but he was almost positive Geno was a masochist.

What Reaper had walked in on wasn’t the fun kind of pain though. It was pain from Geno’s broken body tearing through him in a torturing, bloody way. The fact that he hadn’t known about it was telling enough that it must have felt terrible because Geno only ever tried to hide the things that bothered him most.

But this happened frequently enough that the other considered it normal and Reaper...Reaper couldn’t accept that. Geno had a right to his secrets but this was something that Reaper had to know. How many times had he gone away too early or appeared too late to miss his boyfriend curling up and all but vomiting blood? How many times had Geno sat through a fit like this, alone, until his body settled again? How many times had he teased the other for somehow losing his voice despite not having a throat only for this to have been the cause?

“It’s gross, isn’t it?” Geno muttered, upset. His voice was still raw but at least he seemed less pained. “I’m kind of gross…”

The words were familiar, Reaper realized. They were almost identical to what Geno had said to him
while drunk when he refused to kiss the smaller skeleton. “Geno…”

“I always have blood in my mouth.” His boyfriend admitted. “It gets so much worse during the coughing fits but it never really goes away. It’s creepy.”

“I like creepy.” He softly protested. “And a little blood isn’t gross, Gen.”

“It’s not just a little!” Geno snapped, head raising to glare at him tearily. Red was smeared across his teeth and chin, little bloody trails still leaking from his teeth and dripping down his skull to join the gory stain ruining his shirt and sweater. Absently, Reaper noticed his scarf was gone. “It’s all the time. It’s so bad that I got used to just...just swallowing it back down because if I don’t then it drips out of my mouth. I’m used to the taste of blood more than I am the taste of food now! I probably taste like blood now! It’s gross! It’s...It’s-”

“Why you never let me kiss you.” Reaper cut in, a look of realization on his face.

Geno stiffened. “I let you kiss me.”

“You do,” He agreed “but you don’t let me kiss you. With tongue, I mean. I was starting to think you just weren’t into that but that’s not true, is it?”

Looking away with a flustered expression Geno slowly shook his head. “I...I don’t want ruin kissing, okay?”

Reaper’s expression softened. “Gen, blood isn’t going to scare me off from kissing you. Your blood gets all over me all the time and I’m still perfectly happy to hold you, aren’t I?”

“You don’t have to taste it when you hug me!” The smaller argued. “It’s different, Reaper. You’ll have this...this metallic flavor in your mouth and you’ll know it’s blood and it’ll be vile! Disgusting! Do you really expect me to believe that it won’t make you feel sick? You may be Death but you’re not a...a vampire! You’ll hate it.” Shoulders curling inwards and looking so, so upset, Geno whispered, “I don’t want you to hate kissing me…”

Staring at his boyfriend hurt Reaper’s heart. Geno just looked so sad sitting all curled up on his lap; stained with his own blood, his shoulder’s hunched, and his eye light dim and averted. He looked like he expected Reaper to be disgusted with him for something he couldn’t control, like the taller skeleton was going to just up and leave because he found out his boyfriend coughed up blood. Honestly, how Geno thought he’d be anything but concerned was beyond him but he couldn’t blame the smaller for his worries. Most people probably would be turned off by the idea of bloody, coppery kisses.

Reaper wasn’t most people.

He didn’t like the taste of blood, okay? Geno had made the distinction himself: he was Death, not a vampire. That being said, worse things than blood had gotten into his mouth before during work. You’d be surprised—and disgusted—at just how messy reaping souls could be and sometimes things just...kind of got everywhere. Blood was by far the least disgusting thing he’d ever tasted. Did that make him want to seek it out for a sip like some weirdo? No. Was it enough to stop him from wanting to make out with his boyfriend?

Hell no.

“Would you want to make out, Gen? If you weren’t so worried about your, uh, side effect, would you even want to kiss me like that?”
“Of course I would.” Geno muttered, crossing his arms and frowning. “I...I-love you. I want to be able to do those types of things with you without worrying about the stupid things my stupid body does.”

“So you want to make out?” He needed to be sure.

“I just said that I want to!” All of his annoyance at having to repeat himself seemed to deflate as Geno sighed, defeated. “I tried to, once,” He revealed. Reaper thought back to the day the smaller had all but ambushed him with a determined expression and kiss. “but I couldn’t go through with it. I...I can’t just expect you to deal with me bleeding into your mouth. It’s repulsive. I’m repulsive.”

“I don’t like people talking about my boyfriend like that, Gen.” Reaper lightly scolded. “Not even my boyfriend himself. Look, I don’t mind okay? It’s...it’s you, Geno. How could I possibly mind? You said you want to make out with me, right?”

“Well, yes, b-but...”

“No buts.” He interrupted. “I’ll ask again. Just give me a simple yes or no. Do you want to make out?”

“...Y-yes…” Geno breathed. “But-”

Whatever he was going to say was cut off by Reaper surging forward and connecting their teeth. Surprised, Geno flailed and toppled backwards off of Reaper’s lap but the god merely followed him, refusing to allow their kiss to break as he settled for looming over the smaller’s form, body supported by his hands and knees on either side of Geno’s body. He waited to see if Geno would push him away but when the smaller simply began shyly returning the kiss, he smiled slightly and kept on with the intimate meeting. The kiss remained sweet though, even as it stretched on. He knew Geno understood where Reaper planned to take things but, for now, he did his best to reassure the other through something loving; something sweet and full of affection.

Eventually, he drew away from the smaller’s teeth. The blood that had been painted across Geno’s grin was smeared horribly and Reaper made sure his boyfriend was meeting his gaze as he deliberately parted his teeth, tongue flicking out and running slowly across his own smile. Geno’s socket grew wide in alarm but Reaper only smiled wider as he withdrew his tongue and resealed his grin, the taste of blood thick and heavy on his taste buds yet the magic from within the fluid actually sparking pleasantly against the magic forming his tongue. It was tingly. Nice in a way that almost distracted from the taste of iron in his mouth.

“Not bad.” he purred. When Geno seemed doubtful, staring at him in clear disbelief, he raised a challenging brow and leaned back into the other’s space. “Still don’t believe I’m fine with it, Gen?”

“ How can you be?!” Geno questioned back. “Stars, Reaper, it’s still over your-Mmph!”

Disliking Geno’s disbelief, Reaper dove back in for another kiss, knowing that Geno wanted this after hearing him admit it himself and deciding that he’d simply have to show the other just how fine he was with a little blood. Mentally praying this wouldn’t end up with him getting flung away, he unsealed his grin just enough that his tongue could poke out. Rather than prodding at the near invisible line running across Geno’s teeth, he slowly dragged the muscle across that natural smile, copper heavier on his tongue but a pleased sound rumbling low in his throat when Geno jumped in surprise but didn’t throw him. Instead, the smaller slowly relaxed back against the bedding beneath him, hesitant to respond to that searching tongue but unsure if he really wanted to pull away.

In no hurry, Reaper continued lathing Geno’s teeth with attention, tongue being replaced with teeth
at various intervals in order to allow the bloody magic settling across it to dissolve. Geno still wasn’t active in the kiss so he tried to coax the other into responding again, pulling away briefly to press little, loving pecks to his forehead and cheeks before returning for a series of soft kisses. During one of those smaller kisses, Geno’s natural grin softened into a real smile and he shyly began to press back, startling slightly when Reaper’s tongue returned but pushing into the strange, slick sensation a bit before pulling away entirely.

Timidly, he met Reaper’s gaze. “...It’s not too gross?”

Knowing he was referring to the blood that had been on his face during their kissing, Reaper shook his head. “It’s not gross at all. You’re not gross.”

This time, Geno seemed to believe him. “O-okay. Okay. You can- we can...we can try it. I just...open my mouth right?”

“Pretty hard to get inside otherwise.” Reaper teased.

Geno shot him an embarrassed glare before squirming against the bedding they were on. Once he was comfortable, he shyly opened his mouth.

Then closed it instantly.

“This is embarrassing, Reaper!”

“You’re just overthinking it, Gen.” He chuckled, crawling off the smaller skeleton in order to return them to their earlier position. Adjusting Geno on his lap so that his boyfriend’s legs were thrown around his sides, he coaxed the other’s arms to wrap around his neck before leaning in close with a smirk “Just open up for me.” Shyly, Geno did so, his smile unsealing just a smidge. “More, Gen. Open wider.”

When that small gap only grew a bit more, Reaper huffed in amusement and gently gripped Geno’s skull so that a thumb was pressed into one cheek and his fingers the other. Careful not to hurt the other, he applied just enough pressure that the smaller’s mouth was forced wider before diving in.

Geno made a noise of surprise but the sound was lost in their kiss, Reaper’s tongue eagerly passing through his gaping smile for the first time and the god relishing in the experience. Admittedly, the taste of blood was a lot stronger inside Geno’s mouth than he expected but he ignored the intense, unsettling flavor in favor of searching out the other’s tongue; moaning appreciatively as their magics sparked upon contact.

Geno’s uttered a small sound of pleasure himself as their tongues began stumbling through a slick dance, both inexperienced enough that it felt a little awkward yet the strangeness easily outshined by the pleasant sensations of magic against magic. When the smaller’s tongue pressed more firmly against the god’s, Reaper groaned and pressed back, harder. Geno met the answering pressure with more of his own and what was akin to a hesitant dance turned into a battle for dominance.

They pushed at each other with their tongues even as they scrambled to pull one another closer, Geno’s legs closing around Reaper’s waist and the god releasing his cheeks in order to clamp down on his hips. When the god’s fingers dug into Geno’s ilium through his clothing, the smaller moaned and was left just dazed enough that Reaper was easily able to win control of their kiss, his mouth slotting against Geno’s more firmly and his tongue roaming within that warm, blood tinted cavern. He refused to leave even the smallest speck untouched and only withdrew from the kiss once he ensured that his boyfriend was thoroughly ravished, a single purplish-red line of saliva briefly connecting them as they panted and both their faces burning with magic.
“See?” Reaper panted, voice close to Geno’s own cough-strained rasp. “I definitely don’t mind the blood, Gen.”

“I’m still not convinced.” Geno murmured, tugging him back in.

Reaper chuckled.

Guess he’d have to spend the next few hours convincing Geno then.

It’s what a good boyfriend would do.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is horrible but I'm so, so sleepy.

Happy Mother's Day to any mothers reading this!
Chapter Summary

In which the author gets chapter 14 out twenty minutes before midnight.

Oh, and also in which Reaper severely misuses nice cream.

Chapter Notes

Takes place before date so no marriage or baby yet!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

What was the difference between nice cream and ice cream?

Well, if you asked Geno, nice cream was so much sweeter than ice cream because it was monster made. It was nice cream because monsters were kindhearted individuals. They were nice. Ice cream, on the other hand, was called ice cream because it was made by humans who were terrible, cruel and cold hearted creatures.

Don’t listen to Geno people. He was biased.

When it came down to it, the only real difference between the two was magic. Nice cream, as monster food, was magical in nature, lasting longer without spoiling and energizing the body upon consumption. Ice cream, in comparison, really didn’t have any benefits aside from tasting sweet.

“R-reaper!”

But what did that matter when nice cream was just as tasty?

“C-cold!”

Nice cream didn’t melt as quickly either.

“Stop! S-stop, it’s cold!”

There were just as many types.

“P-please!”

Soft serve, sundaes, little frozen dots…

“A-Ah, no! H-hah, hah…”

...popsicles.

“Oh m-my stars.” Geno moaned.
Huh. Said skeleton was finished with his treat already.

“You must be pretty hungry,” Reaper mused, pulling out the little wooden stick that had once belonged to a cherry popsicle. “that was your third one. Want a fourth?”

Geno whined. “N-no! It’s t-too cold!”

“Come on, baby.” He coaxed, already unwrapping another popsicle. Oooh, blue raspberry. “I bought these just for you. One more?”

“No! No!”

Ah, but that wasn’t the word. “One more it is!”

Simply to be an ass, he pressed the chilly, rounded tip of the frozen treat to Geno’s clit just to see him jolt and hear him whine. Once he was satisfied with the way his lover was left quivering, he used his free hand to spread the other’s lips and slid the entire popsicle within Geno’s heat with a single sharp flick of the wrist.

“Ah! Hah, a-ah!”

Releasing his hold on the popsicle stick, Reaper took a few steps back in order to fully appreciate the delicious view before him.

There was a decent sized table in Geno’s save screen that the smaller skeleton didn’t usually use. It was a sturdy thing, made of solid wood with a shiny, lacquered finish and was just large enough that it could easily sit four people, maybe six if you were determined. There wasn’t really anything all that fancy about it but, overall, it was a very nice piece of furniture.

And Geno was currently bent over it.

Skull tilted, the smaller skeleton’s cheek was pressed to the surface of the table alongside his chest and abdomen, his expression just barely visible from where Reaper stood. His arms were outstretched before him, pulled taunt above his head by long, pretty blue rope tightly binding each wrist to two legs of the table, ensuring their immobilization. Bent over at the waist as he was, Geno’s lower body was left hanging over the edge of the table, his toes barely brushing against the floor while his legs were forced wide by more rope anchoring his ankles to the remaining legs of the table.

The position was positively pornographic, the table just wide enough that, tied as he was, Geno’s legs or thighs couldn’t close to hide his sex. He could squirm though, and the god took pleasure in watching him do so, the popsicle stick protruding from his dripping cunt wiggling indecently as melted, blue syrup ran dripped to the floor and ran down Geno’s thighs. Various other colored flavors had already made a mess of the smaller’s legs—red cherry, purple grape, and green apple—but Reaper found himself especially pleased at the blue. It was almost the same exact hue of his magic.

Deciding that he stared enough, Reaper retraced his steps so that he was back between those forcefully spread legs, his gaze on that drooling sex as he slowly slid the melting sweet from Geno’s heat, said skeleton mewling in response. Nice cream truly was amazing, he mused. It had barely dissolved.

“Feeling full?” he teased. “You ate through the other ones so quickly.”

“S-shut up.” Geno whined, crying out when the popsicle was firmly pushed back inside him. “C-cold! Cold!”
Hooking an ankle around a nearby chair and dragging it close, Reaper lazily plopped himself down all while rapidly thrusting the sweet, frozen treat in and out of Geno’s slick pussy. Syrup was beginning to slide down his fingers and wrist but he ignored it for now, gaze ensnared by the addicting sight of the popsicle disappearing into that tight red magic again and again and again. He was amused to find that Geno’s hips were rocking, the smaller skeleton pushing back onto the chilly makeshift toy needily even as he cried that it was too cold to handle. Honestly, the other was such a complainer. It was kind of endearing though, the way he tried to hide his pleasure all while seeking it, lovely noises escaping pass clenched teeth and cunt so clearly sucking in the popsicle. Geno never could just give in without a fight.

He was so cute.

“O-oh stars, oh s-stars!” Geno gasped, his toes curling. “A-ah!”

Oh ho ho, he knew what that breathy, high pitch tone meant.

Not gonna happen.

Yanking the half-melted popsicle out of Geno pussy, the god grinned viciously when the smaller, stubborn skeleton cried out his name in dismay, a teary glare being thrown his way when he stood from his chair and made his way around the table to face his lover; dripping dessert in hand. “Feeling a little on edge there, sweetie?”

“P-put it back!” Geno demanded. Pleadé, really. “No m-more games! Please!”

“Oh?” Waving the sticky sweet around, he grinned. “You actually want this back inside?”

“Y-yes!” His lover moaned, squirming in need. Wow. Ladies and gentlemen, he finally admitted that he wanted something.

Too bad Reaper couldn’t make it that easy for him. “I thought it was too cold?”

“I don’t c-care!” Geno cried out desperately. “P-please, it’s starting to hurt, Reaper. I...I need to cum. P-please, please, put it back.”

“Mmm, I love it when you beg.” He purred, nudging the popsicle against the cheek his lover didn’t have pressed against the table. A little, sticky line of blue reminiscent of his cum trailed across Geno’s bone as Reaper dragged the treat to the smaller’s teeth. “Well then, open up.”

Frustrated tears were welling up in his lover’s eye as he stared pleadingly up at Reaper, his grin sealed shut. The poor thing had been brought to the edge of completion multiple times since Reaper first bent him over the table nearly a hour ago. No matter how close he got or how much he lashed out or begged, he was never granted release. The taller knew he wasn’t asking for the popsicle in his mouth. As icy as it was, the smaller skeleton needed it buried back within his heat. Still, Reaper merely pressed it more insistently against Geno’s grin until the other skeleton finally whined and opened up to accept the misused treat.

Pleased, Reaper slid the treat into Geno’s mouth until just a little less than half of the frozen, fruity ice pop was left hanging pass the smaller’s teeth. He knew that he could easily get Geno to take in more of the treat, probably even the entire thing, but he liked seeing the blue of the popsicle disappearing into his lover’s mouth. Wrong shade or not, the cold snack really did look like his magic and he found that he liked the picture Geno made with it hanging from his gaping grin: socket half lidded and cheeks flushed as saliva dribbled down his chin alongside sugary syrup. He looked like he was sucking down Reaper’s cock instead of something sweet and the image was only made better by the
fact that he knew his lover was tasting himself on that treat.

Without warning, Geno’s teeth snapped shut, his grin cutting through the popsicle so ruthlessly that Reaper actually dropped the end he had been holding onto the table in order to cover his pelvis protectively. Despite not having anything formed, he could still feel the sympathetic twinge of pain in his swirling magic as he watched his lover stare up at him, deceptively seductive with that still lidded gaze and those flushed cheeks; but his eye light glaring sharply while he viciously chomped away at his mouthful of nice cream.

Swallowing, Geno sneered, “Thanks for the treat, honey, but I think I’m full now.”

‘Oh Geno,’ Reaper thought fondly ‘you really just fucked yourself with that one.’

The box of popsicles wasn’t empty yet.

“Full?” He drawled as he lazily leaned his weight against the table, fingers reclaiming their previous spot on the little, wooden handle of the treat’s remaining half. Slowly, he brought the melting bit of nice cream to his face and lapped at the sluggish trails of flavor. Purring at the unique mixture of artificial fruit and Geno, he gently dug his teeth into the cold snack and slid it free of the stick so that he could swallow the blue ice down. “I don’t know, Gen. You’re not looking stuffed to me. If anything, you look famished. Empty.” Flicking the now useless stick away, he turned a leer to his bound lover as he reached into his inventory. “I think we should fill you up.”

“No!” Geno objected, panicked, when Reaper cheerfully shook the box of popsicles at him. “I...I don’t want those, Reaper!”

“Says the one who just guzzled down his fourth popsicle.” Reaper countered as he begun unwrapping another ice pop. Lemon, it seemed like. “Besides, you look so flushed, Gen. Why don’t you let me cool you down?”

He was back between Geno’s legs before the smaller skeleton could even finish cussing him out. Eagerly, he slid the length of the freezing nice cream between Geno’s wet folds and relished the little yelp his lover made at the feel of the frigid dessert grinding against his hot, sensitive flesh. The magic within the frozen treat kept it from melting for quite a bit but, eventually, Geno’s heat was too much for the popsicle to handle and it began to drip. Not wanting that sugary sweetness to go to waste, Reaper angled the dessert so that it prodding at the other’s twitching hole and slowly eased it in so that Geno could feel every. Last. Arctic. Inch.

Said skeleton strained against his bonds as the nice cream was pushed into him at a snail’s pace, tears that Reaper couldn’t see dripping from his socket at just how cool it was. His sex almost felt numb from how he was being frozen from within, the cold so icy and such a stark contrast from his burning walls that it nearly hurt; little shivers raking down his spine from chilliness and pleasure alike. He wasn’t even given a chance to adjust to it since the popsicle was being withdrawn mere seconds after having hilted inside him, the taller skeleton pulling it from his heat completely before suddenly thrusting it back in whole.

It felt good and the smaller couldn’t contain his long, drawn out moan at the fulfilling sensation. Only, that moan suddenly broke off into a pained gasp when another delicious thrust had him arching. Positioned as he was his chest had nowhere to go but further into the table and Geno found himself wincing when more sharp, pleasure-filled thrust kept causing his body bend reflexively. When his ribs pressed even tighter against the firm surface beneath him, he flinched.

Toes curling and back arching again when the dessert was pressed into his sweet spot, Geno moaned even as he cried out, “B-blue, blue!”
Within seconds the nice cream invading his body was removed and Reaper was at his side, fingers picking apart the knots keeping the ropes around his wrist tied. “Gen?”

“Table i-is starting to h-hurt.” The smaller responded, panting. His sex was absolutely throbbing with his need but he ignored it for now. “It’s too hard.”

“Your cut?” Reaper questioned worriedly.

But Geno shook his head. “Cut is fine. Ribs hurt.”

Nodding, the god finished undoing the smaller’s wrists before walking around and crouching to start on his ankles next. Practiced as he was, the two remaining bindings were off within seconds and he was helping Geno roll onto his back as soon as the skeleton was freed. There was blood on the table but that was normal and Geno had just stated that his cut was okay; so he turned his attention to the other’s rib cage and began gently massaging the sensitive, wounded bones. His lover shivered at the sensation, yet he ignored it for now.

“No new chips or cracks.” He said with a great deal of relief. “Good. Was it just the position and table starting to bother you or was there more wrong?”

“Everything else was fine.” Geno reassured, breath hitching when the taller rubbed over a particularly pleasant spot on his sternum. Still on the table, he slowly closed his legs—careful after they were stretched out for so long—and fought the urge to squirm; thighs pressed together tightly. “Being on my chest for that long against something so hard was just starting to put too much pressure on my ribs, I think. The nice cream was fine. The ropes and edging, too.”

Hesitantly, Reaper pointed to himself. “And me?”

Tugging him into a hug, Geno nodded his head firmly and pressed a kiss to the underside of his jaw. “You didn’t hurt me, Reaps. The only thing that hurt was my chest and even that only began recently. I told you right away and you stopped instantly. You were very good to me.”

“And you were so, so good for me.” Reaper murmured softly, pulling him in for a loving kiss. It was clear in the way the subtle tension left his shoulders that he had been worried about being apart of the reason for Geno’s discomfort. When he pulled away, he was smiling. “Sex or bed, Gen? Which do you need?”

“Sex in bed.” The smaller decided after a moment of consideration. “I...I want to cum, Reaps. Please.”

“But you haven’t finished your treats.” The god mocked, motioning to the box of popsicles and the opened treat lying on the floor, melting. “How about we make a deal? If you finish them all, then I’ll let you finish.”

Eyeing the box distrustfully as if it would suddenly multiply, Geno warily asked, “How many are left?”

“Eight.” Well, actually... “No, seven. I’m not putting the one on the ground back in you.”

“I...I want to cum, Reaps. Please.”

“But you haven’t finished your treats.” The god mocked, motioning to the box of popsicles and the opened treat lying on the floor, melting. “How about we make a deal? If you finish them all, then I’ll let you finish.”

Eyeing the box distrustfully as if it would suddenly multiply, Geno warily asked, “How many are left?”

“Eight.” Well, actually... “No, seven. I’m not putting the one on the ground back in you.”

“S-seven?”

Chuckling at the smaller’s baffled expression and summoning the box into his grasp, Reaper nodded. “You still look a little peckish, Gen. We haven’t gotten you feeling all full and stuffed yet.”

“...You’re planning to put more than one in me. At once.” Geno realized, flushing darkly and
looking unsure. “Those are each at least an inch thick, Reaper. I can’t...I can’t take those all at once.”

“You don’t have to.” Reaper comforted, kissing his forehead as their surroundings began to waver. “I know what you can take, baby. Just help me finish these treats up, okay? And then I’ll treat you.”

Blushing darker, Geno shyly nodded. “O-okay.”

Geno was falling backwards onto the sheets of his bed the moment he finished his agreement, Reaper grinning down at him wickedly as he wasted no time in tearing open the remaining popsicles. “I’ll make you feel good, Gen. You just gotta be good for me first. Now,” he purred “open your legs for me.”

Red faced but eager to finally earn the orgasm he longed for, Geno did as he was told and spread himself wide for his lover; his knees bent comfortably and the sole’s feet pressed against the bed for purchase. It was always embarrassing to be stared at whenever he was in such a lewd, vulnerable position but he knew that Reaper liked seeing him like this. Admittedly, he liked it a bit too.

Flustered but feeling a little bold, he slowly slid his hands down the soft curve of his abdomen and reached between his spread, sticky thighs. He’d be back in ropes in the blink of an eye if he masturbated, so he did his best to resist pleasuring himself when his fingers scraped against his clit; hands sliding downwards a little bit more and fingers hooking on his nether lips to open himself further to the other’s heated gaze.

“Don’t you have something for me?” he reminded Reaper coyly when the other seemed frozen. “My...m-my pussy is hungry, honey. Aren’t y-you going to fill it up?”

“I’m going to stuff you full of nice cream.” Reaper promised as the unmistakable glow of magic began tenting his robe. Hearing Geno say something so filthy had apparently broken his previous restraint. “Once your sweet little cunt swallows up all that even sweeter dessert, I’ll let you cum like I promised. And then,” his voice grew deeper, full of desire and carrying the heated weight of a lustful vow, “then I’ll fuck you. I’ll replace all those flavors you’ll be dripping with, with my cream so that only blue is left running down your thighs.”

“T-then do it!” Geno pleaded, his arousal apparent in the slick fluid sliding down his revealed sex. “Please! At this rate the nice cream will melt! Please, j-just put it in. Fill me up!”

Pressing the rounded tip of the cold ice pop to Geno’s entrance, the god smirked. “Beg a little more first, Gen.”

“Please!” The smaller complied. “F-fuck me with it, R-reaper! Push a-as many into my pussy as you can! I...my e-cunt is starv-aaaAAH!”

Screaming in a mixture of shock and pleasure at the sudden, almost unbearably cold dessert being so ruthlessly shoved deep within him; Geno fought the urge to close his legs and jerk away from the frozen treat his lover was now rapidly fucking into him. It was so, so cold but so good and he didn’t know what to do but lie there and pitifully moan at the dual sensations overwhelming him. He could cum like this, he knew. Reaper could keep driving that popsicle into him and it would be enough.

The god didn’t want that yet though.

Graciously giving the smaller a few more moments of pleasure, Reaper watched the icy dessert slide in and out of his lover’s cunt easily and determined that Geno was more than wet enough to take another. He stopped thrusting the treat into the other and chuckled darkly at the high, disappointed whine he received, too busy deciding what flavor to push in next to respond. What went well with
lime? Oh, lemon! Duh! Good thing he had two of those left.

Lightly slapping one of Geno’s hands away when his fingers began twitching towards the popsicle stick peeking out from his heat, Reaper sampled the sour nice cream before pressing the tip right up against where the other fruity dessert was sunken into the small, glitchy skeleton’s sex. Admittedly, he had planned all along to fit as many of the treats into his lover as he could. Before he had even tied the smaller to the table he had gotten him nice and ready for this very moment, Geno being brought to the edge of three separate orgasms during the god’s preparation alone. Still, he went slow as he wiggled the tip into his lover’s cunt; Geno’s whimper extending into a groan as the second freezing fruit pop was carefully hilted.

“A-ah~” The smaller moaned, legs shaking and hands falling to his sides to grip the sheets. “Cold...s-so— AH— so c-cold…”

“I think I can fit one more in you.” Reaper mumbled as he began fitting the second lemon flavored treat next to the other two. Placing it so that the three formed an almost pyramid, he gently coaxed it into the needy, dripping flesh. “Oh, you’re taking it in so well, Gen!”

Tears were starting to drip from Geno’s socket, the smaller overwhelmed in the best of ways. “T-too,” he gasped, arching “too m-much. Too c-cold. T-too full .”

Stopping once the stick of the third popsicle was nudging up against Geno’s sex, Reaper released the little wooden handle and selected another flavor. Cherry. Flavor number four was cherry. “Raise your hips, baby. I’m not done with you yet.”

It took a few attempts to get his shaking legs to comply but once they did, Geno moaned. *Loudly .* The movement, small as it was, was making the nice creams within him rub against his walls so, *so nicely.* “H-hah...hah....”

Sliding a firm pillow under the other and gently adjusting him so it so that he would have better access to Geno’s ass, the god carefully dragged his fingers through the mess leaking out the smaller’s cunt and trailing down his thighs; deliberately getting them wet. Happy with how slick they felt when rubbed together and spreading Geno’s cheeks, he gently began wiggling a single finger into the other’s usually unused whole.

“Easy, baby.” He cooed when Geno’s legs kicked out from where he had them thrown over his shoulders. “I know we don’t really do this, but it’s easier to fit more of those nice creams here than it is trying to get a fourth into your front. You just focus on letting that greedy pussy of yours suck up what I already gave them, okay?”


Already working a second finger inside the tight ring of muscles and spreading them wide in a scissoring motion, the taller chuckled. “You’re moaning like a whore, babe. It can’t feel *that* weird.”

He was pretty sure the look Geno shot at him was supposed to be a glare but it was a little hard to tell with the way his eye light was so blown. “Not a-ah! *Oh, s-stars!*”

“Not a whore?” Reaper filled in, removing all three of the fingers he had managed to get inside the other. “Course you’re not, Gen. That would imply that you’ve been sleeping around.” His expressed darkened, cherry popsicle held firm against the smaller’s twitching hole. “And we both know *that’s* not true. You’re mine , after all.”
‘Oh stars,’ Geno thought distantly ‘his possessive side came out.’

Any further thinking was made impossible however as the fourth sugary treat was pushed into his rarely touched ass, Geno wincing at the discomfort but easily distracted by Reaper’s free hand coming up to shift around the frozen desserts being squeezed by his quivering, wet walls. The icy intrusion in his ass felt so much stranger than the popsicles inside his cunt but the strangeness wasn’t bad once his body adjusted. There wasn’t a prostate to aim for like the taller was now doing with his g-spot—oh stars he found it—but the slick, cool feeling sliding in and out of him wasn’t terrible. It felt a little good, actually.

All too soon neither his pussy or his ass were being simulated though, Reaper stopping the pleasuring he had been doing in order to focus on getting even more into Geno. Popsicle number five was orange. Both the color and the flavor.

Knowing he had to be far more careful with Geno’s second hole, the god was sure to be tender as he slowly worked the second frozen treat inside. When Geno began squirming and whining uncomfortably, he gently hushed him and began toying with his clit in order to help him through the stretch all while offering little compliments and praises to soothe him through the intrusion. Soon enough, the orange ice pop was seated as far as it could go and he drew back to admire his work.

“Look at you,” he breathed, awed. “Stars, Gen. You’re so good for me. Just two more left to add to the fun, okay?”

“W-where?” Geno questioned through his pants, shifting in place just to feel the misused treats bob around within him. His breath hitched when that little special spot was rubbed at just perfectly and he moaned, squirming more. “A-ah, ah, ah!”

“Are you close?” Reaper questioned back, ignoring Geno’s inquiry for now. It would be a bit of a pain to have to take everything out. “Gen, answer me. Are you close?”

“Hah, hah! A-ah!” The smaller merely moaned, seemingly not even hearing him as he writhed on the bed; chasing that slowly building pressure. “Oh, o-oh, u-uh y-yes! Yes!”

“No.”

Blue magic curled around Geno’s soul and the smaller skeleton found that he could no longer move, body forced still and halting the wonderful movement from within him. Reaper’s name was barely recognizable as it fell from Geno’s mouth in a loud, desperate scream; said skeleton having been so close to completion that the denial of his orgasm actually burned. Only able to move his eye light, he turned a teary, pleading gaze to his lover but was met with an impersonal stare; cyan burning brightly in the god’s left socket.

“R-reaper, please, please” It was right there. Geno could feel himself teetering on the edge. “Stars, I...I need it, o-oh stars, oh...oh god, Reaper! P-please!”

“I hope the god you’re praying to is me.” Reaper purred, chuckling a bit. There was a reason they usually avoided that saying. “Cause I’m the only one around that gets to decide when you cum.”

“Please!”

“No yet.” The taller denied. “I said I’d let you after you finished up these popsicles. They’re definitely melting, but they’re not done yet.” Eyeing his lover and concluding that Geno was still too close to continue, he leaned over the smaller and held the sixth popsicle to his teeth. “Suck on this for now, Gen. I’ll keep going once you’ve had a moment to cool down.”
‘If I’m going to suffer,’ the smaller thought as he eyed the taller’s obvious erection ‘then I’m going to make this asshole suffer with me.’

Looking up at his lover through a teary, half lidded socket, Geno allowed his grin to fall open and let his tongue hang out of his mouth; the invitation clear even as his blush grew darker across his cheeks. Red flesh was wrapping around the delicate bones forming his neck and he secretly relished in the low groan Reaper couldn’t quite hide. They both knew that Geno was doing exactly what he did whenever the god wanted to fuck his mouth; his grin opened wide, tongue out, and throat ready all in order to accept the god’s shaft and further the taller’s own pleasure.

“I hope those popsicles never melt.” Reaper growled as he pressed the ice pop into that hot cavern, blue raspberry flavoring settling on the smaller’s tongue as the cold treat slid across it. Just to be an ass, the god made Geno take it all and pushed the icy, rounded tip of the popsicle into the other’s throat. Geno made a noise that could have been a moan or a choke—perhaps both—but obediently closed his wicked smile once all of it was in, teeth closed around the little wooden stick sticking out (heh). “You don’t deserve to cum anymore, you little shit. I know what you’re doing.”

An innocent look spread across Geno’s flushed features even as he hollowed his cheeks and sucked on the ice pop. Swallowing was difficult but not entirely impossible and he made a point to moan loudly as he did so, little popsicle stick moving slightly as he did so. The cold almost hurt—kind of like a brain freeze—but it was worth suffering through if it meant Reaper kept looking at him like that: all dark, lustful eyes and skull painted blue with a rare blush. He could see Reaper’s own sex twitch with interest at his exaggerated moan and purposely did it again just to watch the taller struggle to restrain himself.

“Mmm~” A bit of blue tinted saliva was escaping his mouth but he didn’t care, caught in a heated staring contest with the god. “Mmm~ Mm~”

“Show me your chest.” The taller demanded, sockets narrowed. His voice alone made Geno want to shiver but he couldn’t fucking move. “They embarrass you, don’t they? Your boobs? Well, this time, I don’t care. Summon them. Now.”

But Geno, still upset at his denied orgasm, refused. “Mmm-mm!”

“Geno…” Reaper warned.

“Mm!” The smaller growled the best he could while deepthroating an ice pop.

The taller skeleton growled back and flipped him, blue magic still going strong and forcing him to adjust Geno bodily since the other couldn’t do it himself. Fitting pillows around and under the smaller, he pulled away once he had him on his knees, chest supported by soft bedding and magic aiding a great deal in keeping him up. “Last chance, Genocide. Summon them.”

“Mmm!” Geno’s chest remained bare.

“Don’t choke, then. Don’t drop your popsicle either.” Was all Reaper said before his hand came down on the soft flesh of Geno’s ass.

The smaller’s shout was muffled as the sting sunk into his skin, his body unable to jerk but the force of the slap alone sending him forward a bit despite the magic meant to keep him still. The nice creams within him shifted at the movement and he found himself moaning when the next hit landed and gave him that friction he so desired.

Reaper was relentless though, and more hits fell upon his ass cheek, the already colored flesh
reaching new, darker shades of red as he took the punishment his lover dealt. The same spot was being given attention and it was starting to burn, the pain so hot and the desserts within him so cold. It was dizzying. Maddening, almost, the way so many different sensations were raking through him.

“M-mm, mm! M-Mmmm!” he moaned, saliva and tears making a mess of his skull. A harsh slap made him scream the best he could, teeth clamping down on the popsicle stick and keeping the sound muffled. “Mmmm! Mmm!”

“Does getting spanked feel good, you little slut?” Reaper questioned nastily “It’s supposed to hurt but that’s why you like it, isn’t it? Stars, you’re such a whore for pain. My whore.” he purred, dragging out the popsicles in the smaller’s ass just so he could thrust them back in alongside another hit. “Just be good for me, Gen. Be my good, little whore and we can finish up with these desserts to get to the real treat, okay? Or else I’ll never let you cum.”

Unable to think, let alone speak, Geno could do nothing but moan around his increasingly messy mouthful. There was something dripping down his thighs but he couldn’t tell if it was the nice cream or his own wetness. Probably both, if he really thought about it. He couldn’t think, though. Pleasure and pain. Hot and cold. All those contrasting sensations were drowning him in mindless satisfaction. The threatening tone in his lover’s voice was enough to cut through the cloudiness in his head; however, and he whined, magic spreading out from his summoned throat in order to form what the god wanted.

“Good boy.” Said skeleton praised gleefully once he noticed. Quickly, he started on flipping Geno onto his back again, keeping those legs wide open for his viewing and ensuring there was enough elevation under Geno’s head so he wouldn’t choke. “Such a good boy for me. Such a good slut.”

Reaper knew that Geno didn’t care all that much for his breast. The smaller skeleton never bothered to form them, disliking the size and weight of his chest and preferring his lover’s attention between his legs rather than on his boobs; but Reaper loved them. Geno’s ecto was so generous when it took that form and he loved the way the flesh added such a dramatic curve to the top end of the smaller’s cut. He wanted to trace it with his tongue but there was still one last popsicle remaining and it was melting. Fast.

Waiting until Geno shut his socket in embarrassment, the god grinned widely and reached out with the dripping, fruity dessert; a wicked gleam in his eyes. Little dots of juice dribbled off the end of the popsicle and Geno whimpered when they scattered across his warm flesh like little, icy raindrops. Eye still clenched shut and body still held still by magic, he was left helpless against and unaware of Reaper’s intentions until the frigid tip was pressed against his nipple.

“Mmm!” The smaller cried out, socket snapping open in surprise. “M-mmm! Mm!”

“Still cold?” Reaper asked teasingly, circling the nub with the frozen treat and watching as the nipple began to pebble. Mmm, he was glad the last flavor was blue raspberry as well. He liked the color painting the sensitive skin. Deciding the other nipple required his attention, he dragged a trail to the other breast and began torturing it with the treat next. “I was worried it wouldn’t be as chilly as the others with how long it’s been.”

Once both nipples were hardened and coated with syrupy flavor, he pulled the treat away in order to capture one with his mouth. Geno’s socket grew wider and his eye light guttered out at the sharp pleasure prickling his spine. The god paid both little nubs special attention, nipping one and sucking the sting away along with the sweet flavor of the popsicle while he teased the other with the icy treat until the taste was gone and his attentions switched.

“M-Mmmm! Hmm! Reaper!” Geno moaned, spitting out the popsicle stick. The nice cream was gone.
“N-not there! Not— a-ah— not there!”

“You seem to like it though, Gen.” When the smaller cried out a denial, he teased a nipple with his tongue just to hear him mewl then sank his teeth in around the flesh; a ring left indented in the flesh when he pulled away. “Who knew you were so sensitive here?”

“D-don’t bite!” The smaller yelped.

“What about nipping?” He empathized the question with a sharp little bite to a nipple which he then sucked back into his mouth to lick the sting away.

“Y-you still bit!”

Pulling his mouth away all together with a shit eating grin, Reaper shrugged. “You moaned anyways.”

His hand was becoming sticky with the popsicle; however, so he regretfully left Geno’s chest alone. Well, he kept mouth away, at least. Left free of the burden of holding nice cream, his other hand came up to cup Geno’s breast; squeezing the flesh and torturing those sensitive little nipples. While this was being done, the ice pop was dragged across Geno’s flesh with no real purpose but to trail blue all across that red skin. The popsicle was getting thinner, but it would take years for it to melt if Reaper didn’t stick it somewhere warmer soon.

Oh, he had an idea.

His magic slowly began to recede from around Geno’s form and the smaller skeleton instantly began to squirm in pleasure, the treats within him finally moving about again with the writhing and the fingers pinching his nipples insistently making him unable to sit still. Free to wiggle around as he pleased, he didn’t realize that the magic was pulling at something very special until ice wrapped around his entire everything.

“A-AH!” Geno screamed loudly, less from pleasure and more from shock. “It’s COLD! R-reaper, stop, i-its s-so cold!”

“Shh, you’re fine, baby. You’re taking to so well.”

“T-take it out! Take it out!”

“Do you really want me to?” Reaper questioned seriously.

But Geno meekly shook his head, his entire body trembling, cold, but his body so hot in contrast to the iciness enveloping him. “H-hah, hah , ah!”

Pleased, Reaper turned his attention back to the fragile little fragment of SOUL he held. Looking so small and frail within his deathly grasp, Reaper was a little afraid of breaking it. This wasn’t their first time playing around with SOUL sex but he could never fully shake his worry that he’d be too rough with the brittle SOUL-shard. Despite his fears, there was only trust echoing through the tiny thing alongside Geno’s pleasure. The little skeleton wasn’t afraid that his life—his very being—was in Death’s hands.

More than a little touched, Reaper made sure not to give the other reason to regret his faith in him and was gentle even as he pushed the popsicle further into the small shard. SOULs were a lot squisher than you’d think and the fragment grew pliant, accepting as much of the treat as Reaper could fit without a single issue.
SOULs were also sensitive though and the single thrust Reaper made into it with the treat was enough.

Back arching so widely off the bed that there was a twinge in his lumbar, Geno came. There was no warning. No high pitched moans, no shaking, nothing. There was only that terribly cold sensation that bled into pleasure sparking through him one moment and then orgasm the next.

Geno wasn’t even sure it was an orgasm though. It tore through him without mercy, igniting his nerves and stealing the smaller’s breath and voice all at once. Geno couldn’t even moan as the pleasure ripped through him. He couldn’t even see. Socket void of light, all his vision could pick up was white. All he could do was shout silently and bend to the powerful sensation; the force of it all so strong it nearly hurt.

It went on for hours. For days. For years.

‘Oh stars,’ Geno thought with what little of his mind wasn’t lost. ‘I’m dying.’

And then his world went black.

“F-fu— ah! H-hah, ah! F-fuck!”

Oh shit, he was dying. He was fucking dying. Holy hell he—

—couldn’t die.

Forcing his fingers to uncurl so that he could release Geno’s SOUL, Reaper nearly sobbed with relief when the little fragment cheerfully floated away. Fuck, he hadn’t been expecting that. He knew edging Geno would make the smaller’s orgasm a little stronger but that was not a little stronger. Had the small bit of SOUL sex amplified things? Shit, why did he start SOUL sex in the middle of their already kinky sex? He knew that he’d feel the echoes of everything Geno experienced through his contact with the smaller’s SOUL. He knew that but he had been expecting the other’s orgasm less than Geno himself had been expecting it and hadn’t been able to let go in time.

Now, he was curled up on his side; chest heaving with desperate pants and drool dribbling out of his gaping mouth. He might have been shaking but he couldn’t tell for sure with the way his pleasure was still so strong that it was actually making him feel a little numb. Stars, he wasn’t even sure he was really awake at the moment. There was cum soaking into his robe though that was starting to feel a little weird so he was pretty sure he wasn’t dreaming. A small, distressed whimper caught his attention though and he decided that, dream or not, he should check on his lover.

Groaning, he somehow managed to push himself onto shaking knees and blearily looked over the smaller skeleton.

“Shit,” he moaned, albeit a little tiredly. “you look wrecked, Gen.”

Passed out as he was, Geno didn’t answer. Had he been awake; however, Reaper still wasn’t sure the smaller would have been able to respond.

Geno was trembling in his unconscious state, his arms at his sides and legs still spread simply because they had fallen limp that way. His socket was closed but there were little tears still sluggishly dripping down his skull and a bright blush burnt into his face. The smaller’s tongue wasn’t hanging out, but his teeth were parted with the heavy breaths that shook his breast and drool was making a
mess of his chin.

Sticky, blue popsicle juice stained his chest and abdomen in a way that made Reaper whine in distress because he had *just* cum but Geno looked like he was wearing said cum and it kind of turned him on. The weak stirring in his pelvis only grew stronger as his gaze slid down to Geno’s spread thighs were an absolute *disaster* sat; release dripping down the smaller’s sex and staining the sheets alongside various colors of flavored juice. Five little, innocent looking popsicle sticks were stuck to the bedding, having long since melted and fallen without nice cream for Geno to clamp onto to hold their place.

Overall, the other was shaking, sticky, and utterly spent. Reaper couldn’t even find it in himself to be upset that the popsicle he had stuck into Geno’s SOUL wasn’t quite finished off or that the other had reached orgasm without his say so because his little lover looked so *good* like this. Maybe a little too good, he thought when his magic gave a weak little attempt at forming.

Forcing his body to settle down for now, he tiredly began stripping himself of his robe. It was already dirtied by his own essence so he didn’t hesitate to use it to wipe his slumbering lover down. When the dark material began sticking to Geno’s flesh, he groaned. Bed would have to wait until after a bath it seemed. Geno would only get sticker if he pushed it off so it was best to wash him now.

Throwing his robe somewhere off to the side and reaching down to grab his sated lover, Reaper shivered a bit when the smaller skeleton sleepily cuddled into the hold, unconsciously seeking his warmth. He glanced down a bit as he began lazily floating over to the section of furniture acting as his boyfriend’s bathroom but accidentally got an eyeful of those ample breast instead of Geno’s face; his bite mark still clear around a nipple.

Magic sparking with interest, he smirked.

They both definitely needed a long nap first but maybe, just maybe, Geno would be willing to go again. He didn’t have anymore nice cream but...

Well, let’s just say that while it wasn’t quite blue raspberry…

...there was still another *nice* blue ‘cream’ he was willing to share.

Chapter End Notes

Who let me write this? It takes me forever to write up chapters and someone let me spend what little free time I had these last two days typing up kinky shit.

Please do not be like Reaper and misuse your ice cream, folks.

Just a reminder: Blue is a safeword that Reaper and Geno use that stops all sex instantly and the two discuss what goes on from there. Red will slow things down. If Geno can’t speak for whatever reason, he uses blue magic to physically stop Reaper.
Gender-Swapped

Chapter Summary

In which what was meant to be a funny chapter somehow turned into feels.

Chapter Notes

Takes place once Geno and Reaper are established but before the events of Date

WARNING: Sex is talked about and heavily implied in this chapter. I'm not marking it as NSFW because I don't feel like it needs the warning, but I'm still letting people know in case anyone is uncomfortable.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Aw,” Reaper pouted, disappointed “they’re not as big as yours.”

“Please,” Geno begged as he covered his eye “please put your clothes back on, Reaper.”

“But I’m not done looking!” The god protested.

“Then go home and look at yourself there!”

Crossing his arms—Ooo, that pushed them up—Reaper sulked. “I like being here though, Gen. Besides, you’ve seen me naked before. What’s so different now?”

That asshole! “You know what’s different!”

A skeleton's biological sex was literally non-existent. Oh humans may have methods of identifying whether or not a skeleton was male or female, but those only really worked on their own skeletons. Skeleton monsters? Yeah, those were more than a little wonky structural wise.

He wasn’t going to get into the complexities of identifying the physical gender of a skeleton though. That process wasn’t all that important. What was important was the fact that skeleton’s didn’t technically have a biological gender.

Due to this, the concept of gender itself was pretty hand wavy.

You see, when you had the ability to pick and choose just what you wanted between your legs, things got...interesting, to say the least.

Geno had always felt male. How did that feel? Well, he couldn’t really explain it to you even if he tried.

His favorite color was pink and he didn’t really mind wearing skirts or dresses, yet he didn’t like being called a girl. Monsters and humans alike had difficulties in guessing his gender unless he spoke —his voice was pretty deep, after all—so there had been plenty of occasions where someone had
simply guessed and ended up calling him ‘miss’ or ‘ma’am’ by mistake. It wasn’t meant to be offensive, he knew, but it irritated him. Upset him, really. Reaper had to learn this the hard way when he once teasingly referred to Geno as his ‘good girl’ when the smaller was—well, when Geno was on his knees, okay? He had been far from pleased and his taller lover almost had his dick bitten off in sheer spite.

Geno did have to admit that he didn’t make it easy on people when it came to figuring out what he was though. He hated being called a girl, yet he actually preferred a female form when it came to summoning an ecto body. He didn’t really like his breast all that much, but he usually chose to have a feminine sex between his legs rather than a masculine one. It made wearing shorts a lot easier, that’s for sure. There was so much less of a struggle to find out where all the hanging bits were supposed to go, even if he didn’t usually use his ecto outside of sex and have to worry about that to begin with.

Oh, sex -sex, as in the fun kind, was another topic that made gender and what you formed a little weird. Reaper had fucked him while they both had male bits formed before and it had felt wonderful, but Geno still enjoyed his female form so much more. Admittedly, he could be a little impatient and got kind of fussy with all the prep work his lover had to do in order to get him ready. Who wanted to wait around for lube when your body could produce its own slickness? Certainly not him, that’s for sure.

So...yeah, that was it. Despite the body he liked to have and some of his other preferences, Geno was still male, in the end. Not everyone got it but no else had to get it. No one could tell Geno whether or not he was a man or a woman and what he had formed underneath his clothes wasn’t anyone’s business but his own. And Reaper’s, sometimes.

Ah, yes. Reaper. The asshole. He was why Geno was even thinking about this to begin with. Whereas Geno liked having a female sex but wouldn’t always object to taking a male one, Reaper only ever summoned his male form. Like Geno, the god was firm on the fact that he was a man. Unlike Geno, he preferred having the matching parts. Usually this worked out just fine for both of them—Geno didn’t like topping, it was too much effort—but the god had gotten... curious today.

Which brought them to where they were now:

“Geno~” Reaper purred, hugging him from behind. The smaller skeleton flushed at the feel of something soft pressing against his back. “C’mon, babe. Uncover your eye! I want to know if you think my boobs are too small!”

“Put them away you...you sexual deviant!” Geno snapped as he stood stiffly.

“Don’t you like me like this?” His taller lover whined. Shit, was he actually upset or was he just playing it up? It was hard to tell with his eye covered. “I just want to know if you think I’m hot like this too.”

“What does it matter?” He mumbled, embarrassed. “I like you, dumbass. Not whatever body you have. It’s not like you usually bother with ecto anyways.”

“Which is why I want your opinion! Come on, Gen. I never form this stuff, even when I’m using my dick. Tell me if I look good.” The arms around him left and he heard Reaper’s bare feet clicking against the ground. Assuming he was in front of the full length mirror he had dragged in, the god was probably looking at his reflection again. “I think I like your body better. I’m all... thin. Like I need to eat a burger. Or six.” A pause and then, hesitantly, “…I thought I’d look sexier.”

Wait.
What?

That was...that wasn’t a tone of voice he was use to. Not from Reaper, at least. His boyfriend sounded so... small. Unsure.

He didn’t like it.

Stars, he was going to have to look, wasn’t he?

“Let...let me see.” Geno demanded before slowly lowering the hand from his eye. “Turn around.”

Giving himself one more unsatisfied once over, Reaper did as his boyfriend demanded and turned to face him, a slight frown on his face. “Well?”

Swallowing the embarrassed squeak that wanted to leap out his mouth, Geno took a moment to...examine? Look over? How did one phrase staring at your boyfriend’s naked body without it sounding perverse in some way? You know what? Fuck it. He was checking Reaper out, okay?

It was...weird. Definitely weird. Reaper liked running his hands all over Geno’s body but he had never seen the taller’s own naked, fleshy form. Whenever Geno imagined it (shut up, okay? Just... shut up). His boyfriend worked long hours and he had needs okay?! Okay.) he had always pictured something much more masculine so it was actually kind of throwing him off that Reaper had gone with a female form. It was weird, he couldn’t empathize that enough, but it...it wasn’t bad.

Reaper’s flesh was such a pretty blue. Cyan, just like his magic. Black looked wonderful on the god but Geno couldn’t help but like this bright hue on him just a little bit more. It really complimented the ivory of his bone. Oh, but he was supposed to be paying attention to what Reaper formed. Not the color...even if it was just so lovely (he was starting to wonder why he ever liked pink. Cyan was so much nicer).

Oh, the color darkened around his nipples though, Geno absently acknowledged. Then the realization of where he was looking at sunk in and he had to viciously beat down the heat trying to creep onto his cheeks. Stars, he was staring at his boyfriend’s boobs like a pervert!

…

…

…

...he was still staring at them like a pervert.

It’s just...he didn’t like his breast but Reaper’s were...they were nice. Like the god had said, they were definitely smaller than Geno’s own but he liked that. He could probably fit each breast in his hands perfectly and, well, he had pretty small hands. Oh, and they were so perky! Geno’s...weren’t. They were too damn heavy. And he wasn’t an idiot, okay? He knew that, when it came down to it, a lot of people liked big breast. Hell, Reaper liked big breast but Geno? He didn't like his size and found himself really liking his lover’s smaller chest.

...he should probably look away from it though.

Tearing his eyes away from the god’s breast (why was it so hard to look away?!), Geno turned his attention to the rest of his boyfriend’s body. Thankfully, his legs were closed because the smaller really didn’t know how he’d handle seeing that.
Reaper wasn’t as curvy as he might have assumed the other skeleton would be but he had to admit that the taller had really nice legs. Not really muscular, but long. How did they look like that? Sure he liked calling his boyfriend a tall bastard but Reaper wasn’t actually that tall, yet those legs looked like they went on for days. He’d probably look great in heels (what the hell was he thinking?!).

Actually, the god kind of looked like a beanpole, he realized upon taking his form in as a whole. Again, he wasn’t super tall but his stomach was so flat and his arms so thin that he did look a little lanky. A little awkward, almost, like an adult that never quite made it to puberty. In the reflection of the mirror there was subtle curve of a small bum and Geno’s lips twitched with the urge to smile. He would have thought Reaper’s feminine form to be this bombshell beauty, but.…

“You look so cute.” he breathed a little dreamily. Distractedly, really, with how caught up he was in his staring. “Like a little baby deer, almost. Oh my stars, you’re Bambi.”

Surprisingly, Reaper blushed. “W-wait, what? Gen, that’s not—I didn’t want to be cute! I’m not cute! This stupid form is all...I look like a teenage boy with little lumps on his chest! This is suppose to be a sexy, womanly body. Not...not this.” he gestured to himself, turning to glare at his own reflection. “I wanted bigger boobs, damnit.”

“I like how you look.” Geno protested, frowning. “You look really endearing! Cute, no matter what you say. And you don’t look like a boy! Well,” he faltered “you are a boy. But this form doesn’t look like one! It’s maybe not as...filled out...as you wanted it to be, but I think it looks good. S-sexy even.” And then, just because he had to, he added, shyly, “…I like your boobs, too.”

“They’re small.” Reaper complained.

Geno scowled at him. “They’re perfect. You’re perfect, dumbass.”

“I don’t look anything like all those magazines say I should.”

“Who cares? You look like how you’re meant to look like! That’s more than good enough.”

Reaper’s frown twitched before it deepened. “Wouldn’t you like it better if I had bigger boobs or a rounder ass? Or if I wasn’t so thin? I’m a toothpick, Gen. A toothpick.”

He was actually a little upset that Reaper couldn’t seem to see just how great he really looked. “What do I care about those things? I...I like this body because it’s yours, Reaps. It could look like anything and I’d still love it. You make it beautiful, honey.”

“So you’d like it even if my stomach wasn’t so flat? Even if I was kind of chubby?”

“Yes.” He confirmed, nodding firmly.

“You’d like it if my thighs were thick?”

“Yes!”

“Even if I was short and that stomach and those thighs stuck out a little more because of it?”

“Yes, Reaper!” How many times did he have to say it?

“Then,” Reaper continued, voice softening and frown curving upwards. “why don’t you like those very same things on yourself?”

Picking up his robe from where he had let it drop to the floor and wrapping it around himself, Reaper stalked up to the smaller, stunned skeleton with a knowing glint in his eyes; and a understanding smile on his teeth. “I know you’ve been feeling bad about yourself lately, babe. Ever since I accidentally got you the wrong size when I went shopping last, actually.”

Oh, he was talking about that.

Reaper had spent some free time after a reaping in a nearby clothing store about a week ago. There had been some sort of sale being advertised that had caught his attention with a bunch of bright, neon signs. Having looked through what they had, the god had eventually stumbled over an outfit he thought Geno would like. It was simple, really. Just a cute pair of short, high waisted shorts with little stars on the rolled up hems and a red t-shirt with the NASA logo printed on it. Before he could grab the clothes though, he had been distracted by a woman walking by who was seconds away from Death. Stopping to do his duty, he quickly picked out a copy of the shirt and shorts and left in a hurry to avoid the chaos that usually followed him doing his job. In his hurry; however, he had failed to notice that the sizes of the outfit didn’t match up to what the hanger said.

After taking one look at the, admittedly cute, clothing, Geno had known it would look a lot better on him if his body was summoned. Kissing Reaper on the cheek in thanks, he had taken the shirt and shorts behind a tall wardrobe he liked to use to change behind when the perverse god was around only to find that the shirt hugged him too tightly and that the shorts wouldn’t close no matter how much he tried to suck in some of his stomach.

It had been mortifying. Logically he knew that skeleton bodies didn’t just expand outside of certain circumstances but, at the moment, he had felt fat. Embarrassed that he couldn’t fit into the outfit his boyfriend had gotten him.

His body issues weren’t new but they had definitely been a little worse since then. A little fooling around a day or so had even been about to lead into sex until he remembered that his stomach usually ended up being formed alongside his, well, sex and his mood had been ruined.

Honestly, he was hoping Reaper hadn’t noticed.

What an attentive asshole.

“Gen…” Reaper murmured, breaking the silence between them. “You just said all these nice things about my skinny ass. Even when I brought up looking like you, you said such nice things. Why is it that you’d like the way you look if it were me, but you don’t like it when it’s you? Why is your body only beautiful when it isn’t yours?”

“It’s..i-it’s different.” He argued weakly.

Reaper shook his head. “I don’t think it is, Gen. The moment I started saying some of the things I know you think about yourself, you jumped to my defense. You said I was cute when I said I wasn’t. You said I was sexy when I said I wasn’t. When I said I didn’t look like the pictures on all those magazines, you said ‘who cares’ and told me I was perfect. I asked if you’d like it if I was a little chubby and my thighs were thick and you said—”

“—Yes.” Geno interrupted in a whisper. “It’s is different though, Reaper.”

“Why?” The god questioned, matching his whisper as his arms came around him. “Why is it so hard to like those things about yourself, Gen? To fight away your own worries like you tried to do with mine?”
“I...I don’t know.” He admitted. “I don’t know, okay? I know it doesn’t make sense! If...if it were you I’d love it. There isn’t a doubt in my mind that I wouldn’t. But me? When it’s my body? It...it just doesn’t look good. It feels ugly instead of beautiful. And that’s without all my wounds!”

“How could you ever think you’re ugly?” Reaper asked, astonished.

Geno merely looked away. “How can you think I’m not? I know you don’t like that I don’t like the way I look, Reaper. I...I didn’t like it when I thought you didn’t think you amazing. But I can’t help it. I just...don’t see any beauty when it’s supposedly my beauty.”

“Then let me show you what I see.” His lover pleaded. “Gen, let me...let me show you how beautiful you are. Let me make you feel it.”

“You can certainly try.” He agreed, voice hush and his hands slid into Reaper’s robe. Beneath his fingers, the flesh was changing to the form his lover preferred as the god began pushing him backwards towards the bed. “I can’t make any promises it’ll work but,” moaning quietly when Reaper dipped down to lick at his neck, he shakily continued “b-but you can, Reaper.”

“If it doesn’t work this time, then I’ll just have to keep trying until you believe me. Until you see what I see.” Reaper growled into his neck as he eased him backwards onto the bed.

Whatever response Geno could have had was forgotten in the aftermath of the burning kiss he was drawn into. As hands began creeping up his shirt and into his shorts and his magic was coaxed to form, Geno couldn’t help the shivers that raked down his spine, nor the way he arched and moaned at the feel of fingers rubbing against his heat.

His insecurity couldn’t be fixed in a single day but, as another moan was swallowed, he decided that maybe that wasn’t so bad. Not when he had Reaper to help him through his—

“Oh, stars!”

—problems.

Chapter End Notes

And then Reaper dragged that mirror over and made Geno watch himself come undone over and over and over again. The end.

This was supposed to be funny. This was meant to be Geno realizing he really liked looking at his boyfriend’s rare, naked fleshy body and Reaper enacting some sexy times after a little teasing. This was NOT MEANT TO BE A CHAPTER ABOUT BODY ISSUES!

Body issues are stupid and don't make sense but that doesn't mean they're not valid concerns and easy to get rid of, by the way (yes I'm venting). Also, describing skeleton gender was hard and I'm never doing it again.

ALSO: A chapter was posted like four hours ago. It was nearly at midnight; however, so I'm mentioning it now in case it was too late for people to see it before THIS chapter was posted and the update date...updated?? You get what I mean. If you want to check out some kinky misuse of ice cream, read the chapter before this one!
In a Different Clothing Style

Chapter Summary

In which Reaper goes pastel and Geno wears a dress

Chapter Notes

This takes place closer to Cuddling. Geno is still new to being able to leave the save screen and is still nervous about going places.

Geno was in trouble.

You see, Reaper liked to take him shopping. Well, the god liked to buy him things in general and, before you could ask, yes, Geno was aware of the fact that saying that sounded a little Sugar Daddy-esque. No one needed to point that out to him, okay? Reaper himself was always more than happy to make sure he didn’t forget.

His boyfriend’s delight in spoiling him aside, there was actually a good reason as to why the god enjoyed taking him shopping so much.

The thing was...Geno didn’t like leaving his save screen. At all. Apparently, dying in a seemly endless cycle of genocides in which everyone you ever cared for was murdered before your eyes could leave a few lasting side effects; such as a major distrust (distrust, not fear!) of people you didn’t know. Tack on a few years (years? It was years right? Or was it months? Days…?) of isolation in a dark void with literally nothing else to be seen for miles but a tiny patch of grass and light and, well, you kind of had a recipe for disaster. Who knew trauma and isolation went so poorly together?

Geno didn’t like leaving his home because of everything but he liked feeling afraid of the outside world even less. Reaching the surface had been every monster’s dream at some point in their life and Geno hadn’t been excluded from that. He...he remembered being little more than a babybones and tracing the glossy, stained pages of the astronomy book that had been dug out from a pile of trash in the dump. All those constellations and planets and stars had left him stunned and night after night he would make a vow that he’d get to see them in person one day. The responsibility of being an older brother and the hopelessness of the genocides had crushed that dream but, deep down, it was something he never quite forgot.

Then Reaper came along and that dream had been fulfilled. He saw that big, beautiful, and kind of overwhelming star filled sky and had been so happy he cried. It should have been the happiest day of his life, right?

It wasn’t.

Seeing the stars had been his dream. The night sky was all he had ever wanted out of the surface world and he would have been fine leaving it at that...
...but Papyrus had wanted to see everything the world had to offer.

Sans Geno got to see his dream come true but his scarf had been a heavy weight around his neck as he watched the stars twinkled above him. Oh, Papyrus would have been so happy for him but...but what about his own dream? What about Paps? There were hundreds of Papyruses that got to reach their goals but his Papyrus? His baby brother? He had never been able to achieve his own dreams because Geno had failed him and he was...he was gone. Forever.

So Geno had to do it. With his little brother’s scarf around his neck, he had to see and experience as much as he could throughout the multiverse in order to make up for the fact that his Paps would never even get to see the sun. It was the least Geno could do to honor his brother.

In order to do that; however, Geno had to get use to being outside his save screen. Reaper was trying his best to get him adjusted to being able to leave but a large hurdle they had to work around was the fact that Geno was so uncomfortable around strangers. This is where shopping came into play.

Shopping was a way of killing two birds with one stone because it not only coaxed Geno out of his home and to new environments where people would be walking about, but it also provided Geno a distraction from those things; and it helped. Having something else but his own anxiety to focus on made ignoring his uneasiness a little easier. His hands would still shake and he’d still walk a little too close to Reaper but, eventually, something interesting would catch his eye and he’d be able to just...forget about everything for awhile. It was nice.

Between the two of them, Reaper was the one with the most knowledge about the multiverse. His work took him nearly everywhere and he had an almost scary ability to remember most of the places he’d been, which meant that he was usually the one picking where they went. The god had made mistakes before but, for the most part, he was really good at choosing where to take him. Little monster run bakeries on human free worlds, ancient book shops owned by surprisingly kindly humans, and even a clothing store that was specifically designed for skeleton monsters were all examples of some of the places his boyfriend had taken him. Geno didn’t always make it through the entire shopping trip without incident—he had terrible luck—but he usually had a pretty decent experience whenever the taller skeleton whisked him off somewhere.

What a loving, attentive asshole.

A large part of what usually made it so much easier for Geno to relax during these shopping trips was the fact that he had the god there with him, though. Being with Reaper made him feel safe and, well, shopping with Reaper was always fun. For someone who practically wore a black smock everyday, he had an annoyingly great taste in clothing. Was Geno stuck trying to decide between the red t-shirt or the white one? It doesn’t even matter because here comes Reaper waltzing in with eight different outfits that he somehow likes better than the two he was holding. Was that a jumper with hot dogs on it? No, Geno couldn’t get that. He was an adult! Fast forward to when he’s putting away his new things though, and BAM: there’s the sweater all neatly folded up in a bag with matching slippers.

Reaper just...knew what he liked. Apparently the asshole actually listened to him whenever he went on tangents about his interest and applied that knowledge in order to help him find clothes that he’d be interested in wearing. None of those trashy MTT soap operas had ever prepared him for a good boyfriend who was invested in the things he enjoyed. Damn Reaper for not only meeting but exceeding all of his standards. What a jerk.

What kind of annoyed Geno about the god’s ability to pick out nice clothes was the fact that he never used it for himself! Geno had a closet full of clothes he was almost too afraid to wear since he didn’t want to ruin them with his blood but Reaper? Reaper had about six separate outfits that weren’t
robes. Four of them were sweats though! And all of them were black!

Geno was all for comfy clothes but...but...

...Okay. This was the embarrassing part.

While Reaper was always able to find things Geno liked, the god also had the annoying ability to somehow coax him into things he normally wouldn’t have touched with a ten foot pole. The shortest skirt Geno had ever seen? Kinky maid outfit? Those were only the tame examples.

But Geno wanted to see Reaper all dressed up, dammit!

Why did the god get to fill his wardrobe with cute and kinky shit alike but Geno couldn’t even get his lover to try a different shade of black?! It was unfair!

So, like the rash idiot he could be, he had made a deal with the asshole. If Geno could pick out an outfit for the god to wear during their next date, then he’d wear anything Reaper picked out for him on the date too. Even if it was something he previously refused like the lingerie his boyfriend kept trying to convince him to wear under his clothes.

Of course the horrible, perverse prick had agreed and Geno was now trying really hard not to think about what he was wearing but his own clothes actually weren’t the problem. No, it was what he had gotten for Reaper to wear that was messing with him.

First of all, Reaper wasn’t wearing even the tiniest bit of black. Hell, he wasn’t even wearing a single dark color. The closest to his usual shadowy color scheme that his boyfriend got was the lavender long sleeved, collared shirt he wore and that was still as far away from dark as you could get. Over that shirt he wore a baggy, oversized sweater that looked so warm and comfortable and even managed to fall pass his phalanges. Sweater paws, folks. Reaper had sweater paws. Being as large as it was, the sweater was also hanging off of one of his shoulders, allowing that lavender button down shirt that was already peeking out from under with it’s collar to show even more of its color.

Instead of going with something neutral to compliment the shirt, Geno had decided to go with a sweater that looked like someone had water colored across the would-be white fabric with powder blue, cotton candy pink, and periwinkle purple.

He hadn’t been sure what to pair with the shirt and sweater at first until he had stumbled upon what seemed like the perfect pair of jeans for the outfit. He was hesitant to call them teal because they weren’t quite that dark. They were light. Almost more of a pastel mint green than a teal if he really thought about it. Either way, they were close to skinny jeans as a skeleton could get when wearing clothing not all that suited for them.

What should have been the end of the outfit was a pair of simple, bubble gum pink shoes but Geno had come across a fake flower crown that matched those jeans perfectly and hadn’t been able to resist adding it to the pile of clothes. Now, that very same crown was wrapped around Reaper’s cranium and...

...the asshole looked cute!

All those colors somehow looked good on him! Geno had been expecting all those blues and purples and pinks and greens to mash horribly together but they didn’t and Reaper looked amazing. He looked...he looked so soft and sweet in those light, pastel hues of color and with those adorable sweater paws. Geno didn’t really care for flowers but that flower crown? It made his boyfriend look angelic.
Geno was in trouble.

How did he deal with this?!

Reaper was in trouble.

You see, he liked to take his adorable little boyfriend shopping. Actually, he kind of just liked buying stuff for the smaller skeleton in general. Geno was like his Sugar Baby! Said skeleton usually used him for target practice whenever he said that but it was hard to overlook the fact that Reaper did spoil him rotten with a lot of things (he had gotten Geno to call him daddy, once. It had been weird and they never tried it again).

To be fair, Reaper did have quite a bit of money but no real interest in spending it on himself. He liked coffee a lot and all but even he couldn’t spend that much on the caffeinated drinks. Hell, he wasn’t even sure where the money came from! Did Asgore pay him for doing his job? Did he magically inherit a victim’s wealth if they had no one to pass it onto? Don’t ask him for a straight answer because he really had no idea. It was just...there! But he was a god, damnit! What real use did he have for cash?

Geno, on the other hand, had nothing and Reaper...really didn’t like it that his boyfriend didn’t have anything but the clothes on his back to his name. In his extremely biased opinion, Geno deserved the world and Reaper? Reaper liked being able to get him whatever he could. A bed to sleep on so the smaller didn’t have to curl up on the floor? Books to give him something to do? What did he care how costly those things could be when it meant that his lover was well taken care of? Geno’s happiness was worth more than all the gold in all the worlds combined.

Besides, Geno deserved a little spoiling. Money didn’t buy happiness—and it couldn’t replace a dusted sibling—but it could be used to buy a telescope and that had brought the brightest smile Reaper had ever seen to his small lover’s face.

Shopping was just a win-win situation, in the end. It gave Reaper an excuse to keep buying his boyfriend things but it also acted as a way to get Geno use to the outside world. Geno had issues, you see, and one of those issues just so happened to be a bit of agoraphobia. They were trying to work through it though, and shopping was a pretty decent way of convincing the smaller to leave his house. They could have fun together and Geno could slowly adjust to being outside the save screen and around strangers. Yay!

As much as he liked dressing up Geno; however, he couldn’t say the he wasn’t surprised when Geno had grumpily proposed a deal in which the other would get to dress him up.

Honestly, he had been a little hesitant. He liked his loose robes and the baggy sweats he wore when he couldn’t wear his usual cloaks around. What he had on now was far from either of those two things, but his outfit wasn’t all that important right now. That deal had been way too good to pass up. Geno was going to let him put the smaller skeleton into some pretty risque things.

Admittedly, he had originally planned to go for something super sexy. There was this little set of lingerie he knew would look amazing on his lover. Sure the outfits were supposed to be worn on their next date, but Geno could cover the sexy little undergarments with clothes! Mmm, and then they’d walk around somewhere and do something fun but Reaper would know what was hidden
beneath whatever Geno wore and…

...and Reaper would probably have to hide a boner the entire time.

Not fun.

Instead of something sexy, he decided on something he had thought would have been kind of funny instead.

Bright white like freshly fallen snow was a simple petticoat that fell to Geno’s knees where it then flared out dramatically; almost like a tutu. At first glance the petticoat wasn’t all that special; however, upon closer inspection, one would take notice of the delicate trim circling it’s hem with pretty, red lace that gave it a finer appearance.

Worn over the petticoat was a lovely dress with a layered skirt that ended a handful of inches above the undergarment so that the white, frilly fabric and lace trim could show. The dress itself contrasted with the bright garment with its dark color; a black as deep as the material of Reaper’s own robes with sleeves that flared from Geno’s elbows and a high collar held shut by a simple button hidden behind the bow of a bright, silky red ribbon.

Wrapped around Geno’s waist was a...well, Reaper didn’t really know what it was. It was almost like the smaller skeleton was wearing an apron backwards or as if Geno had on a shorter skirt over the dress with a triangle-like piece of the front cut off. Whatever it was, it was pretty; white and frilly as it covered most of the skirt’s back and sides while letting the black material in the front show.

Circling Geno’s waist where that white garment began was the smaller skeleton’s scarf, worn in place of a waist belt or corset and tied in a large, trailing bow at his back. Reaper had known Geno would probably find some way to fit his scarf into the outfit and, in preparation of this, had chosen a short cape to wrap around the smaller’s shoulders that was in a perfectly matching shade of red. Opposite of the petticoat, the short cape was lined with white lace and clasped shut just under Geno’s neck with a cutesy little skull pin.

You can bet your ass that there was more to the outfit though, because Reaper had cheated and hadn’t gotten everything during their last shopping trip like Geno did for his clothes. No, he had gone to another world after work one day to return to this specialty store where the clothing was actually meant for skeletons! As loose and frilly as the outfit was, Geno could get away with wearing it without his ecto formed. He was doing so now and Reaper was glad for his decision in going back to that shop because that just meant the money he invested in the cute black lace thigh highs that disappeared into Geno’s little heeled ankle boots was well worth it. They were specifically designed for boney skeleton legs and fit his lover perfectly.

He’s so glad he bought eight pairs.

After those stockings and the shoes, all that remained to complete the outfit was a beautiful little crown that had a been a bitch to get to Geno without killing. Made up of lovely flowers woven together—and begrudgingly grown black—by Life, the flower crown sat curled around Geno’s cranium.

Honestly, Reaper had thought it would be funny to see the usually so grumpy skeleton in something so frilly and cutesy; but he was wrong. He was so, so wrong.

All dressed up in layers of black and white and red with a crown of flowers on his head and his bloodstain barely showing through, Geno looked like a dainty little doll. Looking all small and pretty, Geno seemed like he should be sitting on a velvet cushion in a display case or on a shelf
among precious glass figurines. Even with the glitch over his eye, Geno simply looked...perfect. Almost unreal.

Reaper was in trouble.

How did he deal with this?!

Fuzzy ear twitching at the sound of the little bell above the door ringing, Cheryl, owner of Cheryl Barrel’s Bakery, looked up from where she was restocking some muffins and smiled as she greeted the new cust...o...mers…?

Huh.

Cheryl couldn’t ever say she had met a lot of skeletons before, she had only ever seen one, but she was pretty sure most didn’t go around dressed as oddly as the ones in her shop were.

The taller skeleton with the creepy eyes was a mess of color whereas the smaller one trying to hide behind him with a nervous expression on his face was just decked out in layers and frills. Neither of the two looked bad or anything but they definitely weren’t dressed in clothes that anyone ‘round these parts were usually seen wearing. Visitors from out of town maybe? Oh! She was being rude by staring, wasn’t she? Oh no, the smaller one was looking wary now! Quick, Cheryl! Say something!

“I like your flower crowns, dears.” Well, great. Now the smaller one was blushing and looked ready to bolt. “Would you two like a table or are ya just lookin’ for somethin’ to go?”

“Table.” The taller, colorful one decided. The more she looked at him, the more he seemed familiar. He wasn’t related to that one gothy guy that nearly cleared her out of coffee, was he? Oh she hoped not. She was pretty sure that customer was in a cult what with the hooded cloak he had worn. “Do we just pick one?”

“Yep! You go on ahead and pick any seat you like! I’ll come around with a list of what we have to offer just after I finish with these muffins.”

The taller skeleton nodded before leading his shy friend to a table near one of the windows. She didn’t think his friend seemed all that pleased about his choice but, well, what did she know? Cheryl had just met the two and didn’t even know their—

“Reaper,” the smaller hissed. Oh my, that was man? “you know I don’t like window seats. E-everyone who walks by is going to look at us!”

“C’mon, Gen! You look so pretty I just have to show you off!”

—names.

Eavesdropping was rude though, she reminded herself as she focused on the muffins, quickly finishing her small task before heading over to see what they’d like to try. Ordering took a few minutes due to the amount of coffee the taller one—Reaper—wanted and the good deal of stuttering the smaller one—Gen—had done (poor thing, did he have anxiety?) but soon enough she was scurrying away to fetch what they wanted. Thankfully everything was in stock and the coffees were easy to make. In less than ten minutes the two customers were digging into their sweets and she was…
...okay, she was listening in on their conversation. There wasn’t anyone else in the shop though and her ears were big! You couldn’t blame her for overhearing a few things!

“Why all the colors?” The ta- Reaper asked.

Gen looked like he was pouting. Huh, she didn’t know skeletons could pout. “Why all the frills?”

“I thought it would be funny!”

“...Yeah, me too.”

She couldn’t tell for sure what with those blank sockets (looking at them made her...afraid? They kind of gave her a chill. Like...like she was looking into the eyes of something inevitable) but she thought that Reaper might have been...checking out the other? “Turns out I was wrong though, Gen. You look so sexy in that outfit that I just want to, well,” Was...was he looking at her? “you know.”

“Pervert!” Gen whispered. Poor dear, he didn’t seem to realize that even whispering could be loud in an empty bakery.

“I’m just being truthful! You look good, baby.”

“I hate you…” Aw, even Cheryl could tell Gen didn’t mean that. “Why did I make that stupid deal?”

Reaper smirked. What a chilling expression. “Because you wanted to see me all dressed up. How do I look, by the way? You haven’t said.”

Oooh, Gen looked like a tomato. “You look hideous.”

“Aw, not hot?”

“Hideous.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“You’re so disgusting that my socket melted.” W-what?

“Babe, your socket melted before we ever met.” WHAT?!

“Shut up.” Gen grumbled, crossing his arms and looking away. A few seconds later; however, that strange little glowing pupil in his eye glanced back at the grinning skeleton across from him. “...You may look kind of...kind of cute.”

Oh! Reaper blushed blue! “...you actually look really cute too, Gen. I mean,” there was that creepy smirk again “I do think you’re sexy, but that’s a you thing. That outfit though? It’s...really endearing on you.” Aww! “You’re really pretty, honey.”

Gen looked so flustered she kind of wanted to offer him something cold. Lemonade, maybe? “…You look nice in lighter colors.” Awww! “Cuter than the god of death should be allowed to be.” Awwww- wait, the what of what?!

Reaper—the what of WHAT—chuckled, face still a little blue. “I’m not used to you calling me cute. I kind of like it.”

Normally, she would have cooed over the sight the two made. Even as oddly dressed as they were, they seemed cute together with the way they kept stealing glances at one another and exchanging flustered smiles. It was adorable, really.
But she was a little distracted.

She had the god of WHAT in her bakery?!

Chapter End Notes

Doing Their Morning Ritual (Part 6 of Date)

Chapter Summary

In which the author is excited because this is Part 6/? of Date but Part 1/3 of a special, unnamed event.

Chapter Notes

Yet another Date chapter! Which really just means that it takes place after Geno gets engaged and shares that he’s pregnant.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wake up, asshole! Wake up, asshole!

Wake up, asshole! Wake up, asshole!

Wake up, asshole! Wake up, assho-

Finally managing to shut off his alarm, Reaper let his hold on his phone slacken and happily ignored the little thud it made as it landed somewhere on the floor in favor of rolling over and settling back into bed. It was a little chilly in the room so he reached out for his little lover in hopes of leeching off some of the smaller’s natural warmth. Tired as he was however, it took more than a few minutes of blindly fondling the bedding before he realized that Geno’s side of the bed was cold and that the smaller was gone.

“Geno…” He whined, rolling onto his lover’s side of the bed with a pitiful look on his face. When the smaller didn’t magically appear, he yawned sleepily and kept rolling until he tumbled off the side of the bed.

Instead of crashing onto the hardwood flooring of his bedroom, Reaper found himself flopping face first onto the soft, worn cushions of the living room sofa thanks to a last-second shortcut.

“I hate it when you do that.”

“Morning, honey.” He mumbled, face buried in the couch.

Although he couldn’t see the smaller skeleton, he was pretty sure Geno was rolling his eye at him. Despite this, the smaller’s voice was fond as he returned his greeting. “Morning, Reaps. Coffee?”

The familiar sound of a mug clinking against the coffee table as it was set down made him smile. “I didn’t say yes.”

“Yeah, but you never say no.”

“I’m going to say no one day just to throw you off.”
“Guess I’ll get two coffees that day then.”

The promise of coffee and the urge to see the smile he could hear in his fiancé’s voice was all the motivation Reaper needed in order to face the morning. Yawning, he pushed himself up into a sitting position and couldn’t help the borderline filthy groan he made when a bit of stretching resulted in some glorious cracks and pops. He tilted his head side to side and pushed out his interlocked fingers just for good measure before finally reaching out for the steaming mug of coffee placed before him.

“Cinnamon?” He guessed after a few sips.

Geno smiled, though it was a little strained. He hated it when Reaper cracked his joints. “Close. Cinnamon rolls.”

“Damn, that’s another point to you then.”

“That’s one point closer to winning!!”

Hiding his amused smile behind his mug at the victorious little fist pump his lover did, Reaper chuckled. “Don’t get too cocky, Gen. I’m pretty sure I still have more points than you.”

“We’re not even halfway through the month though,” Geno reminded him, grinning. “I still have more than enough time to take the lead.”

There was a massive cabinet in the kitchen that was dedicated to nothing but coffee. Taller than Papyrus who was pushing seven feet of height, the cabinet had a good deal of shelves that were all stocked full of different flavored coffee grounds and creamers, multiple types of roast, and even a few bags of just straight up unground beans. It was more coffee than any single person should ever own at once, but Reaper...had really poor impulse control. Admittedly, he was also a little lazy and didn’t usually bother making any of it himself despite being the one to buy it all.

Geno, on the other hand, had taken one look at the intimidating amount of coffee and got determined. Despite Papyrus’ attempts at convincing the smaller skeleton that he was more than happy to cook his own food, Geno had still decided that he would take over breakfast duty so that the two reapers could get some extra relaxation time and a meal before work. Breakfast could be anything from pancakes to spaghetti but, no matter what food the smaller made, there was always a pot of coffee on the side for Reaper to drink.

Seeing as of how he had so much of it and so many different types, Geno had made making Reaper coffee into a bit of a game; hence the points.

Every morning the smaller would choose a flavor and make the god guess what it was. If Reaper got it right, then he got a point. If Reaper got it wrong, then Geno got a point. Whoever had the most points at the end of the month would then get to decide on some sort of prize, within reason of course. The game was a little unfair for Geno due to just how well versed the god was in identifying coffee flavors but the smaller skeleton didn’t always play fair. Once, he had taken a sip of what he swore was caramel flavored coffee only to learn that it was a unflavored dark roast with strawberry cheesecake, chocolate chip, and honey creamers mixed in. It made so little sense that he had called bullshit at first but Geno made him a cup right before his eyes and it tasted like caramel! Weird, right?

“Do you want some more to go with your food?”

Snapping out of his thoughtful daze, Reaper blinked. “Sorry, what was that?”

Geno looked a little amused as he gestured to his mug. “Do you want more with breakfast?”
Huh, his coffee was gone. When had he finished it? “Yeah, I’ll take more. Have you eaten yet?”

Predictably, Geno shook his head. “I was waiting for you. Food’s ready though, so come on. It’ll get cold if you keep sitting around on your ass all day.”

“After you then, my love~” he said playfully, motioning with his empty mug for Geno to begin walking.

Rolling his eye light in good humor, the smaller skeleton spun on his heel and began waddling to the kitchen. “Since you’re such a gentleman, you can serve us both. My feet hurt.”

Quickly closing the distance between the sofa and his lover, Reaper chuckled at the startled noise Geno made when he literally swept the other off his feet. “Allow me, darling.”

“Why do people keep carrying me around?” Geno complained.

“Let me guess,” blue, flaming eye light briefly visible as he pulled out a chair, he snickered as he set his precious bundle down at the kitchen table. “Paps carried you down the stairs?”

Aw, he just wanted to kiss away that disgruntled scowl. “Everyone keeps carrying me up and down those stairs. Hell, Alphys carried me to our room last week when she and Undyne came around for a visit. She’s about the same height as me!” His socket narrowed. “You keep doing it too. Actually, you’re the worst of them all because you don’t let me walk anywhere now.”

Setting a plate down before his fiancé with an innocent smile, Reaper shrugged and began working on piling more food onto another dish for himself. “We’re all just a little worried about you straining yourself, Gen. Your due date is getting closer and closer everyday and no one wants you or Goth getting hurt.”

“Walking isn’t going to hurt either of us.” Geno grumbled.

“Yeah, well, I don’t want to take that chance.” Plate and coffee in hand, he took a seat next his sulking fiancé and nudged the smaller’s untouched plate closer. “C’mon, Mr. Independent. Eat the delicious food you worked so hard on. It looks absolutely mouth watering.”

“Suck up.” Geno snorted, smiling.

Reaper simply grinned in response.

Chatter from there on faded into a companionable silence as the two focused on eating, Reaper slowly working his way through a majority of the pot full of coffee and Geno picking through his food with a slight frown. He didn’t seem to have much of an appetite that morning. Eventually, the smaller skeleton pushed his plate away with a sigh just as Reaper finished up the rest of his own meal.

“You okay, babe?”

Thankfully, Geno nodded. “Just not all that hungry at the moment. I think I’ll finish up my plate for lunch, instead. Can you wrap it for me? I’m going to go start the shower.”

“You’re not going up those stairs alone, babe. Nice try though.”

A placating kiss was pressed to his lover’s skull before he began wrapping up Geno’s plate in order to plop it in the fridge. The kiss didn’t make that annoyed glare lessen any, but it did make his fiancé blush and that was always a plus. Tossing his own dishes in the sink to be worried about later, he
pulled Geno back into a hold and began making his way up the stairs he was so adamant against his lover using.

“Clothes are already in the bathroom.” Geno piped up when he stopped by their bedroom door. “I put them inside once your brother was done with his own shower.”

“Smart.” he praised, continuing onward. “Do you want a bath instead? I can fill the tub up for you before I start showering.”

“I’m fine with a shower.”

“Gen…”

“I’ll use the shower chair, you overprotective asshole.”

Okay, maybe he was overdoing it a bit. “I’m sorry, Gen. I’m just—’

“Worried, I know.” Sighing, Geno reached out to open the bathroom door for them before turning to press a kiss to Reaper’s jaw. “I’m not mad, okay? Just a little cranky.”

“Insomnia?” He questioned worriedly as he set the other down on the toilet. Like Geno said, their clothing was neatly folded on the sink.

Instead of answering outright, Geno just kind of shrugged and began undressing himself. Despite wearing more, he was out of his clothes before Reaper and slid off of the toilet so he could get the shower ready. Thankfully Papyrus had replaced the shower chair so all he really had to do was reach in and turn the water on; adjusting the knobs a few times in order to reach a pleasant temperature and then happily taking his seat under the warm stream.

‘Don’t get excited.’ Reaper reminded himself as he stepped into the shower. As close to giving birth as he was, Geno was a lot less willing to help him out if his magic got out of hand. “Let me know if I accidentally block all the water again.”

Honestly, it was a little pointless for Reaper to take a shower before work since he usually just ended up getting dirty and having to take another before bed. That being said, their morning showers were something that he didn’t really want to give up. Reaper wouldn’t lie and say that seeing his lover in the nude didn’t arouse him, but showers and baths were always something they did for comfort, though fooling around did happen at times. There was an intimacy in showering together that went beyond sex; however: a sense of love and familiarity that made it pleasurable to help bathe each other in a way that simply wasn’t sexual.

Geno would carefully clean out his wounds as they showered, giving special attention to the large cut across his rib cage while Reaper carefully went across the chips and cracks on his back with a soft sponge, always checking that there was nothing stuck in the fractures that his lover couldn’t see. When it came to himself, Reaper could do most of his own washing, but he liked plopping himself down on the shower floor and letting Geno run his fingertips across the back of his skull and down his neck. Massages didn’t work quite that well on skeletons, but Geno’s fingers and the warmth of the water always did wonders when it came to easing away any tension leftover from the previous day’s work.

The pregnancy also added its own element of wonder to their showers. It was amazing getting to see little Goth develop more and more each day. Reaper knew that Geno had been worried his condition would affect their child but at almost a full nine months of pregnancy, Goth was fully developed and seemed perfectly fine; his bones all whole and his sockets peacefully shut as he waited for the time
he’d get to come out. It took a lot of stress off his lover’s shoulders to be able to look down every morning and reassure himself that their baby was fine.

Sneaking a glance at Geno’s stomach right now, he smiled softly.

“What?” Geno asked upon catching another glance.

“I’m just excited for the baby.” He responded truthfully.

Attention turning to his stomach, Geno smiled as well. “Me too.”

Being the dorks they were, they got a little distracted with staring at Goth and ended up having to rush through the rest of their shower when the water began getting cold.

It only took a few moments to dry themselves off so they were sliding back into fresh clean clothes within minutes. Well, Reaper was at least. Geno was still struggling into a bra with an annoyed expression, the fabric sticking to the damp skin of his back that he had missed with the towel and rolling in on itself annoyingly. Taking pity on him, the god reached around the smaller and tugged it down. His help earned himself a thankful expression which he returned with a smile before turning to the sink so he could start brushing his teeth while Geno finished dressing. By the time he was rinsing his toothbrush, Geno was reaching out for his own and he waited the few minutes it took his lover to finish up before pulling his fiancé into the third bridal hold of that morning.

“You want to stay upstairs or do you want to be downstairs?”

“Downstairs.”

“Need anything from the bedroom?”

Shaking his head, Geno settled into his hold with a slight yawn. It was nearing about ten in the morning but Reaper knew that his lover usually got up around five or six in order to keep up with Papyrus’ schedule as well. He didn’t have his own work to worry about so Geno would just nap for a bit once Reaper was gone.

“Don’t come home with another cake from a dead baker.” Geno said once his feet were back on the floor. The two were standing before the front door. “Don’t come back with anything from someone you’ve reaped, actually. Its creepy.”

“No promises.” he chuckled, leaning for a kiss. “Love you, Gen. Love you, too, Goth.”

With a scowl that wanted to twitch into a smile, Geno kissed back. “Love you too, Reaps. So does Goth. We’ll see you later.”

“I can’t wait.” The god murmured into another kiss.

Geno stole a peck as he pulled away. “It’s only a few hours.”

Another kiss. “It feels like an eternity.”

“You’re going to be late.” Yet another.

One more kiss. “I don’t care.”

“Hmm…” Okay, one more.

Only one more became two more, then three more, then four.
He ended up being late for work. Again.

Worth it.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so excited for what comes next.
Reaper didn’t know what to do.

“Gen? Honey? Do...do you want to try eating something?”

Eye clenched shut and looking a little gray, Geno weakly shook his head.

“C’mon, baby.” he pleaded “It doesn’t have to be anything we have here. I can get you some soup?” Another shake of the head. “What about just some broth then? No bits of noodles or meat, just broth?”

“N-no…”

“Toast? Babe, please, you need to eat something. Do you...do you want something cold?”

Geno shook his head rapidly but seemed to instantly regret the motion, his socket squeezing shut even tighter and a little whimper escaping his gritted grin. “Reaper, no . I...I really don’t feel good.”

“Gen, please . You barely ate breakfast and I know you didn’t eat lunch. I get that you don’t feel good, honey, but you need to eat something . Is there anything you can think of that you might be able to keep down?”

“...jello?”

Slouching with relief, Reaper smiled. “Okay, I can get you jello. Paps is right in the kitchen if you need anything, okay? I’ll be back in a few minutes. Love you.”

The mumble Geno responded with might have been a ‘love you too’ but it was hard to tell with just how quiet it was. Fighting to maintain his smile, and failing miserably, Reaper sighed quietly and sent himself through a portal to whatever store he thought of first.

“Jello, jello…” he murmured under his breath, ignoring the screaming of the other customers as he
began tracking down the wiggly snack. “He likes the red one, right? Or was it the orange…? Shit, I can’t remember. Should I go back and ask? Call? I…” he sighed, slowly coming to a stop in the middle of an aisle. “I have no idea what to do.”

Due to his poor condition and the state of his fragile, fragmented SOUL, it actually wasn’t all that rare for Geno to fall a little ill every now and then. That being said, there were usually signs to look out for that simply hadn’t popped up this time around. Sure the smaller skeleton had been a little tired and not all that hungry, but Geno himself had said he was fine. Yes, his lover was a bit too prideful and stubborn for his own good and, yeah, he had a terrible habit of hiding whatever would bother him; but even Geno wouldn’t lie about feeling sick when he was pregnant. Not when there was even the slightest chance that it could potentially affect Goth in any way. Geno and Reaper both thought he was fine when the god left to go reaping.

Then, about seven hours later, Reaper was suddenly being called home from work a hour before his shift was meant to end—and by his brother no less! Papyrus never let him slack off without good reason though, so he had been more worried than excited or relieved. As it turned out, he had a reason to be worried because Paps, who sometimes got off before him, had returned from his own shift to the sight of Geno curled up on the sofa with an unsightly puddle of magic on the floor. Vomit, he had known by the smell alone.

In just a few hours Geno had gone from fine to very clearly not fine and neither of the taller skeletons really knew what to do. Reaper had a bit of experience in nursing Geno back to health but none of his usual methods were working! His lover didn’t want a bath, medicine, or anything else he offered and couldn’t be convinced to try sipping some fluid or eating some food. He didn’t blame Geno for not wanting to tempt his weak stomach but he also knew he needed to get something inside the smaller skeleton who hadn’t attempted eating since breakfast...which was twelve hours ago!

Would missing a meal or two affect Goth? He didn't know.

Spotting the requested snack, he hurried to grab as many flavors as he could fit in his arms: cherry, strawberry, orange, some kind of weird multicolored one; anything he could hold, really. Nearly three hours of coddling, coaxing, and outright begging had finally gotten Geno to agree to try eating and he really didn’t want to give him a reason to change his mind just because he got the wrong jello by mistake. Once his arms were filled, he opened up a portal straight into the kitchen and dropped his burden onto the table, startling Papyrus who had been worriedly peering into the living room.

“You...Didn’t Pay For Those, Did You?” The tallest skeleton asked.

Reaper loved his brother, he really did, but he wasn’t in the mood for getting scolded. “How’s Geno?”

“Brother—” Whatever expression he was making must have been telling of his poor mood because Papyrus actually dropped it. “—He Seems Okay For The Moment. I Managed To Convince Him To Attempt Drinking Some Water And, So Far, He Has Been Keeping It Down.”

“That’s good,” he sighed, relieved. “Do you remember what jello he likes?”

“So...Strawberry…”

Both of them jumped and whirled around at the unexpected input to find Geno now standing in the kitchen, a blanket around his shoulders and an empty glass held in both hands. He looked absolutely miserable and Reaper felt an ache in his chest when he saw just how discolored Geno’s bones seemed. His nausea really must be terrible.
“You shouldn’t be walking, Gen.”

“I wanted more water.” Said skeleton mumbled.

“Allow Me!” Papyrus offered, gently sliding the cup from the smaller’s loose grasp.

“Thanks…”

“Why don’t you go sit back down, baby?” Reaper suggested with a concerned smile. “I’ll bring you some jello in just a second, okay?”

Nodding, Geno turned around and waddled back to the sofa. The oldest god watched him for a few seconds just to make sure he made it the small distance without issue before turning his attention to finding something for Geno to eat the snack with. Being the godsend that he was, Paps was holding both a spoon and the cup of water out for him.

“Here, Brother.”

“Thanks, Paps. You’re the best.”

It was telling just how worried the younger god was by the way he didn’t puff out with pride at the praise. Instead, Papyrus simply nodded in acknowledgement and shooed him away so that he could take care of his fiancé.

“...I only have to eat one, right?” Geno questioned when Reaper placed everything on the small table before him.

Sitting next to him and peeling the lid off of one of the small cups, Reaper gave him a pleading look. “Can you try eating two?”

Geno didn’t seem pleased. “No.”

“Just...just try, babe. Please? I want both my babies to be well fed.”

It was a bit of a low blow to bring Goth into it but Reaper couldn’t bring himself to feel all that guilty when it got Geno to agree. Slowly, the smaller skeleton worked his way through the first little cup of jello and even managed most of the second before he threw in the towel, not feeling at risk of puking on the spot; yet not having the appetite to make it through anymore. “Can I please just lie down now? I...I really just want to rest.”

“Okay, Gen.” He agreed, leaving the trash on the table for now in favor of picking up the smaller. Not wanting to worsen his nausea, he was careful to move slowly as he made the trek to their bedroom. “Do you need help changing?”

“I don’t want to change. Just wanna lie down.”

“You don’t want to take your bra off, at least? You know you hate sleeping in that thing.”

“Reaper.” Geno complained “I just wanna go to bed. My stomach won’t stop turning and my back aches and...and I just don’t feel good. I ate the stupid jello so just let me sleep. Please?”

The smaller skeleton looked so small and sick that there really wasn’t any way Reaper could deny him without feeling like an utter ass. “Do you want to lie down alone or cuddle?”

Instead of answering verbally, Geno simply rolled onto his side once he was set down on the bed and curled up as much as his stomach would allow. Typically he slept facing his lover, yet his back
left facing Reaper’s side of the bed in what the god understood was meant to be an invitation. Sliding in behind the other, smaller skeleton, Reaper pressed himself to Geno’s back and curled around him as though trying to protect his precious fiancé and child from the world. He had to lean back a bit to drag their blanket over their forms but, once he assured they’d be kept warm, he closed whatever distance between their bodies there was and wrapped an arm over the smaller.

“...Can you talk to me?” Geno whispered after a few minutes of silence. Despite his tiredness, he didn’t seem able to sleep. “Just for a bit?”

“What do you want to talk about?”

“I don’t want to talk.” The smaller corrected. “I just...want you to talk to me. My stomach feels weird and I...I want something else to focus on. Just until I fall asleep.”

Nuzzling the back of Geno’s skull and humming in thought, Reaper smiled. “...Just two more weeks and our little Goth is going to be coming home. I...I’m absolutely ecstatic, Gen. I wonder if he’ll have eyes like mine? I hope not. I know they’re creepy and I don’t want anyone picking on him. Plus, I like how expressive eye lights are. Oh! Maybe they’ll be purple like his SOUL?”

“I like your creepy eyes.” So much for simply wanting to be talked at. At least the smaller sounded even sleepier; his words a little slurred. “Do...do you think his STATS will be okay?”

“Still worried about his hp?”

“How can I not be? I’m below an one when it comes to hp. What...what if he takes after me?”

“Goth is going to be fine, baby. No matter how high or low his STATS are, he’ll have us there to protect him.”

“I’m just scared...” Geno admitted, a yawn breaking up the words.

Reaper’s arm tightened around him comfortably. “It’s okay to be scared, honey. Just remember that we’re in this together.”

“Hmm...” Pressing himself further back into the god’s arms, Geno yawned again. “I lov-”

There was a pop.

A surprised gasp.

And then...

...

...

...

...water?

...
“I…” Geno whispered, stunned, from within his arms. “I think my water just broke.”

Chapter End Notes

:)
Reaper was use to the sound of screaming.

As Death, it was a sound he encountered a lot. People didn’t always die alone, after all, nor was his presence always expected. Mothers, fathers, friends and family alike would hear that flat line, that gunshot, the honk of a horn before a crash, or even just a pained gasp preceding a heart attack and would turn to look at their loved one in horror; a scream tearing from their throat at whatever sight they’d see.

Sometimes, it would be a mass of people: Strangers grouped together going about their day until tragedy strikes and mass hysteria spreads. Hidden among the debris, invisible to the sobbing, screaming crowd would be Reaper; his scythe arcing through the air again and again and again.

And then there was the screaming that, as a father to be, terrified him. It was the horrified realization that something was wrong heard mere seconds after his unforgiving grasp closed around the soul of a child; sometimes one not yet born. It was a sound of a pain and devastation so great that it couldn’t be put into words. It was a sound he had never quite liked but now could barely stand, sick over being the cause when his own child rested within his lover’s womb at home. That kind of grief, one that could only be expressed through wailing shrieks, was one he never wanted to feel and was ashamed to spread.

Still, despite the horror of it all, Reaper was use to the sound of screaming. At least, when it came to screaming as a reaction to Death.

Screaming because of Life, however? That he was much less experienced with.

He wasn’t completely ignorant when it came to the concept of birth but he was still very far removed from the process itself. As a god of death, as Death, birth and the creation of life were as far away from his duties as you could get. Thankfully Life herself was his best friend and had been willing to offer advice and information, but Reaper was still far from being an expert on just how exactly pregnancies and labor was supposed to go. At the very least, he knew it would hurt.

Which was why Geno was screaming. He hoped.
Nervously, fearfully, he glanced at the door his fiancé was hidden behind; a bit of otherness creeping into his gaze as he felt around to ensure, once again, that nothing was wrong. He dreaded the possibility that he may feel the one call he would never wish to answer from either his child or his lover and couldn’t stop himself from checking every few minutes. Besides him, Papyrus was discreetly doing the same. As discreet as his brother could manage, at least.


“He’s still screaming…” Reaper whispered.

There had been a moment of stunned silence following Geno’s water breaking in which the two simply lied still in surprise. Goth wasn’t meant to be due for another two weeks. Two weeks. Neither had suspected that Geno feeling unwell that evening may have been a sign that he was coming sooner, so his fiancée’s clarification that the wetness beneath them had been his water breaking had taken a few moments to sink in. Like fools they lied there, quiet, before everything just suddenly snapped into place and the panic hit.

Their shouting had gained the attention of his brother who managed to make his way up to their room just in time to be yanked into a portal to the hospital. At the time Geno’s contractions hadn’t begun yet, but he had still been moved to room near instantly. The smaller, pregnant skeleton’s annual check ups always went off without a hitch and all but Goth was clearly coming early and Geno’s own poor condition could pose complications, so the staff had rushed him off to be monitored.

Papyrus, realizing he had been dragged off for the birth of his nephew, had left for a bit to spread the news to their friends while Reaper of course went along with Geno to the smaller’s room. Clearly nervous, both parents-to-be had stayed as close as they could get, even as Geno was wheel-chaired away.

“Reaper I…” the smaller had whispered, doctors and nurses bustling about. “I’m scared. I...I don’t think I can do this. I d-don’t think I’m r-ready for this.”

Unable to do much but hold his hands, Reaper had given him a nervous, wobbly smile. Stars, his heart had been pounding. “It’s going to be okay, baby. You hear me? It’s going to be okay.”

Still scared, Geno had tried to smile back but it had a been a weak thing.

He did his best to comfort the other though, kissing his skull and rubbing his knuckles lovingly as they held hands. Reaper tracked down every pillow he could get away with stealing for his fiancé, attempted to distract him, kept promising the other that everything would be fine until, finally, Geno’s contractions started to come around. They were slow and short at first: Little more than tiny twinges of pain, really. Then, they got stronger.

Geno’s uncomfortable winces soon transitioned into audible noises of pain. Reaper lost track at just how many he began experiencing or how much time in general had passed once the contractions started to make him cry, but did his best to help Geno through them. There was a machine keeping count, he knew. At least, he was pretty sure one of the nurses had mentioned something like that when they stopped by to check on him.

As a glitch, Geno’s pregnancy wasn’t exactly cookie cutter. Goth had developed as expected of any normal skeleton fetus and Geno himself seemed fine throughout the last few months, but no one was a hundred percent certain how the actual labor would affect him when his body was in the condition it was. At best, the labor would be quick and easy with minimal stress put on the smaller skeleton’s body. At worst, well, Reaper was trying very hard not to think of the ‘at worst’ situation. It was
making him sick.

Still, everything had been going well. The contractions were coming at a steady rate and Geno, though in pain, seemed to be going through the stages without issue. Sure Reaper’s bones were starting to creak with the steadily increasing pressure the smaller was putting on his hands but, overall, everything was fine and Geno was almost through the transitional phase of labor; nearing the moment he’d begin to push.

And then…

Vomit.

**Bloody vomit.**

This could have just been his normal bodily side effect rearing its ugly head at the worst possible moment but the machines monitoring his fiancé had begun going haywire and, as if things weren’t concerning enough, the _screaming_ began.

It was…

He couldn’t describe it. He just…couldn’t.

Doctors and nurses swarmed into the room and crowded around his screaming, bloodied fiancé. Reaper, clutching onto Geno’s weakening grip at the time, had been forced away from the smaller’s side, though not by choice.

With everyone trying to get close to Geno he hadn’t had a choice but to move away, knowing that the panic in the increasingly crowded room posed a risk to everyone trying to aid his fiancé. The staff was well aware of the consequences of touching him—it was something they _needed_ to be informed of—but all it would take was one distracted brush against his skin while reaching out for the smaller skeleton and they’d have a dead body to distract from the care his lover needed.

Geno’s little whimper of his name had torn at it his heart but he _didn’t have a choice_. Stars, he couldn’t stress that enough. His baby was being born and his lover was in pain but something was going wrong and he...he had to leave. Fuck, Geno needed him and he had to leave because he couldn’t fucking touch anyone. He had to leave, he had to leave, he...fuck, he left. How the fuck could have left? Geno...Geno _needed him! He needed him, he...he...._

“Brother! Brother, Please Calm Down! You...Brother, You Are Panicking! You _Need_ To Calm Down!”

Hands clamped down on his shoulders and broke him from his spiraling thoughts. At some point, he had slouched so far forward that his forehead was all but tucked between his knees while his chest heaved with gasping sobs. When had he started crying?

“**BROTHER!**”

Flinching when Papyrus’ voice returned to its usual loud volume, Reaper brought a shaking hand to wipe at his sockets as he allowed the hands gripping him to pull him upright. “I...I’m f-fine,” he choked out, throat tight. “I-I’m f-fine, Paps.”

“**YOU ARE NOT FINE!**” Papyrus scolded. At the stern look thrown his name by a passing staff member, he winced and lowered his voice. “Brother, You Were Entirely Unresponsive. I...I Was Worried, Sans. Please, Talk To Me. Getting Lost In Your Head Will Do You No Good.”
“...I should be in there.” he rasped, tears falling rapidly from his sockets. “Paps, I should be in there. Geno...Geno is…”

“Going To Be Fine, Sans.” The younger skeleton reassured him. Admittedly, the reassurance was probably for himself as well.

Reaper shook his head, shaking. “What if he’s not? I...I don’t know what to do, Paps. Fuck, this isn’t my area of expertise.” A thought struck him. “...What if it’s my fault? Fuck, Paps, what if it’s my fault? I’m...I’m Death. What if my kid c-can’t be...b-be born w-without...without someone d-dying? What if G-Geno has to die? Shit, what if he’s d-dying and it’s all my fault?”

“Brother That’s-”

The screaming stopped.

Dread filling his gut, Reaper’s skull snapped to the delivery room door. Desperately, he felt around again to make sure that Geno...that Geno wasn’t...wasn’t...

...

...

...

...

There was a soul calling to him in the hospital.

...

...

...

Someone died.

And Reaper…

...

...

...

...watched the world go b l a c k.

...
A harsh slap jolted him back to consciousness and Reaper shot up with a strangled cry. Instantly, a wave of dizziness and nausea overwhelmed him and he turned just in time to vomit magic into a trash can that was hastily held in front of his skull. Someone was calling out to him—multiple people, he thought—but his nonexistent ears were ringing and his heart was pounding too loudly for him to hear what was being said.

“Geno.” He gasped, stomach churning and forcing more magic from his mouth. “G-Geno...Geno…” Oh stars. Oh...oh gods , his lover was gone. Geno...Geno was gone .

...G e n o   w a s   g o n e...

“Sans! Sans! Brother, Please!”

“Fuck, listen to us!”

“W-we’ll have to s-sedate you if you d-don’t calm down!”

“Sans, my friend, please come back to us.”

The voices were muffled; distant. Their words washed over him as he stared at the floor blankly. And then…

Another slap. Harder this time.

“Brother! Geno Is Fine! Sans, Please, Geno Is Alive!”

That was impossible. That...it couldn’t be true. “T-the...the s-soul?”

Kneeling before him (when...when did he end up on the ground...?), Papyrus smiled softly, comfortingly. “It Wasn’t Geno, Sans. The Soul Wasn’t His. You...You Felt One Call Out To You And Assumed It Was But I Promise You It Wasn’t.”

“We s-showed up j-just a-as you passed out.” Alphys piped up, nervously. “You...y-you weren’t w-waking up s-so your b-brother had to, um, h-had to smack you a f-few times. You weren’t r-responding to s-smelling salts or water.”

He didn’t care about that though. “Geno...h-he’s alive? It w-wasn’t his soul?” He repeated Papyrus’ words, hopeful.

The younger reaper nodded. “I Double Checked Myself, Brother.”

“But...t-the screaming stopped. It s-stopped right when the soul appeared.”
“An unfortunate coincidence, I believe.” Toriel said. He was too relieved to be surprised to see her outside her garden.

“We can talk about this later!” Undyne decided, crossing her arms with a grin that was a little too pointy to be encouraging. “The nurse came out seconds after you passed out.”

“Is...did Geno do it?”

But everyone shook their heads as Papyrus pulled him to his feet. “Things Have Calmed But He Is...Struggling. Apparently, He Fainted For A Few Moments.”

Toriel smiled softly as the younger skeleton began pushing Reaper towards the delivery room door. “I can feel it, I think. New life teetering on the edge, moments from entering this world. I believe it is your child.”

“W-wait, wait!” He tried to turn and look at them but Papyrus kept forcing him closer to the door. “What do you mean issues, Paps?!”

“G-Geno just needs a little support.” Alphys answered for the other reaper. “T-the nurse came t-to tell you that they b-believe having you back i-inside will help. They, um, they c-cleared a side of the b-bed for you s-so you could help out w-without worry of, well, k-killing people.”

Oh… Oh thank stars.

Papyrus’ hands pushing at his back became unnecessary as he all but ran across the remaining distance towards the delivery room door. Rushing inside, he paused only as long as it took to glance at what side of Geno’s bed was free before sprinting to his lover’s side.

“Geno,” he murmured, reaching out and taking his hand. The smaller skeleton’s eye was clenched shut and his bloody grin was gritted in a grimace. At the sound of his voice, the smaller whimpered and blinked open his teary socket. “I’m so, so sorry I h-had to leave, baby. I’m back though, Gen. L...I’m back.”

“R-reaper…” Geno sobbed, gripping his hand back tightly.

“Push!” The doctor ordered, voice firm but a worried furrow between her brows. “You need to push!”

“I...I c-can’t.” The smaller skeleton whined, crying harder. He seemed to be talking to Reaper though.”I...R-reaper, I c-can’t. I keep t-trying but...but I can’t!”

“You need to try again, honey.” Reaper urged.

“I c-can’t!”

Clenching Geno’s hand with both of his, the god brought Geno’s knuckles to his teeth in a small kiss. He was...he was afraid. Stars, he was so afraid. His fiancé needed him though, and he...he couldn’t let him down. “You can do it, Gen. I know you’re tired and hurt and scared but...but I know you, Geno. You’re so, so strong, baby. All you have to do is push a few more times. Just...just a few more pushes, honey. The doctor will count for you. I’ll count for you and then you have to try, okay? No, you won’t try. You’ll succeed. You’re always so determined that there’s no way you can’t do this, darling.”

“I...I...”

Tilting his head to make it obvious that he was looking at her, Reaper caught the doctor’s eye and nodded. The doctor nodded back and returned her attention to Geno. “One…” She began.

Reaper made sure his voice was louder. “Two…”

“Three! Push!”

Geno’s fingers clamped down on Reaper’s hands and the smaller skeleton screamed. Blood bubbled out of his gaping mouth and a nurse quickly moved to catch it with a towel as the pregnant skeleton continued screaming and screaming and screaming, his grip so tight it hurt and his eye light flickering.

“Come on, honey!” Reaper encouraged, wincing but ignoring the pain he knew was mild in comparison to what his fiancé was facing. “Push, Gen! Push!”

“I’m f-fucking pushing!” Geno sobbed through his tears. His screams raised in pitch.

“You’re so close, baby!” He didn’t actually know that. “C’mon, Gen! You have to keep pushing! Goth...Goth is depending on you, honey! He needs your help, Geno!”

For a second, Geno’s eye light disappeared. Then it roared to life, burning brightly in his socket like a dual tone flame as Geno screamed, screamed, SCREAMED...

...

...

...

...and a baby’s cry sounded.

Immediately Geno went limp against his pillows, chest heaving and sweat pouring down his skull as he hiccuped through sobs. “I-is...is that...is that?”

“Gen…” he whispered, awed.

“He’s out!” The doctor exclaimed, grinning madly and looking relieved. A collective sigh seemed to go around the room.

“I…I want to see him.” Geno whimpered. His fingers slackened around Reaper’s hand but he didn’t let go. “I want to see my baby.”

The doctor smiled apologetically. “Normally we’d let you hold him right away but we need to have him checked out first, okay? Skeleton pregnancies differ in some ways but this little guy is still two weeks early and we just want to make sure everything is okay first.”

“I want my baby…” The smaller skeleton cried.

“They’ll bring him back soon, honey.” Reaper murmured with a comforting tone. His attention
turned to the doctor. “How long will it take?”

“Not long at all.” The doctor reassured, handing the small form to a nurse. From their angle, neither could see the tiny skeleton. “Things are just different enough that all he should need are a few small test and a couple of very thorough checks. He’ll be back soon.”

“N-no—” A gasp pushing itself out his own throat interrupted Geno. “M-my...my contractions?”

The nurse hurried away with their child as the doctor returned to her position between Geno’s readied legs. “If you’re feeling more contractions already then it’s probably the placenta. You’re going to have to push again, but this should go by a lot easier.”

“Y-You’re never fucking m-me again!” Geno growled weakly in his direction.

Reaper smiled sheepishly. “You c-can do it, honey.”

Thankfully, it was a lot less taxing on Geno than birthing a baby and, a little while later, the smaller skeleton was slumping against the pillows of his bed for good. He was panting, even sweatier, and more than a little bloodied but Reaper couldn’t help but think that Geno never looked lovelier, knowing his exhausted, messy state was a result of the smaller bringing their baby into the world.

“You did so well, Gen…” he murmured, carefully accepting a warm, wet towel from one of the nurses. The staff had kept Geno’s upper body as clean from blood as someone with a giant cut could be, but the smaller skeleton’s teeth was stained red. Gently, he wiped the marrow away as well as some of his lover’s sweat. “You were amazing, honey. You did...you did great. Wonderful, even. Stars, you were so good for the doctor, Gen.”

Geno’s laugh was watery and weak but so, so happy. “A-are you really using y-your post-sex words on me?”

Huh, he was, wasn’t he? “My brain is a little dead, honey. This...this was a lot scarier than I was expecting.”

“...It was.” Geno agreed, sounding small. “Do...do you think he’s okay?”

As if summoned, there was a knock on the door and their baby was brought in. “Guess who’s back?”

Reaper all but lunged at the controls for the bed when Geno began scrambling up, raising the head so that his fiancé, who just gave birth, wouldn’t get hurt trying to hold his own weight up. Just as he finished coaxing his lover back against the pillows, the nurse stepped up with their precious bundle all wrapped up in purple. Aw, and a little hat.

“He...he’s perfect.” Geno whispered, arms coming up to accept the slumbering baby and carefully pulling him to his chest. “Stars, Reaper, look at him. He’s perfect.”

Peering over to see him, Reaper stared in amazement. “He’s so tiny.”

Goth was...Goth was beautiful. As fresh as he was, his little fragile bones had a bit of a lavender tint to them, but Reaper could already tell they’d settle into a bright, healthy white. There were no cracks to be seen nor were there any glitches like he knew Geno worried would form. His sockets were shut so they couldn’t see his eyes but...but he had the cutest little natural smile. Look at those baby teeth in that baby grin! And stars, his little fingers were so precious.

“I think he’ll have a lot of character.” The nurse piped up, smiling. “He must have been really
impatient to want to come around two weeks earlier than expected, but the little guy is perfectly healthy. Good reflexes, great STATS—"

Geno’s arms tightened protectively around the small babe. “His...his STATS are okay?”

A look of understanding crossed the nurse’s expression and she smiled wider, nodding enthusiastically. “Since he’s a baby his AT and DF are low but that’s normal for newborns. They’ll raise as he gets older. His HP though? Double digits! A little higher than the norm, too!”

All but crumpling in relief, the smaller skeleton turned to Reaper with a bright, watery grin. “Reaps!”

“I heard, Gen.” He grinned, feeling a little teary himself. “Didn’t I tell you he’d be fine?”

The nurse excused herself with a small congratulations in order to let the three have time. Rather than sinking onto the plastic chair shoved into the corner of the room, Reaper carefully moved himself so that he was hovering just over the bed at Geno’s side, gaze trained on their child. On their little Goth.

“All you want to hold him?” Geno asked softly

Eagerly, he went to nod but ultimately ended up hesitating. “Are...are we sure I can...?”

“He’s yours, isn’t he?” The smaller skeleton reassured, smiling.

Reaper chuckled weakly. “He better be!”

The joke earned him a tired glare but Geno was smiling too much for it to be effective. “Just hold your son, Reaper. Let him say hi to daddy.”

So, so carefully he reached out for the small, precious bundle. He was tense at first, worried, but once that little bit of weight settled in his arms, he relaxed with a wide, awestruck grin. “H-hey, baby Goth.”

There was just the tiniest, sweetest little sound ever and both parents stilled.

Goth’s tiny fingers twitched and curled a bit before the small babybones whimpered and shifted, little grin parting with a gurgled whine as large sockets blinked open blearily; one eye a familiar dark void and the other containing a large, white light.

“A perfect mix…” Geno whispered, smiling when his voice seemed to draw Goth’s attention. “He has both our eyes.”

“Creepily cute.” The god beamed, smiling so widely it hurt when that eye light turned to him next.

“Perfect, you mean.” His lover corrected. Then, upset, “I’m so tired but I don’t want to take my eye off of him…”

Carefully, Reaper readjusted himself and Goth so that he was leaning back against the raised bed with the curious baby held against his chest. Once settled, he gently coaxed Geno into settling against him so that the smaller could rest his head on his shoulder and lean his weight against his body as Geno began to yawn; socket closing a bit and exhaustion creeping into his bones. “He’ll be here when you wake, Gen. For now, you deserve all the sleep in the world for bringing him into ours.”

“It was so, so hard but so incredibly worth it.” Yawning, Geno reluctantly closed his eye. “Stars, I love him so much already. Watch our baby for me, okay?”
“I’ll watch both of you.” He vowed, kissing Geno’s head lovingly. “Now just some rest, Gen. You’re going to need it once they allow the others inside. I love you, baby.”

“Hmm,” already half asleep, Geno smiled. “love you too…”

Smiling himself, Reaper watched his fiancé drift off for a few moments before returning his gaze to Goth who was staring up at them curiously. His vision was too blurry to really see through but, instinctively, the smallest of the three knew with all his SOUL that the two before him were safe and comforting and simply made him feel nice, so, with a happy little noise, he shook his tiny little hands —

“We both love you, Goth.” Reaper murmured lovingly. —And smiled.

Chapter End Notes

I've been waiting for this chapter to come around since Goth first sneaked himself into my story.
In Formal Wear

Chapter Summary

In which this is not the chapter the author wanted to post but she’s posting it anyways!

Also known as the chapter where Geno is very thirsty.

Chapter Notes

Takes place six months into dating!

Warning: Things get a little NSFW-ish near the end but I’m not tagging it in the chapter title.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Reaper was in a suit.

Reaper was in a suit.

Reaper was in a suit.

“You’re in a suit.” He stated, socket wide.

Reaper raised an amused brow. “Yeah, I’m aware.”

Unthinkingly, he blurted, “This is illegal.” Instantly, regret set in. “I mean-

“It illegal?” The god laughed before he could come up with some poor excuse. “How is it illegal? It’s just a suit!”

It was not just a suit!

Well, okay, it was just a suit. There wasn’t anything all that special about the suit. The suit was just...just a suit! Just a normal, suity suit-suit!

...That Reaper looked damn fine in.

Although not all that surprising, the suit was black. Black slacks that gave the illusion that Reaper’s legs were longer, a black collared shirt that really highlighted the white of his bone, and probably a black vest too; but he couldn’t tell because the black suit jacket that was really doing Reaper a lot of favors was buttoned closed. With a black button, of course. Hell, even the god’s tie that Geno kind of wanted to tug him down with and the little cloth that would be useful for cleaning up messes with that was tucked into his breast pocket were black too. Even Reaper’s shoes were black!

Holy shit Reaper was wearing shoes. He could handle flip flops or slippers but shoes? Actual shoes that required socks to wear and closed around the entire foot? Reaper hated them!
As amazing as his lover wearing shoes was, Geno was still a little caught up on the suit. The black upon black suit that must have been designed specifically for the god because it was fitted. Stars, were Reaper’s shoulders really that broad, or was the jacket padded? Mmm, Geno kind of wanted to take it off so he could find out.

...Was the save screen a little hot?

“You’re blushing.” Looking entirely too gleeful, Reaper grinned. “Holy shit, you’re blushing just because I’m wearing a suit. Gen, that’s adorable.”

“You’re wearing a suit.” He repeated in a daze. “Why...why are you wearing a suit?”

Grinning wider, the taller skeleton pulled his arms from around his back and brandished a bouquet of oddly shiny flowers. “Happy six month anniversary, Gen!”

“...I hate flowers.” Honestly, he wasn’t all that aware of what either of them was saying, still too busy staring at the suit. No, The Suit. It deserved capital letters.

“Don’t worry, they’re flowered shaped chocolates. That’s why they’re wrapped in foil.”

Mmmm, he wouldn’t mind unwrapping a few things right now. “Oh, thanks…”

“...Aren’t you going to say it back now?”

“Mmm…” Maybe he’d leave him all wrapped up in The Suit. It would be a shame to get rid of it so soon.

“Gen?”

Reaper probably spent some time getting it on.

“Geno?”

Oh, but since it was black it would stain easily, wouldn’t it?

“Are...are you undressing me with your eye? Holy shit, you’re totally undressing me with your eye.”

“I’m leaving the suit on.” He absently replied. “You have a zipper right?”

“This is the best day of my life.” Reaper whispered. Then, louder, “Gen, you’re giving me heart eyes. Literally.”

Heart…heart shaped...

SOUL sex wouldn’t be as messy if they didn’t form anything...

“The Suit would stay clean!”

Reaper grinned wickedly. “Don’t want to ruin it?”

“I would prefer you ruin me instead of The Suit.” He sighed dreamily, still a little out of it and not all that aware of what he was saying.

“You know,” The god began, seemly uncaring that Geno wasn’t really soaking up his words as he placed the chocolate flowers onto a nearby surface. “I had this whole anniversary date planned. Fancy clothes, fancy dinner, maybe a dance or two to a romantic song, and then, if things went that
“Fancy definitely wasn’t what Geno would call The Suit. Sexy? Yeah, he’d call it sexy.

“But,” wait, was Reaper getting closer? “I really like the way you’re looking at me, Gen, and I don’t think I’d be able to sit through all that with you staring at me the way you are without getting a little hot under the collar.”

Stars, he could picture that tie loosened and that collar unbuttoned; white bone peaking out teasingly and— Oh, Reaper was definitely getting closer to him.

Blinking with a dazed expression as he was boxed into the corner of the sofa he had been sitting on when his boyfriend first appeared, Geno fought to clear away the fog in his head. Something important was going on here, he knew. He probably wanted to be a little less...distracted...for it. “Reaper...?”

“Do you like my suit, baby?” The god purred, leaning in close.

More than a little flustered, he nodded. Then his rational side forced its way to the forefront of his mind and his socket widened as he quickly shook his head. “N-No!”

“You’re such a shitty lair.” Reaper chuckled deeply, stealing a kiss. “Here’s what’s going to happen, babe. You listening?”

“Shut up.” Geno mumbled.

The taller skeleton merely grinned wider. “Yeah, you’re definitely listening now. I’m going to give you two options, Gen. One: we have our nice little anniversary celebration and then we can have sex, or Two: we have sex now and do something nice together later.”

Face red, he scowled up at Reaper all while trying desperately not to ogle the other. “Why do both those options have sex in them?”

“Baby,” Oh stars that expression and The Suit were going to kill him. “I can see your magic glowing through your shorts.”

Freezing, Geno slowly followed the god’s gaze down to his lap where, to his mortification, there was indeed a bright red shine emitting through the dark fabric. Pressing his thighs together and slamming a pillow onto his lap as though that would hide the evidence of The Suits affect on him, he sputtered, “T-that’s not- I mean...shut up!”

Because he was an asshole Reaper did not, in fact, shut up. “You think the suit is sexy.” Ugh, he looked proud. “I’ll have to thank Paps for convincing me to wear it. That can happen later though, right now...well, since you seem to be leaning towards the second option…”

“I am no- ah!” There was a hand in his shorts. Stars, there was a hand in his shorts and fingers squirming between his thighs and- “R-reaper, you a-asshole!” He moaned.

“...I’m going to fuck you while wearing the suit.” Said asshole simply continued, smirk wide and fingers doing absolutely sinful things. When Geno moaned again, neither of them were all that sure if it was because of his words or the way he—well, you know what he was doing down there. “After I fuck you in the suit, I’m going to take some of it off and fuck you again. Actually, let’s make it a game! Every time you cum for me, I’ll take a piece of clothing off.”

“N-nooo.” He whined, gripping the pillow the god was working under tightly as he fought the urge
to squirm. “Don’t-“

“Take off the suit?” Reaper finished for him.

Geno growled. “That’s not-!” O-oh stars his fingers were curling and...and… “A-ah, ah!” he moaned, head tipping back. “Y-yes!”

“Yes, take off the suit?”

Fuck it.

“No!” He forced out through a moan, hips thrusting up against Reaper’s hand. “Don’t...d-don’t take off T-the fucking Suit.”

“Well then,” Reaper purred, pulling his fingers free and tossing the pillow on Geno’s lap away. “guess you’ll have to try and hold yourself back then, Gen.”

“I h-hate edging.” Geno complained, leaning back against the sofa and spreading his legs once his shorts were removed.

“You do not.” The god refuted with a snort of amusement. “And, technically, I’m not going to stop you from anything. You’re the one who has to stop yourself if you want the suit to still be on by the time we’re done.”

“Just shut up and fuck me.” He snapped, blushing horribly but unable to prevent himself from eyeing the other up and down as he pulled away.

Ziiiiip.

Oh, those pants did have a zipper.

“Happy anniversary, Geno.”

Wait, what? It was their anniversa-

“ A-ah!”

Well, this was one way to celebrate.

Chapter End Notes

So my original chapter decided that it wants to give me issues alongside my laptop, so have a quick little chapter I typed up on my phone!
Dancing

Chapter Summary

The realization and the result

Chapter Notes

Technically this chapter happens both before they're even dating AND after Goth is born.

The lyrics used in this chapter are from Queen's You Take My Breath Away

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Then

“Wait, what? You’ve never danced with anyone?”

Feeling a little defensive, Geno scowled at the god currently gaping at him. “Look, I’ve always been kind of a nerd, okay? No one wants to go a dance with the guy who spends all his time talking about stars and bragging about his little brother between puns.”

“I don’t know, Geno. Going to a dance with a guy like that seems fun to me.”

“You’re idea of fun is seeing how much caffeine you can drink until you start seeing things. I’m not sure I trust anything else you’d call fun.”

“I did that once!” Reaper protested. “And I’m serious! What’s wrong with someone a little nerdy?”

“I spent my free time making a joke book within a quantum physics book within a joke book within another quantum physics book that just kept alternating between the two indefinitely because I thought it was funny. That’s not ‘a little’ nerdy.”

“You...you broke physics just to make a joke?”

“It was funny!” Geno defended.

Reaper looked at him in disbelief. “That’s a little scary, Geno. People don’t just go around breaking the laws of their universe just to make a joke. Honestly, I find myself less and less surprised that you cheated me every day. Who better to get themselves stuck as a glitch than the guy who made a book that literally never ends? Stars, you’re so impressive.”

“...I can’t tell if you’re complimenting me or making fun of me.”

This time the god looked exasperated. “Why do you always think I’m teasing you?”

“Because you usually always are!”
“...That’s fair. But back to our original topic: You *really* never danced with anyone? School dances aside, I mean.”

“Does Paps count?”

“He’s your brother, so no.”

“Then no, I’ve never danced with anyone before.”

“Huh.”

Geno didn’t really get why the god looked so surprised, or why they were even talking about dancing to begin with. Their original conversation had been...damn, he couldn’t even remember. Something about trombones?

“Hey Geno?”

“Hm?” Why had they been talking about trombones?

“...Do you want to dance with me?”


Looking a little sheepish, Reaper grinned. “Do you...do you want to dance? With me?”

“Why?” Oh no, his voice was getting even higher.

“Well.” Reaper drawled, thoughtful. “I’ve never really been able to dance with anyone and you’ve never danced with anyone, so why not? It seems like it would be fun.”

“We...we don’t have music.”

“I have some on my phone!”

“Neither of us knows how to dance!”

“We can learn together!”

“I...” Didn’t really have any other excuses. “...Okay.”

“Wait, really?” Looking at him in amazement, Reaper smiled brightly. “Stand up! Stand up!”

Feeling a little awkward, Geno slowly pushed himself off the floor of the save screen and faced the god. “How are we doing this?”

The god offered his hand.

For a moment, Geno hesitated. This whole friendship thing with Reaper was still new and while, logically, he knew that the taller skeleton’s touch couldn’t affect him, touching the other was still something he wasn’t all that used to. It always made him feel a little weird. When Reaper’s face began to fall; however, he pushed through his hesitation and reached out, the god’s hand cool within his grasp.

Reaper smiled and gently tugged him closer. “Keep holding my hand like this,” he squeezed their intertwined fingers. “and reach up to put your other hand on my shoulder. I’ll hold your waist, okay?”
Oddly, his face felt a little warm when the taller skeleton’s hand settled on his side, Reaper pulling him in even closer so that the taller was in serious risk of getting blood on his robe. The height difference was notable but it wasn’t all that uncomfortable to rest his hand on the other skeleton’s shoulder, thankfully, though Geno couldn’t help noting that his body felt so much warmer than his hands. It was...nice.

“Ready?” Reaper asked, voice dropping to a whisper.

Something felt strange between them. Intimate, almost, and Geno whispered back, “Yeah.”

Magic sparked to life in the god’s socket for as long as it took to pull up his phone and, after a few moments, music began to play. Geno was a little stiff at first but, eventually, relaxed as he was coaxed into a simple, gentle sway.

_Ooh ooh ooh ooooh._

_Ooh ooh
_Ooh ooh take it, take it all away
Ooh ooh ooh ooooh, ooh, take my breath away, ooh…_

“Really?” He murmured, feeling embarrassed but not all that sure why. “The lyrics are ‘take my breath away’? Isn’t that a little morbid?”

Humming along to the song, Reaper glanced down at him with a smile. “Is it?” Then, he sang, “..._You’ve captured my love, stolen my heart~ Changed my life..._”

Suddenly feeling shy, he glanced away from that dark stare. “O-oh…”

_“You take my breath away…”_ Reaper sang with the song, smiling.

Maybe it was just the small circles the god was spinning them in but Geno felt a little dizzy. No, dizzy wasn’t quite the right word.

_You can reduce me to tears_

_With a single sigh_

..._Please don’t cry anymore..._

_Every breath that you take_

_Any sound that you make_

_“Is a whisper in my ear…”_ Geno shivered as that low, whispered voice sang directly to his ear. “_I could give up all my life for just one kiss~ I would surely die if you dismiss me from your love... You take my breath away..._”

Closing his eye and resting his head against Reaper’s chest, Geno smiled slightly.

_So please don’t go_

_Don’t leave me here all by myself..._

Suddenly Reaper’s feet nudged themselves under his slippers and Geno gasped as they floated up a
bit, fingers tightening on the god’s shoulder as his eye snapped open to glance down. Oh stars, the save screen’s floor was getting further away…

“Just look at me.” Reaper murmured, briefly releasing his hand to tilt his head up by his chin. Once their gazes met, he smiled softly and leaned in a bit to press their foreheads together. “I won’t let you off, Geno.”

“...I trust you.” And he did.

...I’ll get no sleep ‘til I find you to tell you
That you just~ take my breath away...

Their hands came together again, fingers intertwined tightly, and Geno found that they were moving around a lot smoother with Reaper in charge of spinning them through the air. It was a little nerve wracking at first but that deep, dark and somehow warm gaze made it increasingly more difficult to focus on anything but the pounding in his rib cage. Was that his SOUL? Or...or his...

...I’ll get no sleep ‘til I find you to
tell you when I’ve found you...

“I love you.” Reaper sang softly and his heart jolted.

...Take my breath, take my breath

Take my breath, take my breath...

As the song began to slowly wind down, the small circles they were twirling in slowed and Reaper began carefully lowering them back down to the floor. Geno’s legs felt weak as he took a small step back off the god’s feet, heart racing as he stared up at the taller skeleton who continued singing; their bodies still swaying.

“Take my breath away...” The taller finished alongside the song, bringing them to a stop.

‘Oh,” Geno thought distantly, socket wide and face warm. ‘I...I like him, don’t I?’

Reaper smiled gently; the expression so soft on his usually smug features. “Want to dance again?”

Stunned, Geno merely nodded.

‘I really, really like him.’

Now

“Ooh ooh ooh ooooh.
Ooh ooh...”

Smiling at the familiar song being sung, Geno quietly peered into the nursery where Reaper had disappeared into when he went to check on Goth and felt his heart melt a little.

“... Ooh, you take my breath away...” The god sang quietly, voice a hushed whisper as he gently rocked the sleeping infant in his arms; absently twirling around the room.
Catching sight of the smaller skeleton mid-spin, Reaper smiled and beckoned him into the room with an outstretched hand, Goth carefully cradled in the crook of his arm. He was humming as Geno stepped into the nursery and met him, the smaller unable to deny the request and taking up the god’s hand. A pleased blush warmed his face when Reaper, the romantic idiot, brought his knuckles to his teeth in a soft kiss and he found himself returning the gesture with one of his own before accepting the small, slumbering bundle when Goth was held out for him to take.

Just as his arms settled around their precious little babybones, arms wrapped around his waist from behind and he was coaxed backwards into the god’s warm embrace; his back pressed into Reaper’s chest and his head falling back to lean against a shoulder.

Slowly, they began to sway and his eye fell closed to savor the sound of Reaper’s voice as his humming transitioned back into words.

“...You’ve captured my love, stolen my heart~”

“Changed my life...” He whispered, joining in. Teeth pressed to the side of his skull and he could feel them curving upwards as they continued swaying side to side.

Together, they sang through the rest of the song, Goth nestled safely in Geno’s arms and Reaper a warm presence at his back while they rocked and swung and swayed; Reaper eventually turning Geno back around to muffle the lyrics in a slow, gentle kiss.

By the time the song came to an end, they were smiling with their foreheads pressed together and Goth protected between their bodies, tiny grin curved into a genuine smile in his sleep at the feel of his parents’ love resonating from their SOULS.

‘I love him.’ Geno thought when Reaper began humming the start of the song again.

Happily, he jumped back in.

‘I really, really love him.”

Chapter End Notes

Cute chapter!

Every chapter I write looks nothing like my original outline. Did you know this chapter was going to be them dancing at another couple's wedding and THAT was going to lead to Reaper asking Geno to marry him?

Yeah, that story outline because irrelevant somewhere around chapter three.
There was a kitchen in Geno’s save screen. A kitchen without walls, of course, but a kitchen no less. There was a fridge, a stove with an oven, a sink, and multiple other pieces of furniture you’d find in a kitchen such as cabinets and a table. Curiously, he turned the knobs on the sink and opened the door to the fridge. Not only did they both mysteriously work but there was food in the fridge, and, he realized upon opening a few doors, in the cabinets too.

For the first since entering the save screen, his stomach growled.

“Reaper?” He called out absently, shutting off the sink and reaching into the fridge for a cool bottle of ketchup. Ketchup! “Are you still here?”

Instead of appearing out of the darkness like some kind of cliche horror movie villain, the god remained unseen. It wasn’t abnormal for him to drop by and leave things for Geno when the smaller skeleton was asleep but how in the world did he manage to drop off an entire kitchen without waking him up? Geno wasn’t that heavy a sleeper!

Unscrewing the lid to the ketchup and tossing it over his shoulder alongside the little paper seal, Geno hummed in delight at the taste of tomato flavored condiment as he finished going through everything in the new section of his makeshift home. Pots, pans, cutting boards, kn...knives..., and pretty much anything else he could ever need. He was a little amused to find a drawer full of coffee and filters though, and spent a few minutes looking around before he found the coffee machine meant to go with them. Wrapping his grin around the bottle to free up his hands, he gathered up everything he would need in his arms and began the task of making a pot. Coffee may not have been his preferred drink, but the dreary bastard who got him all this stuff probably deserved a cup or two as thanks.

His stomach growled again. Admittedly, he jumped a bit due to just how unfamiliar the sound now was.
Leaving the machine to happily brew away and carefully tossing his now empty bottle into the little trash can he discovered in one of the taller drawers, Geno turned his attention to all the ingredients he now had to work with. Papyrus may have been the one who found enjoyment in cooking, even if it was mainly a single dish, but Geno wasn’t all that terrible a cook himself. As lazy as he could be, he found himself actually a little enthusiastic about whipping something up for the first time in what felt like—and probably was—years.

“I’ll start with something small…”

Something smelled amazing.

It was the first thing he noticed upon stepping through a portal into the save screen, his senses being overwhelmed by the heat of an oven and the scent of something delicious.

Wait, was he smelling coffee too?

Floating on over towards the newly designated kitchen area, Reaper made an appreciative noise when he noticed the mouth watering spread scattered across the table. Little sandwiches, burgers, fries, a salad, some pasta, and more was fitted together closely on multiple plates. There were a few desserts here and there too—pie, cookies, lemon bars—and a quick glance at the oven showed what could have been a casserole or a cake.

Ooooh, and there was the coffee in a pot on the counter.

“Is that for me?” He asked, startling the smaller skeleton who was busy stirring something in a pot.

“Reaper?!” Geno gasped, spinning around with a surprised expression.

Don’t laugh, Reaper. Don’t laugh. Don’t laugh. “You, um, you have something on your face.”

“When did you get here?” The smaller questioned as he rubbed at his face.

Don’t laugh. “Uh, it’s still there.”

“Where? And answer my question!” Again, he wiped at his face.

“I got here a few minutes ago. Well, I was here for a bit earlier but I’m sure you already noticed that. Like the kitchen?” He snickered a bit. “Didn’t quite get it, Gen.”

Looking a little frustrated, Geno swiped both hands across his skull. “It’s…it’s really nice. You know you didn’t have to do all this though, right? Last week it was a tub, this week a kitchen? I don’t need all these things, asshole.”

“Let me spoil you, you little bastard. And,” finally, he laughed “just come over here. You keep missing it.”

“One moment.” Quickly turning the flame off, Geno grabbed the pot and tilted it to pour the contents over an empty pie shell. Reaper was definitely the one with less of a sweet tooth but he still found himself drooling a bit as chocolate poured out of the pot.

“Looks good.” He praised. “I’m glad I threw some plastic wrap into the cart though. I don’t think the two of us combined can eat through all this in one day.”

“Who says any of this is for you?”
“Oh? So you’re planning to drink all that coffee by yourself?”

“Yes.”

“And you’re going to eat all this food?”

“Yep.”

“Guess I’ll just leave then.”

“Sit your ass down.” Geno demanded, grinning a bit as he tossed the chocolate dessert in the fridge to cool.

“Bossy, bossy.” Reaper chuckled. “Let me wipe your face first, dork. You’re still a mess.”

Looking around him for anything to use, the god simply settled on dragging the sleeve of his robe over his hand and used it to wipe at the impressive mess smeared across Geno’s skull. Chocolate, flour, a little whip cream, tomato...the smaller skeleton was just a mess of colors and food.

“Are you done yet?” The smaller complained.

“Almost.” Switching sleeves for a moment and doing another swipe, he finally pulled away with a satisfied grin. “Now I can see that beautiful face.”

Cue that adorable blush. “—just sit down, prick.”

“If my beautiful lover commands it, then who am I to resist?”

“Shut up!”

“You say that so angrily yet you’re smiling.”

Throwing him a horrible attempt at a scowl, Geno turned his back to him in order to grab some clean plates. For all the cooking he managed to do in just a few hours, it was clear that he still wasn’t all that accustomed to the kitchen as it took a few moments of going through the cabinets to find the dishes. Reaper didn’t bother on commenting on this though, mostly because he didn’t want to get hit, and plopped himself down at the table.

“I could get use to this.” He decided after an empty plate and a mug full of coffee was set down before him.

All these wonderful options to choose from and Geno was piling his plate with a burger and fries. “To what?” The glitchy skeleton asked before taking a bite of his ketchup smothered food.

“To this.” He waved at the full table and Geno before using that same hand to pile a little bit of everything onto his plate. “It’s nice. Coming home from a long, hard day of work—”

“I’m pretty sure you should still be working.”

“—to a delicious home cooked meal prepared for me by my darling housewife.”

“I’m not a fucking woman! If anything I’m your husband!” Flushing, Geno hurried to backtrack. “Not that we’re even married, jackass.”

Not yet, anyways. Reaper had plans to fix that in the future.
“Fine, a delicious home cooked meal prepared for me by my darling househusband. Oooh! I should get you an apron.”

“I’ll stab you with a spoon.”

“Aw, you want to spoon?”

“You’re impossible.” Geno growled, biting a fry in half viciously.

“Says the half death, glitchy skeleton whose continued existence should be impossible.”

The rest of the meal was filled with mostly one sided bickering as the two worked through as much as either of them could stomach. It was fun though, grins ruining Geno’s scowls and humor slipping into the smaller’s voice.

Also, Reaper wasn’t going to lie, the food was a lot better than he had been expecting it to be.

2.

“R-reaper?!”

Geno…?

“Reaper!”

Why did he sound so far away…?

“Reaper, what happened?!”

...something hurt…

“Reaper? Reaper! Reaper!”

...he...he was tired….

“REAPER!”

“…”

Stars, his skull was pounding.

Groaning, Reaper slowly blinked open his sockets and looked around him with a blurry gaze. He was in the save screen, he realized upon finding himself surrounded by scattered furniture and infinite darkness. He...he didn’t remember coming here.

“Reaper?”

“Ge—” clearing his throat a few times he tried again. It still came out scratchy. “Geno?”

“Oh thank the stars.” Geno whispered, voice full of relief.

For some reason, he couldn’t really move his head. Not without a sharp pain shooting through his spine, that is. Thankfully, the smaller skeleton solved this issue for him by quickly stepping forward into his line of sight and kneeling down. Was he on the couch?
“Reaper? Are you...are you okay?”

He...didn’t know.

“Did...” a sharp pain shot through his chest and clutched at his sternum in pain. “Ow, f-fuck. Did...did something happen, Gen?”

Looking upset, the other skeleton shook his head and carefully helped him sit up. Oh, so he was on the bed. “I don’t know.” Geno admitted, frustrated and concerned all at once. There was magic dried on his face. Tears. “You just...showed up out of nowhere, Reaps. You were...you were bleeding and your ribs are cracked and your a-arm is broken and...and something is wrong with your spine; but you w-weren’t responding so I don’t know what happened.”

“Hey, hey...” gently shushing the smaller skeleton, Reaper tried to smile through the pain eating away at him in an attempt to shoo away that terribly worried expression. “I’m fine, Gen. I...don’t really remember what happened, but I’m fine.”

“You’re not!” Geno snapped. “You...I don’t know what happened but you’re not fine.”

“Gen-”

“Can you eat?” The smaller interrupted, already standing and making his way towards the kitchen. “Do you think you can stomach some food?”

Another shot of pain went through him when he shifted to get a little more comfortable. “Y-yeah.”

He didn’t hear a reply but it didn’t matter much when Geno was returning to his side within minutes with a bowl of Reaper assumed was soup in his hands. “Here,” the smaller skeleton crawled into bed next to him and hurried to scoop up some of the—hey, he was right—soup. “Open your mouth.”

“Gen, I can feed my-”

“Open. Your. Mouth.”

That dangerous tone had him complying as quickly as humanly (or godly?) possible. As soon as his teeth were parted, Geno was shoving the spoonful of food into his mouth in a manner that somehow managed to be forceful and gentle at the same time.

Oh, that...that was really good. Stew, he thought as he chewed his mouthful thoughtfully. Little bits of perfectly tender meat and soft, brothy vegetables. Rice too? He was pretty sure that was rice. Maybe a little too much pepper but still tasty and warm as it slid down his throat, warming him instantly. Huh, he hadn’t realized he was cold.

Geno was eyeing him but he had a feeling he wasn’t looking for a cooking review. “Open again.”

Well, why not?

Bit by bit he was fed the entire bowl of soup, Geno seeming more and more pleased with every mouthful he ate. At one point, the spoon started to scrape against the bowl when the contents began running thin and the smaller summoned the pot to his side. The bowl was refilled and Reaper was made to finish it all as well followed by a third until, when a fourth was about to be filled, the god had to put his foot down; stuffed full.

“Gen, babe, it’s delicious but I’m going to puke if you keep feeding me.”
“Do you feel better?” Geno question worriedly, completely disregarding his words as he nudged another spoonful against Geno’s teeth.

Groaning, Reaper turned his head away. “Geno, please, I’m seriously full.”

“Okay, okay…” The spoon was directed to his own mouth but Geno was still watching him attentively. There was an uncomfortable tingle that gave away the fact that Reaper was being CHECKED. “Do you feel better now? I...healing has never been my strong suit so I couldn’t manage full HP food, but I think the soup is still helping. Does your spine still hurt?”

“You made me HP food?” He asked, touched. Shifting a bit in place proved this true when none of his previous aches acted up. There was a little soreness, yeah, but it wasn’t that sharp, stinging pain from so recently. “Spine feels a lot better, babe. Everything else feels pretty okay too.”

Even as a relieved smile replaced his worried frown, Geno’s eye light still glanced towards the kitchen. “Are you sure? I made other things too.”

“...Did you make an entire feast worth of HP food?”

“...I was a little worried.”

“Gen,” He scolded, taking the bowl and spoon from Geno’s hands and shoving some of the soup into the smaller’s mouth. “You didn’t need to go that far! HP food takes magic to make. You didn’t use up too much, did you? Are you dizzy at all?”

“Hey!” Pausing to chew another mouthful that was pushed into his mouth, Geno scowled. “I’m trying to nurse you back to health, jerk!”

“Well, now I’m nursing you!”

“I’m not the one that showed up looking like he got hit by a train!”

“I’m pretty sure I just got caught by an explosion or something. It’s a little fuzzy, but I remember sensing something big about to go down and probably showed up a few seconds too early for work,”

“An explosion?!” The bowl was ripped from his grasp and the spoon was pushed against his teeth. “Eat the damn soup!”

“No, you eat it! I’m full!”

“Sure you are! I bet you’d be singing another tune entirely if I was trying to give you the coffee I made.”

“...you made HP coffee?” Using blue magic to make Geno feed himself the spoonful, Reaper quickly stole back the bowl and utensil once the smaller was distracted by chewing angrily.

Glaring, Geno crossed his arms with a scowl. “I’m dumping it down the sink. You’re full, after all.”

“I am!” He whined. “Believe me, I’d be all over that coffee if I wasn’t.” Narrowing his eyes at Geno and offering some more soup, he frowned. “You’re looking a little tired. Eat more.”

From then on, the two began an intense battle over the remaining soup, each trying to nurse the other back to their full health but having their every attempt foiled by the other’s stubbornness. By the time their small war came to an end, the entire pot of soup was gone and both were slumped against the pillows; full.
Reaper did have to admit that he felt a lot better though.

3.

Geno was stress baking.

“Honey, I think you’ve made enough.”

“I just need to make one more pie and then I’ll be ready to go.”

“Gen, you made three pies. You really don’t need to make one more.”

Too late. He was already cracking open some eggs. “It won’t take that long!”

“Gen…” Reaper sighed. “You made three pies, a dozen cupcakes, two dozen muffins, an entire plate of various sandwiches, macaroni salad, homemade chips, and even took the time to squeeze your own orange juice and lemonade.”

Yeah, Geno was definitely stress baking. And cooking.

“One more won’t hurt.” Shit, he was out of flour. “Reaper, I need you to go to the store and get me more flour.”

“Nope.” Arms wrapped around him from behind and lifted him off the floor. “You,” he was spun around and bodily carried over to his bathroom area. “are going to take a shower then get dressed. While you do that, I’ll clean up your mess and then we are going to have a picnic in the save screen so that you can meet my brother.”

“What if he doesn’t like me?” Geno mumbled, nervous. He had accepted his fate and was hanging limply in Reaper’s arms. “What if I take one look at him and start crying?”

“Paps likes everyone, babe. And I’ll make a distraction for you if you need to run off and cry.”

“There’s no walls! He’ll see me!”

“I’ll make a very big distraction.”

“But-”

He was cut off by the taller skeleton pulling him into a kiss. “It’ll be fine, honey. Now take your shower.”

“...Don’t watch me, you fucking perv.” Reaper always claimed it was the cheapest one they had, but the shower he got was entirely clear.

Said skeleton was grinning suggestively. “I won’t. Promise.”

Later, when Pap’s was over and they were eating, Geno kept viciously hoping for the oldest reaper to choke on his food. The bastard crept his way into the shower.

Poor Papyrus had seen something a lot worse than him crying.
“R-reaper, stop!”

“Hmm, I’m not doing anything.”

Grip tightening around the stirring spoon he was holding, Geno stifled a moan. “You are s-such a liar, you a-asshole.”

Arms coming around to circle Geno’s waist and tug him closer, the god chuckled deeply as he began pressing kisses to the smaller’s skull; a hand slowly sliding up to tug that precious scarf out of the way so that he could reach his neck as well. “I’m just hugging you.”

Teeth sank into his vertebrae and Geno barely swallowed down a cry. Hidden within his slippers, his toes curled. “T-that’s not j-just hug— another bite “—hugging!”

“You stopped stirring.” Reaper casually reminded him, nudging his legs open and sliding one of his own between them. “Isn’t frosting supposed to be smoother?”

Reaper’s knee pressed up perfectly and the spoon nearly fell from his hand. “You k-keep distracting m-me—EEEEE!”

“Huh, don’t think I’ve ever made you squeal before.”

Fingers were tracing the edges of his wound and it stung so deliciously while that knee grinding up into him was unfairly amazing. “I’m t-trying to— o-oh, ah!”

The spoon clattered to the floor when something pressed up against him from behind. A black clad arm reached around him to push the mixing bowl somewhere off to the side before Geno was being spun around and lifted onto the counter.

“I’m in the mood for something sweet.” Reaper purred, clearly ignoring the half finished cake to his left as he stepped up between Geno’s legs. The glow tenting his robe was obvious. “How about a cream pie?”

That filthy bastard.

5.

“Geno.”

“Shut up.”


“I said shut up, asshole!”

“My gorgeous Genocide.”

“I’m warning you!”


“SHUT UP!”
Dodging the pointy bone attack sent his way, Reaper grinned widely. “But snookums!”

“Shut your stupid face up.” Geno growled, flushed red.

“You made me cake, kitten!”

“I didn’t make the cake for you, asshole.”

“Hun, it’s coffee cake.”

“You’re reading into it too much. I just wanted to try making one.”

“Pumpkin, you decorated it with black frosting.”

“It’s the only color I had left.”

“There’s little skull shaped sprinkles.”

“I like skeleton themed things.”

“My name is on it.”

“That’s a mistake.”

“Gen!” Reaper laughed. “Why did you make me a cake if you’re just going to deny it.”

“I didn’t think your reaction would be so embarrassing!”

“I’m happy.” He said with a smile, tugging the smaller skeleton into his arms and laughing more when Geno visibly had to stop himself from smacking him. Aw, he was trying to be nice! “You made me a valentine’s day cake! A black, coffee flavored valentine’s day cake! I love it!”

“It’s not a valentine’s cake.” Geno grumbled, scowling. “I ended up being a day late.”

“A day late is pretty good when time doesn’t really pass around here. Hell, you could be a week late and I’d still be impressed. Either way, look at it!” Not wanting to release his lover, the god simply used magic to bring the cake closer. “It’s perfect!”

“It’s lopsided!”

“Okay, so it’s not the prettiest cake you ever made but you made it for me. That alone makes it perfect.”

Just as he said that, a little click sounded and the coffee maker began to warm up; the scent of coffee soon getting stronger around them. Ecstatic, Reaper turned to his increasingly reddening boyfriend with a wide, bright grin. “Did you set the timer on the coffee machine so that it would be ready when I got here?”

Scowl growing darker even as his face got brighter, Geno looked away. “You showed up early, asshole. Your text said an hour! Not fifteen minutes. Now the coffee is late too.”

‘Coffee cake and coffee.” Carefully directing the cake back onto the counter so that he could smooch his grumpy lover, Reaper froze once their teeth actually met. “Geno…” he murmured, awed.

“Let me go!” The smaller demanded when his arms tightened around him. “I know what you’re thinking and...and no! That’s not why!”
“You taste like coffee.”

“I had to test the frosting to make sure it didn’t taste gross!”

“Coffee cake, coffee, and coffee flavored kisses.” He listed happily. “This is the best valentine’s day ever.”

“It’s not valentine’s day any- mmph!”


+1

Tomatoes.

Geno liked tomatoes. Tomatoes had to be one of his favorite fruits and the fact that it was a fruit made him like them even more because it let him get away with calling ketchup a fruit smoothie. People always had hilarious reactions to that. Aside from being a key ingredient in his favorite condiment-food-drink combo, he also liked how tomatoes gave a bit of freshness to his burgers. Overall, they were just tasty and nifty and he liked them.

At the moment; however, they were making him feel a little sick.

“Step 1…” he muttered to himself for the third time in a row. “blanch the tomatoes in boiling water.”

The water was all ready to go. It had been ready to go ten minutes ago when it first came to a boil. Geno just...couldn’t move, eye staring at the recipe before him blankly.

“Brother! Undyne taught me a new recipe today!”

Flinching at the voice echoing from his memories, Geno took a small step away from the counter. Flour, herbs, eggs...he had everything he needed to cook but was rapidly losing the nerve to do so. Chicken Alfredo? No problem. Shrimp scampi? Easy.

Spaghetti?

He...he couldn’t.

Catching sight of the tomatoes resulted in magic churning uncomfortably in his stomach.

“These tomatoes are no match for I, a future member of the royal guard!”

Making the sauce had always been Pap’s favorite part.

“Sans! As the brother of The Amazing, Popular Chef I want you to try my dish first!”

He…

“WOWIE, you’re speechless! My cooking must be amazing!”

He couldn’t do it.

Clutching at his scarf and taking another step backwards, Geno flinched even harder when he bumped into someone and spun around; magic flaring to life in his socket in alarm.
“Whoa! Wait, wait! It’s me!” Reaper cried out in alarm when bones began appearing all around him.
“Gen, babe, it’s me! Reaper?”

“Oh…” he whispered numbly. His magic dissipated and he found himself stumbling back into the nearest chair. “I...I’m sorry.”

“The human is a lot less fun that I thought they’d be...”

“I...”

“Perhaps they need a guiding hand? Someone to teach them the joy of puzzles? Perhaps they need...THE GREAT PAPYRUS! NYEHEHE!”

“I don’t know why I reacted like that…”

“I’ll be back soon, brother! With a new friend, no less! Then we can all celebrate my victory over the human with some celebratory spaghetti!”

“Sorry.”

“Bye brother!”

“Sorry…” he repeated.

The crunch of snow under boots, a bright red scarf trailing in the wind, Papyrus’ back to him as the younger skeleton unknowingly marched to his death...

...red eyes and the glint of a knife...

...a chilling smile and a heartfelt speech...

...then...

... slash!

“I’m sorry…” He whispered, socket void of light.

Cool hands gently cupped his face. “Gen?” Reaper called out softly, tilting his head back so their gazes could meet. “Baby? Are you...is the date getting to you?”

He had been fine all day! A little sad maybe, but Geno had awoken feeling good. Happy, overall. Ready. He spent weeks practicing on other pasta dishes just so he could get this one right but he...

“I can’t do it.” The admission hurt. “I...I thought I could but I can’t...I can’t do it.”

Soothingly, thumbs stroked his cheeks. “Do what?”

“Make spaghetti.” Out loud, it seemed like such a silly statement.

Reaper understood though and his expression softened as he turned to glance at all the materials Geno had spread out across the counters. “Gen...”

“Why can’t I do it?” He asked, frustrated and mood souring further when tears began blurring his vision. He didn’t want to cry, damnit. He was tired of crying over his issues! “Why can’t I do it? I got everything out, I read through the recipe, I...I was ready! I should be ready!”
“It’s okay if you’re not, Gen.” Reaper murmured, kneeling down before him to hold his hands. “The fact that you even attempted it is already a big enough step to take. You don’t have to do more than that if you’re not ready.”

Shaking his head and angrily scrubbing at his tears, Geno fought back his stupid tears. “I have to! I have to. It’s...it’s his birthday, Reaper. I have to…”

“...Maybe I can help?” The god suggested hesitantly. “You don’t have to face this alone, babe. I...I never got to meet your brother, and I’m not an expert chef, but...I think I’d like to help you make him a birthday dinner.”

“...He wasn’t one either.” Geno whispered.

“What?”

Accepting that his tears wouldn’t stop, Geno let his hands fall from his face. “Paps wasn’t an expert chef either. He…” he laughed, the sound wet and sad but full of love. “he was a terrible cook.”

“Was he?” Reaper asked, gently pulling him to his feet and leading him back towards the counter. “I never made spaghetti before but don’t you just follow the recipe?”

“His recipe was whatever directions Undyne shouted at him through the phone.”

“Sounds scary.” Glancing between the instructions and the pot of boiling water, Reaper grabbed a few tomatoes. “Do you...want to keep telling me about him?”

“...Yeah.” Geno whispered. “Yeah, I think I do.”

It took far longer than it should have due to all the times they got sucked into one of Geno’s stories and the small breaks the smaller skeleton needed to calm himself but, by the end of the night, they had a pot full of spaghetti. Geno couldn’t bring himself to try any of it but still managed to smile when Reaper dug out some candles and lit them on the birthday cake replacement.

“Happy birthday, Paps.”

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is about fighting together (the action kind not the arguing kind) and I am not ready. At all. Enjoy this fun chapter while you can because the next one is turning out terrible.
Could you kill a god?

They were meant to be powerful, weren’t they?

Invincible, some would even say.

They had so many skills…

…so many years of wisdom…

…unparalleled strength…

…uncomprehendable power…

…so surely they couldn’t be beat. Surely they couldn’t be killed.

Right?

…”Get out of my house.” He snarled, glitches buzzing almost angrily over his injured socket while his eye light flickered between white and that aggressive red-blue stare. “Leave!”

“We didn’t come here to fight.” One of the gods standing in the living room said, tone placating.

“Bullshit.” Magic flaring when another stepped forward, he growled. It was deep, dark, and far more intimidating than the small group expected, and Geno grinned in vicious delight when they all stepped back; some even paling a bit. “You invited yourself into my home while dressed in armor and you expect me to believe you’re not here to cause trouble? I’ll only ask one more time: Get out
of my house!"

“(He’s too confrontational! He’ll never comply with what we came here to do!)” For a moment, his hard expression almost cracked. It seemed like he just met this world’s Lesser Dog. Unfortunately, he didn’t think they were going to get along.

“I can understand you, asshole!” You didn’t have your favorite bar invaded by the dog guard without picking up a bit of their language. “Comply with what? What do you all even want?”

“We were sent here with a purpose.”

“Bull. Shit.” He repeated, socket narrowing. “I’m not a fucking idiot. Some of you look like you’re probably a part of what I assume is Asgore’s guard—”

“How dare you so freely use the name of the king!”

“— but,” Geno continued, widening his grin in an unfriendly expression at the one who interrupted him. “I somehow doubt that all eight of you are guards. Or that you’re here on Asgore’s orders.”

“The King,” one of the gods began with extra emphasis on the word king. “is not who sent us. We are here to represent the people.”

“What people?”

“The people of the realm. The gods.”

“Yeah, well, fuck the gods.” He sneered. “What could you all possibly want with me?”

“How crude.” A goddess sneered back, nose upturned. “Although I’m not surprised. ‘Fuck the gods’ you say? Well, we all know you’ve gotten around to one already, you ghoulish whore.”

“Whore?” Laughing in disbelief, he shook his head. “Unbelievable. I don’t even know who you are, lady, yet you think you know me well enough to call me a whore? I’ll go ahead and add insulting to the list of things you’re all doing to piss me off.”

“Feem!” The tallest of them hissed to the goddess. Geno assumed he was meant to be the leader. “You are making things more difficult!” To Geno, he offered up what was probably meant to be a charming smile. “Mortal, please. We did not come here to quarrel. We simply seek a solution to a… concern us gods find ourselves sharing.”

“You came to ask the person you just condescendingly called a mortal for help? I know I’m saying this a lot, but bull-fucking-shit. How do you all even know I exist?”

“Rumors.” The goddess—Feem apparently—spoke up. “Oh, there’s been so many wonderful rumors going around for months now! Death is in trouble, they said! King Asgore noticed he wasn’t doing his job as much, they claimed! Well, apparently they were true because the king called Death to him for what I heard was a massive scolding and then? Nothing. Death went back to work as normally as anyone could expect from a slacker like him and all the juicy rumors died down. Until…” she purred, staring at Geno with a nasty smile.

“Until what?” He glared back.

“Until someone claimed they heard Death asking the goddess of wisdom to help him bring his lover into this realm.” Unholy glee shown in her eyes as she stepped up to Geno, annoying taller. “And then the rumors blossomed again: Death stole away a soul to keep as a bride! Death isn’t doing his
job and is keeping a mortal alive! Death found something inhuman and took it away to his home! It seems like there’s a bit of truth in all those things,” she mused while eyeing his wound. “but it’s the latest rumor that interests me the most and worries us all.” Her teeth were impossibly white in the wide, pointed smile she sent him. “Death’s lover, willing or not, bore him a child.”

“Out.”

“Tell me,” Feem commanded in a coaxing tone. “why would a male skeleton be producing milk? Oh, don’t bother trying to hide your chest, dear. I can smell it.”

“Get. Out.” He demanded, arms crossed over his chest anyways and magic a steady flame in his socket. Silently, he CHECKED them. None of them seemed familiar with the sensation, thankfully.

“(I can smell the milk too!” Yeah, this Lesser Dog was definitely a lot less nice to be around.

The leader looked grim as the rest of the gods began to murmur behind him. “So it’s true? You brought a child of Death into this realm? You bore the bane of all existence a child and cursed us with a third reaper?! Are you mad?! We...we have to destroy it!”

Could you kill a god?

Geno wasn’t sure.

...

...

...

But he was about to find out.

Eight, cheerful pings were the only warning the gods got before they were flung into the wall of the living room. The sturdy wood gave an ominous creak until the sharp, high whine of a blaster powering up tore it apart as eight consecutive shots slammed into the deities and forced them through the shattering wall and outside the home.

Although he was sure they were all alive, Geno didn’t stick around to see if they’d get up and instead disappeared through a shortcut. With a sharp crack, he reappeared in Goth’s nursery where the small infant met him with a frightened cry; shrieking and sobbing within his crib from all the noise from downstairs.

“Hey, baby,” Geno cooed, hurrying to pull him into his arms and rocking him gently even as he tore through his pockets for his phone. Finding it, he wasted no time in dialing the first number on speed-dial. “Don’t cry, Gothy. Don’t cry. Everything’s going to be okay, honey.”

Footsteps were pounding up the stairs. Quickly flipping the lock on the nursery door, Geno waited until he heard harsh knocking before shortcutting back downstairs. All the gods seemed to have chased him up stairs. Good.

“Heya, babe.” Reaper greeted the moment the call connected.

“Hush, Goth. It’s okay, it’s okay…” He soothed the scared baby while stepping through the huge
hole in the house. “Reaper? Come home!”

“Gen?”

“Reaps, I don’t have time to explain. Goth is crying and—”

“Found you!”

“Shit!”

“Gen?! Geno?!”

Dropping the phone in order to better secure Goth, Geno quickly shot off a few bone attacks at Feem before spinning on his heel and taking off into the dark, dead forest the surrounded the house. Feem followed with a cackle and he cursed again while curving through the trees around him, waiting until he came across one wide enough to hide his form before he stepped through another shortcut.

“Shhh, shhh.” Bouncing Goth a bit in his arms and whispering small comforting words, Geno nervously peered over the roof of their home before turning his attention back to the teary child. Luckily, Goth’s wails were starting to die down into little hiccuping sniffles as he took comfort in his mother’s arms. With a soft whine, the babe drew the material over Geno’s breast into his mouth and began suckling in a search for food. Glaring at his chest, Geno growled, “Why do you stupid things keep getting me in trouble? They smelled my milk? Really? That’s disgusting!”

“(I can smell him! He’s somewhere around here!” Lesser Dog barked from below.

Quickly, Geno slouched down so he wouldn’t be seen.

“He lives there!” One of the gods pointed out, annoyed. “Of course you smell him at his own damn house!”

“(The scent is fresh! I smell the demon as well!”

“Did he just call Goth a demon?”

A hundred bone attacks appeared in a threatening half circle around Geno and the precious bundle in his arms as he whirled around with a snarl; magic bright in his socket. The moment he caught sight of his fiancé; however, the attacks disappeared and he slumped in relief. “Reaper!”

“Hey, honey.” Reaper smiled, contrasting the dark look in his sockets. “I don’t remember you telling me you were planning to have guest over. New friends?”

“How the fuck do you kill a god?!” He hissed, absently nuzzling Goth comfortably when the smallest of the three began whimpering at the lack of milk. “You gotta wait a bit, sweetie. Mama can’t afford to feed you right now.”

“He’s on the roof!” A familiar, feminine voice called out.

“*I hate that bitch.*” Both he and Reaper growled simultaneously. Surprised, they stared at each other.

“How do you—” Reaper began.

“—Just met her today. Very pretty. Shitty personality though. How do—”

This time Geno was cut off. “—She’s a goddess of gossip. Likes stalking me every now and then in
order to find fuel for rumors.”

As they spoke, a sharp glowing spear was shot up at Geno’s back and Reaper snarled as he darted forward to intercept it with his scythe, the blade easily cutting through the magical metal and sending both parts of the broken attack crashing to the floor harmlessly. There was an alarmed cry and three more flew up, this time aimed at Reaper, but before the god himself could act to destroy them, bone attacks matching the spears in number whipped pass him from behind and shattered them.

“They want to hurt Goth!” Geno informed him, obediently tucking himself against Reaper’s side when the taller skeleton lifted his arm. “They’re attacking us but they really want him!”

“I’m taking you two to the save screen.” Wrapping his free arm around the smaller skeleton and their child while using the one holding his scythe to fend off more attacks, Reaper began piling his power to take them to Geno’s previous home. “I’ll come back and deal with—”

“Reaper!” Alarmed, Geno ripped himself from his fiancé’s hold to send an attack towards what looked like some kind of small, golden bird. Shit, did they call in backup? The small bird dodged his attack and spat at Geno. Once, twice, thrice… Geno dodged them all but by the time he managed to shoo the little bastard away with more attacks, a bit of the substance being shot at him had managed to splatter on his leg. For a few seconds, he felt dizzy but forced himself to fight through it as he turned towards his swaying lover. “Reaper? Reaps! What’s wrong?”

“That little prick.” Said god growled, eventually shaking off his own dizziness and reaching behind him blindly only to come away with some kind of strange sludge on his fingers. It was the same thing that had gotten onto Geno’s leg. “Fuck, that was a minor god of traveling.”

“What did he do?” He questioned worriedly, looking around in an alert manner while rocking Goth to keep him calm. The poor thing was obviously tired, scared, and hungry. Understandably, he was getting a little fussy.

“Nothing harmful.” Reaper reassured while wiping his fingers against his robe. “I’ve been hit by his magic before and it doesn’t hurt. It does stop me from teleporting though, so jumping to the save screen and shortcuts in general are out of the option for at least a hour. Fuck,” he swore when arrows began to fly at them. Together, he and Geno fended them away but Reaper could see the attackers from below already readying more ammo. “these assholes came prepared. Weapons they can use without getting close, bringing a god of traveling into this…they obviously did their research.”

“What do we do?!” Goth shrieked when Geno jumped out of the way of another spear and the smaller skeleton shot Reaper a panicked look. “They want to kill our baby, Reaps. They think he’s some kind of curse just because—”

Tugging Geno out of the way of another attack and breaking it with his scythe, the god finished his sentence with a grave expression. “Because he’s mine.”

“What do we do?” He repeated, desperate trying to keep their child safe and calm.

“Staying on the roof isn’t going to keep us safe forever.” The crowd below was getting thicker and some of the braver—or dumber ones—were starting to climb the roof. Beyond angry, the taller skeleton kicked at one attempting to drag herself over the edge and smirked when his bare foot had her dead before she even hit the ground.

“Are you implying what I think you are?” Geno hissed. Behind him, a blaster formed and a few beams of light took care of the remaining deities attempting to scale their home. Unfortunately, the attacks did damage to the house itself and the loud, high pitch noises only worked Goth up more.
“I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” He whispered, kissing that little skull and playfully bouncing Goth around as though neither of them were in danger. Even as he smiled and made funny faces at the infant, he was speaking to Reaper as he said, “Please tell me you’re not planning to take us down there!”

Huffing in annoyance at the new wave of arrows even as they were all quickly destroyed, Reaper motioned for Geno to come closer to him again. “We’re at a disadvantage on the roof, Gen. We need to go down there if we want to end this.” Absently, he dug around in a hidden pocket and pulled out a pacifier. While Geno kept watch and returned fire with his attacks, Reaper gently nudged Goth’s frown with the pacifier. “C’mon, little guy, your mom will feed you soon. That’s it,” he cooed as Goth unhappily took the substitute. That taken care of for now, he wrapped an arm around Geno tightly. “Put an arm around my neck and hold onto Goth tight. I’m going to take us down there and then,” he grinned ruthlessly “I’m going to kill them all.”

“Reaps, that’s a lot of people.” Geno hissed even as he did as he was told. “A lot of gods! You’re a close range fighter and most of them are holding long range weapons! Even if you’re not planning on using your scythe, you still need to get in close enough to touch them if you want to kill them! And that’s just you! I have Goth to worry about and we don’t know how I’ll last in a FIGHT outside of the save screen! I feel fine now and my attacks seem to being doing damage but I...I know if that’ll last! For fucks sake, my magic is barely back to normal now that Goth is born! We’re not just at a disadvantage, we’re...we’re screwed!”

“Don’t say that!” Clutching the smaller skeleton closer and backing up a bit in attempt to break the enemy’s line of sight to buy them a few moments of peace, Reaper turned to Geno with a worried look. “I know this looks bad, Gen. I know going down there isn’t really that great a plan. I know, okay? I don’t feel uncomfortable leaving you and Goth up here alone though, so I need to take you down into the thick of things with me. It’s not safe, I don’t like it, but at least that way I can get to you quicker if things go South. Just stick as close to me as you deem safe so we can put an end to this bullshit. Goth wants his lunch.”

“How the fuck do you even kill a god?” Geno growled, repeating his question from earlier. He wasn’t going to go down there without knowing that, at the very least. “Tell me you can kill them, Reaps. I’m not like you where I can dust anyone with a poke. If you’re taking me down there, then tell me I’m able to do something but fend off people who’ll just keep getting back up.”

Reaper grinned nastily, left socket alight with burning blue magic and cloak whipping around him viciously as he began lifting them into the air. The extra height broke their brief moment of invisibility and they had to defend against multiple attacks while the god hurried to lower them to a relatively safe area. Goth gurgled grumpily around his pacifier. “How do you kill a god? The same way you’d kill a mortal: You beat them down until they stay down...Forever.”

The moment their feet were on the ground, Reaper was shooting forward and ruthlessly tearing through the nearest deities who couldn’t manage to dodge or block his blade in time. Behind him, Geno summoned a large array of bones and speared the heads of those foolish enough to use what they assumed was Reaper’s moment of distraction to get in close to the smaller skeleton and infant. Both had dark, angry snarls on their faces as they worked to establish an enemy free radius around their small family.

“Just leave us the fuck alone!” Realizing that the blasters he was summoning around him were too loud for his voice to be hear, Geno shouted louder all while apologetically bouncing Goth in his arms. “LEAVE US ALONE!”

“We want the child!” Someone dared to shout back. “Such a horrid creature never should have been
allowed to exist!

Spinning on his heel and cutting straight through the torsos of three separate gods, Reaper snarled, “Horrid? Creature? That’s my son!”

“He’s just a baby, you...you discriminating assholes!” Someone jumped at him and Geno had to slam a wall of blue constructs in front of him at the last moment in order to keep himself and his precious babybones safe. ‘Shit,’ he cursed mentally, taking a few steps back and expanding the wall for cover. ‘I’m so used to using shortcuts during fights that I nearly let Goth get skewered!’

“Don’t touch the blue attacks if you’re moving!” The enemy that ran into his wall yell. Jumping over it, he informed his allies that, “They won’t hurt you if you’re still!”

Fortunately for Geno, the asshole was too busy giving away his secrets to notice the normal, white bone erupting from the floor at the perfect angle to stab him through the SOUL. “Fuck you!” he spat even as the deity crumbled. “FUCK ALL OF YOU GODS!”

“Hey!”

“But you, dumbass!” Stars, why did he love Reaper?

“Such a dirty mouth.” One of the attacking gods said. Geno couldn’t see who it was due to his focus being on fending off more nearing idiots, but he didn’t like that slime filled tone. “I bet it’d feel amazing wrapped around my -”

“That’s my fiancé you’re drooling over!” Reaper growled. From the corner of his good eye, Geno saw him chuck his scythe at a scummy looking god blunt end first. Apparently the force in the throw was strong enough that it didn’t matter as the pole went straight through the pervert’s leg. He screamed but it was brief as Reaper darted forward and slammed a fist into his face, all while dodging attacks and weaving through gods to get there. His touch stole the life from the man near instantly, yet Reaper was tearing his scythe from his leg and moving on before the light even left his eyes. “Who else wants to insult my love?”

Stars, he loved Reaper.

“Love?! Ha! We know you bewitched him! Who could ever love a monster like Death otherwise?”

“Excuse me!?” Luckily that bitch was close enough that Geno was able to spear her without putting Goth further into danger. The little babe was happily trying to nom his finger all while sucking on his pacifier and Geno really didn’t want to risk ruining that anymore than he already was by standing in the middle of a fucking battle field. Still, what did that goddess say? “Monster?! I’ll show you a monster!”

Grin growing wider and glitch momentarily vanishing from above his right eye, Geno chuckled darkly as the injured woman startled at the sight of his melted socket. With his mood so poor there were little, white glitches buzzing around him angrily and, just to be dramatic, he decided to stop his habitual swallowing just so blood would pool from his teeth. Goth noticed the flash of color and had to be quickly distracted by his scarf so that he wouldn’t reach up and play in Geno’s magic. The poor thing was already stained enough due to his rib cage.

“The rumors are true!” The same goddess who insulted his fiancé cried. “Death found himself a savage soul to keep! That...t-that child was born of two monsters!”

“I really hate when people use the word monster as a bad thing.” He grumbled, blasting her to pieces
out of sheer annoyance. “MY RACE ISN’T AN INSULT! THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF LIFE AND YOU’RE ALL STILL IDIOTS!”

“Grrrrbbbbb!” Goth gurgled unhappily, sensing his mother’s negative emotions.

“Aw, do you agree with me, honey?” Geno cooed, voice raised to break through the sound of his blasters.

“Grbbbb!”

“Yes, yes they are all idiots.”

“Hey!”

“Oh for fucks sake! Expect you, Reap- f-fuck ! ” Cursing himself for getting distracted, Geno just barely managed to away from the grasping hands of a smaller group of enemies. More stepped up behind him and he panicked when more and more appeared no matter where he retreated to. Rapidly going through calculations in his head, he ducked, spun, jumped, weaved, and practically danced through the smaller crowd in between shooting off attacks. At one point, he miscalculated and had to resort to biting an asshole’s hand when they reached for Goth. “R-Reaper!”

Those smart enough to heed the warning shouts of the other attacking group of gods jumped away just in time to avoid the black blur that slammed into the gods too slow or stupid to get out of the way. Most had close range weapons and were helpless against the quick jabs of Reaper’s sharp, boney fingers while others had knives or swords and lasted longer; but the God of Death was not so easily bested and tore through the metal with his gleaming scythe.

Glancing around them and growling when it seemed like the crowd was still thick with foes, Reaper threw himself at Geno and took to the air as large wings ripped through the fabric over his back. A little, purple pacifier went tumbling down and smacked someone in the forehead when Goth shrieked in fear at the extreme height but his father didn’t slow as he raised them higher; flying in complex maneuvers in order to escape the paths of arrows.

“Reaper!” Geno shrieked, sounding very similar to their baby as he stiffened in his fiancé’s arms. He desperately wanted to cling to his lover because they were up so damn high but he didn’t dare loosen his grip on Goth. “What are you doing?!”

“They’re doing something to add to their numbers! No matter how many we kill, that crowd isn’t getting any smaller!” Reaper shouted over the wind, tightening his hold on Geno when he was forced to make a few jagged movements. “We need to get to Asgore so that he can call them off! We’ll be fighting for hours otherwise!”

A lucky arrow clipped Reaper’s leg and the taller skeleton had to grit his teeth when the wind worsened the sting of the cut. His flying didn’t slow and his movements were still as smooth as possible but the arrows were coming faster and Geno shouted in alarm when he peered back and noticed a decent number of enemies had followed them into the sky.

‘Of course Reaper isn’t the only damn god that can fly!’ he berated himself in his head, attempting to fire back but having difficulties due to Reaper’s unpredictable flying patterns. “Fuck, I can’t aim correctly since I don’t know when you’ll suddenly move!”

“The castle isn’t that far away! I just need to dodge them until we’re there!”

Shit, Goth was turning green. “Turn your head to the left a little!”
Making sure his protective hold was tight as he held Goth up just enough that his entire skull was
over Reaper’s shoulder, Geno winced as a trail of smelly magic flew behind them. Some of it got on
Reaper’s wings but most of it landed on one of the assholes following them. Waiting until the poor,
unhappy baby was done before pulling him back against his chest, Geno gently rubbed the now
sobbing child’s back. “How far is ‘not that far away,’ Reaper?! The flying is making Goth feel sick!”

“It’s just—”

“REAPER!”

His warning came too late and the god screamed when a bright, burning ball of magic slammed into
his back and began eating through his robe. Rather than extinguish the flames, the wind simply fed
the small fire and sent embers flying back to where they caught on the feathers of Reaper’s wings
and sent them aflame.

Tears blurred the taller skeleton’s vision as the pain tore through him, his nonexistent throat quickly
growing raw with the volume of his screams. He attempted to keep them on a straight path but the
fire was burning bright and hot and the black feathers hiding delicate bones were turning to ash faster
every second. Inevitably, his flying began to stutter. Desperately, the god attempted to teleport.

He couldn’t.

“R-Reaper!” Geno screamed when they began to fall. His terror was echoed in Goth’s cries.

“Reaper!”

Another ball of magic landed a hit and what little feathers remained to slow their bodies were burnt
away. “N-no!” Reaper cried out through his pain. “No, n-no, no!”

Mother and child were sobbing. “Reaper!”

“N O!”

Reaper couldn’t let Geno die. He couldn’t let Goth die. He couldn’t let them die!

His arm slide out from under Geno’s knees which made the smaller skeleton scream in fear but he
didn’t have time to apologize or reassure his lover. Quickly, he wrapped the arm around the smaller’s
lumbar while his other moved to cross behind Geno’s back, his palm cradling the back of Geno’s
skull. Like this, Goth was smushed between them as safely as possible but Reaper didn’t pause his
readjusting until he had Geno as curled up into him as possible, his own body curling forward
around his fiancé. With no feathers left, his wings were left without flames and he swallowed the cry
that wanted to break free when he forced them so far forward that the bones nearest to his back
snapped. The pain was unbearable but he didn’t stop until his now skeletal wings were wrapped
around Geno as well.

With the ground rapidly closing in, he pressed his teeth to Geno’s skull then jerked his body around
until his back was facing downwards.

“I won’t die.” he murmured, hoping Geno could hear him. “I won’t die, Gen, but...but stars, I love
you. I love you both, my precious ones. My everything.”

“Reap—”

They hit the ground.

Hard.
...and with a sickening crack.

“REAPER!”

Geno was okay.

Thank the stars that Goth was too.

But Reaper…

“Oh g-god…” Geno choked, sockets wide as he fought his way out of Reaper’s limp, protective hold. “O-oh god, oh god, oh…”

Feeling nausea burn its way up his throat, he quickly scrambled to the side and bent far forward over Goth to vomit. His baby—oh god, his baby who was alive, oh thank god—was screaming and flailing and sounded so, so scared but Geno’s comforting hold was shaking too much to help as he stared at his crumpled lover.

Somehow, his spine wasn’t completely shattered but…but…

“R-reaper,” he sobbed, desperately trying force down his mortification so that Goth wouldn’t pick up on it. His baby was traumatized enough. “Reaper…Reaper… N-no, honey, no!”

“You know he can’t die, right?” An unfortunately familiar voice drawled. Geno froze. “He’s Death, honey. A concept and a god all at once. Oh, sure he’s looking like an unsolved puzzle right now, but he isn’t dead, sweetie. What a shame.”

“F e e m…”

“Oooh, you can do a scary voice too!” The goddess giggled. From the forest behind her, more deities emerged. “You know, I heard a rumor that—”

A blaster interrupted whatever Feen planned to say. Just barely managing to dodge, she turned towards Geno with a grin full of wicked humor.

“I really don’t want to hear what you have to say.” The smaller skeleton growled, bones and blasters swirling around him in a clear threat. He looked unhinged, tears red like blood dripping down his face and magic stained smile twisted with hatred. Goth was screaming in his arms and Geno rocked him lovingly in response but the shaky, gentle actions looked unnatural with his loathing expression. “Your…y-your rumors are b-bullshit, bitch.”

“Ah, the crying whore thinks he’s tough.”

“Stop your games and help us get the child!” One of the gods snapped, stepping forward. “Death is down! This is our cha-”

No less than fifty bones skewered him on the spot.

“Someone’s in a foul mood.” Feem stated cheerfully even as she jumped around the attacks attempting to do the same to her. “Something have you upset, darling?”


Feem danced around them all. Other god’s weren’t so lucky. “Aw, not talking to me? I have so many questions though! So many rumors I was hoping you’d confirm!”
Geno’s teary socket narrowed but he didn’t reply, attacking again. A low, pained noise drew his attention though, and he made the mistake of whipping around to check on his fiancé.

Three gods had crept their way around him and had their weapons stabbed into Reaper's broken body.

…

…

…

And there was now a blade to his neck.

“No! No!” Geno screamed, darting forward in attempt to get his baby back. Feem twirled away as though they were performing some twisted dance and cackled at his distraught expression. “Don’t hurt him! Stars, please don’t hurt him! Don’t hurt my baby!”

“Huh,” Feem hummed pleasantly while holding Goth up by the back of his onesie. “It’s actually kind of cute.”

“D-don’t…” Geno whispered. He was frozen as his eye light jumped rapidly between his still, injured fiancé and his wailing child. “Don’t hurt him. Please, please don’t hurt him. He’s just a baby. He’s just a baby!”

Feem didn’t seem to care as she playfully swung Goth side to side like a pendulum. “Noisy little thing, isn’t it?” Goth was shrieking loudly and flailing in her hold.

“He’s scared!”

“Is it? I didn’t know demons felt fear.”

“Please, please l-let him g-go!”

“Let him go?” Smiling brightly with a wild look in her eyes, Feem held her arm up and out. “How cruel of you, Lover of Death. You want to watch your own child crash into the ground?”

“No!” Desperate, Geno lunged forward.

Without so much of a blink, the goddess’ leg came up and kicked him away. There was a loud crack as the kick landed in the center of Geno’s sternum and the small skeleton was sent tumbling away. Around them, the remaining gods from the original attack waiting to see if he would stand. Minutes passed.

He didn’t.

“I’d call you sturdy but I’m pretty sure I just broke you.” Feem addressed Geno’s still form, absenty
shaking Goth in an attempt to quiet him. “Oh, but you must be used to that. Tell me, Geno, is it? Death isn’t a gentle being. He ruins and kills all that he touches and threatens all our lives simply by existing, so tell me… How many times has he broken you? I bet he likes it rough,” she snickered “I bet he held you down and took you until you were bloodied and bruised and heavy with his child. His noisy, noisy child…” Glaring when Goth wouldn’t stop crying, Feem slapped a hand over the small thing’s mouth and held him up like that instead. As small as he was, Goth’s entire face was being smothered by her hand while his body hung limp; limbs flailing weakly. “That’s better.”

“…”

“Nothing to say? Well, I guess you can keep listening then. I still have so much to ask! What foul magic did he use to bewitch you? Or did he simply beat the free will out of you until this…fake love was all that remained? Are you his alone? Oh, his brother is around, isn’t he? Tell me, are you shared between the two?” Suddenly, she shrieked and changed her grip on Goth so that she was holding the panicking child by an ankle. “This disgusting thing got it’s slobber all over my hand!” Her grip tightened and Goth’s screaming cries grew louder. “I ought to kill you now you little-”

“… a l… r …”

“Hm?” Her attention snapped back to Geno. Tensing, a few gods stepped forward with their weapons drawn. “What was that? You have to speak up, dear.”

“… t ..l.. e …. r …”

“Goodness, the little monster is too loud and it’s mother is too quiet. Speak up, dear! I can’t hear you and there’s something strange going on with your voice. And keep him down!” Feem shouted when Reaper miraculously twitched a bit in his unconscious state. “For stars sake we’re screwed if he gets up!”

Shakily pushing himself up onto his knees, Geno stared blankly as blood dripped onto the dirt beneath him. Was it from his mouth? His chest? He couldn’t tell…something strange was going on with his eyes. He didn’t care all that much where the blood was coming from though, not when he could hear his baby’s cries and Reaper’s pained noises. Forcing himself onto shaking legs was difficult though and he got his answer anyways as a harsh cough sent blood splattering across the floor from his parted teeth.

“I said,” he growled, swiping his hand across the red dribbling down his chin and trying to think through the buzzing in his head. “that you made a fatal error by fucking with my family!”

So, so incredibly angry, Geno lifted his head with a snarl just as his arm shout out, outstretched hand sending a wave of bone attacks towards Feem as he readied to lunge for his baby at any moment.

Only, those weren’t bones…

“Wha t …?” Geno murmured, confused.

Strings. Hundreds of thin, red strings were wrapped around the goddess threatening his child; her arms, legs, ankles, wrist, neck, her…her everything captured by the thin fibers that all lead back into five main lines connecting to Geno’s fingers. Sluggishly, excess blood dripped from his hand and he realized that the strings themselves were from his blood.

From him.

“G-Ge...n...o...G...oth...” Reaper’s voice was small and weak as he came to. A nearby goddess
sneered and stabbed a spear through his shoulder hatefully, earning herself a hoarse scream. Pain and injuries far too much to handle, the god quickly fell back into the unconscious state he had barely managed to wake from.

Geno slowly blinked and turned to look at the injured, bound god. He...he couldn’t see him. He blinked again and his vision seemed to swim with letters and numbers and he had to keep blinking in order to eventually see through them. “Reaper...?” Why...why did his voice sound like that? High and low and jumpy like an audio file with a glitch...?

“Y-You...” Feem choked, red coiled around her throat.

Suddenly uncaring about what was going on, Geno whirled back around to face the captured goddess. Unbeknownst to him, his wide, smiling sneer was made much more frightening by the blood leaking down his chin and the way he seemed so unhinged with his strange, mismatched eyes; the right, melted socket red and the left blue. Both had white text within them, as though his eyes were computer screens and both were crying eerie tears the color of his magic. The color of his blood.

Feem tried to recoil at the sight of him but Geno, feeling the movement, instinctively tightened his strings around her. Slowly, almost absently, he moved his fingers as though strumming a guitar or fiddling with a puppet and a few strands moved to pry open her hand; more coming around to carefully wrap around a shrieking Goth and pull him over into Geno’s embrace.

“Baby...” He cooed, wrapping an arm around the small, scared skeleton and rocking him gently. “My baby...” Suddenly, his expression hardened and he growled, clutching Goth close and nuzzling him lovingly even as his spread fingers began to curl into a fist. “You hurt my baby!”

Feem screamed as the strings began to grow even tighter than before, blood being drawn as they dug into her flesh and threatened to break her bones. “Stop him!” She choked.

All the other deities that surrounded them had been frozen in fear, their eyes wide. At the sound of Feem’s command, they shuffled in place nervously. “He’s a...a-”

“Help me!”

No one moved.

Tucking Goth’s face into the cook of his neck where the infant hid with a whine and hiccuped through his crying, Geno gave the goddess one more terrifying smile before his hand closed in a fist. Snap.

Her body went limp and was carelessly dropped from the now slackened threads. Instead of banishing them though, which he wasn’t quite sure how to do, Geno merely tilted his head and turned his dual gaze to the small army worth of gods and goddesses that remained. He spotted Reaper and suddenly he jerked. He...he forgot about Reaper, for a moment. His poor, poor fiancé...

“Let Him Go!” His voice was getting worse but he didn’t care as he growled at the gods pinning the pieces of his fiancé down. A full body twitch made him spasm and glitches similar to the one previously over his eye began popping up all along his body and around his form. Some were white, some red, and others were a bright, glowing cyan. He twitched again and what could have been code or simply nonsense ran down his scarf and clothes like some twisted design. He noticed none of this.

“Let My Reaper Go!”
Terrified as they were, none of them let go or could even think to run before it was too late, a few strings stringing up (HeHEhE!) the gods closest to the small skeleton’s fiancé and tearing them to shreds. Instead of moving onto the others; however, they carefully wrapped around whatever handles of whatever weapons were impaling Reaper then pulled them all free with a single sharp tug.

Reaper screamed in pain in his deep, unnatural sleep and spat up magic. It didn’t go noticed due to the large puddle already under him. The god’s wounds would eventually close but even his immortality needed time to kick in when the damage was so severe. Carefully, not wanting to cause him more pain, the red fibers of Geno’s strings curled around all of him and brought his slack body to the small, glitching skeleton’s side.

“Reaper…” Geno smiled, pleasure in his lover being near showing in the way his voice calmed a bit. He was still holding Goth with one arm, bouncing on his feet a bit to soothe the poor little thing but eventually reached up to place the whimpering child next to his fiancé. Strings swaddled Goth to keep him safe and the mother giggled at the sight of his two darlings safe in his web of red.

A brave, foolish soul chose that moment to attack. Geno tore him apart with a blaster without looking. When another attacked followed by another and another, he frowned, killing them all.

Another attacked, and he snarled, whirling around and bringing forth more strings with his other hand. “You’re still here?!”

“S-silence, you beast!” One of those foolish abominations shouted. She was so brave for a god surrounded by such carnage with such few numbers left on her side. “You...you must not b-be allowed to live!”

“The c-child must die first!” Another piped up. “We c-cannot allow that monstrosity to live! The offspring of Death and an error?! It’ll damn u-us all!”

“DoN’T touch my baby!” As he screamed, the newer threads shot around the forest and captured each and every remaining god. “I’LL kill you! I’ll kill you!”

A spear cut through his strings and freed the gods before he could act on his words. More followed, aimed at Geno, and he growled as he jumped out of the way. “Destroyer!” Shouted a familiar voice. Why...why was it familiar? “How dare you come to this world and—”

Geno turned his skull to scowl at the newcomer.

“—Geno?!” A blue, one eyed goddess exclaimed in surprise.

“Who...?” He...he knew her, didn’t he?

Goth’s high whine drew his attention though, and he turned away from the new threat. She wasn’t attacking at the moment, so who cared?

“Geno? Geno! What the hell is going on here, punk? What happened to Sans?!”

Oh no, Reaper was still hurt.

“Baby…” He cooed softly, climbing onto his nest of strings. “Reaper…”

“Answer me, Geno!”

His baby needed food still, didn’t he? Reaper needed rest, too. Oh, but their home was a bit broken at the moment, wasn’t it?
“Geno! Don’t...don’t make me use force, Geno!”

Absently, he shot a few attacks at the loud, blue woman. While she was busy blocking those, he rested a hand on his fiancé and baby each before concentrating. It had been an hour by now, right?

“GENOCIDE!”

The family of three disappeared with a sharp crack.

Chapter End Notes

So...

None of that was meant to happen.

None. Of. It.

This chapter got away from me though, so...whoops? I love Fatal Error and the whole 'Geno is Error' thing but any of that coming into play was NOT planned. The next two chapters are going to be interesting to write (and possibly late. I'm sorry, but I have a family event this week).
Arguing (PArT 10 oF DaTe)

Chapter Summary

In which Geno and Reaper get into a one-sided argument (if you can call it that) and Geno makes Reaper some broth :)

Chapter Notes

I apologize in advance if this is difficult and/or annoying to read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Hu s h li t t le ba b y, d on’ t s ay a w o r d. . .”
Where...where was he…?

“...Ma ma’ s g o n na b u y y ou a mo c k in g b i rd...”
That voice wasn’t familiar. Who was it…?

“...a nd i f t ha t mo c k in g b i r d w on’ t s i n g...”
No, wait…

“...M a m a’ s g o n na b u y y ou a d i am ond r in g...”
That voice was familiar. It...it sounded like…

“...a n d i f t ha t di amo nd r in g tu ms br a ss...”
Like…

“...Ma ma’s g on n a b uy y o u a l o oki ng gla ss...”
“G...Ge...n...o...?”
The strange singing cut off.

“Ge...no...?”

There was only silence. A strange, heavy silence that unsettled him. He...he couldn’t see. He couldn’t move. He...couldn’t feel anything. It felt like he was floating in a dark, silent abyss. What...what was going on…?

“G...e...no...?”
Without warning, hands cupped his skull.
They were warm.

“Ge...n...o...” Geno’s hands were always warm.

Teeth gently pressed to his forehead. He could feel a smile. “Re a p e r...”

“G...Geno...”

“G o b a c k t o s l e e p, h on e y...”

No, no he couldn’t. Something…something had happened, hadn’t it? He...he needed to...to…

“Go b ac k t o s l e e p...”

He needed to…

“H on e y....” Fingers suddenly dug into the back of his skull painfully. “SLeEp!”

Overwhelmed by pain, he slept.

Smiling when Reaper went limp in his nest of strings, Geno carefully pulled his fingers from the ugly series of cracks and holes on the back of the god’s skull and loving stroked his cheeks with his thumbs. Apologetically, he pressed a kiss to the very top of Reaper’s head, cooing, “S o rr y, h on e y...” as he wrapped a few more threads around his lover to keep him warm before returning his attention to Goth.

Said baby was currently swaddled in his red fibers, little body, head, and neck fully supported while he somehow hung from the endless ceiling of the save screen; fast asleep. Smiling at him, Geno slid from the web dedicated to his fiancé in order to press a kiss to Goth’s head as well before he made his way back to the kitchen; fingers absently twiddling in the air so that the infant would sway as though being rocked in Geno’s arms.

“My Re a per n e e ds f o o d...” He murmured to himself. They hadn’t been in the save screen for very long before Reaper woke up but Geno had spent most of his time feeding Goth and making sure his two precious ones would be safe and comfortable. He wanted to make something to help his fiancé’s healing once he was reassured everything was as fine as possible but the moment he stepped into the kitchen area to make his Reaper a meal, the god had awoken. In pain, no less! “I ’m g lad h e’s s le eping...” Reaper hurt less when he was sleeping, it seemed.

Geno didn’t want him to hurt at all...

“My p o o or Re a p e r...” He sighed, pulling open the fridge door. Frowning, he wrinkled the ridge of his nasal cavity when a terrible scent rushed at him. Spoiled food…?

Oh.... They hadn’t been here in a while, had they?

Shutting the fridge for now, he made a small detour to his little cleaning supplies drawer and tugged out a large, black trash bag. Glancing at Goth worriedly, he quickly flapped the plastic material around in a noisy fashion before stopping the moment the previous flat bag was all puffed out. Thankfully, Goth didn’t seem the tiniest bit disturbed. “B a by h a d s u c h a LoNG dAy...”
Humming the nursery rhyme he had been singing just a few moments ago, Geno shook off his rising anger at what had occurred so recently to endanger his fiancé and child and put his focus into cleaning out the fridge instead. He didn’t want to touch anything in there so he simply used a bit of magic to clear out everything that was spoiled. It was only the non-monster made foods that had gone bad but, after a moment of consideration, he threw out everything else too. His reaper might get sick if the mold spread.

Unfortunately, he didn’t have anywhere to put the trash now that it was out of the fridge. Reap…? Reaper always used to just take it for him…

Geno had gotten them all here though, hadn’t he? He could take it out! And get more food!

Oh, but what if his Reaper and baby woke up while he was gone? Geno couldn’t leave…

Growling in annoyance at his dilemma, he squinted his sockets at the air in front of him and attempted to focus. If he couldn’t leave, then he’d just have to do this another way. Window shopping, he faintly recalled his lover calling it once and he smiled when, bit by bit, the reality before him broke apart; like bricks being pulled from a wall.

Soon enough, he was peering into the dark, dreary forest of another world. The air was thick with the scent of…of dust? Just looking into the world made him feel suffocated and helpless so he quickly threw the bag of trash into the window-like portal and closed it.

Geno still needed food though, he remember a few seconds after it shut. Grumbling, he forced open another tear in time and space and was pleasantly surprised to find that the newest window showcased what seemed like an empty aisle in a grocery store. Did he just think of what he wanted? A trashy place to throw his trash and a grocery store to find some food? He would have to play with that later. For now…

Carefully, he sent some strings throughout the aisle to gather what he could see that he felt he needed, or simply just wanted. With the numbers and words scrawled across his vision however, his task was made more difficult and he had to close the portal in order to open another, closer one just to get a better look at the things further away. Again and again he repeated the process—close it, open another, close it, open another—until he made his way through what could have been the same store or multiple stores. At one point, he started gathering some things for…the baby as well. Only what he would need short term, of course. R…Reaper would get better with some food, their house would be fixed, and then they would all go home…

...And Finish What Those Gods Started...

Oh, diapers! They’d need diapers.

By the time he was done with his ‘shopping’ Geno had a sizable pile of food, baby supplies, and trinkets he found neat at his side. It was a bit of a pain to put it all away but he got it done and even managed to set up a little area dedicated to Baby before remembering that he had done the shopping in order to cook for his…his…

Were…were they married?

Yeah, he was pretty sure they were married.

“Help food for hand….” Geno muttered under his breath, repeating the words a few time as a reminder. There was a buzzing in his head that was making it difficult to think and his poor eyesight was starting to give him a headache. “Helped the na p….”
Broth would be fine, right? Husband wouldn’t have to put any effort into eating if it was something thin and simple like broth. G...e... He wasn’t very good at making Hp food either, he was pretty sure, so the lack of meat or vegetables would hopefully keep Husband from getting full all that soon. He wanted to make sure Husband would be able to have as much as possible so he could heal and they could go home.

Luckily it didn’t take too long to prepare and he was able to throw a lid on the pot and leave the broth to simmer on the stove while he went to join his Baby and his Husband. As any good mother would do, he checked on Baby to make sure he was still asleep before climbing onto his nest of strings next to Husband. Carefully, he curled up next to the taller skeleton as close as he could get without hurting him and closed his eyes; smiling.

Everything would be fine soon.

Was he awake…?

He…he couldn’t tell.

There was so much darkness around him...so little feeling in his body aside from random sharp jabs.….  
Was this a dream? He didn’t remember falling asleep…

Wait.

He hadn’t fallen asleep, had he? No…. He…

He passed out.

There…there was a difference.

Something had hurt him and he couldn’t take it. Someone had hurt him.

A battle? No, not just a battle.….  
Someone had hurt him outside of one. It had been…

It had been…

“G...e...no…”

Yes, that was it. Geno.... Geno had hurt him. Geno…

Geno

Hurt

Him

A sharp pang in his chest made him worry someone had just stabbed him but, as his cloudy mind cleared, Reaper realized that it was just the pain of his heart shattering.

Geno had hurt him.

There was no anger in that thought. No desire for revenge. Just the sting of betrayal cutting deep,
deeper, and still so much more deeply into him until it dug out all his joy so that sadness could fill the craters left behind.

Geno must of had a good excuse for doing so, a part of him tried to reason but Reaper was far too tired and wounded for reason at the moment. He was at his weakest and the person he trusted most hurt him when he was defenseless against any ill will. His very own fiancé caused him pain after he sacrificed his own well being for the other skeleton and Go-

Goth.

Where…where was Goth?

Feeling was slowly creeping back into his bones and it was all awful. Something was shattered, he knew. A lot of somethings, possibly, and what wasn’t was most likely cracked. His head pounded and his wounds burned and he wanted nothing more but return to that blissful state of unconsciousness that had kept him from feeling it all, but…but he needed to find his baby. He needed to find Goth!

With no small amount of struggling, Reaper forced his sockets to open. What little light there was around him imminently made his headache throb and pound so much more harshly but he fought through it the best he could until he could blink his blurry eyes open again. When he saw nothing but black at first, he nearly panicked, terrified he had gone blind but his sight eventually cleared and Reaper realized it wasn’t just darkness he was seeing. It was the save screen.

That realization only replaced his distress with confusion. How…how did they get there? Shit, that didn’t matter though, not right now, at least. He had to find Goth! Geno…

He wasn’t sure if he could trust Geno. Not until he had answers.

Reaper needed to make sure his baby was safe.

Clenching his jaw and trying to keep the scream attempting to break free down, Reaper slowly attempted to move. White hot pain defeated him near instantly. Fuck, he cursed mentally. Fuck, fuck, fuck! He had to get up! He had to move!

“Honey…?”

No.

No, no, no….

He couldn’t even turn his head as he growled out a harsh, unforgiving, “Geno.”

As though he didn’t even notice his tone, Geno replied happily. “Honey...!”

There was movement at his side but it felt odd. Usually when his...lover...shifted on the bed next to him he could feel the mattress dipping down under the smaller’s weight or lifting back to it’s normal position if he moved away from the spot he had been laying on. This didn’t feel like that. Whatever they were on dipped and swayed with the other’s movement, like a hammock almost, or even a net.

Knowing that Geno was most likely getting closer to him, he growled again and desperately tried to move. Again the pain from his wounds stilled him but, after a few small movements, Reaper realized that it wasn’t just his body’s poor condition keeping him still. There…there was something wrapped around him. Tied around him. “G-gen...what...what the fuck...?” He rasped.
"Hey, I made you food..." Geno informed him cheerfully. There...there was something wrong with his voice. He noticed it before, didn’t he? The oddities in the other’s voice were even clearer now that he was in a slightly more aware state, though, and he found himself stuck on the way it jumped up and down in pitch and seemed layered; like multiple people were speaking at once.

"Let me help you sit up...."

"D-don’t touch me!" Reaper growled when he saw a hand reach for him. He could just barely make out a bit of Geno from his peripheral vision. “Don’t y-you...you dare touch m-me, Genocide.”

"One y...?" Stars, it hurt. It hurt so much. He didn’t mean his injuries though, even if they did pain him. No, he meant the way Geno sounded so small even with that strange voice. “Did...did I do something wrong...?"

Despite his conflicted heart, Reaper stayed firm. “Y-you...you hurt me... You h-hurt me on p-purpose...” It had to have been on purpose, too. Geno’s hands had been primarily on his cheeks, he recalled. In order to dig into the back of his skull, he needed to have moved his fingers enough that it had to have been done deliberately.

Geno didn’t respond right away. Then, hesitantly, he whispered, “You were hurting while awake... I...I didn’t want you to hurt me... S Lee p was right...”

“You...” He laughed in disbelief. Stars, even his laughter hurt. “You d-don’t fucking h-hurt someone i-if you want them to sleep. You don’t hurt...hurt someone if y-you don’t want them hurt, Genocide!”

“I...I’m so sorry... honey...”

“Where’s G-goth?” Reaper demanded, bypassing the apology. “Where’s m-my son?!”

“S-sleeping, honey...”

“Don’t fucking c-call me ‘honey’!” He shouted.

“I...I...”

“I want t-to hold my son, Genocide. I want to s-see him!”

“Yo u n- need...y- y -you...yo u n-n- need-”

“NOW!”

He didn’t feel Genocide move away but he felt the weight of Goth being carefully settled on his chest. The weight, thankfully, was light enough where the pain was manageable. Whatever was tied around him wasn’t removed but one of his arms were freed and he fought against his own body in order to wrap it around his baby and secure the infant to him. Good, he had his son. Now...

“I... I... I m-ma de... I MaDe...MADe...I MAde yOu-”

...he could leave.

Focusing on somewhere safe where he could heal and find help, Reaper used what little remained of his magic in his weakened state to teleport himself away with his son.

Genocide was left behind.
“HuSBaNd…?” He called out in a small voice when the other disappeared. “B-BabY…?”
W-where...where...where did they go…? Husband wasn’t....Husband wasn’t...Husband wasn’t okay
yet. He…. Genocide? He...he was Genocide, right? Genocide made...made him food… Husband
was supposed...to...to eat it. Husband was...was...was… Husband was supposed to eat it so...so...so
they...so they...so they could all go home after...after he was better....
Husband left without...without him…
Baby went...went...Baby went with...with him…
“HuSBaNd….” He—Genocide—called out. It echoed in the empty save screen.
“HUsBand...You...YoU FoRgoT...yOu ForGoT Me….”
Should...should Genocide go find them? Should...should...should he...should he…?
Something warm was running down his face. “HuSbAnd...HUsBand...YoU..yOU FoRgot mE…”
He...he….Gen...Genocide...Genocide would...would wait for him. Husband would...would come
back once he...once he was better…
R...right….?
“I’M SoRrY…” He whimpered, curling up on his strings where it was still warm from his Husband
laying there. “I...I...I’m SOrRY….”
He...he was sorry. He...he…he was...he was...he...he was...he was sorry. Sorry. He…he was sorry.
He was sorry. He was….he was sorry. He…he was...he was...was...was...he was
sorry...sorry...sorry...sorry....sorry...sorry...sorry...sorry...sorry....sorry...sorry...sorry...sorry...sorry....sorry...sorry
sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry
sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorrysorry sorry sorry
sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry
sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry
sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry
sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry
sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry
sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry he was…
He was cold.
“hUsBanD…”
It was dark here.
“...Don’T LeAvE mE hErE…”
Where…?
“HuSbANd…”
Where was here…?
“CoMe...cOme...BaCk…”


... "...pLeAse..."
...
...
...
...
...
...
...
...

Where was he…? Where...where was...who was… where was he? Who was he?

Alone and afraid, he meekly called for help.
OKAY! Let's make some things clear:

1) Reaper does not deserved to be called an asshole for this chapter, okay? He's not actually in his right mind. He woke up from a battle dazed, confused, and in an extreme amount of pain. He was vulnerable, admittedly a little scared, and the person he loves the most turned around and hurt him. He IS NOT in a rational state at the moment, okay? Also, he has yet to see Geno. He heard the weird voice but he doesn't realize anything is up with Geno and that his lover is in a poor state of mind as well.

2) Yeah, Geno's head is a little fucked right now. To clarify: Geno himself doesn't know the full state of his body and what's going on yet. He noticed the weird vision and voice and strings, but it's like a distant acknowledgement. His memory is all over the place at the moment and he's running more on emotion or logic. I love Fatal Error as he is, but I'm definitely playing around with some things in this story.

3) Geno didn't realize he hurt Reaper in order to make him pass out even as he was actively hurting Reaper. He just knew it would make him 'sleep' and that little bit of silence after Reaper told him he hurt him was Geno trying to figure out when he did so. In his mind, Reaper left him for something he didn't do and he's desperately trying to figure out what he did for as long as he can keep his mind clear to think.

4) Man, this chapter got crazy and I'm not sorry. I cried a little though, not gonna lie. I felt bad writing this.

If you have any questions, feel free to leave them in the comments!
“G...goth...!” Reaper shouted through Toriel’s alarmed screaming when he appeared in her garden. Unfortunately, he had a rough landing and everything felt like it was on fire. “Ch...check my...check my son, first! I...I don’t know if he’s hurt...I don’t know if he’s hurt!”

"S-Sans, you’re-"

“Check my son!” He begged. His vision was starting to go black. “Please, Tori, check...check Goth fir-”

He was unconscious before he could finish his sentence.

Someone...someone was coming for him...someone was...he had to wait...someone was...he had to...to wait because...because someone was coming for him.... He...he had to wait.... He... he had to....to...T-tO...H-hE HaD tO...T-tO...

What...what did he have to do...?

... 

... 

... 

Oh, he had...he had to wait. Someone was...someone was coming for him...someone was...
Someone was…?

He mumbled, rocking back and forth on his strings. “I...I cAn’T rEMemBeR…”

He...he had to...he had to do something, didn’t he…? Gazing around curiously, he squinted when he saw a...a pot? Yes, there was a pot. On...on the...the stove? He...he made food…?

Oh...!

He smiled. “HoNey, I...I mAdE YoU FoOd…! CoME...cOmE...cOmE eAt…!”
Oh...oh yeah.... He was...he was alone.... Honey went...went...Honey went...away.... He...he had to...he had to wait for them! Yes, that’s...that’s what he...that’s what he had to do...! He had to wait for Honey! He had to...to wait for...to wait for...

To wait for...?

SoMeOnE...?

Yes...yes, he had to wait for...for someone...

Someone...someone was coming for him...someone was...he had to wait...someone was...he had to...to wait because...because someone was coming for him.... He...he had to wait.... He... he had to....to...T-tO...H-hE HaD tO...T-tO...

What...what did he have to do...?

...
“I...I...hAve...tO...I hAvE tO…” He mumbled, rocking back and forth on his strings. “I...I cAn’T rEMemBeR…”

He...he had to...he had to do something, didn’t he…? Gazing around curiously, he squinted when he saw a...a pot? Yes, there was a pot. On...on the...the stove? He...he made food…?

Oh…!

He smiled. “HoNey, I...I…” Wait...he...he already told Honey he made them food…

Where...where was Honey…?

No, wait, he...he knew Honey left.... He...he knew that...right…?

Wasn’t…wasn’t he waiting for...for…?

For...
Oh, there was soup on...on the stove!

He smiled. “Honey, I...I...I made you-”

No, no, he...he said that already...didn’t he...?

He...He...

Rocking back and forth on his strings, he smiled when he saw the pot of soup.

Honey had to eat!

Even with extensive healing from Life herself, it took Reaper nearly three weeks to heal.

A lot of the damage done to his body had been severe enough where they couldn’t simply wrap him up in healing magic and go. He had been in a lot more pieces than he first realized and the healing wouldn’t take correctly unless he was, well, assembled would probably be the best word in this situation. Reaper had looked less like a skeleton and more like an unsolved, complex puzzle. It had been unsettling for everyone involved.

Tori was the best healer in the entire realm but Papyrus was the only one who could touch him without consequences. Reaper felt so damn terrible for having to have his brother called in for help at all but someone needed to rearrange him to make sure Toriel’s healing magic sealed his broken pieces back together instead of simply smoothing out the edges. Stars, it was unavoidable but Reaper would never be able to get his brother’s initial wail from when the younger god first saw him out of his head. Papyrus...fuck, he hadn’t even known Paps could scream like that.

While his brother and Toriel took care of his physical condition, Alphys had worked to find supplements that would boost his healing as much as possible. It had taken her a week but she still managed to create these small, pill-like bundles of green magic to help him through the periods being healing sessions where his brother had to return to work and Toriel required a break. Goddess or not, the amount of magic she was using was exhausting and the small pills allowed her to take a break without punishing Reaper who would otherwise be forced to suffer through the aches and pains of his broken body. Those pills were also less filling than Hp food and were a large part of why his healing only took three weeks. Without them, it would have taken so much longer for his body to heal.

Note that he said heal and not recover though, because there was a difference there that mattered. By the end of the three weeks his body felt better, but Reaper as whole? Mentally, physically, and emotionally? Yeah, two of those three still weren’t that great after his body was brought back to top
He...he felt like he was spiraling. Like everything he knew had shattered to pieces alongside him when he hit the ground.

“G...Go...th…” Reaper choked out upon waking. “Go...th…? G-Goth!”

“Sans!”

“G...Goth!” He cried out, attempting to move.

“Sans! Sans, he’s fine! Your child is fine, my friend!”

And he had been.

Nothing had been wrong with him. Despite his worries, despite his fears, Toriel had assured him that Goth had been perfectly fine upon their arrival. The baby hadn’t even woken up during the short period of time between their teleportation and Reaper’s awakening. He was just...sleeping. Peacefully, at that.

Genocide didn’t hurt him.

Geno didn’t hurt their baby.

____________________________________________________________________________________

The soup...the soup was...the...the soup was...was cold....

He was...he was...was going to...he was going to make a bowl for...for...for....

...He cOuLDn’T rEmEmBEr...

...

...

...

...

He was...was going to...he was going to make a bowl...but...but the soup was cold... How...how long was...how long had it been done for...? It...the soup was cold...

This...this entire place was cold....

He wanted...he wanted to...he wanted to...to...to...he wanted to leave....

Oh, but he was waiting for...for...

He was...he was waiting for...he...he...was waiting!

Humming happily, he ignored the cold pot of broth for now and spun on his heel to return to his nest of strings. He had to...he had to wait! As he walked through the other areas of the...the...the place; however, he found something that caught his eye and paused. Was that...?
He squinted.

He…he couldn’t see well. Why couldn’t…why couldn’t he see well?

Grumbling, he took a few steps closer to the item and blinked through the numbers in his eyes in order to see the strange thing clearer.

A…a pacifier…?

New, he was…was pretty sure. Picking it up, he held it closer to his sockets and nodded firmly when he saw it still in the package. It was…it was new!

He blinked. Why…?

Why did he have a pacifier…?

Curiously, he looked around him. “BaBy…” He called out, smiling.

Did…did he…

DiD hE hAvE a bAbY…?

...

...

...

Where…where was…where was his…his…

His…?

...

...

...

...

Why did…why did he have a…a pacifier?

Reaper didn’t know what to do with the knowledge that Geno hadn’t hurt Goth.

There was…there was something going on with Geno, he knew. Well, he suspected at least. No one was telling him anything but their silence alone was nearly as informative as a straight up answer. Papyrus wouldn’t look him in the eyes whenever the smaller skeleton was brought up and everyone else was tip toeing around the topic like they were walking on thin ice and Geno’s name would send
them all plummeting into freezing waters.

At first, Reaper had been relieved that no one was bringing his lover up. After a few days rest, the betrayal and sadness had turned into anger. He was...he was **livid** that Geno had seemingly turned on him. How **dare** he harm him when he was at his most vulnerable? How **dare** he take advantage of his poor state of being in the name of helping him?! Reaper...

Reaper hated him, for those first few days. He...he really hated him...

No.

That’s not quite right.

Reaper hadn’t hated him. Stars, how could he...how could he ever hate Geno? Geno meant so much to him that he couldn’t even find the words to properly describe the way he felt about the other, smaller skeleton. There **were** no proper words, he knew, because how do you take the feeling of a thousand years of loneliness vanishing at the first sight of a small, unexpectedly sweet smile and put it into words that could capture the impact he had felt? How do you capture the feeling of a bone-deep exhaustion sliding off your shoulders due to a simple a kiss and condense it into a sentence? How do you bottle the complex emotions following the realization that someone so jaded with the world was so trusting of you and make it into something everyone could understand? You couldn’t. **He** couldn’t. His feelings for Geno simply went beyond flowery words and descriptions that would only ever detail a mere fraction of the way he felt around his lover.

So, no. Reaper hadn’t really hated Geno during those first few days. He wanted to, he would admit, but he **couldn’t**. In a way, that made dealing with everything worse.

He just couldn’t understand what was going through the other’s head at the time. Geno had practically told him to his face that he hurt him for his own good but...but that didn’t match up to anything he knew about his lover. Hurting him to help him? Sure Geno had tried once or twice to push him away when they first began dating but that kind of pain had only ever been emotional at worse and nonexistent at best with just how easy it could be to see through the smaller skeleton’s acts. Physically hurting him though? That...that wasn’t like his Gen.

That **wasn’t** his Gen, he wanted to believe.

But it had been.

Strange voice aside, he knew the feel of those hands. The way they felt so fragile yet so warm and the gentle manner they had cradled his head were all things he associated with his fiancé whenever the smaller doted on him. **It had** been Geno, there was no way around him, and he just...couldn’t work around the fact, not until he had the rest of them to help him piece together the puzzle that was his lover’s terrible behavior.

After three weeks of healing and one of bed rest to sift through his thoughts, Reaper was as ready as he could be to finally get some answers.

He...

He needed to know what was up with Geno.

He needed to know if something was **wrong** with Geno.

Not just for his own peace of mind...
...but for Goth’s, too.

He had to...he had to...he had...had...he had to find...to find....

He had to find his Baby....

Oh, but he...but he had to wait...wait...he had to wait for...

...for...his...his baby...?

No, he had...he had to find his baby! Then he had to wait for...for...

...

...

...

What...what was he...what was he doing just now...?

...

...

...

Why did he...why did he have a pacifier...?

Staring at the small pacifier in confusion, he absently pocketed it and looked around the...the...place. The place. He...he looked around the place.

It...it was so dark here...

He...he was cold...the dark made...the dark made him feel cold...

There was...stuff here, right...? Yeah, there was...there was stuff here... like...like...

Oh, like the pot of soup! For his—

...

...
Was...was he forgetting something...?

He felt cold...he...he felt cold...

This dark, frightening place had stuff though and he...he could find...he could find a blanket!

Happy with his plan, he began looking around the small.... Was...?

Was this...

...a house...?

No, it...it had no walls. It was just a lot of...of stuff. A lot of stuff in the...in the dark place...

Oh! A blanket!

Quickly scurrying over to where he noticed black fabric draped over a couch, he grinned proudly at his excellent job at finding himself a blanket and picked it-

It...

He...he knew...he knew this...this...

RoBe...?

Quietly, he wrapped the long, dark material around his shoulders like a cape and stuck his arms through the sleeves. “WaRm...” he mumbled, eyes stinging.

He...he was waiting...

Sliding his hand into his pocket, he pulled out the packaged pacifier and stared at it...

He...hE...hE wAs WaItING...fOr...fOr...
Reaper’s conflicting feelings aside, it was obvious that Goth missed his mother.

In their family, Reaper was the one who worked. Well, Paps too but he meant in their little family of three. He wasn’t all that sure if babies could play favorites, but there was no doubt that Goth was more accustomed to his father being gone for hours at a time than he was not having Geno around constantly. The little guy was...upset, to say the least.

Well, he was downright devastated, actually.

Alphys was amazing help in finding a quick substitute for Goth’s usual meal, but the little skeleton wouldn’t drink it. Reaper had tried the best he could in his state, Papyrus had tried, Tori, Alphys herself, hell, even Undyne tried; but Goth just wouldn’t accept the milk. As his hunger got worse and his mother never showed to feed him, he began shrieking and crying and wouldn’t calm no matter how long he was rocked or who attempted to soothe him. By the time he tired himself out, everyone else was exhausted as well and Goth still hadn’t been fed.

The next best solution was a magical one. Skeletons didn’t actually need to eat as long as they had another method of maintaining their magic. Food was definitely the preferred way of doing so, but, when it came down to it, simply being given a transfer of magic could replace any meal. The catch? It had to be magic your body was familiar enough with to get it to take.

Papyrus was around and involved enough that his magic had taken pretty well but Reaper, as the father, was really the best option to ensure Goth would be remain as healthy as possible. His magic had been shot for a bit after his act of teleporting them to safety but one it was back to a decent level he personally took over keeping his baby feeling full.

The thing was…

Goth ate a lot.

This wasn’t something Reaper hadn’t known beforehand or anything—it always seemed like Geno
was pulling his shirt down every five minutes to feed the kid—but it was definitely something he hadn’t fully acknowledge until he became the one responsible for ‘feeding’ him. Stars, the little skele was taking up his magic almost faster than Reaper could replenish it. It was actually another reason why his healing had taken so long and, honestly, he didn’t know how Geno managed to do it everyday.

...

...

...

Geno…

Despite everything, Reaper hoped he was okay.

“BROTHER?” Papyrus called, knocking on the door to the room he had been moved to. “You wanted to talk to us?”

Ah, it was time to get some answers.

Why...why couldn’t he...why couldn’t...why couldn’t he remember…?

Who…

Who...couldn’t he...wHo cOulDN’t hE rEMemBeR…?

...

...

...

Oh, it...it was...it was Geno, wasn’t it?

...

...

...

No, he...no, he didn’t...hE dIdn’T kNoW a gEno....
Why was he holding a pacifier?

Why was he...he was...why was he...crying...?

What was going on...?
Oh, there was soup!
He...he had...he had to...to feed! Yes! He had to...to feed...to feed....

Slowly, his gaze drifted back to the pacifier he held.
He smiled.

... 

... 

hE hAd tO fEeD tHE bAbY....!

“What aren’t you telling me?” He asked before the trio—Alphys, Undyne and Papyrus—even finished walking through the door. “You’ve been keeping secrets from me all month. No more. I want to know what’s going on.”

“BROTHER...” Papyrus murmured nervously, eyes averted. “W-WE ARE KEEPING NOTHING FROM YOU!”

“I raised you, Paps.” Reaper shot back flatly. “I know what you look like when you’re lying. It involves Geno—” all three flinched “—right?”

“W-well, um, it...it...” Alphys couldn’t seem to get the rest of her sentence out.

Papyrus finished it for her though. “IT’S...COMPLICATED, BROTHER.”

“I deserve to know!”

“Sans,” Undyne cut in, expression serious. Immediately, all three gods gave her their attention. That was the same tone Undyne used when speaking about war. “you have to understand we’re keeping this from you for a good reason. This...this situation doesn’t just affect you, or your son.” She added when Reaper looked about ready to pipe up. With a scowl, he continued listening. “It has the potential to affect everyone.”

“All the gods?” He scoffed, still irritated at the attack that had started this entire mess. “Honestly, Undyne, I don’t give a fuck ab-”

“All the worlds, Sans.” She interrupted.

...What…?

“What...?” He echoed his thoughts, sockets wide. Hesitantly, he laughed. “That...that’s insane. What the fuck is Geno involved with that you think is that serious?”

“I-it’s not what he’s involved with...” Alphys corrected him nervously. “...it’s...i-it’s what he is.”
“Wha-”

The door slammed open.

“S-Sans!” Toriel cried out as she ran into the room. “I...I’m sorry, Sans, I...I only turned away for a moment! A...a few seconds at most! I...oh stars,” she whispered, paws covering her mouth in horror. “I’m so, so sorry…”

Reaper turned gray.

Toriel had been watching Goth.

“Tori…” he choked. “Where…where’s my son…?”

“I’m sorry!” She sobbed. “He…

…”

…”

…”

“...he’s gone.”

“HEyA…” He whispered happily, bloody grin stretched wide.

“How?!” Reaper demanded wildly.

Toriel looked distressed, her eyes wide and watery and rimmed in red. “I...I d-don’t know! Like I said I o-only turned around for a f-few seconds! When...when I turned back he wasn’t there! There...there wasn’t anything else in his crib either! No t-toys or his b-blankets! Just...just string!”

“String?” Undyne repeated, eye narrowed. “Red string?”

“Yes! Yes, it...it was red!” Toriel confirmed.

“Fuck!” The war goddess screamed, whipping around and punching the wall in anger. “I messed up.” She growled.

“What do you mean?” He demanded. “Undyne, what the fuck is going on? Why is string so fucking important right now? What do you mean you messed up?! ”

Rather than answering his question straight away, Undyne turned to her wife. “Did you find a way to track down The Protector?”

“Y-yes!”
“I need you to get whatever you need to call him here then. He’s our best shot at finding that damn destroyer and, as much as I hate admitting it, we need that asshole’s help. Asgore’s been letting us handle this on our own but if he checks in and finds out the kid was taken, he’ll step in and deal with it himself.”

“I’ll leave right now!” Alphys said, a pale yellow in her fear. “I just need t-to track down a few things but it shouldn’t take long!”

With that said, she hurried out the door. Rather than watching her leave dreamily as Undyne tended to do when it came to her wife, she turned to Papyrus next; ignoring Reaper’s demands to know what was going on. “You need to get back to look out. If you see the king, get here as fast as you can, okay?”

It was worrying how Papyrus didn’t even stay to offer a dramatic declaration about being the best lookout in the entire realm. He just nodded with grim expression Reaper wasn’t used to seeing on his brother and disappeared.

Finally, Undyne turned to him and Toriel, though her attention was on him. “Sans—”

“What the fuck is going on?!” He interrupted, desperate for some answers. “Undyne, tell me this conversation is worth it because if it’s not, I need to go. My...my son just got fucking kidnapped! I…” his expression darkened. “I’m gonna kill whoever took him!”

“You’re going to kill your own fiancé?” Undyne asked seriously.

Reaper froze. To the side, Toriel gasped, looking horrified.

When he didn’t answer right away, the war goddess repeated her question. “Are you going to kill Geno? Because if you are, then you’re making all our efforts to keep him alive go to waste.”

“Geno…?” Stars, he felt sick. “Geno kidnapped our baby?”

“It’s...it’s my fault.” Toriel whispered shamefully.

But Undyne shook her head. “It’s mine. Goth hasn’t been left alone once since you two got here so I foolishly assumed that would be protection enough and that my focus should be on keeping an eye out for anything directed at you, Sans; especially when it was confirmed that only you were injured by Geno. I...I didn’t even consider that Goth would be a target for anything.”

“Target?” He whispered, laughing in disbelief. “What the hell are you going on about? Geno kidnapped our own fucking baby? Goth...Goth and I are targets? I needed protection from Geno ?”

“He hurt you once already.” Undyne reminded him.

“It didn’t make sense why,” Reaper murmured to himself. Louder, he said, “None of this makes any fucking sense! Just...just give it to me straight, Undyne: What the fuck is going on?”

At that moment, Alphys burst into the room with her arms full of buckets. Behind her, Papyrus ran in with a nervous smile.

“I got the paint!”/ “Asgore is coming!” They said at the same time.

Undyne cursed. “Shit, shit, shit!” The wall behind her got a few more holes from her fist. “Sans, we literally have no time to explain. Alphys, babe, call The Protector! Paps, lock the fucking door!”
“Got i-it!” Alphys nodded, using a claw to unseal one of the paint buckets while Papyrus quickly locked the door. With a slightly unsure expression, she tipped the bucket and spilled the paint across the floor.

…

…

…

Nothing happened.

There...there was...there was...there was a baby….

He…

He was...he was holding...he was holding a baby…

Why…?

Why was he...why was he holding a baby…?

…

…

…

…

…

It...it was his baby…? R...right…?

…

…

…

…

“hEyA, bABy…” He cooed happily. He was holding a baby! He…

He…
He giggled.

He wasn’t…he…he wasn’t…he...

…He WaSn’T aLoNe…!

...

...

...

Oh….

...

...

...

...

...

The baby was…the baby…tHe bAbY wAs cRyInG…

...

...

...

He...hE cOuLD fIx tHaT…!

Wait, no, something was happening.

It took a few seconds but the paint was…

It was bubbling?

Suddenly, a figure began to rise from it. A skeleton, he realized. Smaller than Papyrus or even himself with strange, ever-changing eyes and what seemed like ink smeared across one of his cheeks.

Wait.
Ink…?

**Ink!**

Reaper had only been paying a fraction of attention but Undyne did mention something about The Protector. He had never seen the other skeleton before—protecting things and Death didn’t really go hand-in-hand—but he was pretty sure this is what the guy was supposed to look like: weird, colorful vials and all.

“You called?” The Protector asked cheekily, grinning.

No one returned the smile. “Is it true that you’re... *aquainted* with The Destroyer?” Undyne questioned, getting right down to business.

The expression that crossed Ink’s face was...interesting, to say the least. He looked fond, exasperated, amused, and a little like he was dreading something all at once. “What did he do now ?!” He sighed, though his grin seemed to be quirking up at one end. Was...was he trying to hide a smile? “I didn’t notice anything being torn apart in this world but I could have missed it.”

“WE NEED HIS HELP!” Papyrus clarified from where he was nervously eyeing the door.

Ink. Once. Twice. Three times…. On the fourth blink, he stared at them with a diamond in one socket and a question mark in the other. “You...you need Error’s help…?”

Reaper didn’t blame the guy for his disbelief. “Undyne, *what the actual fuck* ?!”

“Look,” the goddess in question snapped. “I’m not happy about this, okay? But we have a second error on our hands and he’s-”

“A second Error?” Ink cut in, browbones arched high.

Alphys shook her head. “N-no, not...not a second Error-the-person. Just...a second *error* the...the...type of person…?”

“Someone turned into an error?!” Worrying, the protector looked alarmed; his eyes flashing through symbols so rapidly no one could identify what they were. “Has anything been destroyed?! Has anyone gone missing?!”

“My son,” Reaper answered worriedly. Oh, wait, “but that’s because he was taken by-”

His sockets grew wide.

“By…?” Ink pressed.

Slowly, Reaper turned to Undyne. “...by my fiancé…” He whispered, horrified. “Undyne, are you saying Geno...Geno is....?”

“An error.” She finished with a solemn nod.

________________________________________________________________________

There...there we...there we go…!

Baby....
His…his baby…

…

…

…

His baby wasn’t crying any more!…!

"Geno…?” Ink murmured, scratching a bit at his namesake on his cheek. “Where have I heard that name before…? Oh!” He gasped, grinning brightly once he recalled it. “That’s the name of the friend Error won’t admit is a friend!”

“That’s part of the reason why we need you to find him for us.” The war goddess said, tensing when footsteps began echoing through the walls. Asgore, the resident gods and goddesses all knew. “As an error himself, he may have insight on how to handle Geno. As…as Geno’s friend? He may actually be willing to offer that insight. Can you find him and bring him to us?”

“Hmm…?” The footsteps were getting louder but Ink seemed to ignore it as he thought long and hard. “It won’t be easy—Error’s mad at me and keeps hiding—but…okay!” He agreed with a smile. “I’ll be back as soon as possible! If you need me, spill more paint!”

Just as there was a loud knock on the door, the protector snapped his fingers and took his leave with the swipe of a large paintbrush. Two more knocks sounded and Papyrus shot Undyne a helpless look.

“What Do I Do…?” He asked in as much as a whisper as he could reach.

Undyne looked a little helpless though, whispering back, “I don’t know! I thought we’d have more time before he tried checking in on things! We can’t let him find out Goth was kidnapped, though! He already wants to kill Geno!”

“What?!” Reaper hissed, also in a whisper. Fuck, his thoughts on Geno were all over the place but… “If he so much as raises a finger against Gen I’ll…I’ll…”

With a disapproving yet understanding expression shot his way, Toriel stood up. “I’ll handle this.” She said firmly, wiping her eyes and smoothing out her dress. With a deep breath, she marched up to the door and swung it open.

“T-Tor-” Asgore began, shocked.

Toriel didn’t give him the chance to finish. “Husband,” she said sweetly. They were still married, after all. Estranged, yes, but still married. “Let us go for a walk and talk.”

Cowed, the king nodded and followed her away.

Admittedly, everyone was a little impressed.
Everyone but Reaper, that is, who was more confused than ever. His baby was gone, kidnapped by his fiancé, and said fiancé was apparently a fucking error. He...he didn’t know where to even begin with that...

...

...

...

He didn’t know what to do.

Geno was a glitch, he knew that, but...but now he was an error? That...

...that scared him.

No one really knew how errors were made, at least in his world. Maybe it was common knowledge elsewhere but it wasn’t something anyone here knew. All that Reaper himself really understood about the process was that...

Was that it changed you.

The way you thought…

The way you behaved…

Who you were …

Any of that— all of that—could change.

With a nauseous feeling in his stomach, he recalled his lover’s strange voice and the way he had sounded so soft before he dug his fingers into his skull. What if…

What if that hadn’t been his lover…? Not anymore, at least. What if...what if…

...

...

...

...

What if Geno was gone…
...and an error was all that remained?

It was hard to crawl up onto his nest of strings when he was holding the baby. Should he...should he put him down first...?

Glancing at Baby, he shook his head.

He...he didn’t want to put down the baby...he...he didn’t want...he didn’t want Baby to...to feel...to feel like...like he had...was? No...had. Yes, had. He didn’t want the baby to...to feel like he had...

Scared...

Alone...

He...he had the baby now! His baby! So...so he didn’t feel...he didn’t feel those things anymore...because...because he had...he had...had...

...

...

...

Whyyyyy was he holding a baby...?

...

...

...

He smiled. **“HeYa, BaBy...!””**

By the time a portal tore itself open into the room they were all in, the sky was getting dark and Reaper had to be convinced against running off recuse his son on his own. Stars, recuse his son. He...he actually had to recuse his son from his son’s own mother...

He...
“Are you fucking listening?!” Error snapped, fingers twitching in an attempt to repress his desire to simply string up all these idiots and be done with this. “Fucking Ink mentioned something about Geno and needing my help but the rainbow bastard forgot what it was that’s apparently so fucked up that you needed my help to fix it.” At his side, Ink pouted. The expression only seemed to annoy Error more. “and now you’re not even listening to me when I’m trying to be nice and politely ask what the fuck you abominations need me for!”

“G-Geno is...um…” Alphys bravely spoke up when Reaper looked about ready to make things worse. “Geno i-is...well, s-somehow he...he…”

“Oh!” Ink loudly interrupted. “That’s right, he became an error like you!”

Error went still.

It was such a sudden stark contrast to the angry energy he had been twitching with that Ink, a little curious, leaned over a bit to check his eyes to see if he crashed. “Error…?”

“What…” The destroyer hissed, looking livid even when his eyes seemed afraid. “What did you do to him?!?”

“He’s an error.” Reaper repeated quietly, head tilted down as he stared at his lap blankly. “I haven’t seen him myself but...but I heard his voice. It was similar to yours but...more erratic. Wilder, almost.”

“I saw him.” Undyne informed them all. Alphys and Papyrus didn’t seem surprised. “I was informed there was some sort of battle going on and when I arrived it was to Geno attacking a group of gods with strings. They were red but, at first, I thought he was you,” she motioned to Error “because they’re so often used in your attacks.”

“You didn’t answer my question! What. Did. You. Do. To. Him?!”

“NOTHING!” Papyrus answered for the goddess. “UNDYNE SAID HE TELEPORTED AWAY WITH SANS AND THEIR CHILD SOON AFTER HER ARRIVAL!”

The error notifications around the dark skeleton were multiplying rapidly. Concerned, Ink reached out for Error’s hand but the glitching skeleton jerked away before he could touch him and snarled at the group.

“Nothing? Nothing?! You had to have done something! Fuck, last time I was in this unnatural hellhole he was happy! Happy! How did he go from being happy to being a fucking error?!” Panicked, he gripped his skull with his hands. “This...this isn’t how it’s supposed to happen.... I made sure it wouldn’t happen! Fuck, the voices told me that-” He cut himself off.

At that last sentence, Ink’s head whipped around to stare at him. “Error-”

“What,” Reaper began, voice a threatening growl “do you mean by ‘this isn’t how it’s supposed to happen’ and ‘I made sure it wouldn’t happen,’ Destroyer?”

Incredibly, the darker skeleton looked nervous. “...”

“Error…?” Ink coaxed. Briefly, their eyes met before the destroyer looked away.

“All those...those disgusting, unnatural places act as their own world and come together to form what we call the multiverse.”
“We Know.” The oldest god of Death said, scowling.

Error shot him a dark look. “What people don’t always realize is that, that multiverse is filled with multiple versions of itself. There’s...multiple worlds within multiple multiverses within our own where things could be exactly the same or just different enough to make a big difference.”

“You’re talking about different realities and timelines?” Ink realized, sockets wide with an awe that didn’t fit the somber mood of the room. “The creators?”

“The stupid voices,” Error continued with a hiss “kept asking me about it, you know? ‘Have you met Fatal Error? Have you met him yet?’ I didn’t know who that was! Then, they changed their questions. ‘Oh, so you haven’t met Geno?’ It pissed me off as much as it made me curious, but at least with those questions I had a name I could actually work with. I never heard of Aftertale, though, so I did a little research and it...it was terrible!” He groaned, fingers twitching rapidly.

“Geno really fucked that code. It interested me though...he interested me and I...” A strange expression crossed his face. Ink seemed a little stunned at seeing it but Reaper couldn’t tell what it was meant to be. It...kind of look like shame. “...I wanted to kill him.”

“What?”

“I obviously didn’t!” The destroyer snapped at Reaper. “...they told me what would happen if I tried...it isn’t something I want to deal with, okay?”

“B-but...” Alphys looked afraid. “i-it’s something...a-another you has dealt with, isn’t it?”

Error looked away with a scowl. Then, begrudgingly, he nodded. “Somewhere out there, there’s another timeline or multiverse where Geno loses everything...including his mind. Like I said, I didn’t want to deal with that so I spied on him a bit to see if things were getting bad at all. Only, one day,” he grimaced “that parasitic nineties bastard caught me and scared the shit out of me so badly I fell through the portal I was using to look into that weird ass save screen. The bastard jumped in for fun and we...met Geno. Officially.” A little embarrassed, he glanced away from them all only to catch Ink’s knowing smile. He scowled angrily. “He wasn’t the most disgusting glitch I’ve ever seen.”

“Didn’t you go to his birthday party?” The protector asked with a teasing smile. “That doesn’t seem like something you’d go to unless you were friends ‘Ruru~”

“It was a baby shower!” The destroyer corrected as though it made their lack of friendship seem more believable. “And I told you not to call me that in public, you rainbow bastard!”

“Sorry~” Ink sang with a grin. “I forgot!”

“Don’t use your fucking memory as an excuse, squid!”

“UM, GUYS...?” Papyrus piped up hesitantly. Everyone’s attention snapped to him and he began to sweat a bit under the intensity of their stares. “...SANS IS GONE.”

Undyne swore loudly and turned towards where Reaper had been laying in bed not too long ago. “He’s going after Geno, isn’t he?! That idiot!” Turning back to the two, contrasting skeletons, she asked, “Can either of you take us-”

“No.” Error said firmly. “If you’re asking either of us to take you to Geno, then the answer is no.
I tried to stop this from happening because I didn’t want to deal with it!”

“Geno’s your friend, isn’t he?!”

“Not if he’s not Geno anymore. Besides,” the destroyer eyed them all distastefully. “from what I’ve pieced together from the headache I’ve been given about that other timeline, Geno only became Fatal Error because he had nothing else to lose but his sanity when it came down to it. He...loves,” saying that was apparently akin to something foul because his face twisted in displeasure “that damn bastard, doesn’t he? Enough to have a kid and want to marry—”

“Oh, oh! Can I be your plus one if you get invited?!”

Error dark face grew splotchy with color but he pretended not to notice. “—him. Despite whatever happened to push him into glitching so hard he errored, Geno still has things he cares about in this reality. If we’re lucky, he’ll be talked down from insanity.”

“And if we’re not?” Undyne asked, gritting her teeth.

“Then I’m not the idiot who went to see him and won’t be the one dying.”

That wasn’t good enough for the goddess. “We have to help, damnit! Papyrus, you’ve been to Geno’s home, right? Can you take-”

“You’ll just make things worse.” Error interrupted again. “Geno probably doesn’t even know who you are, anymore. It’s been, what, a few days since you’ve seen him?”

…

…

…

“It’s been more than a few days…” Error realized when the silence dragged on. “Wow, Geno’s most likely long gone by now.” Surprisingly, he looked upset at that. “I definitely wouldn’t go searching him out if you let him stew in his own madness for however long it’s been. In case he shows up here in a bad mood, I’m leaving. Besides, looking at all of you is making me feel sick.”

Before anyone could stop him, Error opened up a portal showcasing a beautiful star filled sky. Just for the hell of it, he knocked over a vase before jumping into the other world just as the portal started to close. Briefly, his eyes met Ink’s before the break in reality finished sealing itself shut.

“If Error of all people if telling you not to risk you lives doing something, it’s probably best not to do it.” The protector said apologetically. “There isn’t really much I can do here myself. If…if your friend doesn’t get better and causes problems...well,” He grinned a bit. “you know how to call me. I...hope it doesn’t come to that, though. Take care!”

With that, he was gone.
Singing was the first thing Reaper heard upon entering the save screen. Glitchy, layered, and chilling with the way it was so familiar yet unknown to him as it echoed throughout the save screen.

“HuSh LiTtLe bAbY dOn’T sAy a wOrD…”

It was the same lullaby from a month ago, he realized as he slowly crept through the darkness, looking around. He didn’t see Geno.

He didn’t see Goth, either.

“...MaMa’s gOnNa bUy yOU a mOckINgbIr’d…”

The voice…

“...AnD iF tHaT mOckInGbIr’d dOn’T SiNg…”

It was coming from above him.

“...MAMa’S gOnnA bUy yOU a dIaMonD rInG…”

Slowly, Reaper looked up.

“...aNd iF tHaT dIaMoNd rInG TuRns bRasS…”

Involuntarily, he gasped.

…

…

…

The singing stopped…

…

…
...and wide, crazed sockets met his gaze from within a spiderweb of red.

There…
There was...there was...there was a...there was a….

**ThErE wAs a pErSon…!**

He...he...he knew...he...he knew them...it was...it...it was...

For a moment, he glanced away in thought. Then, before he could turn back, he blinked.

…

…

…

…

What…had he been doing…?

…

…

…

Why was...why was he holding a baby…?

When their eyes met, Geno looked ecstatic.

Reaper, on the other hand, only felt fear.

His Geno was gone, wasn’t he?

That…that didn’t look like his Geno, after all. The glitches were everywhere but his eye in multiple colors, buzzing with life and popping in and out of existence so quickly they looked like a swarm crawling all around him. Stars, and Geno’s socket...s. He hated having his right eye uncovered but Reaper knew it had never been that bright, code filled red and his left had never been blue. Where...where was his eye light even at?

Geno looked away and seemed to instantly forget he was there.
Reaper couldn’t stop staring.

That bloody grin was so wide...there...there was code everywhere...even on what Reaper noticed was his own cloak. And that voice...?

That wasn’t his fiancé…

...

...

...

That wasn’t the skeleton he loved…

...

...

...

...

...but that was his child in it’s arms.

...

...

...

And Reaper was going to get him back.

Happily rocking his baby, he began humming absently as he looked around. He thought he saw something on the floor under his nest but there was nothing there...there was…
There was no one there…?

...

...

...

Was…

Wasn’t there...was...wasn’t there supposed to be someone else....?

Was...the...was the someone the...the baby?

No...no it wasn’t…

...

...

...

...

...

Did...did something...did something move…?

He…

He squinted.

He...he couldn’t see anything moving...he....he couldn’t see anyone there…

Frowning, he turned back to...to…

To…

...

...

...

Oh....

He wasn’t holding anything....
He was...he was just...he was just…

...alone….

Oh, but he...he was waiting, wasn’t he? Yes, it...it was fuzzy but...but he was waiting...for...for….

Jaw trembling, he began to cry.

He didn’T rEmEMber…

It was surprisingly easy to get Goth.

All he had to do was distract the error with some movement and duck out of sight long enough to grab the babybones with some magic. Within minutes, if it was really even more than one, he had his son back in his arms and was frantically checking him over as he readied to leave.
Oh, Goth was fine.

He was...he was absolutely fine; a pacifier he didn’t recognize in his mouth and sockets blinking up at him sleepily. There wasn’t a crack or bruise in sight or the smallest sign of fear. He...

He was fine.

The error didn’t hurt him...

Suddenly, he heard it.

Crying. From above.

From the error.

Slowly, conflicted on if he even wanted to look, Reaper’s head raised...

...and, unwillingly, his heart ached.

Curled up in a tight ball, wrapped up in his cloak was the error; sobbing his eyes out into his knees.

“I...I dOn’T rEmEmBer...” The smaller skeleton cried, the words muffled a bit. “I dON’T...rEMemBer...”

Reaper had his son back in his arms, safe and sound.

“I...I...” It's teary expression brightened. “I...m-MaDE...I mAdE sOup! SoUp fOr...”

That thing was...that thing was completely unhinged, wasn't it?

“For...?”
Sighing mentally, he tightened his hold protectively on Goth and turned away.

“O-oH! FoR...fOr HoNeY!”

Reaper froze.

Geno giggled. “YeS! YEs, I...mAdE sOuP fOr HoNeY! HOnEy...HoNeY…” he could hear the devastation in the other’s voice. “...w-WhErE...dId...dId HoNEy gO…?”

Slowly, he turned back around.

Geno’s expression crumpled. “HoNEY...HonEy LeFt...I...I HaVE tO...To...WaIt…” Still so sad looking, he smiled. It…it looked hopeful. “hOnEy...HoNeY wiLL cOmE bAcK…!”

It had been a month…

…

…

…

…

…had...had Geno waited for him the entire time?

…

…

…

“Geno…”

He froze.

That...that was...he...he knew…

He…

He knew that voice….

It was...it was...was…

Geno smiled. “ReApEr…!”
Reaper felt something clog his throat when Geno smiled. It…it was too wide and bloodier than the smaller ever usually allowed his grins to get but…but that Geno’s smile. That was his Gen’s smile, wasn’t it?

“Did,” he cleared his throat, eyes stinging. A month. He had left him here for a month. “Did you... did you miss us?”

“Us…?” Geno mouthed the word before his head tilted downwards slightly, gaze landing on Goth. If possible, his smile got brighter. “BaBy…!”

“Goth.” The god corrected hoarsely.

Geno looked at him worriedly. “Is...is my Reaper sick...?” He beamed. “I... I made...”

“Soup.” He interrupted, eyes watering. “I... I know, Gen. It... it made me feel a lot better, darling.”

Flushing with pleasure, Geno hid his grin behind his scarf bashfully. “You... you don’t hurt...?”

He hurt a lot, actually. His chest hurt a lot.

He was going to leave him.

He was going to leave Geno behind.

Forever.

Geno... Geno wasn’t right at the moment, he knew that. He would have to be watched, especially around Goth, but...

But Reaper couldn’t leave him.

Stars, he couldn’t leave it, even if it would be better for everyone, in the end.

So, he smiled through the tears starting to fall down his face and the guilt making him feel sick. “I don’t hurt, Gen.”

“Crying...?”

“They’re happy tears.” he lied. “I just... I missed you, love.”

“You forgot to take me...!” Geno complained.

He... he really thought that, didn’t he?

“I’m sorry, baby. Do you forgive me...?”

Reaper hadn’t done anything wrong. Not really, but... but he felt like he did.

Geno smiled. “Yes...!” His expression turned hopeful. “We... we can go home now...?”

“Yeah,” He whispered. When Geno seemed confused, he tried again. “Yeah, baby. We...
...we can go home.”

Chapter End Notes

So~

Geno is still extremely messed up at the moment

Reaper's feelings on the subject are all over the place

Goth is actually fine and is happy he has his mum back

And there's going to be absolute hell when Reaper returns home with a glitch!

Also, Error totally became friends with Geno on accident. Originally, he just didn't want him to go all Fatal Error. After meeting him? He maaaaaay have grown a soft spot for Geno.
Gazing Into Each Other's Eyes (Part 12 of Date)

Chapter Summary

In which Geno is back! Back home.

Chapter Notes

Date keeps getting longer and longer, doesn't it?

ALSO:

OMG, OMG, OMG! ART WAS DRAWN FOR THIS STORY, AHHHHHHHHHH! I've literally been breaking into random smiles and giggled all day because of this! A big thanks to Cloud_on_the_cloud for their work! Here's the link, so please check it out:

https://weibenwolken.tumblr.com/post/185173307560/geno-smiled-yes-his-expression-turned

BY THE WAY, WARNING!

WARNING! WARNING! WARNING! There's moments of self harm in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Geno was staring at himself in the mirror again.

This was the third time that morning.

Peering into the bedroom, Reaper found the smaller skeleton inches away from the mirror hooked onto the closet door; a small frown on his face. Slowly, fingers reached up and prodded the ends of his melted, red socket and Geno startled as though he hadn’t been expecting to feel it.

Like he didn’t know it was his own face he had been reaching out for.

Staring at the mirror with a puzzled expression, the error pressed more firmly against the wonky, misshapen bone.

“I...I dON’t...” the smaller muttered. His head tilted down a bit as his fingers slid to his rib cage. Frown growing, Geno lightly skimmed his wound; squinting in order to inspect the lines of code within it. “...dOn’T...I dOn’T LiKE iT...” he whined. Suddenly angry, Geno raised his hands to his face and clawed at his skull, fingers scratching at his red socket. “UgLY...!”

“Geno!” Reaper shouted, darting into the room. The other skeleton either didn’t hear him or couldn’t recognize the name as his own."Geno, stop!"

Darting forward, Reaper clamped a hand each around the smaller’s wrist and forced Geno’s hands away from his face. This earned him a scream and a glare but he ignored it when twitching fingers
caught his attention. That was a bad sign. Quickly, he slid his hands down so that they could intertwine with Geno’s in an attempt to prevent the appearance of any strings. Fingers tried to dig into the bone but his hands were larger than Geno’s and the smaller couldn’t get much reach so, with a scream of frustration, the other settled for kicking out at him instead.


“uGLY...UgLY…” The smaller shrieked, struggling to free his arms. Tears were leaking from his eyes. “UgLY...!”

Red magic sparked around them and Reaper panicked. No, no, he- “Geno, stop! Don’t use your magic! Don’t-“

Too late. With an angry shout, bone constructs appeared all around them. Before Geno could use them; however, they flickered like a image on a faltering television and dissolved into nothing.

There was a warning beep…

...then Geno screamed as electricity shot through him.

Reaper had no choice but let him go, watching in horror as he landed on the floor with a harsh thump and instantly began convulsing. The smaller shrieked and reached for his neck but his limbs flailed too much for him to grab ahold of anything. There was another warning beep, another shock, and Geno’s screams cut off abruptly as he was forced into unconciousness; his body jerking for a few minutes more before it eventually stilled.

Suddenly weary, Reaper closed his eyes. ‘Oh, Gen…’ he thought before sighing and crouching down.

Carefully, he pulled the other skeleton’s still body into his arms and lifted him into a hold. When one of Geno’s arms slid to the side and hung limply, the god had to repress a shiver. Geno looked far too much like corpse for his comfort.

Being as gentle as possible, Reaper moved Geno to the bed but didn’t set him down right away. Instead, he took a seat against the headboard and carefully settled the smaller on his lap; adjusting him so that the error’s back could rest against his chest. With a sad look, he pressed a kiss to his lover’s skull before nudging his head to the side, fingers tugging at the red scarf draped around the smaller’s neck and skull angling to get a better look.

Reaper winced.

The delicate vertebrae forming the error’s neck was inflamed with bright red magic, the bone so discolored you couldn’t even tell it should have been white. It began as a faint pink but grew more and more intense the closer it got to the thick, clunky metal collar strapped around the small skeleton’s neck.

Anger shot through Reaper at the sight of that damn collar but it left him almost as quickly as it came. He hated it. He hated it so, so much but the collar was nonnegotiable.

Reaper hadn’t known a lot of the details surrounding just what was going on when it came to Geno. Foolishly, he assumed that the biggest issue was the fact that his fiancé was now an error but it turned out that there was so much more going on behind the scenes than he could have ever expected.

Asgore wanted Geno dead.
Apparently, the sight that Undyne stumbled upon from what felt like ages ago had looked...well, let’s just say that it hadn’t done any favors for Geno. Blood and dust scattered about, god’s strung up in threads, and Goth shrieking in his seemly insane mother’s arms while said skeleton stood in the center of it all; Reaper’s broken body at his side… All the signs pointed to an attack instigated by Geno and the small skeleton’s sudden disappearance hadn’t done him any favors in proving his innocence.

It didn’t help that, once saved by Undyne, the freed gods and goddess turned around and started telling lies about the events that took place. Death’s lover was crazed, they said. He tried to kill them all in his madness, they claimed. He tried to kill Death first, they lied.

And Reaper himself had supported their claims.

He didn’t mean to. Stars, he hadn’t meant to, but he had been in such an overwhelmed, injured state that Reaper didn’t realize just how terrible his words were or the implications behind them when he told Toriel that Geno hurt him. Scattered in pieces, bloodied, and barely able to handle the weight of his own son, he told Toriel that Geno hurt him and hadn’t clarified how. Of course she would assume that Geno was responsible for his poor condition. Why wouldn’t she when Reaper himself apparently told her so?

Undyne, Papyrus, and Alphys all thought the same, unfortunately, and that was why they had been tiptoeing around the subject of Geno. Because they thought his fiancé tried to kill him.

Stars, they actually thought Geno tried to kill him…

Despite that, they still tried to protect his lover. They were appalled at the glitch’s actions, yes, but no one wanted to jump straight into revenge or murder so, when the news finally reached the King and he stated his intent to end the life of the error, his brother and friends banded together to do what they could to make it so that Geno would remain safe. Not free of consequences but safe. Alive. Undyne herself had even gone to Asgore in order to plead that she be given time to resolve everything herself before the king stepped in and, miraculously, he agreed.

On one condition.

If they didn’t plan to kill Geno, then they had to at least ensure that he couldn’t harm anyone. Asgore had given Reaper a lot of leeway when it came to Geno in the past but he couldn’t ignore a threat in his realm. He couldn’t overlook the danger that Reaper’s lover, as an error, posed to everyone or the death he already brought to his people. With little choice, Undyne had agreed to this condition; not entirely happy but, as one who had seen the damage Geno was capable of, also not entirely opposed to handicapping the skeleton.

Thus, the collar was made.

It couldn’t prevent the strings—none of them were all that sure how those worked—but the collar was made so that it would at least keep Geno from using magic. Unfortunately, this was done in a painful manner.

“...I can explain!” Alphys cried out when Reaper looked ready to tear her apart. “...m-magic inhibitors a-are hard to make! In order t-to stop someone’s magic, y-you need a-an estimate o-of how much t-they have! If t-they have far less t-than what you accounted for, t-the inhibitor c-can hurt them. If t-they have way too m-much, then it’ll j-just shatter! I...errors a-are a pretty u-unknown variable! We d-don’t know how Geno’s magic has changed, if it c-changed at all!”

“So your solution is to collar him like a dog and torture him whenever he uses magic?!?” Reaper
growled. At his side, Geno made an upset noise at the anger in his voice and nuzzled into him. Within his arms, Goth gurgled happily and, absentmindedly, Reaper’s scowl twitched into a smile. “He’s...it’s Geno, Al. I already told you that he wasn’t responsible for my injuries!”

“Asgore doesn’t care.” Undyne cut in. “The King is pissed at what remains of the gods who attacked you but, at the end of the day, Geno is still an error. He’s still a threat and Asgore won’t let him walk around.”

“Free.” He interrupted with a sneer. “A collar to stop him from using his magic? Rules that he isn’t allowed to leave the house? Geno will be little more than a prisoner in his own home! Fuck, he’d have more freedom in the fucking save screen! This...this is bullshit!”

“LaNGuAge...!” Geno exclaimed with a gasp. Before them, Alphys and Undyne shifted in discomfort at his strange, glitching voice. “G...G...”

“Goth, honey.”

“GoTh iS...gOTH iS LiSTeNinG!”

“You swear in front of him more than I do, Gen.” Reaper gently informed him. Geno merely blinked in response. Seconds later, he seemed to forget what they were talking about and his focus moved to their child when his attention was caught by Goth waving his tiny hands at him. Sighing, Reaper turned back to the goddesses across from him. “I shouldn’t have brought him back here. Not if this is the kind of help that was waiting for him.”

“You’re being an ungrateful bastard!” Undyne snapped angrily. All three of them glanced at Geno but the error was apparently too busy playing with Goth to notice the swear. “We’re trying our best, Sans. Asgore wanted him dead or, at the very least, locked away in a cell where he’d really be a prisoner. Limitations or not, at least he’ll get the comfort of his home instead of the weight of chains. This isn’t great but it’s still more than any of us really expected, okay? We...we don’t know if he’s dangerous, Sans, and the king...he just wants to protect everyone. You and your son included.”

“He’s not dan-“

“He killed a handful of gods in the blink of an eye.” The war goddess cut in before he could argue. “We know now that it was in self defense but...Sans, he’s clearly unstable! It’s been less than a hour since you’ve brought him back and he’s forgotten his name twelve times. He keeps forgetting your name! Your kid’s, too! Papyrus even had to leave the room because Geno thought he was his brother and got aggressive when we tried to tell him otherwise! He hasn’t tried to hurt anyone here yet, but you know better than anyone that he’s willing to.”

“I told you he didn’t mean to! He just-“

“S-Sans...” Alphys murmured quietly. “Y-you...you’re too c-close to the situation t-to think rationally a-about this. You...you’re m-making excuses for h-him even when y-you know we’re right. Geno...G-Geno may not have wanted...wanted to hurt you...he m-may not h-have fully understood t-that he was c-causing you pain...but t-that doesn’t change t-the fact that he did h-hurt you. He...h-he could it again, Sans.

“...I know.” He whispered, defeated. “Stars, I...I know, okay? But...but he’s Geno. He doesn’t deserve this. He doesn’t deserve any of this.”

“He doesn’t even know who he is.” Undyne said, tone unusually gentle. “He...he isn’t really himself anymore, Sans. You told us barely ten minutes ago that you almost left him behind because you
didn’t recognize him. What he’ll have to put up with may not seem fair to you but look me in the eye and tell me you don’t think the concerns about him are valid. Tell me you really, truly believe that limiting him isn’t necessary and I’ll go to Asgore myself and fight for a change in conditions.”

Reaper closed his eyes. Blissfully unaware of the seriousness of the situation, Geno reached up and smoothed the furrow forming between the god’s brows. “...I can’t.” He whispered hoarsely.

Undyne sounded sympathetic when she said, “Then there isn’t anything we can do but accept the rules Asgore gave us.”

“I...I’ll try to work on a collar t-that’s more...m-more humane.” Alphys promised with a nervous smile. “Y-you’re house was finished up about a week ago so I can turn my focus to that now t-that I finished updating y-your security. Maybe...maybe h-he won’t even need the updated c-collar though.” She said hopefully. “Maybe G-Geno will...maybe h-he’ll get better. Error...um, Error The Destroyer, I mean, s-seemed...sane? Saner, a-at least. Maybe Geno w-will eventually be t-too?”

“...and if he’s not?” Reaper asked, already regretting the answer.

“Don’t think so negatively, punk.” The blue, one eyed goddess snapped. “Look, we’ll...we’ll cross that bridge if we get there, okay? For now...just try to return to your lives as normally as possible. You came straight here instead of your house. Why don’t you...why don’t you take Geno home and get him settled back in? Paps is staying at our place for a few days and you still have time off of work to finish recovering so just...take him home and relax. We’ll check in soon.”

Yeah, they’ll check in because Asgore wanted weekly updates. Trying to shake off his anger, Reaper nodded. “We’ll be going then. Only,” He began hesitantly. “don’t you need to put the collar on first?”

Alphys froze. Undyne’s arm tightened around her. “O-oh, y-yeah we...we,” her eyes trailed to Geno nervously then slowly turned to him. “S-Sans-”

“Don’t ask me to do it.” He instantly interrupted, tone pleading. Like Undyne, the arm he had slung around his partner tightened protectively. “Please don’t...don’t make me collar my own boyfriend.”

In the end, Undyne had been the one to wrestle it onto the error’s neck. Geno...hadn’t made it easy.

“No, nO, nO...!” Geno cried, screaming and pushing the goddess away. Reaper had taken Goth from his arms and the smaller skeleton turned to him with a betrayed expression when blue magic wrapped around his SOUL to keep him still. “hONeY...!” he sobbed, shrieking when his scarf was tugged away. “SoRry...I’m sOrRY...!”

By the time the goddess managed to clamp the collar around his neck, Geno was inconsolable. He wouldn’t let Reaper go near him and kept screaming at the sight of Undyne. Terrified, confused, and feeling betrayed; the smaller had attempted to attack her. In less than five minutes of wearing the collar, the first haunting beep of many had sounded before Geno lit up with bright, sparking electricity.

At the sight, Alphys had broken down into tears; horrified at her own invention causing her friend harm.

Undyne, used to the terror of war and gruesome sights, had turned away.

And Reaper? Reaper had forced himself to watch as he bounced his child with a playfulness he couldn’t feel, angling Goth’s head so he couldn’t see but making sure that he himself would. If Geno
had to suffer, then Reaper would too, he decided.

The only good that came from the whole ordeal was that Geno didn’t remember having the collar forced on once he awoke. Dazed and sporting a sore, burnt neck, he simply smiled at the sight of his fiancé and Goth and held his arms out for the baby with an excited grin; unaware of the metal hidden behind his scarf. Shaky yet relieved, all three deities had sighed at the fit the error’s ignorance avoided but neither of the two goddesses could look in his direction without guilt and the small family of three soon took their leave.

Hours later, Geno’s reintroduction to his home had come to an end and the smaller skeleton had announced that he wanted a bath. A hot one, he insisted, stuttering through something about being cold and not liking it. Admittedly, Reaper was just happy that he had an excuse to take Goth from the error at the time. The infant kept bursting into tears whenever his mother tried to set him down—not that Geno tried often—but had been asleep by the time Geno requested his bath and, with luck, Reaper could sneak him into his crib while his lover was bathing without the babybones realizing that he had been put down. With this plan in mind, he unthinkingly agreed that, yes, Geno should take a bath; completely forgetting that the smaller would have to undress to do so and may catch sight of his collar.

“**No, nO, No...!**” Reaper heard from down the hall, followed by a crash. Startled, he carefully placed the slumbering infant in his arms into his crib and vanished from the nursery with a shortcut directed to the bathroom. There, Geno was sprawled across the floor, sockets wide in panic as he clawed at his neck. His scarf was on the towel rack, Reaper absently noted.

“**I...I’m sORrY...!**” The smaller skeleton sobbed. Red began dripping down his neck when fingers attempted to dig themselves under the collar tight around his neck.

“**sOrRy...I’m SoRry...!**”

“**Geno!**” Reaper called out in worry, dropping to his knees and trying to catch his fiancé’s smaller hands with his own. “Baby, please stop! Please!” he begged. “Gen, honey, you’re hurting yourself!”

“I’m SoRrY...I’m sOrRY...!”

Giving up on Geno’s hands, Reaper wrapped his arms around the smaller skeleton and pulled him into a tight hug. Shushing him as though it were Goth he was trying to comfort, the god swayed them back and forth; rocking the panicking skeleton the best he could in their position until, eventually, Geno calmed. “It’s okay, Gen. You’re okay, baby.”

“I’m i’M...I’m sOrRY...” Geno whimpered, hiding his face in Reaper’s neck and hiccuping through his sobs. “I’m...I...I’m sorry...Reaper...”

Eyes widening at the bit of clarity in his fiancé’s words, the god pulled away.

Unfortunately, it seemed to be a fluke. “SoRRy...sOr Ry...sOrRY....!” The smaller muttered. It was all he would come to say for the next two hours until, emotionally exhausted, he fell asleep in the taller’s arms.

After that, Reaper made sure that most of the mirrors in the house that Geno may come across were either covered or taken down completely. He kept the one in Paps’ room up as well as the one in their own bedroom—Geno had caught him removing it and whined that he liked it—but he was usually trailing a few steps behind the smaller skeleton anyways and didn’t worry too much about those remaining up. Plus, neither of them went into Papyrus’ room all that often anyways so he really only had to worry about the one.
Stars, so much had happened within so much little time that it was all so exhausting to deal with. Their return, Geno’s collaring, his lover’s incident with the bathroom mirror and Reaper’s removal of them…. It seemed like a week’s worth of events when it actually all took place within the first two days of the trio’s return. By the third morning of their return home, Reaper was...he was tired. His weariness that morning wasn’t helped at all by the fact that Geno had woken him the previous night with screaming. Apparently, the smaller awoke to who he thought was a stranger in his room when in reality it had been his own fiancé.

“WhO…?!” Geno shrieked, startling Reaper from his sleep. His sockets were wide and afraid. “wHo...wHo…?!”

“B-baby, what’s wrong?!” He murmured drowsily. When Geno began screaming, he was shocked into alertness and began scrambling out of bed. “What’s going on?!” Upon seeing the smaller’s wild expression aimed in his direction, he backed away towards the closet. “Geno?!”

“WhO...wHO ArE yOU….?!” The smaller shouted, crawling across the bed like something from a horror movie. His head was angled towards Reaper and sockets were trained on the taller skeleton with crazed intent. “gET...gEt aWAy…! GeT...GeT AWAy…!”

Nervous, Reaper took a few steps backwards. When Geno’s voice and pitch raised, he stumbled in surprise and bumped into the closet door, the mirror rattling in response.

Geno panicked. Screaming his words, he shouted, “GeT aWAy…! GeT...gEt aWAy!”

When Reaper didn’t move, he lunged.

One shock hadn’t been enough that time. No, Geno fought through the pain over and over again in an attempt to get at Reaper. By the time the fourth shock finished frying his system, he was left curled up on his side; sobbing.

“nO...No….” Geno whimpered, arm weakly stretched out. Pressed against the mirror in terror, Reaper could only really stare at his lover in horror. “gEt...g-gEt…aWAy…!”

Desperately, the smaller’s fingers twitched and Reaper found himself being ripped away from the closet by a few red strings. When he crashed into the wall on the other side of the room, Geno muttered something he couldn’t hear and smiled.

After that altercation, Reaper decided it was best if he slept elsewhere. Geno hadn’t understood why he began sleeping on a mattress in Goth’s room though, and trying to explain it to him had been….

Well, it wasn’t easy.

“HoNEy….!” Geno whined; upset. He wasn’t tugging at him like Reaper knew he wanted to but that probably had to do with the fact that the god was rocking their baby to sleep. “HoNEY…..”

“Gen, no.” The taller sighed. Stars, he was tired. “I told you already, remember? I’m sleeping in here tonight.” Like he had been doing for the last few nights. “You need to go back to your room, okay? I’ll see you in the morning, baby.”

“...I...I…” the smaller stuttered. Frustrated, he scratched at his skull and Reaper had to remove an arm from around Goth in order to lightly smack away Geno’s hand. “I...wANT...I wAnT tO sTaY hErE…!”

Kissing Goth’s little skull and settling him in his crib, Reaper sighed again. “Geno, you...you can’t,
okay? No."

“...P-please...?” The error pleaded. “I-"

Geno blinked.
...
...
...

“Honey...?” He mumbled, confused.

Exhausted, Reaper sighed.

He was getting really good at doing that, lately.

Weeks had passed since then and...and Reaper felt lost. Tired, too. Geno had to be reminded every night that they weren’t staying in the same room and it never took less than ten minutes to convince him to head to bed alone. Unfortunately, Geno had never been good at sleeping throughout the night and the god would be woken from his sleep either by the sounds of another episode taking place in his lover’s room, or by the smaller skeleton attempting to crawl into bed beside him. Goth himself usually stirred awake once or twice a night too and, with all that combined, you had yourself a god that felt like his last peaceful sleep was years ago. Sure, Reaper didn’t necessarily need to sleep, but he was used to it and all of his new responsibilities surrounded Geno were really tiring him out. Which was an issue.

He...well, he didn’t quite trust Geno with their child. Not alone, at least. Due to this, he always made sure to be in the room whenever the smaller skeleton was near Goth. One day; however, Reaper’s lack of sleep caught up to him and he fell asleep. It was barely for a hour but it had been more than enough time for Geno to get a hold of Goth and, still so, so tired and more than a little stressed, Reaper...

Well, he regretted what he did.

Groaning, Reaper slowly blinked open his sockets. “What...?” he murmured around a yawn, sitting up from where he had slumped sideways on the sofa and looking around in confusion. “Did...did I fall asleep?” Confused, he attempted to rub the remaining sleep from his eyes. “Shit, I did, didn’t I?”

How long had he been asleep for though? A quick glance at the clock told him it had thankfully only been around fifty minutes and he sighed; relieved. Goth should still be napping.

At that moment, little, gurgled noises caught his attention and Reaper froze.

Slowly, hopeful that he was wrong, the god twisted around to see behind him. Bloodied, slipper wearing feet were the first thing he noticed before his gaze drifted upwards and grayed.

Sitting in a makeshift swing of red threads hanging from the ceiling was Geno, his legs kicking back and forth as he swung on his strings with a smile on his face and Goth in his arms. Distantly, Reaper noticed that the baby was in a different onesie than earlier and that Geno himself had stolen another one of his robes. They matched, he would have noticed if fear based anger hadn’t turned his vision
redder than those damn strings.

“GENOCIDE!” He shouted, vaulting over the sofa and lifting himself into the air. “What the fuck are you doing, Geno?! Goth is...Goth is supposed to be sleeping! Why do you have him?!”

Flinching back, Geno nearly toppled backwards off his threads in surprise. Worry growing, Reaper’s arms shot out to steady him. “hE...hE…” Geno began, struggling to produce words with his glitching voice. Nervously, his arms tightened around Goth. “BAbY...He…”

“Spit it out!” Reaper snapped, reaching for Goth.

Silently, the error handed the cooing babybones to him. When Reaper’s angry, expectant gaze remained on him, his shoulders hunched. “He...hE wOkE uP.... BaBY was...wAS...hE wAs cRyInG…!”

“Why didn’t you get me?!”

“HoNey...yOu...YoU wErE sLEepInG....”

“When you should have woken me up, Geno! Fuck, you should have known-!” Frustrated, he cut himself off. “No, you wouldn’t have fucking known, would you? You don’t know shit! Stars, you can’t even remember my damn name! How could I expect you to-”

“...R...ReApEr….”

Said god froze.

His sockets had been trained on Goth while he checked the infant over but, at the sound of that small, sad voice, his head slowly lifted.

Geno met his gaze with tears in his socket. “REaPer….” He repeated quietly.

Shit. shit, shit, shi- “G-Gen, baby, I’m so-”

With a crack, Geno disappeared. Reaper winced when a door from upstairs slammed shut.

Shit.

When Goth later needed to be fed, Geno crept out of his room but wouldn’t say a word or even so much as glance his way. Reaper tried to apologize, he really did, but how did you apologize for yelling at your lover for an issue he didn’t even realize he had? In Geno’s mind, his fiancé had blown up at him for no real reason. The smaller was hurt and confused and just...didn’t want to talk.

By the time dinner rolled around; however, he forgot the whole ordeal even happened and was all smiles and chatter again; but Reaper...

Reaper felt guilty.

It wasn’t all that unexpected that he’d get snappy here and there. He knew he was dealing with a lot on his own, okay? Expecting everything to be all rainbows and sunshine was unrealistic but...but he made his lover cry because his exhaustion had gotten to him. Stars, he made Geno cry...

Sadly, things didn’t really get easier from there.

Papyrus still wasn’t back in the house—Geno’s reaction to him never improved—but Reaper had to
get back to work. Asgore gave him time to recover but was starting to get suspicious that he was abusing the so-called sick leave to attend to his lover. That was exactly was Reaper was doing but he knew he couldn’t risk pushing the king forever. His brother wasn’t there to watch Goth or keep an eye on Geno for him though, and Reaper wasn’t sure what to do about work. He...felt terrible for yelling at Geno just for mothering Goth without supervision, but he still didn’t trust his fiancé and child alone together. Hell, he wasn’t comfortable leaving Geno alone with himself! Their baby had to come first though, so Reaper hadn’t had much of a choice but to figure something out.

His solution? A baby monitor used to keep watch over Geno and a baby carrier strapped to his chest used to take his son to work with him. If his friend’s were available he’d sometimes leave Goth with them but, after everything, he felt the best about keeping his child close. Let someone try to take the baby without touching him and dying. Sometimes, if he could get away with it, he’d still ditch all together to spend time at home with his lover and child. A few calls throughout the workday helped a lot in keeping his fiancé happy but Geno...

Geno didn’t like being alone.

“You...you forgot me...!” His lover whined, curled up on their living room floor with one of Reaper’s spare cloaks. When he stood, his joints all cracked in a sign that he hadn’t moved for a long, long time. “You...for got me...!”

Feeling a little guilty, Reaper tried a smile. It wobbled a bit when the smaller skeleton got closer and he saw the scratches littering his skull and disappearing down under his scarf. Shit, he really thought they’d be able to avoid that today when Geno had been in a cheery mood earlier that morning.

“Sorry, baby. I didn’t mean to.” Hanging in his carrier, Goth cooed at the sight of his mom and reached out with stubby arms; drooling. “You wanna feed Gothy, Gen? Little guy doesn’t like it when he has to settle for Daddy’s magic.”

“Baby...! GoTh...!” Geno beamed, reaching out. His sleeves slid back and the god nearly started crying right then and there. Stars, his arms were all scratched up too. “MaMa...mA...mIsSeD yOu...!”

Swallowing down his tears as he attentively watched the error lift their child and take him to the sofa, Reaper tried to speak around the lump in his throat. By the time he could manage it, Geno already had his shirt tugged down and was focusing intently on their baby; a bloody but content smile on his face. “Gothy,” he choked, trying again with a weak smile when Geno looked to him curiously. “Gothy missed you too, honey.”

“And...and...and you...?” His lover questioned shyly.

Reaper nodded, trying so desperately not to cry. “Yeah, baby. I...I miss you.”

Thankfully, Geno didn’t notice the odd way he phrased that and smiled. “MiSeD...miSsEd yOu t...tOo...!”

The days kept passing them by but Geno...Geno had moments where he could remember their names but, overall, he didn’t seem like he was improving and Reaper was really starting to worry he simply...wouldn’t. Stars, he wanted Geno to get better but this wasn’t...they weren’t dealing with an illness here. Becoming Fatal Error or whoever The Destroyer said Geno apparently was now hadn’t just affected Geno’s body with it’s changes. It had affected his mind, too, and Geno sometimes seemed like he just wasn’t the person he knew anymore.

What made that so much was worse was the fact that Goth was now just a little under three months
old. Their baby had barely been home from the hospital for two weeks when Geno had opened their door to unfriendly deities on their porch and everything had taken a turn for the worst. With less than a day spent in the save screen following Reaper’s injuries and Geno’s transformation, a month spent at Life’s, and what was coming up close to seven weeks of Geno being home as an error...stars, their baby had officially spent more time with this version of his mother than he had with Geno when he was in a sane state of mind. Goth...Goth may actually never get to know his mom as Geno use to be, Reaper realized; staring at his unconscious lover in a mixture of sympathy and horror. He knew that most of what was going on was flying over the infant’s head but, stars, Goth wasn’t going to remain unaware of everything forever. He was going to grow and if Geno...if Geno didn’t get better...if Geno couldn’t get better...

Their baby was going to have a mom that couldn’t always remember his name.

When Reaper blinked, he found that his vision was a lot clearer. His cheeks were warmer, too.

‘Fuck,’ he mentally cursed, lifting an arm to wipe at his face. ‘don’t cry. Don’t cry. Everything is going to be fine. Everything…everything will be okay.’

He had to keep telling himself that when things got tough. He had to make himself believe it.

A few days later, Geno slipped into their—well, Geno’s—bedroom to steal one of Reaper’s cloaks again. He had taken to wearing them like long, open bathrobes weeks ago and kept using the god’s time with Goth as an excuse to run off and steal more. It wasn’t really an issue—despite his new appearance, Reaper still liked Geno in his clothes—but the smaller skeleton kept stashing them in fear that he would take them away from him. It was funny at first, he’d admit, but Geno was constantly forgetting where he hid them and Reaper was starting to run low on clothes.

“Please don’t hide that one, Gen.” He called up the stairs, yawning as he tried to nudge a pacifier pass Goth’s teeth. “Honey, mama just fed you. You’re going to get fat if you keep trying to eat two meals at a time.” Mentally, he was counting down until he’d have to check on Geno. After a few incidents, he decided that Geno was only allowed a certain amount of time alone before Reaper had to check in on him. It felt...wrong, stealing more of his lover’s freedom like that, but he rather Geno not find the knives again because he had too much time alone without supervision again. “Are...are you giving me your mom’s grumpy face, Gothy? Of all things, did you really inherit that?!”

“Glrarrb!” The baby gurgled unhappily, weakly tugging at the robe over his sternum.

“Whoa, whoa! You know daddy doesn’t have anything there!” Goth actually scowled at him! Scowled! “Glrarrb! Grrb!”

“Mama will feed you when you need it, you little heathen! Last time we gave into your demands, you puked all over yourself.” He reminded the infant. When he managed to get the pacifier into Goth’s mouth and the little guy didn’t spit it out at him, he grinned in victory. “There we go! Isn’t that so much better than some plain ole milk?”

Wow, Goth had a pretty nasty glare. “Mmlerp!”

Reaper sighed. “Yeah, yeah you’re not happy. Daddy knows. He likes nibbling on Mama’s boobs too, you know? Well,” he made a face. “for entirely different reasons, of course. You can keep the milk, Gothy.” reaching zero in his countdown, he began heading towards the stairs. “Don’t tell Mama I said any of that, okay? He’ll try to kick my pelvis again.”
The bedroom door was already open when he reached it so Reaper merely stuck his head inside for a peek.

Geno was in front of the mirror.

Again.

It was getting less and less uncommon to find him there. The smaller skeleton hadn’t had an episode like the one from a few days ago for what was about to be five days now but Reaper was worried all this mirror time would break that streak. Five days was...five days was just so amazing for Geno! His little error had been so much happier lately and Reaper didn’t want that to end. He didn’t want to hear those beeps that kept appearing in his nightmares and didn’t want to sit through those terrible screams. He just...he just wanted his fiancé to be safe and happy.

Geno was prodding at his sockets again though, and that hadn’t ended well last time time. Mentally sighing, Reaper stepped into the room. “Gen-”

Geno spun around.

Reaper stilled.

“R...reaper…?” Geno whispered. His voice still glitched but it was calmer than usual and...and...stars, there was clarity in those sockets. “Reaper...?”

“Gen!” He gasped, stepping forward. “Gen, do you-”

Geno blinked. That awareness from seconds ago was gone. “BaBy...!” He cooed, smiling widely at Goth.

Reaper’s heart plummeted. “Geno...?”

Those code-filled sockets turned in his direction curiously. “hOnEY...?” The smaller called out. Despite the pet name being so common between them, Reaper knew that tone more than well enough to understand that Geno was using it because he forgot his name.

With a sigh and heavy heart, he smiled slightly. “Reaper.” He informed the other, pointing to himself. Lifting Goth higher, he bounced the baby around a bit. “Goth.”

Geno blinked.

…

…

…

“HoNey...!” He greeted, noticing that Reaper was suddenly in the room. “BAbY...!”

Reaper sighed.

Guess it was just his imagination...

The next day, Geno was back in the room.
It wasn’t for the first time that day but it was the longest yet and, worried, Reaper once again crept into the bedroom to check on him.

“Gen…”

“HM…” The smaller hummed questioningly. Instead of standing, he was seated on the floor in front of the mirror. “…ReApEr…”

“Hey.” Reaper whispered, taking a seat next to Geno. He was careful not to sit too close. His lover seemed to recognize him this time but the god learned the hard way that it was better to let the smaller skeleton decide how close he wanted to be. Even if he remembered his name, Geno sometimes forgot they were more than friends and would panic if he tried anything remotely affectionate. “What are you doing?”

Apparently, it was a good moment over all because the smaller skeleton not only remembered his name, but actually scooted closer to cuddle. Smiling a bit, Reaper slid his arm around the error.

“LoOkInG….”

“Again? You’ve been in here a dozen times today.”

“FiRsT…fIrSt tIMe…?” Geno muttered to himself; confused.

Ah, so he remembered Reaper but not any of his visits to the mirror. Weird, but he wouldn’t complain.

“See anything interesting?” He tried asking instead. Rather than turning to face his lover, he simply met the smaller’s gaze in the mirror.

Expression dropping and shoulders slumping defectively, Geno shook his head.

“JuSt…jUST..jUsT…” he frowned. When he spoke next, he sounded uncertain. “…mE? JuST..mE…”?

Maintaining their connection in the mirror, Reaper raised a brow. “Just you? Well, that seems pretty interesting to me, honey. It’s not everyday you get to see the world’s loveliest skeleton, after all.”

Geno blinked.

He blinked again.

And, surprise, surprise, once more.

Sighing, Reaper waited for the smaller’s mind to reset itself. By now, he knew well enough that excessive blinking was usually a sign of his lover forgetting something.

…

…

Suddenly; however, the smaller skeleton turned red.

“Id...iDIoT….” Geno muttered; flustered. When Reaper stared at him in surprise, he blushed darker and hid his face. “…doN’T...doN’T LoOk…!”
“...Aw, but you’re so nice to look at, Gen.” he slowly teased, expression curious.

When his lover whined in embarrassment and hid more, he smiled

Huh.

Geno didn’t forget. Usually, the smaller forgot his flirting near instantly, but he didn’t this time.

And...

Error or not, Geno was still pretty cute when he blushed.

Unfortunately, Geno’s streak of no episodes broke on the eighth day during yet another visit to the mirror.

Goth had taken much longer than usual to settle down for his nap and Reaper had spent nearly forty minutes dancing around the room with him in an attempt to get him sleepy enough to drift off. Once he was finally in his crib, Geno had been overdue for a check in and the god all but teleported to the smaller’s bedroom; knowing without a doubt he’d be there.

Reaper was right, of course.

Geno was in front of the mirror.

Crying.

“wHaT...WhAt....?” The smaller whimpered, inspecting his sockets all while twisting and turning to look at the lines of codes spread across his clothing. He squinted to see better and whined at his appearance. “wHaT’s...WhAt’s wRong...wItH......?”

“Geno...?” He called out warily.

Said skeleton didn’t seem to hear him. “NoT...nOT...NoT RiGHT…!” Suddenly, he winced and held his head. “n-nO! LoUD...tOo LoUD...”

“Geno, honey?” Reaper tried again, taking a few steps in.

This time, Geno turned to meet him. He...he looked afraid. “nOt...NoT rIgHT…! LoUD aND...LoUD aNd NoT rIgHT…!”

“What’s loud, Gen? And what’s not right, baby?” The taller asked gently, opening his arms in an invitation for his lover to come near.

Stepping into the safety of his embrace, the smaller cried, “mE...nOt...NoT rIghT...I’m...I...” he began to gasp; hyperventilating. “nOT...nOt...n-N-NoT...i’M nOt...” Hunching over, he screamed. “cAn’t...tOo LoUD...!”

“Shit,” Reaper cursed, rubbing Geno’s back comfortingly. “Baby, baby you’re panicking. You need to calm down, Gen. Please, please calm down, Geno!”

Geno tore himself from his arms and, with wide sockets, stumbled back. “WhO...whO...W-WHo...w-who...” he couldn’t seem to get the words out. When his back bumped into the mirror in his hurry to get away, the error whirled around as though expecting someone else behind him and
froze when he met his own gaze. Eerily, his breathing stopped entirely. “WhO…?” Geno whispered, reaching for the other skeleton. His fingers met reflective glass...

…and Geno screamed; a blaster appearing behind him.

Faster than even the collar meant to snuff out his magic could keep up with, a bright beam began to glow in the blaster’s mouth and Reaper’s sockets widened in fear.

The nursery was on the other side of that wall.

“Geno, NO!” He roared, tackling his lover. Too much force went into the jump however and they slammed into the mirror, the glass shattering and raining down around them. “Geno, STOP!” He yelled, still hearing the blaster. Finally, the collar beeped. “YOU’RE GOING TO KILL GOTH!”

Geno stilled.

The blaster disappeared.

…

…

…

“Reap-”

The smaller was shocked.

That had been yesterday and Geno…

Geno wasn’t leaving his room.

He wasn’t staring at the mirror, Reaper knew. The moment his fiancé had been settled back into bed after the shock knocked him unconscious, Reaper had taken the damn thing down and blew it to pieces in the backyard. Well, into more pieces, that is. Their crash into it hadn’t left much else but the frame and the sharp mess on their floor bed. Still, he wasn’t taking any chances. Not anymore.

When Geno woke up, hopefully with the entire mess forgotten, he planned to smile as though nothing had happened. As if Geno hadn’t nearly killed their baby during a fit.

Geno didn’t say anything when he woke up though. When Reaper smiled and asked him if he had a nice nap, he simply blinked up at him for a few seconds before rolling over and closing his eyes.

When dinner came around, he didn’t eat.

When it was Goth’s meal time, he looked terrified even as he fed him.

When Reaper worriedly wished him goodnight, he looked…he looked…

Reaper wasn’t sure how to describe it.

“Night, Gen…” He called out from his place near Geno’s bedroom door. When the smaller didn’t answer, he frowned; concerned. Usually his lover would have forgotten his actions by now. Did he
really still remember? “I’m going to go to bed now. If...if you need anything, come get me, okay?”

He was about to leave when movement from the bed caught his attention. Pausing, he looked at the smaller skeleton curiously. “Gen...?”

Geno didn’t say anything though, just sat up. When Reaper shifted unsurely, the light from the hallway his body had been blocking spilled in; illuminating Geno’s face. He looked...

Sad.

No, not sad. Regretful? Not quite that either. He couldn’t place the expression and it made his worry grow. “Baby? Do...do you want to sleep with me in Goth’s room tonight?” Tonight, he didn’t mind breaking his own rule.

But Geno shook his head meekly and laid down again. Suddenly, he flinched and curled up, hands over his head. When Reaper worriedly took a step forward, he whined and turned his back to the god; blanket being tugged over his head.

“Geno...”

His lover didn’t answer and, eventually, the god left with a whispered goodnight.

He couldn’t sleep that night. Too worried to rest, he sat with his back against the closed bedroom door and listened with a heavy heart as his lover cried.

Things didn’t get better, either. The error always got worked up in the mornings whenever he got ready to leave through work. Reaper would wake up, check on Goth, shower...he’d go through his morning routine and, the entire time, Geno would be nearby sulking with the knowledge that he was going to be left behind by his fiancé and child for the day. The next morning however, Geno stayed in bed. Oh, he got up to feed Goth and helped change him but the moment that was done? He retreated back to his room without a word.

When father and son returned hours later, Geno hadn’t moved.

Reaper did his best to coax the smaller out but Geno...Geno just wouldn’t respond. Sometimes, the plates the taller skeleton would leave outside his room wouldn’t even be touched. When they were? Only bits and pieces of the smaller’s food would be gone. His lover just wasn’t active anymore. Not during the day, at least. At night, Reaper could still hear him crying.

As the days passed, he began to hear whispering.

Geno was starting to talk to himself, it seemed.

It scared him.

Reaper didn’t know what to do.

“You hungry, little guy?” He cooed softly. With a tiny whine, Goth flailed about in his carrier and Reaper took that as a yes. “Aw, we’re almost back, honey. Mama will feed you when we’re home, okay? Maybe...maybe we can get him to go downstairs today! Do you think he’d like that?” Drool slid down the baby’s chin and, with a small smile, he used his sleeve to wipe it away. “You were so cute that no one noticed daddy shoving all those ketchup packets into his pocket. Wanna see if Mama will drink them?” Stars, he hoped Geno drank them. A week of little to no food wasn’t good
for the error. “I bet if you smile cutely for him he’ll try at least a few!”

Goth was too busy trying to eat his own hand to respond.

Smiling in amusement, Reaper took them through a shortcut to just about outside their front door. Even after a week of disappointment, he found himself hoping that Geno would be on the other side when he opened the door. He…he missed coming home to the sight of the error camped out in the living room, waiting for him. It never really stopped worrying him—he began calling Geno to remind him to at least stretch every now and then—but he did eventually come to find it cute that the smaller always wanted to wait for them.

Closing his eyes tightly, he hoped to see his lover once he swung open the door.

Geno wasn’t there.

…

…

But Asgore was.

“What…?” He murmured, instantly on edge.

“Sans,” The King greeted. His pleasant tone was ruined by the cold look in his eyes. Behind him, Undyne, Alphys, and Papyrus shifted uncomfortably. “Where is he?”

“Where’s who?” He questioned back. Upset at the sight of Asgore in his home, he shut the door with a little too much force than necessary. The slam echoed in the silent room.

“Don’t play games, Death.” Asgore growled. “Where is he? Where is the error?!"

“Geno,” Reaper growled back, stressing his lover’s name. “is upstairs.”

Asgore was wearing armor, he realized. He was carrying his weapon, too. “He…he better be upstairs, Asgore. So help me, if I find out you did something to him I’ll-

“You dare threaten me?!” Stepping forward and towering over him with his great height, the king glared. “After all the slack I’ve given you, after all the times I’ve turned a blind eye to your shenanigans or excused your lawbreaking, you dare threaten me?! I did not harm your lover, Death, but he is gone and I demand to know where it is you’ve hidden him. My rules were clear: He was to remain here with his magic bound.”

“He is!” He snapped, lifting Goth from his carrier when the infant whined at his raised voice. “He hasn’t gone anywhere!”

“I AM YOUR KING, DEATH! I WILL NOT BE LIED TO!”

“S-sans…” Alphys meekly spoke up. “G-Geno…Geno isn’t here. The…the tracker in his collar-"

“The what?” The god of death hissed, sockets narrowed. When Alphys’ eyes grew wide and her hands slapped over her mouth, he stepped forward threatening. “No, don’t act like you didn’t just say that. You put a what in that damn thing?”

Undyne stepped in front of her wife protectively with a glare. “Step back, Sans. It wasn’t her fault. King Asgore demanded it as one of his conditions. We didn’t tell you because we knew you’d react
even more poorly to the collar than you already were.”

“Poorly?” Laughing darkly, he sneered at them. “Well, forgive me for acting poorly, Undyne. I’ve had to watch my fiancé get tortured by that fucking collar for weeks! What happened to getting him a new one, huh? Is it taking so long because your wife has to work on the fucking tracker?! Taking his freedom wasn’t enough?! Now you have to know if he’s in the kitchen or taking a fucking shower?! Do you want to know when he’s in bed, too?! THIS IS FUCKING BULL- ” Goth began wailing and, with a great struggle, he reigned his anger in. “Shhhh, I’m sorry, baby. Daddy is just a bit upset and Mama...Mama apparently isn’t here right now. We’ll get you food once Daddy finds him.”

“Brother…” Papyrus spoke up, voice lowered for Goth’s sake. “He...Brother, Geno...Geno Left Bottles For Your Son…”

“He knows he breastfeeds Goth, Paps.” He responded with a frown. “No matter what he forgets, Geno always remembers that.”

“Sans, The Fridge Is Full Of Them. Geno…” Here, he hesitated, glancing at the king. “...He Left A Note For You, Brother.”

Immediately, everyone’s attention was on the taller yet younger reaper. Red in the face, Asgore growled, “Why was I not informed about this, Death The Younger?”

Papyrus shrunk a bit under that angry stare. “I...Didn’t Think It Was Important? It Didn’t Say Where He Was Going.”

“Paps,” Undyne began, swooping in to rescue him from their king’s ire. “What do you mean you found a note?”

“It’s On The Fridge. I Found It When I Went To Get The King Some Tea.”

Before anyone else could move, Reaper was in the kitchen and rushing to the fridge. Like Papyrus said, there was a note on the door.

Reaps,

There’s enough bottles in here to last Goth weeks. He’s a good, strong baby though, so he should be able to handle formula once they all run out. Don’t give in to his pouty face and feed him more than he needs, okay?

Tell him I love him. Give him a kiss for me, too. Also, don’t forget that I love you too, okay?

And, Reaps?

I’m sorry.

Goodbye.

“No…” he whispered. Numbly, he opened the fridge. Bottles. It was lined with bottles and, desperately, he grabbed one and held the rubber end to Goth’s teeth. When the unhappy babybones actually began to drink from it, he felt his legs buckle and slid to the floor. “No, no, no!”

Goth would only ever drink Geno’s milk. He was picky like that.

“Where is he?!” The god demanded, reappearing in the living room. Stars, his legs felt so weak he didn’t think he could walk. “You put a fucking tracker on him, so tell me! Where the fuck is my
“W-we don’t know…” Alphys admitted. She lifted her hand. Hanging from a claw was the broken remnants of the collar. “I w-was notified t-that the collar w-was broken. I, um, I i-informed Asgore because I was ordered to!” she hurried to explain at Reaper’s loathing expression. “By the time we all g-got here, he was gone!”

“Shit, shit, shit! I have to get to the sav-”

“He Isn’t There, Brother.” Papyrus informed him sadly. “I Checked.”

“He has to be!” Shakily raising to his feet, Reaper gently pushed Goth and his bottle into the younger skeleton’s arms. “Here, watch him, okay? I’m going to go get my Gen. He...he has to be there. There’s nowhere else he’d go!”

“...I thought you hid him.” Asgore murmured, suddenly ashamed. “You...you truly are unaware of where the error is, aren’t you?”

“His name is G E N O!” Reaper snarled. “And I’m telling you, he’s...he’s at his original home!”

“Sans,” Undyne said firmly. “we both know Papyrus wouldn’t lie to you. If he said Geno isn’t there, then he...then he isn’t there. He ran. Why weren’t we informed he was back to his old self though?”

Reaper stared at the floor blankly. “He...he isn’t.”

“Leaving bottles full of milk in the fridge? Writing you a coherent note? Sans, that’s not something someone out of their mind would do. Geno ran, yes, but it’s obvious he put some time and effort into this. He even remembered about the collar and took it off before he left.”

Stars, Reaper….Reaper hadn’t even realized what that note meant. Even if he had managed to put together a sensible letter, Geno...fuck, Geno hadn’t called him Reaps since before the attack. The smaller skeleton didn’t remember the nickname. “I have to find him…” he whispered. “Fuck, I...I have to find him. I have to bring him back!”

“...I cannot allow that, Sans, my friend.” Asgore said grimly. “An error drowned in insanity is bad enough but one that can think? One that can plan? I cannot welcome what could very well be a second destroyer into this realm. I will no-”

“Sans!” Everyone shouted.

Reaper ignored them all, the blade of his scythe held so close to Asgore’s throat it threatened to end him if he even so much as breathed too harshly. “D o n’t g i v e m e t h a t b u l l s h i t!” Around them, the shadows began to twist and stretch unnaturally. “All of this shit happened in the first place because YOUR fucking subjects came after my family. After my s o n! Geno was just trying to protect him. When I fell from the fucking sky, he tried to protect me too. This error bullshit? His...his insanity? None of it was his fault, yet you’ve been p u n i s h i n g h i m for it for weeks! Now you won’t let him come home?!” Even as he trembled in rage, his scythe remained still. “You may be the king, Asgore, but all things bow to D e a t h in the end. You will, too, if you try to stop me from bringing my love back here. I...” His eyes darkened, twin pools of black so deep and dark they threatened to drown the paling king. “I w o n t l o s e h i m!”

“Sans…” Asgore choked out, eyes wide. “My friend-”

“I m n o t y o u r f r i e n d! As long as you pose a threat to my lover, I’m your e n e m y!”
“Let him go, Death.” Undyne demanded coldly.

“You’re siding with him?” He asked dangerously.

The goddess of war shivered at the unnaturalness of his voice but stayed firm in her resolve to stop him. Forcefully, if needed. “I’m not afraid of you, Death. I’ve dealt with you much longer than we’ve been friends.”

“You’ve dealt with me during a r.” Death hissed angrily. “You’ve never faced me outside of it, goddess. I don’t want to hurt you,” He admitted. “but I will if you side with Asgore on this. Geno doesn’t deserve to be...to be e x i l e d from his own home!”

“Is this his home?” Undyne shot back with a narrowed gaze. “Look, I like him. I really, really do, but he left, Death. He isn’t here but it’s not because of Asgore or me or anyone else. He’s isn’t here because he decided not to be. Maybe...maybe he’s changed too much. Sanity or not, maybe he just isn’t the person you love anymore.”

Within a blink of an eye Death’s blade was her neck instead. The air in the room was tense, all eyes on the god as he threatened Undyne. From within his uncle’s arms, Goth gurgled happily and reached out with tiny hands. “D o n’ t s a y t h a t!”

Worried for her wife, Alphys spoke up. “D-Death...you c-considered it yourself b-before. Geno-”

“Is m y G e n o! I...I know he is!” Slumping, he lowered his weapon. “...I know he’s still...” He sighed, suddenly tired. Goth was still making happy noises off to the side. Normally, this would make him smile but he didn’t have the energy for it at the moment. “I know he’s still my Geno. Even...even if he isn’t, I still love him. I love him.”

“Blrrrg!” Goth cooed, flailing his arms. No one paid him attention, Papyrus even absently holding up an empty bottle as he worriedly watched his brother behave so terribly. “Glrrrg! Grlg!”

“I love him.” Reaper repeated quietly. “He’s...he’s my Geno, no matter what, and I love him, okay?”

... …

... …

“...Do...do you?”

“I was wondering when you’d show up.” Error sighed, not even bothering to turn around as he focused on the small doll in his hands. Adjusting his glasses, he carefully moved his needles through motions made familiar long ago. “I gotta admit, buddy. Didn’t expect you to stay crazy for this long.”

“Yeah, well, I didn’t expect to go crazy.” Geno shot back, slowly stepping up to the darker skeleton and taking a seat across from him. Curiously, he looked around. “This is the anti-void, huh?”

“ Took you long enough to find it.”
“Cut me some slack, Error. There was a lot of...noise to work through.” They sat together for a few minutes in a peaceful silence neither of them could really enjoy. “...Do they ever shut up?”

“No. They have no boundaries either. Just you wait, they’ll be asking all about your sex life soon enough. You’ll get used to ignoring them eventually, though. They’re easier to ignore if you pretend they don’t exist.”

“I'll keep that in mind.” Geno murmured. Suddenly, he frowned. “Error, why am I here…? I...one moment I was so insane I couldn’t even remember my own name and the next I just...wasn't. I...it was like I woke up from a nightmare I could still remember vividly. One moment, I was distantly aware I was doing something wrong and the next...the next I was suddenly aware that I was going to kill my baby.” He said with a laugh. There was no humor in his voice though, just hysteria. “I almost killed my baby, Error.”

“Huh, so that’s what snapped you out of it.” Error muttered. “And you know why you’re here.”

“...The code.” The newer error said, rubbing his eyes and squinting through his poor, cluttered vision. “Your code. The voices kept asking if I saw it yet...they kept asking when I’d come here and when we’d talk...I didn’t get why but...but that’s the reason, isn’t it? It’s because of your code.”

Silently, Error nodded. “Honestly, I was kind of hoping you wouldn’t be able to see it. It’s fucking weird, huh?”

“...So it’s true? What they’re saying?”

“...Yeah.” Error confirmed. He wouldn’t look at Geno though, eyes firmly on the doll he was crafting. “Obviously, I’m different. From a different timeline, for one. Or reality. Shit gets confusing the more you think about it, really. The point is, while our experiences weren’t entirely different to begin with, we are. I...didn’t have a Reaper. Thank fuck for that,” He snorted, expression twisting in disgust. “he’s a fucking creep.”

“Don’t talk about my fiancé like that.”

“Ugh, don’t remind me you’re marrying him. You’re distracting me though, so shut the fuck up.” Taking a moment to gather his thoughts, he added a few more stitches to the doll; a frown on his face as he did so. “A lot of it is fuzzy, okay? The more I try to think about it and explain, the harder it gets to remember. I just...I know I didn’t have a Reaper. We—I mean, I,” he corrected himself “did eventually become happy but...but something happened. I lost my happiness. I don’t remember what but I did something and...and then I wasn’t me anymore. Well, not the me I used to be. I...” briefly, he glanced at Geno, casting a slightly wistful look to his scarf. “I left a lot of things behind because I left who I was behind. My mindset, the way I acted...it wasn’t the old me anymore. It was the current me. It was Error. Without the old me, things just...fixed itself eventually and a new cycle began. Eventually, you came around and, by the time you did, I forgot all about Aftertale and who I use to be. Until the voices reminded me, that is.”

“You knew who I was long before Fresh pushed you through that portal...” Geno mumbled. Suddenly, he frowned. “...you knew what I’d become.”

“I knew what you could become. Thankfully, you’re not me. Even better, you’re not the version
of Fatal that I was worried about. You’re definitely a Fatal Error, though.”

“Do all of us become errors in the end?” The smaller error questioned. Wait… “Why are you taller than me?”

“Like I said, we’re different. You just so happened to be a tiny Geno. Don’t let that fucking rainbow bastard stand next to you if you ever meet him, by the way. I think he’s a little taller than you and I’ll never hear the fucking end of it if he finds another person shorter than him. I swear, you call the fucking squid a shorty once and he goes on a hunt for every damn Sans that’s smaller than him just so he can bring it up every time you see him. What a prick.”

“I thought you said you lost your happiness?” Geno teased, eyeing the little doll in the taller skeleton’s hands. He wasn’t sure what Ink looked like but Error had mentioned something about an ink stain awfully similar to the one on the doll’s cheek before. “Seems like you found it again, in the end.”

“I’ll fucking kill you. You’re still an abomination, you know? Different than the one I was expecting, but still an abomination.”

“Yeah, but you like me.” When those black cheeks gained some color, his sockets grew wide. “Holy shit, you actually do like me! I thought you just put up with me because your brother made you! Wait,” he paused, confused. “is Fresh your brother, then?”

“I don’t want to talk about that parasitic nineties freak and how we may or may not be related.”

“I’m taking that as a ‘yes, he’s my brother but it’s complicated’ and leaving it at that.” A few more minutes of silence passed. “...Who the hell is Paperjam, by the way? At least a hundred voices have asked me about him. And why do they keep calling him my nephew?”

Error twitched so badly Geno was actually a little worried he’d break something jerking around like that. “Ignore. The Fucking. Voices. Actually, just go home. There isn’t really anything else to say, is there?”

“...I wasn’t really planning on going back home. I mean, how can, Error?” He whispered, staring at his hands. “I...I was nuts. Stars, I was so fucking insane. I,” a sob worked its way up his throat and the darker skeleton stiffened. “I hurt Reaper. I almost killed Goth! Fuck, I even damaged myself! Reaper...he put up with me longer than he should have. He...he shouldn’t have to deal with me any longer. He and Goth both deserve better.”

“Wow,” Error sounded impressed. “You’re actually dumber than the squid. Go the fuck home, Geno. If that cloak wearing asshole hasn’t left you yet, then he probably isn’t going to.”

Suddenly, his voice softened. As much as Error would allow it to, that is. “...never met the Fatal that the voices warned me about but, from what little I know, he...he lost everything. I don’t know if he had a Reaper and kid or what, but whatever was keeping him sane wasn’t there in the end to keep him from going batshit. You...you still have what makes you happy, idiot, so go home to your fucking family and send me an invitation whenever you finally have that damn wedding. I’m bringing a plus one.”

“Error…” Geno sniffed, feeling emotional. “You’re-”

“If you say a good friend, I’m fucking killing you.”
“...an asshole. But not the worse one I’ve ever met.”

“...I’ll accept that. Now get the fuck out of my anti-void. Looking at you for too long makes me dizzy with all that fucking coding. Oh, and glitch?”

Wiping the tears from his eyes, said skeleton hummed questioningly. “Hm?”

“Get some glasses. You’re squinting so hard I can barely see your sockets.”

His laugh was watery but not entirely sad as he nodded. “I’ll do that. Bye, Error.”

“Get out.”

Smiling, Geno focused on going home.

“Geno…” Reaper whispered, sockets trained on the smaller skeleton before him. Stubby arms outstretched, Goth flailed in his uncle’s arms in a desire for his mother to carry him. “Gen…”

“Hi, honey…” Geno murmured nervously, head tilted downwards and gaze averted. “I...I, um, I was t-told I should come back. If...i-if that’s oka-”

Reaper was on him before he could finish, arms wrapped around the smaller skeleton so tightly that Geno’s bones actually creaked a bit. “You idiot,” he whispered, pulling back only as far as required to pepper the error’s face and skull with kisses. “you tiny, tiny idiot. Stars, Gen. Why would you leave? You...you’re better, aren’t you? Why would you leave?!?”

“I’m not better.” The error mumbled. “Reaps, I...I’m not. I’m...saner, but...but I’m never going to be how I was before. This...this is how I’m going to look forever. How I’ll sound forever. This is what I am . You...you didn’t sign up for an error, Reaper. You didn’t sign up for any of what I put you through. Stars,” Reaper’s hold tightened at the first hint of tears. “I hurt you, honey. I...I hurt you and then I forgot you. I almost killed Goth . You...you should have just left me in the save screen forever.”

“Everyone,” Reaper began, lifting Geno into a bridal carry. “get the fuck out of my house. Not you, Paps. You live here and I, uh, I need you to watch Goth. Geno and I are going to have a private chat.”

“Sans-”

“Get out As gore!”

Not even waiting to see if any of them would listen, the eldest god of Death transported Geno to their room. Without letting go of his lover, he settled onto the bed and dropped the smaller skeleton on his lap.

“Reaper…” Geno mumbled in a quiet protest, trying to crawl off.

He held him there. “Baby, just...just stay there. I,” he laughed. “I really don’t want to let you go, Gen. It’s starting to feel like every time I do, something goes wrong.”

“I’m sorry…” The smaller whispered.
But Reaper shook his head. “You have nothing to be sorry for, Gen.”

“I do!” Tearing up, Geno attempted to push himself away. When Reaper’s hold didn’t loosen, he settled for covering his face with his hands. “I put you through hell! I...you should have just left me.” He said, repeating his words from earlier with a sob. “You should have left me…”

“I almost did…” Reaper admitted, eyes stinging. “Fuck, I almost did but I’m so fucking glad I didn’t. You...baby, I need you. Goth needs you. That month we were apart, he wouldn’t settle down for a single second. I...shit, Gen. My emotions were up and down but even I felt wrong without you there. I missed you even when I didn’t want to and...and when you took Goth and I saw you absolutely out of your mind I was scared,” he admitted. “scared enough to want to leave you behind but...but how could I? Gen, baby, you...you were waiting for me that entire time. How could I even think about leaving you alone to wait for me forever?”

“I was dangerous!” Geno argued. “I...I hurt you because I wanted you to sleep! I nearly blasted Goth’s room apart while he was in it because I couldn’t handle my own reflection!”

Suddenly, he laughed. It was full of so much pain that it hurt to listen to. “I don’t...I don’t even look like myself. I couldn’t recognize myself. How can you even look at me...? I’m a mess. I...I was tolerable before but now? I’m disgusting. I can’t even stand to look at myself.” His hysterical laughing tapered off into a sob. “I can’t even get the fucking glitches back over my eye…”

“Gen…” He murmured softly. Gently, he tugged the smaller’s hands down and tilted his skull back so they were meeting each other’s eyes. He smiled faintly upon seeing his lover’s usual eye light back in his socket. “Look at me. Let me look at you.”

“Reap-”

“Shhh,” He hushed. “Just...look at me for a second, okay?”

Sniffling, the smaller skeleton nodded and meekly gazed back at him. Smiling reassuringly, Reaper gently lifted his hands and cupped Geno’s face; thumbs brushing his cheeks soothingly as he studied the other’s sockets intently. Before now, the smaller had been too easily distracted for Reaper to be able to take the time to really look at him. Whenever he saw the changes to his lover, it was as a whole. Now, with Geno sane and in his arms, he stole away a few moments just to look at him. Really, look at him; without his worry and fear to cloud his vision.

Geno’s melted socket was always a little startling to see but he didn’t let it scare him from gazing into his lover’s eyes. The red within the melted socket was bright but not so much that it was hard to look at. Curiously, he thumbed the edges of the wounded bone and smiled when the smaller reflectively tried to shut his socket. It didn’t work all that well but Reaper found the red he could still see through the melted bits charming. The code was kind of interesting, too.

In a sharp contrast to the red, the blue of Geno’s undamaged socket was cool. Still bright, but definitely a cooler shade that the cyan of Reaper’s magic. Despite the return of his eye light, Geno still looked like an error. It...it wasn’t startling anymore though. Not with the clarity in those eyes. Curiously enough, the lines of code in his blue, left socket went across his eye light though. Briefly, he wondered if the code made it hard to see. He knew that Geno’s right socket still worked but the vision in it was terrible. The magic output to the eye didn’t work correctly and couldn’t form an eye light or tears but just enough magic could get through to form a bit of sight. If Geno’s left eye now had poor vision too...

When Geno squinted at him, he chuckled a bit. Yeah, he decided. They were definitely going to
need to get him glasses. Looking back, he was starting to realize that a lot of tripping that had gone on during the last few weeks wasn’t due to the excessive length of his cloak like he had thought at the time. His lover just had really, really shitty eyes now.

A bit of movement caught his attention and he blinked, leaning in a bit to stare more intently. Huh, the lines of code moved. Neat.

“You’re sockets are pretty.” He decided. “Kind of weird, yeah, but I like them. You’ll look cute in glasses, too, though I’ll understand if you don’t want to wear them for the wedding.”

“...You still want to marry me?” Geno asked in a small voice. Shy and a little scared, he fought to maintain eye contact with Reaper. “I...I thought…”

Gaze softening, the god finished the sentence for him, “that I wouldn’t want to marry you after everything.”

Shoulders curling inwards defensively, the smaller nodded. “I...haven’t given you many reasons to want to go through with it. I haven’t given you any reasons, actually.”

“Sure you have.” He protested, tracing the bone just under Geno’s blue socket. Stars, now that he was really looking, he couldn’t tear his eyes away. “Kidnapping and near-murder aside, you never stopped being a wonderful mother to Goth. Gen, the kid is crazy about you. Hell, he’s probably giving Paps a hell of a tantrum right now just because we left him downstairs.”

“You can’t just gloss over those first two things like they weren’t terrible…”

“I’m not trying to, Gen.” Pressing a soft kiss to the spot between the smaller’s sockets, Reaper sighed. “I...I didn’t trust you with him. Not alone, at least, but, honey, you never tried to hurt him. When you nearly did, it wasn’t on purpose and you stopped the moment you knew he was in danger. Goth...Goth means so much to you that you couldn’t forget that, even if you forgot his name. You made mistakes, but it isn’t fair to beat yourself over what you couldn’t control. That doesn’t excuse some of your actions, but those actions also don’t mean you’re not an excellent mother to our baby. Stars, you didn’t even run away until you made sure he’d be fed!” Catching Geno by the chin when he tried to turn away, Reaper smiled at him softly. “You’re wonderful, Gen. Even after everything, you’re so, so wonderful.”

Tears slid down Geno’s cheek. Lovingly, Reaper kissed every drop that fell away. “...You haven’t been sleeping because of me. I...I didn’t know it then but I remember, Reaps. Fuck, you...you have burned under your sockets. I’m so difficult to handle I exhaust you. You...I don’t deserve you.”

“Don’t say that.” He scolded. “Baby, I’m a god. I don’t need sleep. I’m just...lazy enough that I’ve gotten a bit too use to it. And you deserve all the happiness in the world, Gen. If some of that comes from me, then you sure as hell deserve me, too.”

“I hear voices now!” Geno blurted in a last ditch attempt to make him see reason. “All the time now, actually. I...I probably always will, too.”

The taller didn’t even blink. “I kill people for a living, Gen. Voices aren’t going to scare me off.”

“They want to know if we’re going to have sex!”
“Well, not right now but in the future? Hopefully.”
“Why are you so good to me? Why...you’re trying to joke everything away but you...it has to bother you, Reaper! Why won’t...? You should just leave me already!” The smaller snapped. Instantly, his anger sifted into a pleading tone as he begged, “Please, please just leave me. I’m no good for you, Reaper. I...all I’ll do is bring you trouble. Why are you even bothering with me?”

“...Do you remember the first time you looked into my eyes? Romantically, I mean.”


“We were sitting on the floor in the save screen.” Reaper recalled. “I was on my phone and you thought I was reading but really I was watching you watch me. You didn’t know me well enough yet to figure out how to tell where I was looking without eye lights to rely on, so you just kept staring; unaware that I was staring back. We,” he chuckled a bit, smiling fondly. “we ended up gazing into each other’s eyes for a hour, Gen. I already liked you back then so I was content to just soak up the attention but you,” he grinned “you started blushing. The longer our gazes met, the more you blushed and I just... knew. You didn’t realize it yourself but it was clear on your face, Gen: You liked me. Me! And that...that made me happy, baby, because the idea of being with you one day? There was nothing more that I wanted at the time.

Then, we got together. We had our first kiss and our first confession while you were sporting just the cutest cat ears ever, we had sex for the first time on my birthday because you’re amazing like that, and we got engaged and found out we were going to be parents all on the same day. Every time one of those milestones were met, I wanted more and more things with you. More experiences. I...I can’t get enough of you, Gen. None of our bad moments have ever stopped me from wanting to experience the rest of my life with you, honey. Nothing you’ve ever done or will ever do will make me want you out of my life. Want to know why?”

“W-why?” Geno whispered, lost within his dark gaze.

Reaper smiled. “Because I love you, Gen. An error or not, I love you and absolutely nothing will ever stop that from being true.”

Jaw trembling with repressed tears and voice akin to a skipping record, Geno croaked out an embarrassing, “I love you too.”

It was the most beautiful thing Reaper ever heard.

“Then don’t try to push me away, baby. Don’t...don’t run away. I know it won’t be easy but we can work through this. Together.”

“What if I go crazy again?” Geno whispered; afraid. “What...what if I lose my mind for good? You...do you really think you can handle be for the rest of our lives if I’m unhinged like that? Honey, you...I know I made you worried, like that. It was difficult on you. You even,” he hesitated.

Reaper winced. “...I snapped.”

“Yeah,” The smaller whispered with an averted gaze. “I don’t blame you, though. I...I was a lot, Reaps. I know that and since I know that, I can’t ask you to take care of me again if I...if I lose my mind for good.”

“Do you think you will?”
Geno hesitated. “I…”

“Do you really think you’ll lose your mind again?” Reaper asked again; seriously. “Because if you do, we...we’ll try to plan for it. We...we can decide beforehand what to do.”

“...I think I’m fine now.” Geno admittedly quietly. “I’m just...worried. I don’t want to keep putting you through trouble. I,” he had to pause when his voice broke again “I don’t like being a burden.”

“You could never be a burden, Gen…” When the smaller merely looked away, he sighed. “Look at me again, okay?” Slowly, Geno turned his head back to meet his gaze again. “We’ll get through this, love. We’ll get through anything that comes our way.”

“B-but-”

“No buts.” He interrupted. Suddenly, he winked. “Unless it’s your butt. I haven’t gotten to touch it in awhile.”

Understanding shown in the smaller’s socket. Instead of calling out his teasing as the distraction it was meant to be though, he smiled a bit. “...Pervert.” Geno murmured, faux anger in his voice.

“Can’t you ever think of anything but sex?”

“I can’t help myself.” Voice lowering a bit, he gently tilted the smaller skeleton’s skull back a bit. Slowly, he leaned in. “My little error is just so sexy,” he whispered “I can’t get enough of him.”

“I am not…” Said error mumbled, leaning up a bit.

Just as their grins were about to meet, the door slammed open.

“BROTHER! While I Am Happy That It Seems Like Your Lover Is Okay Now—Hello, Geno—Your Son Demands Your Attention! You Two Can Continue Your... Reuniting Later!”

Flushing, Geno hid his face in Reaper’s chest while the god himself grinned. “Aw, pass him over here, Paps.” Goth shot him a glare from Papyrus’ outstretched arms when Reaper reached out to grab him though. Whining, he lifted his arms out in Geno’s direction. “Gen, your son wants you.”

“I...I don’t want to…” Hurt him, Geno left unsaid.

Reaper wasn’t going to let him hide away though. “You’re not gonna hurt him, baby. Physically, at least. If you keep ignoring him, he’s going to get sad. Aw,” he cooed dramatically “his eyes are tearing up now.”

Startled, Geno all but threw himself off Reaper’s lap in order to yank the infant from Papyrus’ arms.

“No, no, no! Don’t cry, honey. Mama’s got yo-” Goth didn’t look the tiniest bit teary. Scowling, the error glared at Reaper. At the dark look in his eyes, Papyrus gulped nervously and vanished.

“You lying asshole.”

“Huh, looks like you’re not hurting him.” Reaper drawled with a grin.

Geno’s glare didn’t fade. “I could have!” Goth squealed happily in his arms and reached up with slobber-slick hands to pat at his chin. Instantly, Geno’s scowl softened into a smile and he leaned down to nuzzle the babybones.

Reaper didn’t look impressed. “Yeah, you look just about ready to hurt him. Look, Gen,” he
continued “you didn’t hurt him once when you weren’t all there. You came close to doing some serious damage but...but even then you didn’t actually know he was on the other side of that wall, did you?” When Geno slowly shook his head, he smiled victoriously. “You’re dangerous, babe. You know what though? So am I. So is anyone, really. If you didn’t hurt Goth when you were all there however, why would you think you’d ever hurt him when you’re sane?”

“I...” Sighing, crawled back onto the bed. He didn’t fight when Reaper pulled him back onto his lap though. Instead, he leaned into the taller and turned his gaze down to Goth. When their sockets met, he smiled at the gurgling baby. “...I’m just...just...”

“Worried.” Reaper finished.

“...Yeah.”

“It’s okay to be worried, Gen.” The taller reassured. “Don’t let your fears run your life though, okay? Gothy wants his Mama to pick him up without worrying about hurting him.”

“Is that what Goth wants?” The error asked, raising a brow when the infant tugged at his shirt.

“Mama thinks he wants food.”

“Goth,” Reaper groaned. “you’re going to get fat!”

Tugging harder, the baby whined. “Glerg!”

“No! No more food for now!”

“Bllrbbbb!”

“Don’t give me that sass!”

“Fffllrp!”

“Language, mister!”

Forgotten for the moment, Geno quietly watched his fiancé and child argue. Well, as much as an infant could argue with a god, that is. When Goth shrieked and shot Reaper an almost exact replica of Geno’s own scowl however, he blinked; surprised.

When Reaper gasped in mock outrage at the moody expression, he smiled.

Maybe…

Maybe things would turn out okay, after all.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the late chapter, everyone! I'm so, so angry I broke my update schedule. Sadly, things are all up and down over here so the remaining chapters may not be posted everyday either.
This one was a bit longer than the others though, so I hope that makes up for the wait!

Also, fun fact: Geno wasn't screaming at Reaper when they were still sharing a bed! Reaper's side of the bed is closer to the closet, so whenever Geno would wake up and turn to look at him, he'd see the mirror. He was screaming at his own reflection because he didn't recognize himself:) and when Reaper got closer to the mirror? Yeah, he thought Reaper was getting close to an enemy and threw him away from the mirror to protect him :) :) :) Reaper just assumed Geno had a fit because he didn't know who Reaper was :) fun fact, right?
Chapter Summary

Dun, dun, dun-dun-

Chapter Notes

I have nothing but squees for you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Things didn’t magically go back to normal with the return of Geno’s sanity…

…

…

…

…but, overall, everything was pretty great.

Asgore still wasn’t all that happy with Geno’s presence in his realm but found that there wasn’t much he could do about it. King or not, the ruler of the gods was helpless in the face of his estranged wife’s ire once Reaper let it slip to the usually peaceful goddess that her wonderful husband kept pushing for the return of Geno’s previous restrictions. The horrible collar, tracking, and house arrest with frequent check ins had been enough to appall her when Reaper finally found the time to relax in her garden to catch up but the goddess had understood that need for such actions once her friend explained that the error hadn’t been in the sanest mindset. Upon being told that her estranged husband wanted to continue those things despite Geno’s return to sanity; however, Toriel’s understanding had shifted to anger and, when she learned that Asgore was considering exiling her best friend’s lover, that anger had soon shifted into fury.

Tori was a sweet goddess, no doubt. As Life she was known for her beautiful creations and great kindness but, well, she had a temper; and Asgore definitely managed to rouse it. She was on her feet and marching away well before Reaper could even get into the rest of what else had been going on with his fiancé and, well, the god of Death may or may not have been smirking deviously when he noticed her stomping towards the castle the king resided in.

Reaper didn’t follow her to her confrontation with Asgore—even he didn’t want to be caught in that crossfire—but he took a great deal of pleasure in hearing secondhand from his brother that Life herself apparently stormed the king’s castle and told him off so terribly that it brought him to tears. Tucked under an arm and curled into his side, Geno had shot him a knowing, disapproving look over Goth’s head; yet hadn’t been able to fully hide the vindictive smile hitching his usual grin higher. Asgore could deal with a little scolding from his angry wife and a few fireballs and tears. He was the reason Geno had to live with a ring of red around his neck, after all. Both the god of death and the error were hopeful that Toriel would be able to heal it but, realistically, they knew all the shocking
had done some serious damage and that, at best, there would always be a little discoloration around
the bone.

Unfortunately, this proved to be true a few days later when the goddess of life attempted to fix the
damage done to the error’s neck. No matter how much healing magic she poured into the bone, there
had been too much electricity driven into the delicate vertebrae too many times without the proper
healing in between shocks to rid of the color left behind. It was like scarring, Toriel explained
regretfully once she finally accepted that she had to throw in the towel in order to switch her focus on
over to healing up the scratches Geno himself had been responsible for. She kept on apologizing for
not being able to do more but the error wouldn’t hear any of it.

“You did your best.” Geno reassured with a smile. “That’s more than enough, Tor. Thank you.”

Geno definitely meant that thanks…

…but he was found in front of the bathroom mirror later that night.

“You know…” Reaper said from the doorway of the bathroom. “I’m really starting to dislike
mirrors.”

Visibly jumping in surprise, Geno spun around to face the god and nearly slipped off of the sink he
had been kneeling on; his arms flailing as he began tilting dangerously to the side. Rushing into the
room to steady him, the god clamped his hands on the smaller’s shoulders and raised a brow at the
array of emotion dancing across the error’s face. Shock, embarrassment, guilt…Geno looked like a
child caught red handed doing something he knew he’d get in trouble for.

“I thought I closed the door.” The error mumbled.

Reaper shrugged. “You did. I saw the light on under the door and I didn’t the shower going, so I
thought I’d see what you were doing.”

“You’d thought you catch me naked.”

“That too,” the taller admitted with a shameless grin. “I wasn’t expecting to find you on top of the
sink though, or fully dressed. Well, almost fully dressed.” he added, head tilting pointedly to where a
familiar red scarf hung next to the towels. “What are you looking at, baby?”

Sighing, Geno carefully turned back around to face the mirror and readjusted himself so that he was
sitting on the cold, hard porcelain rather than kneeling on it. He didn’t have to worry about falling
off of it with Reaper there to support him from behind and leaned back into his fiancé as he tilted his
head and tugged on his shirt; wounded vertebrae on display before both their eyes.

“I was just…looking.”

It was gruesome. On its own the particular shade of pink painted across the should-be white bone
would have actually been kind of fetching. It was nearly the same hue of Geno’s faintest blushes and
Reaper always adored seeing that color appear on the smaller. Knowing that the discoloration was
actually a scar from weeks of being shocked by a collar? Yeah, it made it a lot less endearing and a
lot more upsetting to see. Carefully, the god reached up and lightly traced the darker line of color
going around his fiancé’s neck. It was worse just under where the metal had been, the faint pink a
blotchy, deep red like crusting blood.

“Does it hurt?” Reaper asked worriedly.
Geno shook his head though, shivering a bit when the taller skeleton thumbed a sensitive spot. “It doesn’t hurt. It’s just...more noticeable than I hoped.” His sockets squinted for a moment and the mirror reflected the way his eye light slid up and down as the error studied himself. “...I guess I should have expected that. There isn’t much about me that isn’t noticeable anymore, is there?”

Frowning, Geno lightly touched his right socket. “...Melted socket, giant cut, lines of code, more glitches than I can count...and, now, a scar around my neck. I’m...I’m a mes-”

“You’re beautiful.” Reaper cut in, pressing a kiss to the smaller’s reddened neck. Without removing his teeth from the discolored bone, he continued speaking. “Wounds, glitches, codes, and all...you’re beautiful, Gen.”

Shivering at the feel of teeth scraping against his neck with his lover’s words, Geno shook his head; protesting, “I...I’m not-” when the god’s grin parted a bit just to sink into the discolored vertebrae, he gasped. “R-Reaper!”

“Is this okay?” Said skeleton asked, hands drifting to explore the error’s body. “Do you want me to stop?”

“G-Goth is...is…” Fingers sliding under Geno’s code-riddled shirt had him trailing off into a pleasured whine when they wormed their way into his bra. “Goth i-is…”

“Sleeping.” Reaper finished, mouthing at a sensitive spot just under the smaller’s jaw and teasing a nipple. “We should have at least two or three hours before he wakes…” Free hand sliding forward, he toyed with the band of Geno’s shorts. “...It’s been awhile, huh? Since before Goth was even born. I haven’t gotten to have you like this yet. You look a little different, sure, but I bet you taste the same. I bet you’d feel the same, too, tight and hot around my magic.”

“T-that’s filthy!” Geno hissed, trembling against the god. Through his blurry vision, he could just make out the reflection of Reaper’s hand abandoning his waistband in favor of dipping down between his thighs. Stars, he could feel it even as he saw it though, sockets fluttering shut and teeth parting with a soft gasp at the firm press against his hidden mound. “Do...do you...do you really want to? Even if I’m l-like this?”

“You’re perfect like this.” The god purred, rubbing more firmly at the wetness slowly dampening the smaller’s shorts. “You’re perfect no matter what you look like, Gen, because you’re you. If you don’t want to have sex though, we don’t have to.” Slowly, his hands withdrew from his lover’s body.

Fingers twitched reflexively and thin lines of red kept the god’s hands from moving too far. Startled, Geno quickly willed the strings away but the damage was done, his face bright red in embarrassment and a smirk settling onto Reaper’s skull. “I-”

“You know,” The taller interrupted with a heated drawl. “It isn’t usually my thing but I’m finding that, at the moment, I wouldn’t mind being the one tied up.”

Geno turned red.

That had been a fun night. Reaper and Geno got to have sex for the first time in months all while learning that the error had excellent control of those strings of his even in the most intense of situations. Sex didn’t fix Geno’s new issues with his appearance and didn’t magically heal his wounded neck either but, at the very least, it left the smaller feeling more confident in his abilities to prevent himself from hurting his fiancé and reassured him that, new wound and appearance or not, Reaper still found him attractive.
After that, things went by pretty smoothly. There were bumps in the road for sure—those voices the error now heard were surprisingly nosy—but the couple had each other to lean on for support whenever new troubles appeared. Papyrus and their friends were always willing to offer their help too, even if Alphys was still struggling with looking Geno in the eye ever since she first saw his neck.

Whatever hardships the god and error faced were nothing compared to the sheer joy their son brought into their lives; however, Goth always managing to bring a smile to their faces in even their lowest moments.

Frequent headaches began plaguing Geno due to the voices echoing in his skull and the two gods he lived with found it less and less uncommon to find the error curled up in the bed Reaper was too lazy to remove from Goth’s nursery; said baby nestled in his mother’s arms while the two slept through Goth’s scheduled naps together. At first, Reaper had been a little concerned that Geno was avoiding his issues by sleeping through the chatter but the bits of quiet time actually seemed to be doing the error some good. The naps helped with his headache, he admitted after the third or so time he was caught slumbering with Goth.

“The voices shut up a lot faster around him.” Geno explained in a whisper with Goth still asleep in his embrace. “They’re aware that Goth can’t hear them but the sentiment of not being disruptive around a sleeping child still makes them quieter. Sometimes, they even stop talking altogether.”

Geno did eventually learn how to tune the voices out as a sort of background noise but, by then, nap time had ceased to be plain old nap time. Instead, it was mother-son time and both error and child got a little grumpy if anyone tried to interfere with their shared naps by attempting to put Goth in his crib. Their twin scowls were pretty intimidating and Goth was quickly becoming protective over his mother. The more he grew, the more he kept trying to bite.

And Goth was definitely growing, by the way.

“C’mon, Goth!” Reaper urged, voice pitched higher in excitement. “Make way for the airplane, baby! Choo, choo~”

“That’s the sound of a train, dumbass.” Geno said with an amused grin. Leaning against the counter in the kitchen, he smiled wider as he watched his fiancé attempt to feed Goth a spoonful of mushy baby food, Reaper’s phone in his hands; recording. “Open your mouth, Goth!”

Whining, Goth flailed a hand at his father in an attempt to knock the spoon away and turned his head to the side. When he caught sight of Geno, he whined and reached out with watery sockets. “Blllrp!”

Sulking, Reaper attempted to gain his attention. “Gothy? C’mon, Goth! Look at daddy! He has some yummy…” he squinted at the label on the small jar “…bananas? Wow, this does not look like bananas. Gen, are we sure this is edible?”

“Yes, Reaper, it’s edible. Nasty looking, but edible.”

“Goth is never going to eat this.” The god sighed, trying and failing to nudge the spoon pass the baby’s tightly sealed grin. Ah, there was that ever-familiar scowl. “Don’t look at me like I’m the bad guy here, Gothy. Mama is the one that decided we need to start weaning you off his milk. Glare at him instead!”

“Mama is getting really tired of having boobs.” Geno growled at his fiancé. “Besides, the
Parenting manual your brother got us said that six months is a good time to start introducing babies to new things! I’ll keep breastfeeding him for a few more months after this but it’s good to let him try new things now that he’s a little older. Now,” holding up the camera and stepping closer, he grinned. “Get him to eat those damn bananas!”

“Bossy, bossy,” The god playfully grumbled. “Okay, honey, let’s try this again! Here comes the ugly, mushy bananas!”

The colorful, rubber spoon tapped against Goth’s teeth. Looking extremely unimpressed, the baby slapped it away and shrieked in laughter when the spoonful of fruit splattered on his father’s face and clothes. Covering his mouth with one hand, Geno tried to hide his own laughter but was clearly unsuccessful by the unamused glare thrown his way. “Sorry, Reaps.” the error chuckled; snorting. “Maybe if you try it in front of him he’ll want to eat it?”

“Yeah, good idea.” Reaper sighed, scooping up some more slimey, goopy fruit. “Hey, Gen? Can you lean down and wipe my face for me?”

“Sur-mph!”

Eyes widening when the spoon was shoved into his mouth as he leaned in to do as his fiancé requested, Geno froze; extremely aware of Goth’s curious gaze watching him but really, really disliking what he had in his mouth. It didn’t taste bad—the bananas were sweet—but the texture was so mushy and slimey that he could have sworn it was a slug in his mouth instead of some mashed up fruit. Glaring at his smirking lover, the error slowly pulled his mouth of the spoon and fought off his instinctual wince as he swallowed the slick mouthful.

“Well?” The god asked with laughter in his voice. “How was it?”

Still glaring, the smaller skeleton offered up a bright smile for his son’s sake. “Mmm, yummy!” he said cheerfully, sockets full of a promise for revenge.

Goth squealed happily. “Mmm,” he cooed, seemingly trying to copy his mother’s exaggerated pleased hum. “Mmm! Mmm, mmm!” flailing around in his high chair, he reached for the glitchy error. “Mmmmmaaaa!”

Both parents froze.

Oblivious, Goth continued squealing. “Mmmaaammm! Mmmama!”

“Did he…?” Reaper asked slowly; sockets wide.

“Mmmama!”

Geno’s hands were shaking around the phone he held. “I...I think he...I think he just…”

“Mama!”

The spoon and jar of food clattered to the ground when Reaper whooped and plucked the baby from his highchair, Goth squealing louder and waving his hands about happily. “My little boy is so smart!” The god cheered, swinging the child around before bringing him in to pepper his tiny skull with proud kisses. “Did you get that on camera, Gen?! He said his first word! He said Mama!”

“I got it…” Geno whispered, still stunned. When Reaper cheerfully exchanged Goth for his phone and aimed the camera at him, the smaller merely blinked dumbly.
Happy to be in his mother’s arms, Goth patted his face. “Mmama! Mama!”

Finally, it sunk in. “O-oh my stars! Gothy!”

Reaper made sure to capture the exact moment his lover burst into tears; the wide smile on the smaller skeleton’s face bright even as he cried.

Days later, Reaper was the one being filmed sobbing when Goth turned to him with a cheerfully shouted “Dada” in the middle of yet another attempt of getting him to eat mushy food.

Goth was so picky that it took them well into his seventh month to finally get him to try the baby food. Almost as an apology for his refusal to comply with eating anything that wasn’t his mother’s milk, the small skeleton took to babbling and spouting simple words like a pro. His parents weren’t the only ones seen crying over him calling out to them once he began attempting to speak more and more. Papyrus wouldn’t put down his nephew for nearly three hours the first time Goth shrieked out a happy, half formed version of his name and their friends all had their own extreme reactions to the babybone’s attempt at saying their names; one of which that ended with them needing a new sofa.

It wasn’t just words and solid foods that Goth was getting big enough for, though. You see, there was another milestone the baby reached at just a little under twelve months old; two weeks before his first birthday.

“Awww, are you happy to see your other uncles, honey?” Geno cooed, settling Goth on the foam playmat spread out on the living room floor. “Can you say hi to them, sweetie?”

Wobbling a little but managing to sit up straight, the little skeleton shoved a hand into his mouth and blinked up at his ‘uncles’ curiously. Fresh grinned at him brightly, his glasses briefly flashing to ‘Aw-w!’ as he wiggled his fingers in a cheerful wave.

Seated as far away from the colorful skeleton as he could get, Error stared at the child in something akin to horror. “I’m not your uncle!” He hissed desperately, sockets widening in alarm when Goth turned to him and waved with his now spit-slick hand. “Stay away you...you...you tiny radhole!”

“Whoa, totally not stellar of yah tah insult the little dude, bro!” Fresh scolded.

“Don’t be rude to my son, Error.” Geno sighed, tone that of an ever-suffering sibling.

Despite the reveal that Error had once been another version of him, their friendship hadn’t weakened at all. There were times when things felt a little strange between them but, if anything, the two were actually closer than before; like brothers, they would have said if either of them were comfortable enough to admit it. Luckily, Fresh seemed to notice and was more than happy to state it for them, thus the title of uncle both he and Error now held.

“Keep it away from me!” Error snapped, completely ignoring their words in his distress. Goth was startling to crawl towards him. “Funk! Glitch! I’m not equip to deal with little abominations!”

Geno didn’t move from his seat on the recliner. “Get him, honey. Show your uncle Error your scary face!”

Pausing, Goth cooed happily and flashed Error the brightest smile he had ever seen. “Gah!” He squealed, resuming his crawling in the darker skeleton’s direction.

If anything, Error looked even more terrified. “You trained it to be hostile, you funkng radhole?!”
“Bruh, that smile was pure sunshine! You’re trippin’ if yah think otherwise.”

“It wants to funking eat me! I can see murder in its eyes.” Suddenly, Error went still. Goth had gotten close enough that the small skeleton’s hand was now on his leg.

Slowly, the tall, dark skeleton turned to look into those innocent sockets…

…then he screamed, eyes flashing with messages too quick to read before going red as Error seemly froze in place.

“Did he really crash over a baby touching him?” Geno asked, unamused.

Fresh grinned and closed the space between him and his unaware brother. Reaching out, he poked at a black cheek and nodded when his prodding gained no response. “Seems like it, broski. Error-bruh has been doin’ good lately, ya know? Seems like lil’ Gothy was too dope for him tah handle, though.

“Yeah, well, that’s what he gets for calling Goth an it.” Chuckling when the baby in question attempted to crawl into the slowly reloading error’s lap, Geno grinned. “Pass me my phone. I want to get a picture!”

“Aiight!”

Catching the cellphone that was tossed to him, the red-blue eyed error wasted no time in bringing up his camera app in order to snap a picture of the cooing baby now sitting on Error’s lap. At one point, Fresh threw an arm around his out of it brother and grinned at the camera. Once that photo was snapped, he coaxed the happy baby’s fingers into shape and Geno was just fast enough to get a hilarious picture of Fresh sitting next to Error, double peace signs thrown up while Goth curiously held up a peace sign of his own; seconds before the child shoved his fingers into his mouth. He knew it was a little mean to be taking photos of Error while he was rebooting, but Geno was also aware that getting picture of his pseudo-brother and child together would be like pulling teeth otherwise so, with a bit of guilt in his grin, he slid on over to Error’s free side and had Fresh take a selfie of the three grown skeletons and baby together; though only Goth’s eyes and up were visible.

When Error began showing signs of coming to, Fresh and Geno both scrambled away with the former scooping up Goth to settle on his own lap once the colorful skeleton was a safe distance away on the floor. Not at all unhappy by his change in seat, the baby began fiddling with his other uncle’s bright jacket.

Seconds later, Error blinked. “...Why do I feel the need to murder you two?”

Fresh swallowed down his laughter. “Ah, yah awake now, bro? That’s radical!"

When Error’s eyes narrowed at them, Geno smiled innocently. “Want anything to drink? I think we have chocolate milk.” he asked, knowing chocolate anything was a good way of distracting the other error.

“...Yes. Keep that creepy thing away from me though, glitch!”

“Stop insulting my son!”

When he returned from the kitchen with a glass full of chocolate milk, Geno laughed upon being met with the sight of his son sporting Fresh’s too-large hat and too-big glasses. Quickly, he passed Error his drink and lifted his phone. “Smile!”
It was directed at Goth, but Fresh grinned too and winked at the camera; his eye with the SOUL shut and finger guns pointed in the smaller skeleton’s direction. Rolling his eyes, Geno merely adjusted the camera so he’d be in the photo too.

Behind them, Error grumbled in disgust.

They managed to get a photo of Goth in Fresh’s bright jacket too by the time Reaper made it home, the god pausing at the sight The Destroyer in his living room and his son in such bright clothing. Before he could speak up, Goth screamed in delight and scooted off Fresh’s lap.

“Dadadada!” He babbled, crawling forward. Apparently, he wasn’t moving fast enough because he suddenly paused. Face scrunching in concentration, he used the nearby coffee table to pull himself up onto wobbly legs.

“Aa, little dude can stand?!”

Geno nodded with a proud grin as he slid the camera onto the video setting in a desire to capture the cute moment. “Yeah, he’s been standing for a few weeks no—holy shit! Gothy!”

For once, the baby ignored his mother, face still all scrunched up and brows furrowed as he wobbled in place. Babbling nonsense alongside his name for his father, he shakily lifted a foot and placed it forward. Even Error gasped when he shook dangerously but ultimately stayed standing, Goth’s sockets narrowing at his own legs as though threatening them to stay strong. Slowly, with purpose, he moved his other foot forward.

Reaper dropped to his knees, arms outstretched. “C-Come on, Gothy! Come to Daddy”

“Dadadada!” Wobbling, Goth reached his arms out and managed another few steps. The closer he got to Reaper, the more his legs began to shake but it wasn’t until he was right before his father that his waddling turned into falling; the baby squealing as his body tipped to the side but giggling happily when he was caught by the god mid-fall. “Dada!”

“Gothy!” Reaper exclaimed, pulling him onto his lap and rocking them side to side excitedly. “Did you just walk all the way to Daddy?!”

“Yes, yes you did just walk to Daddy!”

“Dada!”

“You guys are all idiots.” Error sneered, but he was smiling as he watched his brothers grin like fools and the god praise his child. “...Good job, Baby Glitch.”

Goth kept growing and growing. He was far from being considered anything more than a baby but seeing him reach the little goals his parents set out for him was...it was amazing. Admittedly, it was a little sad, too. Their baby was growing slowly and steadily and, as much as he hated his breast, Geno had ended up bursting into tears the morning he awoke to find his ecto fully dispersed.

“You don’t need his Mama anymore.” The error sobbed to his fiancé the moment his crying woke the taller skeleton. He was patting at the bone under his now baggy shirt and bra sadly. “He’s all grown up!”

“Baby,” the god murmured sleepily. “he’s turning one tomorrow, not thirty. Gothy still needs you.
Just not your milk.” Yawning, he reached up and tugged Geno down into his arms. “Why are you crying over this now though, baby? You haven’t breastfed him for at least three weeks now. Hell, I’m surprised your body waited this long to revert back to bone.”

“It feels like he’s growing up so quickly.” Geno sniffled. “Stars, part of me wants him to be a baby forever!”

Tired, the god chuckled quietly. “How about this? When Gothy gets older,” he paused to yawn, nuzzling Geno’s skull and closing his sockets. “When Gothy gets older…” the god repeated sleepily “…we can give him a baby brother or sister. That way, you’ll have our little man and a little baby to dote on.”

Too busy drifting off, the taller skeleton didn’t see the considering expression that crossed his lover’s face; nor did he hear the mumbled replies to the voices in the smaller skeleton’s head. Squinting, Geno eyed his stomach…

…

…

…

…then, he smiled.

“Raven, huh?”

As much as the parents loved their child and as good as things were going, neither could deny that bad times were usually pretty terrible whenever they reared their ugly heads; and not even Goth’s sweet smile could make all of them better instantly.

Sometimes, those bad times were centered around Geno. Well, most of the time they involved Geno, if the two were being honest. On rare occasions; however, Reaper was the star of the show.

“Geno!” Reaper yelled, his sockets wide in terror when he stepped through a portal from work only to find his fiancé and child dangling from a tall, dead tree outside their home. “Geno, what...what the fuck are you doing?!”

Laughter coming to an abrupt end, the error paused his swinging; Goth blinking in confusion from his place strapped to Geno’s chest in his carrier when the fun he was experiencing stopped. “Mama?” he whined.

For the moment, Geno ignored him. “Reaps…?”

“G-get down, Geno!” The god shouted. “Fuck, get down from the tree!”

“Reaps, honey, it’s safe!” Geno insisted. The tree he had chosen was tall and blackened with death, but he had tested it out beforehand to ensure it would hold their weight before using his strings to make a swing for Goth and himself to play on. Just as an extra safety measure, he had a web of strings barely a foot below his feet to catch them if either fell and his magic ready to shortcut them to safety at a moment’s notice. “You don’t have to worry!”

The taller skeleton didn’t seem to acknowledge was he said. “Geno, get the fuck down here! I...I’m...”

Frowning worriedly when his fiancé began stuttering through his words, the error quickly
shortcutted to the god’s side. Stars, Reaper was looking a little gray. “Honey, we’re...we’re fine.” Gently, he cupped the other skeleton’s skull. “We’re fine, Reaps.”

“Fuck, you were so high.” Reaper whispered hoarsely, sockets wide. He didn’t look like he was seeing either of them though, his gaze distance. “What if you fell, Gen? What if...what if...w-what if e-either of y-you—”

“—fell, like you did...” Geno whispered; horrified.

Reaper’s eyes shut. “...”

The error was disgusted with himself. “I...I never asked how you felt afterwards, did I? Stars, Reaps, you...you got shot out of the fucking sky and I never asked how you were doing afterwards or even how you felt. I...” he covered his mouth in horror, memories flashing through his head. “I saw the state you were in. I saw how you looked because you...because you took all the damage just to keep Goth and I safe. I...I saw you and I never...I never...”

“You weren’t in the right mind to ask, Gen.” Reaper murmured, opening his eyes and smiling to comfort his lover. The error could still see the terror in his gaze though. “A lot went on, okay? I was fine by the time you got your sanity back, anyways.”

“You’re shaking.” Geno pointed out numbly. “That’s not...that’s not fine, Reaper! You fell and would have died from your wounds had you not been a god and I...I just assumed you were perfectly okay just because you healed! I just...I was just swinging fifty feet in the air with our son, waiting for you to come home like it was nothing, not even considering that doing that could trigger you! Stars, I...I’m so sorry, Reaps. I won’t...I won’t do it again, baby. Okay?”

“...Just...just not that high, Gen.” The taller skeleton pleaded, voice unusually small. “I trust that you know what you’re doing but...don’t go that high. Please? Just...just stay closer to the ground. Stay...just stay safe, baby.”

“Okay.” The smaller agreed, leaning up a bit to kiss the trembling god. Confused but excited to see his dad, Goth reached out for a fistful of Reaper’s cloak. “Gothy and I won’t go that high again, Reaps.”

There were definitely ups and downs that they both experienced but, honestly, that was just apart of life. Struggle and strife came around just as naturally as gray clouds reared their ugly heads to bring along storms. It was natural and, no matter how low either of them felt or how hard an issue was to work through, they both came out on top in the end with smiles on their faces and the knowledge that, no matter what, they’d always have the other there to offer their support.

Come rain or shine, Reaper would have Geno and Geno, in turn, would have Reaper...

...
Startling at the sudden sound of music, Reaper’s sockets grew wide and he quickly straightened on the little stage he was standing upon in the middle of Life’s garden. The goddess herself stood a bit behind on the center of the silk covered platform, a reassuring smile curving her lips upwards when she caught his nervous gaze.


Nervously, Reaper did as she silently suggested and took a deep breath. The scent of flowers filled his senses and nearly made him sneeze though, and his rising panic only grew.

Stars, he was going to be sick. He was...he was going to vomit and the entire night would be ruined. Months of planning down the drain, just like that! Fuck, Geno would never forgive him. Hell, he would never forgive himself. Oh stars, he...he...he...

“Dada!”

Just like that, his shaking stilled.

“Dada!”

Closing his eyes, Reaper took a deep, slow breath then slowly turned his head to the side; his sockets blinking open and a smile sliding onto his teeth when they landed on his son.

Smile bright, Goth was waddling down the long strip of carpet rolled across the grass in Life’s garden, his steps slow but sure as he marched down with intent. Every few seconds he would pause and, with a look of the upmost concentration on his face, he’d pluck a handful of flower petals from the basket he carried and would cheerfully pelt them at the floor in front of him before continuing on. Once, he even shoved a few into his mouth and Papyrus, walking behind him, had to quickly kneel down to tug them out before the toddler could keep walking.

At eighteen months, Goth was dressed far more finely than one might have expected from a child so small. The fabric bright and clearly expensive, the toddler wore a fine white robe that ended just above his tiny ankles, yet draped over his hands with it's long, flowing sleeves. Pure and unstained, the snowy material looked a little plain at first glance but, upon closer inspection, one would notice the delicate white stitching forming beautiful patterns across the fabric. Constellations, Reaper knew despite being so far away. He had seen the clothing up close weeks ago.

What he hadn’t seen; however, or, at least, what he hadn’t expected, was the familiar scarf worn around his son’s waist; the red a bright pop of color against the pale robe and tied at Goth’s back in an adorable bow. A small gust of wind blew and the god found his smile growing wider when the long ends of bow flared out behind Goth; torn, red trails swaying with the wind before settling down and dragging behind the toddler like the train of a dress.

Reaching the end of the aisle, the small child dropped his basket of flowers and went to waddle up to his father but was stopped by his uncle Papyrus scooping him and the basket up and moving them to some seats on the side; the small crowd of guest chuckling at the toddler’s confused expression.

A few of them caught Reaper’s eye but movement from the end of the aisle grabbed his attention before he could offer any smiles or nods and the god fully turned so that he could get a better look; curious.

His breath caught in his throat.

_Dun, dun, dun-dun~_
“Beautiful…” he whispered, voice lost to the piano filling the stunned silence of the garden as everyone stared at the other skeleton.

Slowly, nervously, Geno carefully stepped onto the long carpet and began to slowly make his way down the aisle.

He was dressed smartly in a fine, fitted suit. The dark, black pants he wore were tailored perfectly to his legs and the matching jacket he sported fit his small skeletal shoulders and frame exactly as it should have. Worn open, the black jacket allowed everyone to see the wrinkle free, shadowy button down shirt he wore under as well as the contrasting white waistcoat he wore over the shirt; the bright, white material matching the tie hanging from his neck and the little square of cloth tucked into the jacket’s breast pocket. Geno didn’t wear shoes with his stunning suit but no one seemed to care, too busy watching as he walked towards Reaper and the way the long, long, long white veil the smaller wore waterfalled down his back from the crown of blue roses keeping it on his head; trailing behind the small skeleton beautifully as he moved. In his hands, clenched tight by a nervous grip, roses matching the one making up his crown formed a beautiful bouquet, but, as lovely as it was, as awe-inspiring as Geno’s entire outfit was despite the lines of code and glitches running across it, Reaper found his gaze captured by his lover’s face.

Peering out through circular, cyan frames, Geno met his eyes bravely; a bright red blush seared across his cheeks and nervous smile stretched wide in breathtaking glee. Stars, he looked so happy.

Just as he reached the small stage, Geno’s foot slid on a few of the petals laying on the ground and he stumbled backwards dangerously; a single hand releasing his bouquet in an attempt to find his balance. Before he could fall; however, another hand caught his own and the error’s gaze met with his lover’s as Reaper gently tugged him forward; the world around them seeming to still and fade as their gazes met again.

Reaper couldn’t think. He couldn’t breathe. All he could do was feel, feel Geno’s smaller hand shaking in his own and the way his own heart hammered in his chest.

Stars, this…

This was really happening.

---

Geno couldn’t breathe. Hell, he could barely think; heart pounding in his chest and hand shaking in Reaper’s hold, all he could do was stare up at the other; awed.

This…

This was really happening.

It almost didn’t feel real. The small crowd filled with friends and family, the beautiful clothing he wore, the stunning flowers all around them and the softly glowing candles that illuminated the garden alongside the bright, full moon in the star filled sky above him…. None of it felt real. Stars, it…it was like a dream.

Geno didn’t have much imagination though, and he would have never been able to dream up the absolutely stunning sight his lover made.
Reaper always looked wonderful in a suit but he looked almost princely in the one he wore now. Surprisingly, it was mainly white: The form fitting slacks white and the tailored suit jacket the same snowy hue as the pants. Like Geno, the god wore his jacket open in order to showcase the fine, white dress shirt he wore under the silky looking black waistcoat that would have been hidden had the jacket been closed. Matching the waistcoat was a tie that was just a dark. Honestly, the shadowy color reminded him of Reaper’s eyes….

Oh, but Reaper didn’t have a little bit of fabric tucked into his breast pocket, he realized. Instead, a single red rose had it’s stem tucked inside, the petals a splash of color against the white. He was barefoot too, just like Geno had agreed to go, and while one may have expected that to be the end of the god’s fine clothing; there was one more thing he wore.

So, so long and so, so deep and dark; Reaper wore an opened black robe over his suit. The fabric wasn’t just black. No, it was as though the god had plucked shadow from the darkest pits of the world and sewed them over cloth. The material was so light and silky and so impossibly dark as it trailed behind him; flowing not because of the wind but because of Reaper’s own power; a reminder that this was a union between an error and a god.

Stars, he took Geno’s breath away.

Suddenly, there was a pointed cough and whatever spell Geno had fallen under broke. Flushing a little in embarrassment, he slid his hand from his lover’s grasp and carefully stepped up onto the platform beside him. Toriel smiled at the two in amusement and waited for them to both settle into their places before taking a deep breath and speaking.

“In all my years,” she began, voice ringing out across the garden. “I have never seen a union such as the one we are about to witness today. Friends, family, we gather here tonight under the watchful eyes of the stars to honor two wonderful beings as they come together with the intent to become one. Two bodies, yes, but with one heart shared between them. One SOUL. Words cannot express the wonders that shall take place but, with great pleasure, I turn now to the couple so that their love may spill from their mouths and bless our ears. Reaper, Death the Elder and Death himself, shall you speak first?”

“I shall.” Reaper spoke; voice clear and loud.

Nervous, Geno stopped breathing.

“Genocide,” The god began. He paused for a second, then tried again. “Geno, um, Gen.” he seemed embarrassed. “If…I….” slowly, panic began to fill his eyes. “I….”

“I love you.” Geno blurted, startling the god. He could feel everyone’s eyes on him and, knowing he messed up the way everything he was supposed to go, he dropped his gaze; flushing. “I…I love you. Whatever you have to say….” In for a g, in for a pound, he guessed. “…whatever you have to say is going to be perfect because…because it’s you saying it, so,” shyly, he raised his head to meet Reaper’s stunned gaze. “so don’t be nervous about saying it.”

Slowly, Reaper smiled. “…When I was young,” he began; confidently. “a mere child, really, I discovered the terrible power I had. I discovered the terrible creature I was: Death . It was so, so long ago but I can still remember plucking a flower because I thought it was pretty and watching in horror as it wilted in my hands. I…I felt like a monster. I felt…I felt alone . Eventually I got a brother,” he shot a grin at Papyrus “and I made a friend,” he smiled at Toriel “but the other gods would whisper a question behind my back that I, myself could never answer: Who could ever come to love someone as terrible as Death?
As I got older, I pretended not to care. What did something as silly as love matter to a god? Love was for...love was for starry eyed children and foolish mortals, I decided, and I kept telling myself that until I finally believed it. Only,” his voice lowered a bit “I don’t think I ever actually came to believe that. I would have sworn up and down that I didn’t care about finding lover but, deep down, I would have known I wanted it. That I wanted love. Not the kind from a wonderful brother or a great friend but...but the kind from a lover. The type of love I knew I could never actually have.” His eyes met Geno’s gaze. “...Well,” he smiled brightly “the kind I thought I could never have. You proved me wrong though, didn’t you, Gen?

When we first met,” gaze distance, the god laughed breathlessly, “when we first met, I was supposed to kill you. I couldn’t do it though, not just because the save screen wouldn’t allow me to, but because...because you awoke something within me. It was like I was living my life in a world full of black and white and didn’t realize there was color until I laid my eyes on your determined, red-tinted grin. After that, I...I couldn’t just go back to that gray-scale life. I couldn’t just...I couldn’t just pretend I did my job and leave forever. I had to come back...so I did.

You were so grouchy at first, I remember. I poked fun at you and pushed and teased but you never responded. Feeling a little hopeless, I started telling jokes and...and one day...one day you laughed and that was it. I was in love. Death found himself someone he could touch and he fell hard and fast for him. For...for you.

I made mistakes,” he admitted “like pushing you too much when I should have pulled back and laughing at the wrong things, but I...every mistake made me want to be better, next time. You made me want to be better because...because I wanted more laughter. I wanted to see you smile. Stars, I...I wanted you.

Admittedly, I started to worry it wouldn’t happen. Was that a blush or an angry flush? The more I got to know you though, the easier it became to tell and...and one day I just knew. You were staring at me with a pretty red face and I magically just knew that...that you were blushing. Over me!” he exclaimed, voice filled so much joy and smile so bright it outshone the stars. “You liked me, Gen, and...and I had hope. ‘Who could ever come to love someone as terrible as Death?’ Geno could. You could, Gen, and...and you did!

Years later, and I still almost can’t believe it sometimes. No matter how hard things got, you never stopped loving me. Stars, you...you wake up next to me every morning and you still smile at me like I reached into the heavens and gave you the stars. My hands wander too much, I tease too much, I poke fun at you until you’re red in the face...but you never stop smiling at me with just...just this look of absolute adoration in your eyes. You...you gave me a son,” he grinned “and now you want to give me your...your everything, too. I wrote out everything I wanted to say,” the god admitted “but all those words seem irrelevant now because I know that nothing I could ever say could come close to telling you how I feel. Even now, this is as I close as I can get:

I love you, my beloved Genocide. My Geno. My Gen. My everything. From now until the end of time, I love you.”

Geno was crying, Reaper noted, inwardly panicking. Shit, shit, shit, he missed up.

“Genocide, Error of the Save Screen, will you reply?” Toriel questioned, breaking the silence following his speech.

“I...” Geno’s voice broke. Raising a hand to wipe his eye, he tried again. “I will.”
Reaper was going to pass out.

“I can’t,” his lover laughed weakly “I can’t remember my speech anymore. After that? I...I can barely think. I’m going to try to find new words though,” he announced, giving up on clearing away his tears when more fell “because...because there’s so much that I’ve stopped myself from saying before that you deserve to hear.

I...I never really focused on myself. Everything I did was always for...for my brother.” the error’s glitching voice jumped in pitched for a moment “My...my brother meant the world to me so I didn’t mind giving up everything I could for his sake. I didn’t regret losing my childhood to raising him and I...I still don’t. I regret losing him,” there, Geno had to stop for a few moments. No one rushed him. “but I don’t regret the time and effort I put into raising him. My brother was...he was the best. He deserved my best.

When I realized he was gone for good though, I...I didn’t know what to do. Like I said, I never focused on myself before. Aside from a seemly hopeless dream to see the stars and maybe some ketchup, there was never really anything I wanted for myself, either. Until...

Until this annoying, cocky asshole broke the peace of my save screen by waving around his scythe and telling me I was supposed to be dead. No shit! Have you seen me? I...how does any of this,” he motioned to himself “look like it shouldn’t be dead? Turns out, Death was a major idiot...but...but he wasn’t. Not really. He, you, Reaper...

You were funny. You were annoying and pushy, yes, but...you were kind to me. You told me jokes and brought me things I didn’t really need just because you knew it made me smile. You riled me up but apologized whenever things went to far and you...you made me forget about all the terrible things I had seen, even if just for a bit.

When I snapped at you, you didn’t shout back. When I tried to push you away, you refused to be convinced to leave. You were far more patient than I deserved...you...you were—you still are—more than what I deserve but...but I wanted you anyways.

For the first time since I was a child, I wanted something for myself. Something that wasn’t connected to my brother in some way. I was...I was scared to admit it, but I liked you. Love you, even, and I wanted you in my life.

I make yours so difficult but...but you make me selfish. I guessed you spoiled me too much,” he said, laughing weakly “because I got used to getting what I want from you and once I told you I wanted you, once I accidentally said I love you, you gave me your entire heart to keep. I take, and I take, and I take...but you’re always willing to give. Stars, you...you gave me freedom from the save screen...you gave me...you gave me a son...and, before all that, you gave me yourself. And still,” Geno smiled “still you’re willing to give me more. You’re going to give me your entire future and I...I can’t tell you what that means to me. Reaper, I can’t tell you what you mean to me. You...you said it best. The closest I can get to explaining to you how I feel is by saying this:

I...I love you. I love you, Reaper. I love you, Death. No matter the name you go by, no matter who or what you are, I love you.”
When Reaper began crying as well, Toriel decided to give the couple a few moments to calm themselves down as best as they could before continuing with the ceremony. The wedding did have to go on though, so...

“Words cannot do the love resonating in your SOULS justice but we hear your adoration for one another loudly and clearly, even if we cannot comprehend it’s depths. With great awe and respect for the companionship you have found, we now stand,” the small crowd stood “honored to witness error and god become one. The rings, Death the Younger,” with pride in his eyes, Papyrus stepped forward to present Toriel with the box of rings. “Reaper, Death the Elder and Death himself, do you vow to bind yourself to the one you have found and named as your own? Do you accept the joining of your hearts and SOULS and will you present that joining to others with this ring?”

Hands trembling at his sides, Reaper nodded with a smile. “I do.”

“Then take this ring and show the world your claim!”

Nervously, Reaper fumbled for the simple black ring nestled in the velvet box. Once he finally managed a firm grip of it, the god turned to Geno and gently took his left hand. Their gazes met and he nearly missed the smaller’s finger causing a blue flush to smear itself across his cheeks when the crowd chuckled in response. Calming himself the best he could, he gripped the ring tighter and pushed it onto the smaller skeleton’s ring finger; relieved to see it fit perfectly.

“Genocide, Error of the Save Screen, do you accept this claim and vow to bind yourself to Death in return? Do you accept the joining of your hearts and SOULS and will you present that joining to others with this ring?”

“Yes! I...I mean, I do!” Geno hurried to correct.

“Then take this ring and show the world your claim!”

Releasing one of his death grips (h-haha!) on his bouquet, Geno carefully plucked the remaining, white gold ring from the box and, with shaking hands, slid it onto Reaper’s left ring finger. For a second, it caught on one of the taller’s joints and the error nearly threw up with the intense fear that burned through him that it wouldn’t fit. Nervously, he shifted the ring a bit and could have wept when it slid down to settle perfectly at the base of the god’s phalange. Thank the stars….

“With your claims clear to the world, may you now come together to seal your joining with a kiss!”

Everyone watched intently as the nervous couple shifted in place. Finally, the two locked eyes and began to lean in simultaneously.

…

…

…

“Mama!” Goth interrupted, squealing happily. “Mama! Dada! Dadada!”

Pausing mere inches away from each other, the god and error turned their heads curiously towards their child.

Apparently, the toddler had gotten bored and, with everyone’s attention on the wedding, had slipped
off his chair. Now, he was stumbling his way up to the platform his parents stood upon, arms outstretched happily. “Dadada! Mama!”

“Gothy!” Geno laughed, bending down to lift the child into his arms. “Daddy and Mama were supposed to kiss.”

“Kisssh!” Goth squealed, patting Geno’s cheek then curiously taking the bouquet from his hands. “Kissh! Mama, kissh!” He whacked his own cheek with the flowers. “Dadada, kissh!”

Smiling, the couple met each other’s eyes. “Kiss?” Reaper asked; chuckling.

Geno smiled. “Kiss.” he agreed.

Together, they leaned in to press their grins to either one of Goth’s cheeks then, as the toddler gasped and squealed, they leaned in once again; this time over his head.

Their smiles met…

…and the guest all cheered.

Bonus!

Error was this close to experiencing the worst crash of his shitty existence. This close!

Cheeks annoyingly bright with that stupid rainbow blush, the shitty squid turned to him a wide, happy grin; his eyes rapidly changing from symbol to symbol despite the fact that the fucker wasn’t even blinking. “Error!” he called out excitedly, looking stunning-disgusting when the dress he wore caught the candlelight as he neared. All the colors the asshole liked to wear and the rainbow bastard chose blue. He liked-hated that they matched. “Error, look!” He hated blue, actually. “Look what I caught!” Especially the blue of the bouquet the protector was now carrying. “Doesn’t this mean we get to get married next?!”

…

…

…

Error had one thought before he crashed.

He wasn’t going to tell you what it was though.

Chapter End Notes

They made it to the wedding!!!
On One of Their Birthdays (NSFW)

Chapter Summary

In which the author follows up the wedding chapter with a birthday chapter that takes place way before the couple is even engaged!

Chapter Notes

Yay for a fun birthday!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

GeNO? More Like GeYES!

Text me right before you leave work.
Not 10 minutes before you leave.
Not 2 minutes before you leave.
And you better not stop for Starbucks first again!

Die.
Keep your eyes closed when you cum.
*Cum.
*Cum.

WHY IS MY PHONE CHANGING CUM TO CUM?!

ASSHOLE!

CUM!

DID YOU DO THIS?!

C-O-M-E!

Stars, you’re such a fuck me idiot!

*Fuck me!
*Fuck me!
*FUCK ME!

Are you trying to sext me when I’m at work?

How daring of you~

But okay <3

I meant F-U-C-K-I-N-G!

Why is my phone changing shit?!

What did you do to it?!

Nothing :3

You got me this f-u-c-k-i-n-g phone!

I know you did SOMETHING to it!

I would NEVER!

Moving on to something unrelated…

Text my name :D

No.

Doooooooo it!

NO!

I’ll keep going until you do it.

Geno?

Gen?

*:(
FINE!

Reaper you are the sexiest person I have ever met and I love you.

Aw, Gen!

How sweet!

What the f-u-c-k?!

That’s not what I texted!

I said Reaper you are the sexiest person I have ever met and I love you!

R-e-a-p-e-r, I am going to KILL you!

YOU’RE CHANGING MY SETTINGS BACK LATER!

If I remember to~

JUST TEXT ME BEFORE YOU LEAVE, ASSHOLE.

AND KEEP YOUR EYES CLOSED!

Okay, okay~

Why tho?

Gen?

Geeeeen?

Are you ignoring me?

Genoooooo?

Genoooooooo?

Babe, I don’t want to get back to work :( 

Talk to meeceee!

You forgot to tell me happy birthday, btw!

Ugh
Grinning at the returned ‘kiss’ his boyfriend sent him, Reaper slid his phone back into one of the hidden pockets of his robe and hummed cheerfully as he yanked the blade of his scythe out of his most recent victim. Stopping to text for a bit meant that he was a little behind schedule but he was almost always behind no matter what he did, so he didn’t really feel the need to rush. Lazily, he spun his weapon in circles like a pinwheel and let his mind drift a bit as he crept after the next fading soul in the screaming crowd he was currently in the middle of.

It was obvious that Geno had some sort of surprise waiting for him at the save screen. His adorable glitchy boyfriend kept eyeing him contemplatively throughout the week leading up to his birthday and he was pretty sure that the smaller had decided on something to give him. That being said, Reaper didn’t actually need anything special for his birthday. Not from Geno, at least. He knew that Paps was going to be bringing home a coffee cake for him later and he definitely wasn’t saying no to that but, when it came to his boyfriend, he was perfectly happy to just spend some time with the other, smaller skeleton.

Surprises were hard for Geno to accomplish when Reaper was the one that had to go out and get him things though, so he hoped the smaller wasn’t working himself up worrying that whatever he decided on giving to Reaper wasn’t good enough. Hell, Reaper got the greatest gift he could ever hope for the day Geno told him he loved him. There wasn’t anything in the world that could top that.

Still, he didn’t actually bother trying to tell Geno he didn’t need anything. This was the first birthday coming around now that they were a couple and he knew his boyfriend well enough to understand that Geno would agree not to get Reaper anything only to turn right around and try to get him something anyways. The little skeleton was a liar, after all. A tiny, terrible liar.

He was admittedly more than a little curious on what Geno decided on though, knowing that, whatever it was, it was sure to be surprisingly thoughtful. Food was one of his boyfriend’s go to methods of doing something nice for him and he always liked seeing the meals Geno put together. No matter what he made, the smaller always tried to make sure it paired well with coffee just to satisfy his taller boyfriend’s addiction. Stars, Geno was so adorable.

Swiping his blade through one last victim in the dispersing crowd, the god sidestepped a fresh corpse and found a conveniently empty bench to sit on; expression thoughtful. This area was taken care of for now but he still had about...mentally, he did the math and winced at the result he came up with. Yikes, that was a really large number of souls that still needed reaping. Sighing miserably, he went to stand to move onto the next world when his phone went off again; the little jingle assigned to his boyfriends number ringing pleasantly. Curious, he withdrew his cell and glanced at the screen. It wasn’t like Geno to text him this consistently.
GeNO? More Like GeYES!

I forgot to ask

What’s your favorite color again?

You don’t remember?

:\

...black?

Is that your actual answer?

Or are you going off what I usually wear?

Just tell me, idiot!

Fine, fine~

It’s…

Wait for it…

---

---

---

It’s black!

Stars, I hate you.

Aw, that’s Gen for I love you!

Don’t worry, I’m fluent in Gen :*

Go back to work, asshole.

And don’t forget to tell me when you’re on your way home.

*here

Stars, that was just too cute. Grinning widely at his phone, Reaper thought back to all the work he still had left to do and hummed thoughtfully as he scrolled up in search of one of their conversations from earlier that morning. Geno had asked for an estimation of when he’d be stopping by and, spotting his response, Reaper frowned when he realized he wouldn’t be able to make the time he gave with all those souls lingering around in their wait to be reaped. Even if he hurried it would still take him hours just to halve his remaining workload. He could cancel, he knew, but…

GeNO? More Like GeYES!

I think I’m gonna head over early, Gen.

...it was his birthday, wasn’t it? He could afford to take a day off celebrate.
“You utter asshole!” Geno hissed, glaring at his phone in annoyance and just barely managing to resist the urge to pelt it at the floor. “I’m not ready!”

“You’re not ready for what?”

Jumping in surprise, the glitchy skeleton quickly covered himself with his arms and spun around. “D-don’t look!” he shouted, looking around desperately for something to hide behind. Glancing at his boyfriend’s face, he paused when he noticed Reaper had his sockets closed. “Oh,” he murmured; surprised. “you’re already not looking.”
Blindly turning in the direction of his voice, the god raised a brow. “You said to close my eyes when I came, right? Well,” a sly, teasing smirk slid across his face. “I’m pretty sure that’s what you meant, at least.”

Flushing in embarrassment, Geno shot the god a glare he couldn’t see and turned back around so he could continue inspecting the items before him. Reaper confirmed that he liked black so… “You’re fixing my auto correct later, asshole. Also, don’t you dare open your eyes!” Trying not to make too much noise, he slid his selection on with little difficulty then quickly pushed the rest of the clothing spread out before him back into his wardrobe. “You decided to show up early so you can suffer for a bit while I finish getting everything ready.”

Shit, he forgot to change the sheets!

Listening to what sounded like rustling cloth, Reaper furrow his bone-brows in confusion and tried to pick out any other sounds that may clue him in to what Geno was setting up. He couldn’t tell where exactly he was in the save screen and didn’t really want to risk bumping into anything, so he drew his legs up until he was sitting cross-legged in the air. “Hey, you just told me to tell you when I was leaving. You never said I couldn’t choose to leave early~”

Don’t waste your energy scowling Geno, he told himself. The asshole couldn’t see them. “Don’t try to act like you didn’t know I assumed you’d be coming around closer to the time you gave me!” Tucking the dirty bedding under the bed for now, he finished smoothing out the fresh, new sheets and glanced around nervously. Was that it? Oh, wait, things were a little breezy. “What color do you like best with black?”

“Black.”

“Other than black! Gray isn’t an option either.”

“Should have been more specific the first time then.” Reaper chuckled, fiddling with the sleeve of his robe in boredom. “I’m not sure? Red? Blue, too, I guess? Isn’t black supposed to go with anything?”

Opening a drawer and sifting through his options, Geno paused at one that caught his eye. “...Is white and blue okay?”

“Okay for what?”

“Just tell me if you’d think white and blue would go okay with black!”

“Sure?”

Reaper’s voice was closer to confused than certainty but he would take it. Quickly grabbing the embarrassing, soft piece of fabric; the smaller skeleton shut the drawer then pulled it on. It was loose but a little magic would fix that in due time. “Stay floating, okay? I’m going to move you.”

Nodding in reply, Reaper prepared himself for Geno’s touch so that he wouldn’t be startled into dropping out of the air. Once the god seemed ready, the smaller skeleton closed the distance between them and firmly took ahold of the other’s hands; walking backwards to lead the taller towards the bed. With Reaper hovering just over where he wanted him, he released his grip on his hands and raised himself onto his toes with a slight grumble in order to ease the other out of the air and onto the sheets with a firm push on the god’s shoulders.

“Is this the sofa or the bed?”

“Doesn’t matter. Uncross your legs though, okay? Put your feet on the ground.”
“You know,” the taller drawled as he followed his directions “you’re making me really curious about what’s going on, Gen. I mean, I’m not gonna lie, I was expecting a birthday dinner when I came here.”

Pausing from where he was grabbing a fluffy pillow from the sofa, Geno nearly panicked. “Did...i-is that what you wanted f-for your birthday?” he asked nervously, stuttering through the question as he mentally went over what he had planned. He...he definitely didn’t include dinner in his list. Mortified, he hid himself behind the pillow in his hands even if Reaper already couldn’t see him. “I...I didn’t,” the nerves he had been attempting to shake off all day came back with a vengeance. “…I c-can cook you s-something instead?”

“Hey, hey,” Reaper called out with a comforting tone. Sockets closed or not, Geno was having trouble looking at him at the moment. “food is just what I was expecting , Gen. Not what I necessarily want. I’m sure whatever you came up with is going to great.”

“...Its stupid…” What little confidence he worked up to even consider this went down the drain. Stars, what if Reaper didn’t like it? What if he...what if he didn’t want it? “I t-think...I think I made a b-big mistake. I should h-have chosen s-something else.”

“Gen, whatever you decided to give me is probably going to be an amazing gift.”

“You can’t give it back!” He blurted, hands trembling with rising nerves. “I...if I give it to you, t-then...then you c-can’t give it back.”

“I seriously doubt I’ll want to.”

“No, I mean,” stars, how did he...how did he explain it? “you really can’t give it back. It’s...it’s impossible.”

But Reaper only sounded confused when he asked, “ Is it actually food? Like...once I eat it, it’s gone? Baby, you know I love your cooking!”

Shoving his face into the pillow he held, Geno did his best to muffle his scream. Some noise must have made it pass the fluffy material though, because Reaper called out to him worriedly. “J-just...just give me a moment.” He...he could do this! If Reaper didn’t want this, if it turns out he had been reading things wrong for the last month, then...then that was fine! Geno could take a little rejection. “I...I’ll tell you when to open your eyes.”

“Okay, Gen. Just...try not to be so nervous, okay? I’m telling you: I’m going to love my gift.”

Stars, Geno hoped he did. Taking a deep breath to settle his nerves the best he could, the smaller skeleton lightly tip-toed his way over to the bed. Reaper was a selfish asshole who liked taking up as much room as possible whenever he sat so Geno didn’t have to coax his legs open to fit his pillow on the floor between them. Instead, he carefully set the fluffy cushion onto the ground then moved to kneel on it; his legs tucked neatly under his body and his feet just under what would have been his ass had it been summoned. “Keep your eyes closed b-but angle your head down a bit.” While the god did as he requested, he made sure that everything was in place before crossing his hands on his lap and bravely meeting his boyfriend’s closed sockets. “O-okay. You can...,” squeezing his hands together to stop their shaking, he steeled himself. “you can open your eyes now.”

Curiously, Reaper slid open his sockets and blinked a bit to get them adjusted to the weird lighting in the save scre—

Oh.
That definitely wasn’t food.

“H-hap...h-happy...” Geno murmured shyly; stuttering and staring up at him nervously from the floor. “Happy birthday, Reaper.”

Around them, the candles scattered about the makeshift bedroom flickered with tiny flames; the light painting Geno’s ivory bones a gentle, golden hue and complimenting the soft dusting of red brushed across the smaller’s cheeks. Unsure of himself, Geno shifted a bit and the candlelight glinted off of something near his neck. It was a tag, Reaper realized. Made up of what looked like golden foil and in the shape of a heart, the tag was attached to a silky looking blue ribbon that Geno wore in place of his usual scarf; the ribbon bright against his bone and tied in a loose, floppy bow. Due to the way the light was hitting the tag and making the foil shine he couldn’t read what it said so, curiously, he slowly reached down and caught it between his pointer and thumb to angle it away from the light.

His breath hitched when he saw the two simple words scrawled across the tag:

‘For Reaper’

Slowly, he released his grip on the tag and let it slide from his fingers; his wide sockets raising to catch Geno’s anxious gaze. They had been doing a little bit of experimenting for the last few weeks but the furthest either of them ever got was some heavy petting and a little bit of oral. This...despite being on his knees, he didn’t think Geno was planning to give him a blowjob. Well, maybe he was but Reaper somehow doubted he meant to stop there.

“Gen...?” He whispered, reaching out to cup the smaller’s burning cheek. “Are you...are you sure? This isn’t…. You’re not just doing this because it’s my birthday, right?”

“I’ve been r-ready for awhile now...” Geno admitted timidly. “This just...it’s like killing two birds with one stone, isn’t it? You get a birthday gift and we get to...to...” he trailed off. “...I c-can still make dinner i-instead if you don’t want to!”

“You can’t give it back.” That’s what Geno said just a few minutes ago. “Stars, I’m an idiot. You were talking about your virginity.”

A little horrified, the glitchy skeleton covered his face. “Y-you don’t have to say it out loud!”

Breathless, Reaper laughed. “Why are you embarrassed? I’m the one who should be embarrassed! I thought you were talking about food when you said I couldn’t give my gift back! Stars,” he laughed again. “this is so much better than food. You’re definitely sure you want to do this though, right? It’s...you’re not forcing yourself into this, are you?”

“I said I was ready for it.” Geno mumbled into his hands.

“Yeah, you did,” he agreed, gently tugging the smaller’s hands down to see his face. “but do you want it?”

Meeting his gaze a little shyly, the other nodded. “Y-yeah. Do...d-do you?”

“Yeah.” The god echoed as he began leaning down for a kiss. “Yeah, Gen, I want it too.”

Before their teeth could meet, the smaller skeleton slid a hand across Reaper’s teeth and gently pushed his skull away. His face was red and his expression was a little uncertain, but Geno seemed determined as he met the taller’s confused stare. “I...I have plans!” Adjusting himself so that he was
leaning more on his knees instead of sitting on his legs, Geno slowly brought his hands to the rope around his soon-to-be lover’s waist. “It’s your birthday so…” fingers found the knots and began unraveling them “…let me spoil you.”

He wasn’t as practiced as Reaper who had literal centuries to get use to dealing with the ropes he wore but Geno managed to get the rope untied soon enough. Shyly dropping his gaze to focus on what he was doing, the smaller skeleton dropped the belt somewhere off to the side and parted the lower material of the god’s long robe. Reaper wasn’t excited enough for anything to have formed but his joints were beginning to flush blue and there was a telling splotch of color on his pelvis.

Unused to doing this when his boyfriend’s magic wasn’t already shaped, Geno coaxed the taller’s legs open a little wider then leaned in to experimentally flick his tongue across the god’s pubic symphysis. Shuddering, Reaper groaned quietly and, taking that as a good sign, Geno repeated the action; his tongue pressing harder against the bone and skull tilting a bit as he dragged the magical muscle across the surface of his boyfriend’s pelvis. Going off of what he had practiced on himself, Geno lifted a hand and teasingly traced the intricate shapes and grooves that made up Reaper’s bones. This wasn’t the optimal position for fondling his sacrum and he wouldn’t be able to reach the other’s coccyx unless he went inside Reaper’s pelvis, so he settled for rubbing a particular spot on the taller’s ilium that made the taller gasp deliciously as his other hand came up to toy with the sensitive vertebrae forming the lumbar of Reaper’s spine.

Just as his fingers curled around that lower portion of the god’s spine and gave a few testing pumps, Reaper jerked against his hands and moaned; his voice echoing in the save screen as magic collected rapidly just a little under where Geno was lavishing bone with his tongue. Keeping his firm, stroking hold on the other’s spin; he slid his other hand to tangle his fingers in the swirling magic and attempted to coax it into taking the shape he desired. Tongue dragging downwards, he licked and mouthed at the glowing area all while rubbing firmly with his fingers until, with a pleasured cry, Reaper began thrusting his hips forward and the magic began to form.

Instead of rubbing, the fingers fondling the magic curled around it in a light hold and began to slide up; his grasp adjusting to account for the girth of the taller’s length and drawing out low moans due to the feel of bone on the heated flesh. Slowly, releasing the god’s spine, Geno brought his now freed hand down to Reaper’s magic alongside it’s twin as the ecto settled into a cock that was a little intimidating to look at. Geno had only really done this with his mouth twice before. He didn’t think he was that good at it so, usually, he kind of just used his hands, but, even then, that was typically done under the cover of Reaper’s cloak. This was…this was Reaper’s birthday, though, and Geno…

Geno wanted to make him feel good.

Reaper’s hips were shaking with what was probably a struggle not to push himself further into his hands. Taking pity on him, he tightened his hold with the one he had wrapped around the base of the god’s shaft and began to stroke him firmly. Despite Reaper’s size, Geno didn’t actually need two hands to pleasure his length and used the other to brace himself against the bed and he readied himself for the part he most unsure of.

“F-fuck,” Reaper groaned from his place on the bed, restrain cracking just a bit as he rocked into the smaller’s pumping motions. “Ah, a-ah, Geno! G-Gen!”

There was a bit of sticky fluid starting to dribble from the tip and Geno decided it was now or never. Flicking his thumb across the pre on an upwards stroke only to slick it down his boyfriend’s shaft, Geno gripped the bed sheet nervously before leaning in to swipe his tongue across the head of Reaper’s cock.

Instantly, the god’s moans hitched a pitch higher, the teasing kitten licks Geno was pleasuring his
flesh with adding a warm, slick sensation to the hand already driving him insane. “Hah, h-ha, ah! A-ah, ah!”

Encouraged, the smaller skeleton absently began forming a throat as he dipped his tongue into the little slit weeping with little beads of pre. Reaper had liked that last time, he recalled; wiggling his tongue against the slit and licking up whatever spilled out. As though wanting to prove him correct, the taller skeleton cried out and lost his fracturing self control; his hips thrusting upwards towards Geno’s mouth and a hand settling on the back of the smaller’s skull.

“B-baby, please!” Reaper begged, trying not to simply force the other skeleton’s head down. “F-fuck, Gen, please let me…. Open your mouth wider, Gen. I n-need,” the hand around his magic slid up and rubbed insistently at his head, a finger teasing the slit Geno had moved away from when he leaned back to avoid the god’s thrust. Moaning, he pushed himself further into that hand. “fuck, baby, suck m-me off. Please, please, please just fucking suck me off, Gen.”

Thighs pressing together at the sound of Reaper of all people begging, the glitching skeleton whined and squirmed in place but ultimately did as the other pleaded for him to do. He kept his hand around the base of Reaper’s god to keep it still but flustered when it twitched excitedly once the taller noticed him leaning in; the hand on his skull pressing down to urge him on. Reaper wasn’t like him, he silently reminded himself, repeating a mantra of ‘don’t use teeth’ in his head as he unsealed his grin further to take the head of the god’s cock into his mouth. Not really sure what to do with his tongue (shit, what did he do last time?!), he merely flattened it as much as possible before squeezing his eyes shut and slowly taking in as much of the impressive shaft as he could.

“Fuck!” The taller shouted, head thrown back and sockets sliding shut in pleasure. “F-fuck, Gen, baby. A-ah, your... h-hah, hah, ah! Ah,” groaning lowly, he accidentally dug his fingers into the back of the other’s skull; earning himself a moan that vibrated around his cock deliciously. “ A-ah, ah! Hah! Geno!” he cried. “You’re d-doing so good, baby. Fuck, y-you’re doing so good!”

Whining, Geno forced himself further. The head was already nudging up against the back of his throat but he didn’t really have a gag reflex. It was the not being able to breath thing that was giving him trouble but he tried to remember through the fog starting to cloud his head that he didn’t need to breathe. It was just a useless habit, he told himself; moaning when the painful grip on his skull tightened further and subconsciously pushed him down a bit more. It was just—

Mind overcome by pleasure, Reaper’s hip lifted with a sharp thrust and, just like that, his entire length was forced into Geno’s throat, the smaller skeleton’s hands scrambled to grip the taller’s hips as he choked; loudly.

Eyes widening in horror, the god snapped out of his pleasure-induced haze and quickly pulled Geno off his cock. “S-shit, Gen, I-I’m sorry!” he exclaimed worriedly. “Shit, shit, shit I...I shouldn’t have —”

Geno cut him off with a whimper. “A-again.”

“W-what?”

Tilting his head back and dazedly meeting Reaper’s concerned gaze, Geno moaned weakly. “I-it...it was fine.” Briefly, his eye light flickered into what looked like a heart. “You c-can do it again.”

“Holy shit.” Reaper whispered, arousal raking down his spine. “You liked being choked?”

Feeling a little humiliated, Geno shrunk back. “I…”
“That’s not a bad thing!” His boyfriend hurried to reassure. “Fuck, Gen, that’s… I knew you were probably a masochist but you want to be choked on my cock. That…that’s fucking sexy, Gen.”

Instead of humiliated, he was mortified now. “D-do you have to say it like that?”

“How else am I supposed to say it?” The god questioned, smirking a bit as he stared down at his kneeling lover. Very, very interested in the possibility now presented to him; he slid a hand down his own body to grip his twitching cock. “That’s what you want, isn’t it?” Geno flushed brighter as he watched the taller stroke himself, his gaze captivated by the lewd movements of the other’s wrist and the way those sockets darkened further. “You don’t just want my cock in your mouth, Gen. No, you want to choke on it, too. Do you think you handle all this baby?” Reaper cooed teasingly, nudging the head of his length against Geno’s cheek. “Do you think you can take all of me into your mouth? Into your throat? Or will you have to tap out?”

“I…I…” he whined, trembling at the feel of a certain wetness between his thighs. “I c-can take it.”

“How can you?” The taller murmured, panting as he began thrusting into his own hand a bit.

They…they hadn’t tried this before. Stars, today was Geno’s first attempt at even getting all of Reaper inside of him but…but it had felt good. There had a bit a moment of a panic and what his mind was tricked into thinking was suffocation but it had faded into this fuzziness that felt amazing for the second it lasted. He was nervous—this was a first he hadn’t expected—but Geno…Geno wanted to try. It would feel good for Reaper too, right? “I c-can do it.” he mumbled. Then, firmer, “I can take it.”

“If you need me to stop,” Reaper purred, using the hand that had been stroking himself to bring the head just before Geno’s teeth. “then tap me hard three times okay?” Three times. Geno could remember that, so he nodded. “Open your mouth, baby. Wide. Stick your tongue out again too.”

Shuddering at the authoritative tone in the taller’s voice, he complied; grin unsealing and stretching open wide as his tongue lolled out. Admittedly, he expected Reaper to hilt himself right away but the god merely rubbed the tip of his head against his hanging tongue for a few moments. The salty, bitter flavor of his pre wasn’t pleasant but the groans echoing in his ears distracted from the taste; anticipation making his heart pound when Reaper’s shaft slide against his muscle once the god finally began pushing in.

Reaper went slow but it was somehow more agonizing than if he had just pushed in all at once, Geno’s difficulty in breathing increasing bit by bit in a pace that made him painfully aware of the slowly decreasing oxygen he had. The more of the taller’s cock that filled him, the less air he could find until, suddenly, he realized there was no air left at all; his chest burning and mind growing foggy as tears filled his socket.

Stars, it felt so good.

Just as fuzzy bits of blackness began appearing in his vision, Reaper dropped his hand from the base of his shaft and gripped Geno’s skull from behind like he had done earlier. Fingers digging in a bit to find purchase on the smooth bone, he tugged Geno off his cock—the smaller gasped, desperately taking in air—then plunged himself back inside.

“M-mmph!” Geno moaned, tears dripping from his sockets and hands raising to the taller’s hips. Reaper wasn’t sitting anymore, he noticed distantly, crying out a muffled noise of pleasure as he held onto the other just to ground himself a bit. “M-mmph! Mmm!”

Above him, hips moving roughly and hand forcing Geno to meet every thrust, Reaper moaned;
loudly. “T-that’s it!” he panted, drool sliding down his chin. “Fuck, y-you’re taking it so damn g-good, baby! Stars, I c-can feel you m-moaning. H-hah...h-hah, ah! Fuck! Fu-ah!”

It was dizzying. The fingers digging into his skull, the cock stealing his air, Reaper’s moans in his ears… Whining the best he could when every sound he made was snuffed out by his boyfriend’s magic, Geno dazedly squirmed and let a hand fall onto his lap. Still keeling, he slid his legs open just enough so that his fingers had the room they needed to slip under what he wore; panties Reaper hadn’t even seen yet already wet with his desire.

“M-mmph! Mmph! ” He moaned, rubbing at himself desperately. “Mmmph!”

The god’s words were so low he almost couldn’t hear them with the way the pitch was so deep and how the words were hidden among the taller’s moans. “U-uuh, uh! A-ah, hah...hah...h-hah, Geno! A-ah, h-hah, hah! U-Uh! F-fuh..f-fuck! Geno! Geno!”

Suddenly, he was being yanked off of the god’s cock, Reaper ignoring his high, protesting whine as he gripped himself firmly and pumped vigorously; head just above Geno’s lolled out tongue. Mind clouded and swimming with the sudden rush of air, the smaller was too dazed to recognize the warning behind the taller’s actions and merely stared up at him; eye light blown and fingers curling within his heat.

Catching the movement of his boyfriend’s wrist that he hadn’t noticed before and cursing when he realized just what Geno was doing to himself, the god moaned raggedly as his orgasm took him by surprise; hot, thick ropes of cum painting Geno’s face and skull.

Startled, Geno blinked through the haze of pleasure overwhelming him at the first feel of his boyfriend’s seed splashing across his cheek. Before more of a mess could be made, he surged forward in order to take the head into his mouth and suckled hard; moaning around the twitching cock while Reaper groaned and rode his pleasure out.

When the pleasure turned sharp and painful, the taller pulled himself from the other, smaller skeleton’s hot cavern and fell back onto the bed with a heaving chest. Meeting his dark gaze, Geno swallowed. There was a bit too much to handle and a trickle of cyan slid down his chin.

“H-holy fuck.” Reaper gaped; panting. His magic had yet to disperse but it was limp at the moment; spent. Still, it gave a twitch of interest at Geno’s cum-stained face. “B-baby, you’re going to kill me. I need a minute or two before I can handle something so fucking sexy.”

Panting himself in an attempt to return to his normal breathing, the smaller skeleton trembled with need. “R-Reaper…” he whined with a hoarse voice. His fingers had yet to still.

Groaning, the god stared at his dick in betrayal. It was starting to rise even though he was still shaking with the aftershocks of the reason behind his boyfriend’s face being blue. Glancing back down at the smaller, desperate skeleton, he groaned again.

Fuck refractory periods.

“Get up here, Gen.” The god growled before reaching down for the whimpering skeleton. Once he head Geno spread out on the soft, silky red sheets, he took a moment just to admire the pretty picture his lover made. “Stars,” he breathed “you’re so fucking beautiful. Is this apart of my present?”

Red faced and still painted with streaks of blue, Geno nodded.

Knowing that what he planned to offer his boyfriend would make getting all dressed up pointless but still wanting to look somewhat nice; Geno had settled for robe to wear. It wasn’t the cloak-like one
the god wore but it wasn’t quite a bathrobe either. Instead, it was silky and smooth like satin. The sleeves were long and flowing but the robe itself was short and ended closer to his thighs than his knees; small slits on the sides making it even harder to keep himself covered. Keeping his modesty wasn’t made any easier with how, despite being a deep, dark black, the robe was so thin that you could call it sheer; the red of the flesh he had formed from his abdomen to his knees clearly visible alongside the outline of the panties he wore.

Of course Reaper had to pick black as his favorite color.

And of course the black robe had to be the skimpiest one he owned.

The god didn’t seem to mind though, drinking in the delicious sight of his lover in his color and absently fiddling with one of the long trails of the bow tied around Geno’s neck. Mmm, the bow was looser now but the golden tag with his name on it was still secured. Good.

Deliberately, the taller’s fingers exchanged the bit of ribbon he was playing with for the end of one of the long ties sealing the glitchy skeleton’s robe shut. “Do I get to open the rest of my gift?” Reaper questioned in a low, sensual purr.

There was another question hidden behind the flirtatious drawl however, a concerned glint in the god’s eyes as he attempted to gauge the smaller’s comfort level. It seemed a little backwards to be so worried over undressing his boyfriend when his own clothing was split open and his magic was in full view, but most of their previous fondling had been done around or under clothing. Reaper himself wasn’t all that shy about being in the nude around the smaller but he wasn’t the one who had the damage rib cage and giant gash across his bones to make him self conscious. It was clear that Geno didn’t have a shirt hidden under that flimsy robe and he didn’t want to make the smaller any more anxious about what was about to happen than he was sure Geno already was.

After a moment of hesitation, Geno fully relaxed against the sheets. “What kind of birthday would this be if you didn’t get to unwrap anything?” Stars, Reaper really liked the way he could hear how wrecked the other had been mere moments ago. “Be careful with your... gift though. There’s no gift receipt or way of returning it, remember?”

“It’s not something I can give back.” he recited, slowly unraveling the silky tie anchoring the black robe shut. “Stars, why would I even want to? It’s perfect, Gen. Fuck,” Reaper breathed as the robe fell open, his hands reaching out to part the soft material in order to reveal more of the ivory beneath. “you’re perfect.”

Without clothing to interfere with it the wound looked a little more gruesome than usual. What was a long, straight line of red across a t-shirt was actually a deep groove carved into bone; conforming to every dip and an angry splotch of dripping color against the white. Although a majority of the wound’s cut across the smaller’s rib cage, there were chips and cracks of various sizes all across Geno’s torso; some even on his spine.

Curiously yet carefully, Reaper lightly prodded at a particularly nasty looking chip a few inches down from Geno’s clavicle where the cut began. It was a little difficult to pair sight to what he recalled blindly feeling out but, if he remembered correctly, then that right there should be…

Teasingly, his fingertip caught on the little groove in a way that made Geno mewl.

Unable to help himself, Reaper grinned. Yeah, that was definitely one of the sensitive spots he recalled finding.

Ignoring the temptation to search out all the other little spots he had spent the last few weeks
attempting to memorize, the god reigned himself in and began dragging his finger downwards. Seeing bone transition to curving red flesh was a little mesmerizing but he couldn’t decide if he liked the way it looked or felt better; the texture of flesh such a contrast to that of bone. Before his questing touch could go further; however, dark fabric brought his path to an end. Panties, he thought a little heatedly. Fuck, Reaper had already forgotten about those; too busy admiring his lover’s body to really acknowledge the small bit of cloth. Now that he was looking at them though…

“This is the best birthday ever.” He said a little dreamily, admiring how pretty cherry red looked when paired with a deep, royal blue. “How is this so hot? You don’t even wear underwear normally! Shouldn’t no underwear be sexier than you wearing them?” Stars, he hadn’t gone for any of the pairs that were solid, either. No, these little blue things were all lace and Geno’s modesty was hanging on by a thread, or, more accurately, a ribbon because a perfectly placed satin bow stitched into the fragile fabric was all that kept the other’s sex from being seen. “Shit, I’m going to start getting boners every time I see a bow.”

“Like the one you have now?” Geno mumbled, eye light briefly glancing downwards pointedly before darting away to stare at something off to the side. His blush had been increasing throughout Reaper’s inspection of his body and it was obvious he was feeling a little awkward and embarrassed simply laying there in near nakedness. “That one doesn’t come undone though, so don’t try tugging on it. You’ll just end up ripping the lace.”

“Huh,” Ripping the lace? “That’s a good idea, Gen.”

“Wha-Reaper!”

Pressing two fingers further up against Geno’s slick, wet heat through the poorly protective material of his underwear, the god grinned deviously. “What?” he asked in a terrible attempt of sounding innocent, grinding into the smaller’s sex through the lace roughly. Not all that sure if the fabric would feel comfortable pressing between Geno’s lips, he slid his fingers forward and rubbed the fabric against the smaller’s clit instead. “Should I have given you a warning?”

“A-ah that f-feels weird!” The glitchy skeleton complained between small moans. “Ah, a-ah!”

Pinching the little button between his pointer and thumb through the lace, Reaper rapidly rubbed at the small, throbbing bundle of nerves; his grin slanting in a smirk at Geno’s pleased shout. “Doesn’t sound like you meant to say weird.” Releasing the bit of flesh, the god was pleased to find that his rough handling had caused a little tear to appear in the now damp lace. It was little more than a speck of a hole but it was a hole nonetheless. “Oops, looks like these are ruined, Gen.” Nudging the very tip of his finger through the tiny opening, he wiggled it about—conveniently brushing his knuckle against Geno’s already tortured clit—until he had his entire finger through the slowly widening tear. Then, heaving a dramatic sigh, he said, “They’re completely destroyed” and jerked his finger down; ripping a sizable hole in the lace. “What a shame.”

“R-Reaper!”

“What a shame…” He merely repeated with a purr. Hunggrily, he eyed the clearer view of red he now had. “Mmm, how do you want to do this, baby? Should I repay you for earlier or do you just want my fingers instead?”

“...Fingers…” The smaller replied timidly.

“I was hoping you’d say that.” Reaper admitted as he eagerly used two fingers to spread the smaller open. “You know I’d be happy to do either but this way gives me the better view.”
“Y-you’re so embarrassing…” Geno moaned, gripping the sheets lightly as the first thin finger slid into him. “A-ah!” he gasped, whining lowly at the sensation of bone scraping across his walls as the single digit withdrew only to thrust back in. “W-why do a-ah, ah! Why,” the smaller panted “h-hah, why do y-you a-always have to sa-ah! Say t-things like that!” he cried; easily accepting a second phalange.

“I’m just being honest!” The god defended “Besides,” spreading his fingers out within his lover’s tight head, the taller chuckled a bit. “I’m pretty sure you like hearing me say dirty things.”

“I d-do n- oh! A-ah, t-that’s -” the ‘good’ Geno tried to get out was lost in a series of moans when Reaper’s pleasuring fingers searched out his sweet spot.

“You do too.” Reaper merely continued, uncaring that Geno was a little too indisposed to carry on their little argument. “Stars, I love the way you look like right now. Face still splattered in my cum, panties torn open so I can touch you...fuck, you’re nearly squirming out of that tiny little robe because you’re trying to fuck yourself faster on my fingers. Shit, baby,” smirking a bit, the god chuckled heatedly at the way the smaller clenched around his thrusting digits “did you want this? My fingers inside you? Did you need this, baby? I know you were riding your fingers when I was fucking your mouth but you didn’t get to finish, did you?”

“A-ah, ah! H-hah...hah...a-ah!” Why did Geno pick the satin sheets? His grip kept sliding around when he needed something to hold onto. Stars, he needed...he needed… “R-Reaper!”

“You think you can take a fourth finger?” Said god questioned in a light, curious tone, as though he were driving into the smaller skeleton ruthlessly.

Geno shook his head wildly, tears filling his socket. “N-no mor-ah! A-ah! No more fingers,” he pleaded “I...I’m r-ready! I-I’m ready!”

Reaper’s fingers didn’t still though. “Are you sure?” he asked as seriously as someone could when knuckle deep into their lover. “Gen, I...you know I haven’t done this before either, right? I don’t...I don’t want to hurt you if you’re not prepped enough.”

“Reaper, p-please!” The smaller begged, trying to pull himself off the other’s phalanges but unable to resist meeting the god’s thrusts. “P-please, please, please !”

Slowly withdrawing from his fingers and absently wiping them on his cloak, the stared down at the other in consideration. If he were being honest, Reaper would admit that he was starting to feel a little nervous. This...this was really happening.

Trying to hang onto his confidence by buying himself some time, the taller skeleton teasingly asked, “Should I go through the panties?” Feeling a little hot under the collar, he expertly unraveled the pendant and rope around his neck and let his robe slide off his shoulders. “There’s already such a convenient hole in them.”

Despite his insistence that he was ready, Geno was starting to look just as nervous as Reaper felt. Pushing himself up onto his elbows and ignoring the way his own robe fell down his arms, he flicked his tongue across his teeth nervously before coming to a decision and lifting his hips. “T-take them off.”

“O-okay.” Reaper mumbled, blushing a bit at his own stutter. Shit, he was fine just a minute or two ago! Their eyes met and the two shared a flustered, nervous before the god took hold of the lacy panties and slid them off. “You gotta open up for me, Gen…” he muttered. When the smaller did so, he fitted himself between the other, glitchy skeleton’s thighs and took himself in hand; slowly
stroking himself to spread the slick fluid on his fingers across his length “You ready?”

“Y-yeah.” Wrapping his legs around Reaper loosely and trying not to stiffen when he felt the other grind against him, Geno did his best to remain relaxed. “I...I’m r-ready, Reaps.”

Leading the head of his cock to Geno’s gripping entrance and praying he wouldn’t somehow fuck this up, he carefully began to ease himself in.

“R-Reaper…” Geno whined, low voice hiking up into an unnatural high tone. His hands twisted in the smooth sheets, wrinkling them beyond repair while his body tensed at the intrusion. S-shit, that was definitely bigger than a few fingers. “Reaper.” The smaller whimpered. When he blinked, tears slid down his cheek.

“F-fuck!” Panicked, Reaper stilled his movements. It was hard (like him) though. Geno was...fuck, he felt so good. “Do you need me to pull out?”

“No! N-no!” Wrapping his shaking legs around the other even tighter, the smaller skeleton actually tried to pull the god closer in an attempt to take more of his length inside. “P-please keep going.” It hurt but...but it was more of a discomfort than an unfavorable pain. He just wasn’t use to this. The stretch was new and weird and maybe burned a little, but it… “Please...” he whined, blinking away his tears as he clenched and released around the hot, invading length within his pussy. “P-please! Just...just f-fuck me!”

Fucking, that was so tempting but Reaper was not going to hurt his lover. Geno could probably handle the pain, he knew, hell, he might even like it but this...this was his first time. Their first time.

Reaching out for both of Geno’s hands to intertwine their fingers, Reaper slowly continued easing himself further into the other; knees holding his weight and cock sinking even deeper into that tight, restrictive heat when he leaned into the other for a quick kiss. “I l-love you,” he gasped, shaking as his desire began screaming at him to just start going. “Fuck, baby, G-Gen,” their grins met again, less of a kiss and more of an exchange of air as the two struggled to breathe through the new sensations they were experiencing. “I love you.”

Throwing his arms around the taller’s neck and clinging tight when the god finally hilted, Geno cried, “I l-love you, too.”

He needed to relax, Geno knew, but he didn’t understand how that was supposed to be possible. Reaper’s cock was...fuck, he could feel every single inch of the god inside of him. Splitting him. Digging his fingers into the taller’s scapulae and biting his tongue to hold back his whines, Geno shifted. Immediately twin moans rang out as both skeleton’s had their individuals sexes stimulated. When he repeated the small movement in an uncomfortable squirm, hands clamped down onto his hips and held him still.

“Gen!” Absently digging his fingers into the smaller’s flesh in an attempt to keep himself from snapping, the god shook. “D-don’t...don’t move. Fuck, I w-won’t be able to keep still if you mov— fuck!” he cried out in surprise when the world around them spun, Geno whimpering at the feel of Reaper’s cock grinding against his inner walls as their position changed. Flat on his back, the god could only stare at his lover in shock as the smaller pulled away from where he had buried his face into the taller’s neck; Geno’s legs unwrapping from his waist in order for his knees to find purchase on bed. “Gen-”

“Y-you’re taking t-too long.” Geno interrupted, pitch jumping as he lifted himself off Reaper’s cock. When the head popped out, he shuddered. “A-and...” eye light blown and face burnt red, the smaller smiled Shakily. “I w-wanted to s-spoil you, remember?”
With that, he slammed himself down.

Echoing throughout the save screen, Geno’s high, wailing moan was complimented by Reaper’s deep groan. It didn’t matter if the sensations were different—the smaller being stuffed full and the god finding himself embraced by wet heat—because the end result was the same: Pleasure. Hot, spine tingling pleasure that heated their bodies and tore lewd noises from their throats. Bracing himself with hands on the taller’s shoulders, Geno repeated his actions again and again and again; dragging himself up and off Reaper’s cock just to impale himself over and over again. His legs were shaking—his entire body was shaking, actually—but he found that he couldn’t stop moving. Stars, it...it felt so good. It felt so good!

“H-hah, hah! Hah! I k-know, ba- ah!’’ Reaper tried to agree, using the tight grip on the other’s hips to help slam him down. Geno shrieked when his g-spot was grazed and the taller attempted to angle his hips the best he could when his lover was the one taking charge. “Ah! A-ah! Fuck! F-fuck, baby, I know. H-hah...i-it feels amazing .’’

O-oh, Geno said that out loud.

“Ah! A-ah, ah! A-ah! ’’ It was too much. It was too much! Head tilting back and all but screeching when Reaper began toying with his clit whenever he dropped back down; Geno tried to keep from tipping over the edge. There hadn’t been enough of a break between Reaper’s fingers and his cock. He was...o-oh stars, he was gonna... “A-ah! N-no, no, n-no!’’ he whined. His body betrayed his protest and kept chasing it’s own release. Unhelpfully, the god shifted his hips and Geno found his g-spot being hit with nearly every thrust of the other’s hips. “R-Reaper! Reaper!’’

“D-don’t hold yourself back, baby.’’ Reaper growled, digging his fingertips into the smaller’s clit in the biting way he knew Geno liked. Stars, he could feel Geno’s pussy getting tighter around him; the feeling so much more intense around his cock in comparison to the way he recalled it feeling around his fingers. “Let me see you cum, Gen. C’mon, baby, come for me!’’

“I... a-ah, h-hah...hah...I... I...’’

Growling, Reaper surged forward. Geno dropped backwards onto the bed but the god was right there on top of him, so closed that their ribs scraped togethe as the taller skeleton drove into his lover hard. “Fuck!’’ Reaper swore, hips slapping so hard against the smaller’s flesh that the red burned brighter. “Fuck, c’mon, Gen! You’re so fucking tight, baby. Shit, if you weren’t so wet I don’t think I could move . Just let yourself go, baby. Cum for me! Now!’’

Maybe it was just a coincidence. Maybe it wasn’t. Either way, like a switch being flipped, Geno found his orgasm suddenly racing through him. Mouth dropping open wide in a loud, cracking scream, the smaller tensed against his lover and clawed at his shoulders desperately; babbling as he came.

Hissing at the vice-like grip around his cock and shuddering at the rush of hot fluid around him, Reaper was helpless against his own pleasure; especially when he saw the expression on his lover’s face: Sock wide, flickering eye light blown, and mouth gaping with a lolled out tongue. Fuck, he cursed mentally, rhythm breaking in favor of throwing himself into a harsh, uneven pace; orgasm so, so close. Geno still had his cum on his face and, suddenly, the god wanted nothing more than to simply stuff it inside of him, too. The smaller was going limp against him though, pleasured tears turning into ones of over-stimulation, so he forced himself faster, drove himself harder, and took his own pleasure with an apologetic kiss before finally, finally his hips stuttered and he came.

Beneath him, Geno jolted at the sudden rush of heat. “R-Reaper,’’ he mewled; squirming as the other slowly withdrew. “d-did you—?’’ when cum began sluggishly dribbling out of him, he moaned. “O-
oh my stars. *You d-did."

“S-sorry.” Tiredly, the god face-planted into the bed next to his smaller lover. His voice was muffled by the sheets but clear. “I should have thought to ask.”

“You could think *at all*?” Geno asked, actually a little upset. He lost that ability the moment the taller took control.

Weakly, the god shook his head. “Babe, I *still* can’t think. That was…” rolling onto his back so that he and Geno could stare up at the darkness of the save screen together, he chuckled. “...that was perfect.”

“You say that about everything we do together.”

“Yeah, well, now I’m saying that about doing *you*.” When Geno turned on his side with a weak attempt at smacking him, he caught the smaller’s hand and dragged him over until the smaller was draped over his chest. “Best birthday gift ever. Ten out of ten: definitely do *not* want to return it.”

“Idiot…” Geno mumbled sleepily. He was smiling, though. “Fix my clothes. I’m getting cold.”

Eyeing the short robe barely hanging onto one of Geno’s arms, Reaper chuckled and simply waved over a blanket with a bit of magic. “Don’t think that little thing is going to warm you up.”

Geno didn’t seem to care to respond; however, too busy snuggling closer and making a happy little noise as the blanket settled over them. It was clear he was drifting off but, curiously enough, Reaper could hear him muttering something. Straining his (nonexistent) ears a bit, he attempted to listen.

Suddenly, he snorted; smiling.

Geno was mumbling the happy birthday song in his sleep.

Cutie.

______________________________

**Bonus!**

**System Error Code: Husband <3**

*You know…*

*Paps went to get you a birthday cake…*

*He does that every year, Gen*

*You’re not exactly spilling any secrets there*

*Let me guess:*

*It’s coffee cake, too*

*Probably*

*But that’s not the important part*

*Oh?*
He took Goth with him

They’ll probably be out for awhile….

You know I’m at work:(

And I’m home alone

Without the baby…

---

---

---

Naked

I’m on my way

Happy birthday, Reaps :)

Chapter End Notes

That bonus at the end almost featured Geno humming the happy birthday song around Reaper’s dick but I kept laughing too hard to actually write the scene out.

Fun fact: Reaper totally bought Geno the robe and underwear. That being said, he never expected Geno to wear either of those things. After this birthday? You can sure as hell bet that he replaced those torn panties with a dozen or so new ones in hopes he'd see Geno wear them again.
Swimming was such a weird concept when you were a skeleton. You see, skeletons sunk. *Sunk*, not drowned, because drowning was a little impossible when you didn’t necessarily need to breathe. Bone was dense and, magical or not, skeletons were just a little too heavy to float on their own; usually depending on flotation devices to keep their heads above the water. That being said, it was possible for skeletons to learn how to tread water and swim so that they wouldn’t need to depend on those devices. Difficult, yes, but possible for those with enough determination to see learning the skill through to the end.

Geno was pretty DETERMINED…

…

…

…

…but he was lazy, too, and couldn’t swim for shit. Learning had always been too much effort.

“Did you forget my damn floaties?” he complained, rifling through a plastic bag. “I know I put them on the list.”

“What was that?” Reaper called back questioningly. He had gone further into the void of the save screen and now stood a good distance from Geno’s little makeshift, wall-less home; the darkness consuming his shadowy clothing and making him near impossible to see. “You’re a little too far for me to hear you.”

“I said,” raising his voice for the other’s sake, Geno repeated, “did you forget my damn floaties?!!”

“Oh! No, I got them! They should be in the bag!”

Eyeing the rather impressive amount of bags littering his living room floor, Geno scowled. “Which one?”

“Um…” A few grunts echoed throughout the save screen. Had he not known what Reaper was doing, the smaller skeleton would have assumed the god was being lewd. That being said, he still
found himself blushing a bit at the low, suggestive sounds. “I’m not sure, Gen. You’re in charge of organizing everything while I take care of things over here though, so I’m sure they’ll pop eventually. You wanted the arm ones, right?”

A little distracted by trying not to laugh one of the idiotic beach towels Reaper bought—black with a chalk outline of a body—it took Geno a few seconds to realize that the god probably couldn’t see his nod. “Oh! Yeah, those are the ones I wanted.”

After that, the two fell into a companionable silence; both busy with their own, separate task but enjoying the quiet company the other provided them as they worked. Every now and then Geno would come across something that’d make him snort though, and he’d be unable to resist asking the other, taller skeleton about his questionable purchases.

“How many swimsuits to choose from and these are the options you brought home?”

“What’s wrong with them?”

“One of them has a hotdog on the crotch!”

Upon finding another odd towel:

“Why do I not trust this towel you bought?”

“Is it the white one?”

“Yeah.”

“Heh.”

“I heard that laugh, Reaper! What’s wrong with it?!?”

“Nothing! It just changes color when you get it wet.”

“...Let me guess: it looks like it’s all bloody when it’s wet.”

“Maybe~”

“Reaper, I’m going to get actual blood on it. Why would you waste money on this?”

“Because I thought it was funny and I want to use it. We can be bloody together!”

“Stars, you’re weird.”

A little after the discovery of the white towel:

“Reaper! There better be a beach ball in one of these bags and not just...not just these damn things!”

“Did you find the dice?!?”

“You mean the big, inflatable sex dice I wasted ten minutes of my life blowing up?”

“Yes~”

“Then yes, idiot. I found the stupid dice. Why did you get these?!?”

“Why did you finish blowing both up before asking about them?”
“...Shut up.”

Everything Geno had thought up to put on the shopping list he sent the god away seemed to be accounted for by the time he was done going through everything but half of those things were definitely tainted by his lover’s strange sense of humor. A bathing suit cover-up with skeletal hands groping the chest, an apron personalized with ‘My cooking is to die for’ across it, a huge, inflatable coffin.... Yeah, you could definitely tell that Reaper had been the one to do the actual shopping. If he were being honest however, Geno would have to admit that he was actually pretty amused by all the weird things his boyfriend somehow always managed to find.

“Do you need help with anything? I’m done organizing everything.”

“I’m fine, Gen! Just gotta finish putting up these lights. If it’s not too dark for you, you can start bringing things over.”

“Are you ever going to explain how anything you bring even works around here?” Geno asked as he began gathering a few things to take. There was too much to carry over on one trip so he’d either have to use magic or make multiple trips. He was leaning towards using magic. “There’s no outlets here! There’s no electricity, either! How does everything just work?!”

“You’re the science-y one! You can tell me how it works because I have no clue.”

“...Magic?”

“That’s such a cop-out answer. I approve.”

Grinning a bit at their little back-and-forth, Geno carefully made his way to his taller lover with an armful of supplies and a long line of glowing items drifting behind him. The closer he got to his boyfriend, the harder it was to see though, and he found himself startling when the firm floor beneath him suddenly became a lot harder to walk through; the ground giving a little under his slippers.

“Reaper?” he called out, squinting a little in an attempt to see the white of the god’s bone. “Shit, I can’t tell how much further I’m supposed to walk.”

“Hang on a sec, honey.” Even if it was closer than before, his boyfriend still seemed to be a little further away. “Just need to...” Suddenly, a bright, blinding light clicked on. “There!”

Blinking the spots away from his slowly adjusting vision, the smaller skeleton stared in astonishment at the sight before him.

When Reaper first suggested a beach day to him, he hadn’t been very impressed. Don’t get him wrong, a trip to the beach actually seemed really, really fun, but there was just the teeny, tiny issue of him not being able to leave his home without dusting that had made him question the other’s sanity. A little fun in the sun really wasn’t worth his death. No matter what the reckless part of his brain said (scarily enough, that voice sounded a little like Fresh. “YOLO” his ass). Still, Geno really couldn’t deny that he was actually a little regretful they couldn’t go. Snowdin was snowy, Waterfall was rainy, and Hotland was, well hot, but none of those areas in the underground had overlapped well enough to create somewhere ideal for swimming, let alone a beach. He kind of wanted to see what one was like.

Annoyingly in-tune with him, Reaper hadn’t missed his slight disappointment.

“We could have a beach day here.” Reaper had suggested. “It’ll take a bit of work but if you can’t go to the beach, then we can bring the beach to you! Sand and everything!”

It was a silly idea. Ridiculous, really.
Tempting, too, which was why Geno agreed.

Surprisingly, it seemed as though the god’s plan was working out pretty well.

The first thing that he noticed was that there was a lot of sand. Some of it Reaper had purchased from an outdoorsy store, Geno knew (“Wait, you paid for sand?!”), but the god had claimed that they needed the real deal too in order to make it more authentic and had taken to shoveling in piles from an actual beach with the use of a handy shovel (that was totally not stolen from a grave-robber) and a small portal to another world. Now, you couldn’t even see the black of the save screen floor.

Actually, he mused, looking around curiously, you could barely tell this was the save screen to begin with.

Aside from the sand, Reaper had thrown up three large scenery backdrop screens of a seemingly endless bright blue sky over a wide stretch of a sandy plain. It was obvious that they were photographs and not the real deal but the screens paired with the real sand under his feet and the bright, blinding lights expertly placed around the area were almost enough to trick him into believing he was elsewhere. Hell, the lights Reaper had chosen were so bright that he actually had to glance at the darkness behind him to make sure the void was still working due to how little shadows there were in the makeshift beach. A little wisp of wind tickled his face and Geno squinted against the lighting until he spotted a small fan hidden among the lamps. Reaper added a breeze to the fake beach, too?

“Wow.” Geno quietly uttered, more than a little impressed. “This is...a lot more than I was expecting.” Bigger too, he noticed, slowly spinning around to take in just how large of a chunk of the void Reaper had taken over to make this happen. “Stars, Reaper, I think you went a little overboard.”

“We’re making a beach in your house, Gen.” The god replied; amused. He was assembling what was starting to look like a surprisingly deep plastic pool. “Why not go all out?”

“I’m probably not going to be using this area all that much.” The smaller attempted to protest. As he did so, he began searching out the best spot to set their things. “All this hard work will just go to waste.”

“Not if we have fun today~”

Rolling his eye light, Geno turned his back to the other; smiling. Deciding on an area that wasn’t too close to the pool, he dropped his armful of supplies onto the sand and plucked a striped beach umbrella out of the air in order to stab it into the ground. Unneeded shade now given, he began rolling out their towels and setting up their little rest area. Radio, basket of snacks, drinks, useless sunscreen… checking through a mental list and glancing at what he had carried over with his magic, Geno grumbled. He forgot the cooler from the kitchen.

“Ocean or sea, Gen?”

“Huh?” He asked, breaking free from his thoughts. “What or what?”

“Ocean or sea?” Reaper repeated, stepping away from the pool once it was finished. It looked a little wonky but the god followed the directions and was pretty sure it would hold. “For the pool. Do you want water from the ocean or sea?”

“Oh, um, sea.”

With that, a tiny little portal opened up above the pool. The pool would take longer to fill with such a small stream of water but neither of them wanted to risk ending up with a pet fish or two because
“I’m going to change.” Geno announced, already turning away. He could grab the cooler on his way back. “Do you have anything else you need to set up?”

“Just the grill, I think. That can wait until later though.”

More than use to Reaper’s behavior, Geno only shrieked a little bit when his feet suddenly left the ground as he was thrown over the taller’s shoulder like a bag of potatoes. “Idiot.” he groused while hanging limply. “We’re not that far from the house. Carrying me is pointless.”

First chance he had, Geno was going to bite the hand patting his sacrum. “You can beach at me all you want, Gen, but we both know you like being carried around.”

“Lies.”

“Babe, you made me carry you from the recliner to the sofa. They’re like two feet apart.”

“Lies!”

“You have me pick you up when you can’t reach things. Instead of using magic.”

“I hear the words you’re speaking, yet they all sound so fake. Because you’re lying!”

“I’m pretty sure you fall asleep everywhere but the bed just so I’ll carry you to it.”

There was a telling silence that made the god grin and Geno flush a bit in embarrassment. Damnit, he thought he was getting away with that last one. Why did Reaper have to be such an insightful bastard?

“You’re so cute.” The god murmured with a chuckle, finally setting the smaller skeleton back on his feet. “You’re just the cutest little bean ever.”

“You’re being weird again.” Geno grumbled. He still had to decide on which swim suit he wanted to wear, so he began going through the options again. “I’m not cute, asshole. I look like something out of a horror movie. Hell, depending on who you are, I’m the villain of the horror movie.”

“Cutest little vengeful villain I’ve ever seen.”

“I’m going to murder you.”

“It’d be the cutest murder attempt ever. Well, after your first one, that is. Oh, but I was trying to kill you first so that was more self defense than an actual murder attempt, wasn’t it?”

Giving up on trying to convince the god that he wasn’t cute—you just couldn’t argue with idiots—Geno finally selected a pair of swimming trunks then motioned down to the other pile he had made. “Pick what you’re going to wear, asshole.”

“If you say cute, I’m burying you in the sand and leaving you to rot”

Scowling at the shit eating grin his lover wore and flipping him off for good measure, Geno went to find something tall enough to hide behind so that he could change. He wasn’t planning on forming an ecto-body just to wear a pair of shorts—and he definitely wasn’t forming fucking boobs—but, as he passed it, he found himself snatching up the cover-up with the skeletal hands on the chest.
He liked the stupid thing, okay? Sue him.

Quickly hanging his precious scarf up carefully then exchanging his usual clothing for the beach appropriate clothing—and just barely remembering to remove his slippers and socks—Geno gave himself as best a once over as he could without a mirror before slipping out of his hiding spot to return to Reaper’s si—

“What are you wearing?!” he immediately shrieked; laughing so hard tears filled his socket. “Reaper! What the hell?!”

“Gen!” Reaper dramatically cried out, covering himself with his hands. “I’m naked!”

“Y-you’re not!” Geno cackled. “O-oh my s-stars. Where were you hiding that?! It wasn’t in the bags!”

When the god began posing sensually instead of answering his question as though he were modeling for a camera, Geno actually began rattling with his laughter; his bones shaking with the force of his cackling. Stars, he was getting his blood everywhere, he thought, trying to hide the red leaking from his mouth but unable to really swallow it down when giggles kept spilling out of his throat.

Instead of shorts, Reaper was wearing a swimming unitard. The god wasn’t one to bother with forming ecto outside of sex but he must have had at least a partial formation going because there was no way the tight outfit would have been as filled out as it was otherwise. Set in the style of a tank top, the unitard stretched all the way from his shoulders down to his knees. It was tight and almost entirely black…

...aside from the white skeleton printed across the front of the swimsuit.

It was a cartoony skeleton too! Sure skeleton monsters didn’t look exactly like human skeletons but...but the bones on the outfit were all round and bubbly and looked so weird next to Reaper’s actual limbs. The god did a little spin and his laughter got embarrassingly squeaky when he saw that, for whatever reason, there was a little heart on one of the lower vertebrae of the fake skeleton’s lumbar. Like a tramp stamp, he realized.

As if that wasn’t enough, the wildly grinning god had sunglasses taped in place on his skull and a big, floppy sun hat with an even bigger and floppier flower pinned to it.

He looked ridiculous.

“Where did you find that?” he wheezed, finally calming down from his laughing fit. “It’s hideous!”

“Don’t shame my beach body, Geno!” The god playfully scolded. “It took some serious cash to get a bod that looks this good.”

Still snickering a bit as he went to retrieve the cooler, Geno took the bait and asked, “How much cash?”

“Ten bucks.”

Reaper swooped in and took the heavy cooler from him before he could even attempt to lift it. With a wide grin and a wink the smaller could barely see through the dark lenses of the god’s glasses, the taller held out his free hand. Rolling his eye but returning the grin, Geno accepted the hand and, together, they made their way to the beach area.

“Need help applying sunscreen?” Reaper questioned in a teasing purr. “I wouldn’t want to see you
"get burnt."

"Ah, so that’s why you bought something so useless." Geno replied with a look of realization. "You wanted to be a pervert. The sunscreen is just an excuse to hide behind."

Unashamed, the god didn’t deny it. "I noticed the sex dice beach balls by our stuff, Gen."

Damn. Insightful. Bastard.

Choosing to ignore the other for now, the smaller, glitchy skeleton plopped himself down on the chalk outline towel with a little huff. He watched Reaper check on the pool and assumed that it must have filled because the tiny portal suddenly vanished. Curiously, he sniffed and found that the scent in the beach area had changed a bit. With the sand and the seawater, it smelled...well, it smelled like what he was pretty sure a beach should smell like. "Is the water cold?"

"Nah, it’s actually pretty warm. I think all the lights are keeping it from being cool. The saltwater isn’t going to hurt your cut though, right?"

"It may sting at first but it should be fine." staring at the cover-up he wore in consideration, Geno ultimately decided that he was comfortable enough to go without it for now. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Reaper smile. "Where’s the ladder to get in?" he asked, finding the floaties he requested and sliding them up his arms. "I don’t see it on...this...side..." trailing off, he stared at his lover’s smile. "...you left the fucking ladder out, didn’t you?"

"Leap into my arms, my love! I’ll toss you into the pool."

"You aren’t tossing me anywhere, asshole! Why wouldn’t you include a ladder?! Only one of us can magically float!” When that mischievous smile grew, he stepped back. "Oh no! No, no, no! I know what you’re planning! No!"

"Ge~no~cide~" The god sang, stretching out his name.

Slipping a little with how quickly he rushed to stand up, Geno shrieked out a loud, "No" before taking off; away from his lover. "Fuck off!"

The taller skeleton gave chase. "You can’t run from Death, Geno!"

"I escaped you once! I’ll do it ag-AAAAIN! Let me go! Let me go!"

Nuzzling into his neck with a pleased noise, the god merely tightened his hold around his flailing boyfriend and began drifting towards the pool. "You may have avoided me but you didn’t exactly escape me, did you?"

"Don’t let me go! Don’t let me go!” Geno chanted once they were floating above the pool. Nervously, he wrapped his arms around the god’s neck and clung to him tightly. He was fine with the idea of swimming but he wasn’t sure he liked the thought of his head going below the water. "Don’t let me go!"

"Relax, baby," Reaper comforted, slowly easing them into the water. "I’m not going to let you go."

Seeing that his lover seemed to be telling the truth, Geno allowed himself to relax but didn’t quite remove his arms from around the other’s neck. He trusted the flotation devices around his arms but the pool they were in was pretty deep for an above ground structure and the smaller knew he wouldn’t be able to stand in it. They were in deep enough that the salty water was starting to trickle into his wound—ouch—but, soon enough, the two were neck deep in the pool; Geno’s floaties
keeping him supported while Reaper lazily kicked to keep himself treading.

“You good?” The taller murmured, coaxing Geno’s legs around his waist when he still didn’t unwrap his arms.

He wasn’t sinking, so the smaller nodded. “Yeah.” Knowing an invitation when he saw one, the glitchy skeleton closed the distance between them in a kiss. “We’re not having sex in a pool.” he muttered against the other’s grin when something nudged up against him. “You better hope this water gets colder because I’m not giving you a helping hand.”

“It’s a natural reaction, babe.”

“Still not having sex in here.” He mumbled after another kiss. “I’m not swimming in your filth.”

Reaper’s chuckle was lost somewhere in their next kiss. Despite their intimacy, his excitement did eventually fade and the two were able to tear themselves away from one another in order to enjoy the pool.

At first, they simply floated around for a bit, relaxing in the warm water and chatting about things that didn’t really matter but were fun to talk about. Inevitably, one of them accidentally splashed the other—though Reaper insisted Geno did it on purpose—and a splashing war took place that ended up with the smaller skeleton flailing about as a sizable wave made by his lover sent him drifting across the pool.

“Reapeeeeer!” Geno cried out dramatically as he kicked his legs in an attempt to get closer. “Save mee!!”

“Geno!” The god shouted. Arm outstretched, he began swimming after him. “Geno, no! Come back!”

Withholding his laughter, the smaller reached out as well. “Reaper!”

“Geno!”

“Reaper!”

“Geno!”

“Reap- oh no! A shark!”

“Ahhhhhh!” Letting himself sink, Reaper disappeared under the water. Bubbles rushed to the top of the pool due to his laughter though, and Geno himself snickered before screeching in surprise when hands clamped down on his ankles.

As they fooled around, the taller skeleton eventually convince Geno to go without his floaties. It took some serious effort, and a lot of bribing, but, by the time they finished playing, the smaller skeleton was at least able to keep his head above water when still. Swimming was a whole other ordeal; however, and Geno somehow kept tipping sideways in the water whenever he tried to move. A little grumpy at the failure, he ended up clinging to Reaper’s back as the god swam for the both of them.

“Want to go underwater? It shouldn’t mess with your eye light.”

A little hesitant, Geno eyed the water. “You’ll go back up if I don’t like it, right?”

“Of course, Gen.”
"Yeah, okay then."

It took his brain a little while to stop panicking that they were drowning, and there wasn’t really anything to see, but Geno found that there was just something fun about being under the water. When their (well, Reaper’s) swimming got a little tiring, the god shrugged Geno off his back and took a seat on the pool floor with the smaller on his lap. Cuddling underwater was definitely strange but kind of entertaining just because they both knew it was so weird. They even shared a few salty kisses for the hell of it. Then, they shared a few more. Eventually, one of the kisses just didn’t really end.

They were down there for quite some time.

It was hard to tell how many hours or how little minutes passed you by in the save screen but the two decided to take a break from the water when they remembered there was other things they wanted to do. Feet and legs somehow a mess of sand after only seconds of standing outside the water, Geno chose to just plop down on the sand with a few buckets and a tiny shovel meant for tiny hands while Reaper face planted on his white towel. Although, the towel didn’t stay white for long and even Geno had to chuckle at the morbid ‘bloodstain’ that formed under his lover’s body.

“Watch, I’m going to forget you bought that and you’ll have to put up with me complaining that I ruined another towel after a shower.”

“Nah, I’m totally taking this thing home. I want to see how Paps’ friends react to it the next time they stay over.”

Not bothering to look up from his sandcastle, Geno snickered. “Mean.”

“Undyne ate the leftovers you sent me home with!”

“Mean~”

“It had my name on it!”

Once he was bored of playing in the sand, the smaller skeleton moved to “sunbathing” and, like any good Sans would, fell asleep on his towel. By the time he awoke, Reaper had the grill set up and was sporting his silly apron over his even sillier swimsuit. Thankfully, at least, the tape on the sunglasses and the sunhat had come off in the pool and he was no longer wearing those things. It was a lot easier to look at him without laughing without them.

“You want a burger or a hot dog?” The asked upon noticing he was awake. “Also, want to set up that little table I got?”

“Okay,” yawning a bit and blinking out some sand from his sockets—wow, the stuff got everywhere—Geno did as requested of him. “Can I have both? I’ve never had you’re cooking so I’m kind of curious to see how they’ll taste.”

“It’s just hotdogs and burgers, Gen.”

“It’s just hotdogs and burgers, Gen.” Geno mocked a while later. “Just hotdogs and burgers my ass! Why do you never cook?!”

Watching in amusement as his lover smeared ketchup on his face during a particularly vicious bite of his food, the god shrugged. “I’m not that good at it.”

“Not that good, he says.” The smaller grumbled. “If it wasn’t blasphemy of the worst kind, I’d say
this was better than Grillby's. The burger is so juicy! The hotdogs are perfect! This...this ketchup is amazing! Where did you even find it??"

“I made it, Gen.”

Said glitchy skeleton stared at his boyfriend as though he were a gift from the go- oh. Reaper kind of was, wasn’t he? “I’m going to finish eating.”

“Okay?”

“And then I’m going to lick this ketchup off your body.”

Reaper had absolutely no complaints.

The sex dice beach balls never got used and Geno still refused to have actual sex—seriously, the sand was getting everywhere and he did NOT want it there—but the two still had fun.

By the end of the day, the two were covered in sand, a little sticky with ketchup, and more than a little exhausted with all the fun they had (both the normal type and the sexy type). Geno could barely keep his eyes open in the shower when they were washing up and even Reaper nearly dozed off in the middle of drying himself with a towel.

“How’d you like the beach?” The god questioned sleepily once they were cuddled up together in bed. “Did you have fun?”

“Yeah,” Geno mumbled tiredly, face shoved into Reaper’s sternum. “I liked it.”

“Good.” There was the sensation of teeth against his skull before arms tightened around him. “One day, you’ll get to go to a real one.”

Geno was too busy falling asleep to respond but, quietly, he thought that sounded nice.

As long as Reaper was there, of course.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not sure if this counts as ridiculous but I feel like, at the very least, the idea of skeletons swimming is pretty silly.

Reaper totally keeps that swimsuit and wears it the day he and Geno get to go to real beach, by the way.

Also: Would people be interested in a story full of little snippets from other moments in the Afterdeath relationship? It would technically be a continuation of this story but it wouldn't be restrained by prompts and I'd be interested in considering reader's suggestions for what they'd like to see happen in a chapter or two. Let me know what you think!
Reaper liked flowers.

It wasn’t something that many people knew about him. Actually, he wasn’t all that sure that anyone knew that little tibit. Who would assume that the god of death likes cute little flowers, after all?

But he did.

There was something...well, he couldn’t really put his finger on what about the plant life drew him to them. Some were colorful, some you could call plain, but they were all just... lovely, in the end. He liked how dainty they all seemed to be, no matter how wild and large a few grew. Reaper couldn’t tell you how they felt but he liked to imagine that the petals were all soft and smooth, like silk would be under your fingertips.

One of his absolute favorites were the long strands of purple-white flowers that grew on a few of the trees in Life’s garden. He couldn’t get too close to them without blackening them but he loved how the blossoms looked like a shower of flowers. One of the trees even bloomed with these bright, vibrant blue blossoms! It was similar enough to his magic that he secretly decided that the tree was his. Reaper’s Tree: Bright, beautiful...

...and only seen from a distance.

Like he said: He couldn’t get too close to the trees....

Or the grass.

Or the small bundle of flowers he once wanted to pick for Geno...

...

...

Admiring flowers was kind of dumb when you were Death, wasn’t it? It didn’t really matter how nice they were. He’d just kill them, in the end.
Like he killed everything.

Stumbling through a large, overgrown place, unaware of the dark footprints being left behind; wide, black sockets looked around with wonder. What was this, he wondered, head swerving side to side in amazement. It was...it was big! And...and green! That was the color, right? Green? Yeah, green!

Grinning widely, he kept wandering until a small spec of color caught his eye. Curious, he began making his way toward it, absently swatting large leaves and tall grass out of his way and not catching the way they shriveled into dust.

Oh, the colorful thing was so small! Kneeling down to get closer to it, he grinned; brightly. “‘Ello whittle thing!” He chirped. “M’Sans! Who’er yah?”

It didn’t answer but he didn’t mind. Not a lot of people answered him when he spoke to them.

Perfectly fine with the silence, he settled onto his stomach and smiled at the brightly colored little thing. It looked like a mini sunset, he decided. Yellow and orange and red with bits of white like clouds. He liked the sunset! Maybe...maybe he could keep this one? Glancing around curiously to make sure he was alone, he slowly reached out. No one would notice, right?

“M’gonna take yah ‘ome, kay?” He whispered secretively.

Closing his fingers around the thin green part, he carefully pulled the little sunset away from the green bits (grass, right?) and beamed as he moved it clos—

Eyes widening in horror, he watched as the little sunset began to fade into dusk. Slowly, the bright bits curled in on itself, the colors graying before blackening as the tiny thing crumpled up like a clean piece of paper being shoved into the shape of a ball. Before long, all he held was a thin, twisted piece of black that was so fragile it turned to dust when the wind blew.

Stunned, he slowly let his hand fall back to the floor yet a soft crunch caught his attention and he looked down.

“Nu...” he whimpered, staring at the blackened grass beneath him. Hurriedly, he stood up and stumbled back but the dark splotches of dead grass followed him. “N-nu! Nu!”

What...what was going on? Was this a bad place? Did...did he do something bad by trying to take the pretty sunset? Scared that the decay would spread to him, he turned back the way he came... ...and froze.

There...there were more black spots, shaped like his footprints. Like.... Nervously, he placed his tiny foot on one of the spots and teared up when it fit perfectly. They were shaped like his footprints. He didn’t...he didn’t try to take the tiny sunset when he was all the way back there though! Was...was it just the weird place doing it or—

“Death!” A loud, sharp voice screeched, making him flinch back. Feeling small and scared, he turned around to the god that was angrily stopping his way over. He didn’t know them but they knew his name and they.... Gulping, he shrunk back a bit. They looked angry. “You little heathen! How dare you bring your curse into my forest?!”

A curse was a bad thing, wasn’t it? “I...I nu bring a bad thingy!” he protested nervously. In order to prove his innocence, he held his hands out towards the older god to show he didn’t have anything.

Eyes widening in horror, the other god flinched back. “D-don’t touch me! You may be a child but
you will not get away with...with senseless murder!"

Murder?! He...that was a bad thing! He wasn’t gonna do that bad thing! Desperately, he waved his hands more insistently. “I nu bad!” he insisted. He paused before he could take a step closer though. Papa—um, Gaster and the King said he wasn’t supposed to touch people so he had to be really careful! Still, he...he... “M’not bad!”

The god laughed. It didn’t sound very nice. “Not bad? Not bad?! You’re terrible, you damned demon! Look at what your touch alone brings!” he shouted, gesturing to the dead grass with an angry wave. “Everything you touch kills!”

“...M’did tha’...?” he asked in a small voice, pointing at the ruined grass then moving his finger to the small, dead leaves he had plucked the little sunset from. “...M’fault?”

“It’s all your fault!” The older god hissed. “Every death from the smallest insect to the strongest of gods is because of you! My poor forest, my—” here, the god’s voice did something funny. It got high and thin, like he was squeezing it out with a lot of trouble. “—my beautiful wife.... You’re a murderer, Death! A...a monster! AND YOU WILL LEAVE MY FOREST BEFORE YOU RAZE IT TO THE GROUND!”

Eyes widening when the god raised the long staff he had been using as a walking stick, he turned around and sprinted away. He didn’t stop until he was out of the weird place—the forest, he now knew it was called—and he still didn’t stop until he was as far away as he could get.

Once he felt safe, he plopped onto the ground, exhausted, and attempted to wipe his tears. The...the god was a meanie. Meanies...meanies lied! He wasn’t bad! He wasn't! He wasn't!

Spotting long strands of bright green sprouting up from a crack in the hard floor he sat on, he smiled through his tears and began eagerly crawling forward. He wasn’t bad! He wasn’t—

The grass shriveled at his touch.

...

...

...

He was bad.

“Those are pretty.”

Startling so hard he nearly smacked Geno in the face with a flailing arm, Reaper whipped around to stare at his equally startled husband. “Geno!” he shouted in the tone of someone caught doing something wrong. “What are you doing here?!”

Confused, the error stared at him “...I’m shopping? With my husband and child?”

“Shopping!” Goth cheered, one hand held by his mother’s. He was only a few months pass his second birthday but was starting to shoot up like a weed; getting taller and learning new words every day. Stars, he was going to be graduating college before they could even blink! “Shopping! Shopping!” Noticing the flowers Reaper had gotten lost in thought while staring at, he gasped. “Pwetty!”

“Oh no you don’t!” Geno cried when the toddler released his hand in an attempt to get closer.
Quickly scooping him up and settling him on his hip, he nuzzled Goth playfully. “We don’t need you trying to sneak off with the flower shop’s display, Cinnababy!”

Looking betrayed, Goth turned to his father pleadingly. “Pwetty?”

“Don’t look at me, Gothy.” He chuckled. “Mama is the one saying no.”

“Will you stop turning him against me?!” The error grumbled when Goth’s sad look was turned his way. “You know he’ll shove his hands in that display and pluck out all the flowers. That thing doesn’t look cheap, Reaps.”

“Why don’t you go inside and let him pick out one or two to take home then?” He suggested instead, already digging through his pocket for his wallet. Holding it out to his lover once he found it, he grinned. “Don’t let him stick them in his mouth though, okay?”

“You don’t want to come?” His husband questioned rather than taking the wallet. “You seemed to like the flowers in the display. Don’t you want to see what they have inside?”

Eyes flickering to the bright flowers skillfully set up outside the shop, Reaper had to admit he was tempted. That being said…. Insistently, he pressed the wallet into Geno’s hands. “Shop looks a little small, Gen. I’ll just stay out here so I don’t risk bumping into anything, okay? Besides,” grinning cheerfully, he motioned at himself. “what is Death going to do with a bunch of flowers?”

There was a strange look in the smaller’s eyes. It must have been the glare of his glasses though because it was gone when he blinked. “We won’t take long.” Geno promised before heading inside with their cheering child.

Not left with much else to do but guard the stroller and wait, Reaper leaned against a nearby light pole and hummed to himself for entertainment; eyes wandering curiously. Eventually; however, they landed on the display that had caught his attention earlier and he found himself staring again; entranced by the way the colors all complemented one another so well. Like Geno and Goth both said, the flowers really were quite pretty.

“What would Death do with a bunch of flowers?” He repeated, smile slowly tilting into a wistful frown. “...Kill them, that’s what.”

That’s all he could do with them, after all.

Reaper liked flowers.

Geno was kicking himself for not noticing before.

Peeking out through the large shop window, the error watched as his husband glanced back at the shop display and saw how he never really looked away after that; his gaze filled with longing. He didn’t like that little frown Reaper was wearing, he decided, absentely pulling Goth’s hand away from a hanging flower basket. It looked...not sad, but close. It was an expression he didn’t see all that often on the taller’s face but it was one he had seen himself wear in the mirror more often than he’d care to admit, so he was pretty confident he was identifying it correctly.

Self depreciation.
Displeased, Geno was extremely tempted to march out the store so he could kiss that distasteful look away.

“Mama…” Goth whined, squirming in his arms. “Mama! Wanna see pwetty!”

“Okay, Cinnababy.” He murmured, turning away from the window for now. As much as he loved Reaper, their little guy was the reason he was in the shop at the moment. “Want to find yourself one pretty flower?” he asked, holding up a single finger. “Just one though, okay? One :)

Setting Goth down on his feet, he unleashed the tiny little beast upon the shop. Before following after the toddler; however, he gave one more considering glance in Reaper’s direction. Maybe flowers would…? Not real ones of course, but…. Yeah. Yeah, that could work! He could—

Crash.

Wincing, the error slowly turned his head towards where that loud sound had come from. Trying to not to meet eyes with the employee behind the cash register, he hesitantly called out his son’s name.

A few moments of silence passed. Then, “Oopies, Mama.”

Geno sighed even as the voices in his head snickered.

Looks like they were buying a little more than a single flower.

By the time their little outing came to an end, Goth was passed out in his stroller with an abundance of flowers tucked around him and a little, cracked flower pot between his arms being held like a teddy bear.

“I can’t believe you let him loose in the stop.” Reaper chuckled, shifting his hold on dozen of bags he carried. “These things are heavy, Gen. Even for me! I thought we were going to wait until it was closer to the date before buying your friends wedding gifts?”

“Those aren’t for Ink.” he informed the other, too busy pushing the stroller to help with carrying any of the bags. “I needed a few things from the art store.”

“A few things? Babe, I think you bought the entire store.” Glancing at Goth, the taller skeleton grinned in amusement. “Just like Gothy tried to buy the entire flower shop. What do you need all this art stuff for though?”

“None of your business.” Reaper didn’t need to know. Not yet, at least. “Can we open up a portal yet? I’m getting hungry. Oh! Actually! Let’s stop by that one take out place! I want peanut-butter chicken. Mmm, with a side of mustard.”

“Gen, honey, you hate mustard.”

Glaring at the god, he scowled. “Yeah, well, right now I want mustard. On some peanut-butter chicken!”

Sighing a bit, the god nodded, though his grin was hiking up higher in amusement. “Why don’t we stop by the house first? We can get Goth settled into bed and then I’ll head out for the food while you put these things away. Sound good?”
“Yeah.” he agreed. “...I want a side of fried rice.”

“And an eggroll?”

“Yes!”

---

Geno waited until Reaper left for work the next morning before pulling open his inventory. Glancing around as though expecting his husband to appear out of thin air (which Reaper could actually do) he sighed in relief when he found himself alone and grabbed the book he purchased yesterday after Goth’s destruction of the flower shop. Heavy and thick with bright, glossy pages, the book was actually just a hefty flower manual. It didn’t have every flower in the world in it but it did have large pictures of multiple types of flowers and that was all Geno really cared out. Flipping the book open to the first page and weighing it down with a mug, he eyed the colors and shapes making up the flower’s petals before turning to the pile of art supplies he had scattered around him.

It was time to get to work.

---

This was so much work.

He was barely into the fifth page of the book when Goth woke up and called for him from upstairs, forcing him to pause his crafting to see to the child’s needs. As it turned out, those needs were a change of sheets and a bath because the toddler had peed through his diaper during his sleep. Again.

Geno really needed to get a better brand.

Once his son was all cleaned up and changed into some fresh clothing, Geno took him downstairs for some breakfast and only just managed to catch the little tyke when he noticed all the art stuff and began running forward excitedly. “You can play with Mama’s art supplies after you eat, Cinnababy.”

“Now.” Goth had demanded, flashing him his now infamous ‘Mama’s scowl’ in annoyance. “Play now!”

That argument ended with a very unhappy toddler shrieking at him from his highchair and pelting him with cheerios while Geno attempted to cut out the correct shapes for an annoyingly complex blossom. When the entire bowl was thrown at him alongside a sippy cup full of juice; thus ruining all his progress, Geno slammed his head on the table and groaned.

This was going to be a lot harder with a kid around, wasn’t it?

“PLAY NOW!” Goth screeched.

Yeah, it was definitely going to be harder with a kid.

Damnit, he was hungry again now, too.
Thankfully, every day wasn’t like the one with his first attempt at crafting and Goth’s tantrum. By the third morning, Goth had accepted that throwing fits when he didn’t get to play with Mama’s art supplies before breakfast meant that he wouldn’t get to play with them at all and, though still pouty, the toddler began sitting through his morning meals. As a little treat for his good behavior, Geno even let him have one of the Sweeter juices that was usually saved for special occasions. After that, Goth was very well behaved and finally got to play with the colorful paper and pencils and paint Geno purchased.

Happy to plop himself on the floor next to his mother’s chair, the toddler took to scribbling across whatever papers and scraps Geno would offer him while the error attempted to work through the flower manual as best as he could. He was pretty handy when it came to sewing but paper and paint was an entirely different media and Geno wasn’t ashamed to admit that he was struggling a bit with his crafting. It took multiple attempts just for him to get one result that didn’t look terrible and he found himself sighing every time he messed up on a cut or used the wrong color. On either side of him on the table were two piles—one of acceptable products and a trash pile—and, unfortunately, the trash pile was stacked far higher than the other.

A tug on his shorts distracted him and the fine blade he was using cut across a near perfect petal. Sighing, Geno flicked it into the trash pile before looking down. “Yeah, Cinnababy?”

“A look!” Goth demanded, holding up a large piece of paper with a rainbow of scribbles across it.

Unable to help himself, Geno smiled. “Well, look at what my little artist drew! That’s the prettiest thing I’ve ever seen, baby!”

Looking proud, the toddler waved it at him. “Mama’s!”

Geno gasped. “You made it for Mama? Aww, Gothy!” Taking the messy drawing and very clearly propping it up so that he could see it as he worked, Geno felt his smile grow. “Do you want to draw Daddy a picture, too?”

“Dadada!” Picking up a crayon, the littlest skeleton got to work.

Feeling a lot lighter than he had just a few seconds ago, the error picked up his crafting knife and was about to attempt another petal when a thought popped into his head. Slowly looking back to the scribbles doodled for him by his son and making sure that Goth wasn’t watching, he sneakily reached up and dragged the drawing closer. It wouldn’t look like any of the flowers in the book but...

Glancing at Goth again, Geno brought his knife down.

…it would make for something special, wouldn’t it?

“Gothy should make Daddy lots of drawings.”

Goth happily obliged.

A few days before the big day, Geno realized he wouldn’t be able to finish in time if he only worked on his project while Reaper was at work. Eight hours a day seemed like a lot of time but crafting went by surprisingly slowly and, with children to care for, the error had to take multiple breaks in order to prepare food and attend to Goth. The little guy had yet to tire of drawing but he was just a
toddler and still needed bathroom breaks and his mother’s attention.

Sometimes, the toddler wanted to sit on his lap and Geno refused to use the crafting knife when Goth would be so close to it, further slowing his progress. Instead, he worked on painting and gluing pieces together or using the little metal roller he bought to shape things. Not everything was as perfect as he’d like, and Gothy’s little fingers had smeared a few things in paint, but, overall, things were coming together pretty well.

Just...slowly.

Really, really, really wanting to finish in time, Geno moved everything to the guest room four days before his deadline and banned Reaper from entering it. Once his threatening did it’s work (“I swear, Reaper! If you so much as peek inside that room I...I'll...I'll run up and down the stairs all day!”) and he was absolutely positive his husband wouldn’t ruin his surprise, the error began spending evenings and a few nights in the guest room, crafting away. It didn’t increase his work hours a whole lot because he did want to spend time with the idiot he married, but the extra time did help a lot in getting him closer to finishing; especially since Reaper was able to watch Goth whenever he was home.

Finally, the big day came and Geno was done with all his crafting. He and Goth were even able to make a sign!

“Why are you grinning so much?” Reaper mumbled against his teeth.

Backed up against the front door, he merely smile wider into their kiss. “You’ll see.” Flicking his tongue against the god’s grin teasingly but pushing him away when he attempted to deepen it, the error chuckled and slipped away from the door. “Go to work, Reaps. You can have another kiss when you get back home.”

“Mmm, what a treat to look forward to.” The god purred, slapping him on the bottom the moment Geno turned his back. When he gasped and whirled around with a disapproving stare, Reaper winked. “Sorry, baby, couldn’t help myself.”

“Icky!” Goth complained, already displeased at having seen his parents kissing for so long. “Dadada, icky!” Pointing at the corner, he huffed. “Out!”

“Better go to work, hun.” Geno chuckled. “Gothy is going to put you in time out otherwise.”

“Oof, I gotta get going then! Time out is terrible!”

With another quick kiss shared between them and a wave at Goth, the god vanished through a portal to work. The moment he was gone, Geno spun on his heel and grinned widely at his son. “Gothy! Do you want to help Mama decorate, Cinnababy?”

“No.” The toddler grumbled. Scowling at Geno, he pointed at the corner again. “Mama out!”

“Hey! I didn’t do anything! Daddy was the one being icky!”

“Out!”

Sighing despite the amused grin on his face, Geno went to stand in the corner.

He’d have to decorate after time out.
His adorable husband was acting strange lately and Reaper wanted to know why.

Well, he knew part of the reason—he was the one that got puked on, after all—but there was something else going on with Geno and Reaper wasn’t really sure what it was. Nothing bad, probably. Hopefully.

Stars, please tell him it wasn’t anything bad. They were doing so well since the attack from more than a year ago and he was hoping to maintain that peace for at least the next few months.

A little worried for no real good reason, Reaper all but threw himself into a portal home the moment his eight hours of work came to an end. His landing wasn’t that great and he had to peel himself off of the front door before he was able to open it. Huh, the lights were off.

“Gen!” He called as he stepped into the darkened living room. His searching fingers found the light switch. “I’m ba-“

The lights flipped on…

...and Reaper stopped breathing.

His living room was filled to the brim with flowers.

They were on the tables, the bookshelves, the tv stand...any available flat surface was completely engulfed by various types of flowers in various colors. Blue, red, pink, yellow, purple… an entire rainbow of color, really. What really stunned him; however, was the ceiling.

Hanging from what looked like hundreds of familiar, red strings was what looked like a shower of flowers frozen in time. The threads keeping them in the air were so thin you nearly didn’t notice them at first though, and the flowers almost looked like they were floating. Reaper had always loved the trees that looked like a rain of purple blossoms…

...but these weren’t purple.

No, they were all white.

With little, uncoordinated scribbles of color scrawled across them.

“Are...are these fake?” He whispered, stunned. No one was in the living room to answer him though, so he slowly stepped forward to get a better look. They...they were. It was harder to tell from further away, but these were paper flowers. Wait. “Are…” spinning in a slow circle, he gaped at the room. “Are these all fake?”

There was a gasp from behind him. “No!” Geno cried, sounding distressed. “I missed you coming home!”

“No!” Goth copied.

Feeling more than a little brain dead, he turned to face his husband and child. Goth was carrying a sign, he realized distantly. It was facing away from him so he couldn’t read it. “Gen…?”

“You asshole.” The error groused, sulking. “Two minutes! If I found the sign two minutes faster, then I would have gotten to see your reaction!”
“Dadada!” Goth screeched, waving the backwards sign at him excitedly. Nearly throwing himself out of his mother’s arms with his flailing, he shrieked, “Dadada!”

Reaper was just a little too stunned to respond.

“Reaper…?” Geno called out worriedly. Setting Goth down, he took a few steps closer. He was starting to look nervous. “...Do you not like it? Oh no,” his nervous expression turned to horror. “I was wrong, wasn’t it? You don’t like flowers!”

“Dadada!” Cheerful as ever, Goth was still waving around the sign; unaware that his parents seemed to both be having breakdowns. “Dadada! Look!”

Numbly, Reaper took the sign and flipped it around.

HAPPY FATHER’S DAY, REAPER

From Geno and ——

He was pretty sure that scribble was meant to be Goth’s name. He was also pretty sure the mess of paint and glitter the sign was, was also something Goth was responsible. Wait.

Eyeing a few scribbles drawn on the bottom of the sign, Reaper slowly lifted it so it was next to the flowers hanging in the air.

“Are those made from Goth’s drawings?” He whispered.

Looking a bummed, Geno nodded. “I thought it would be cute…”

Seeing the dejected expression on his lover’s face and catching the upset tone in his voice, Reaper realized with a sudden clarity that he had never answered the smaller skeleton's question. “How did you know I liked flowers?” He questioned, letting Geno know he hadn’t gotten the little fact wrong.

“Fuck, Gen, how did…” hesitantly reaching out and prodding a pretty lily, Reaper stared when it didn’t wilt. It was fake then. Paper, it felt like. “Where did you get these? They’re…”

“Pwetty!”

Chuckling a bit, he nodded. “I was going to say gorgeous but that works too, Gothy.”

“They’re misshapen.” Geno denied with a pout. “I had to use the ones from the trash pile just to make sure I had enough. Our living room is bigger than I thought.” Scowling at bundle of paper flowers near him, the error sulked. “Making flowers out of paper is a lot harder than I thought it’d be.”

“You made these?!” There had to be over a hundred! “I assumed that of the one’s from Goth’s drawings but you made all of these? Gen that’s…that’s…” Amazing didn’t even cover it. “This is a lot of work just for father’s day, isn’t it? You already gave me a gift!”

“I told you he doesn’t count as a gift!” The error huffed. “...I wanted to do something nice for you. I saw the way you were looking at those flowers when we went shopping, Reaps, and I just knew getting you some would make for a sweet Father’s Day gift.”

“But you wouldn’t be able to get me real ones.” He added, carefully setting down the sign in favor of picking up a small bouquet of flowers that shifted from red to orange to yellow. Like little sunsets… “You made me flowers because you couldn’t buy me any?”
“I know they’re not the real deal,” Geno began while shifting nervously “but I thought it’d be more personal than buying a bunch of fake ones from a store. Do you...” stopping Goth from putting a rose in his blank socket, the error smiled unsurely. “...do you like it?”

Understanding that his mother wouldn’t let him decorate his eye with the pretty flowers, Goth attempted to stick them down his diaper. Again he was stopped. Heaving a great, big sigh you’d expect to hear from an exhausted adult rather than a child, he lifted his arm and offered the handful of colors to his father instead. “Dadada! ‘Flowers!”

Unable to help himself, Reaper leaned down and let the child fill one of his sockets with the paper blossoms. “Does Daddy look pretty with Mama’s flowers?”

“Pwetty!” Goth shrieked happily, throwing himself into the god’s arms. Together, father and son turned to Geno with bright grins.

“Gen, you are absolutely amazing.” Reaper breathed, stepping closer to the smaller skeleton. “How could you think there was ever a way I wouldn’t love this? This is...stars, this is beautiful, Geno. They’re not real but...” reaching behind his lover, he plucked out a bright red flower he couldn’t identify and smiled at the sight of it in his hands. “...they’re perfect.” He knew that none of these felt like real flowers—the paper wasn’t silky and the paint felt rough—but who cared? Geno made them. Carefully tucking the stem between the error’s skull and the arm of his glasses Reaper sighed; happily. “Beautiful.”

“Me too!”

Sighing in defeat, Geno selected a pretty blue flower and carefully stuck it in Goth’s empty socket. It didn’t hurt and wasn’t dangerous but they were trying to prevent the toddler from thinking his own skull could act as a pocket. That being said, both parents grinned when the small child screeched with joy.

“I’m glad you like it...”

“Love.” He corrected, stealing a kiss that made Goth grumble. The little guy really didn’t like kisses unless he was the one getting the affection. “I love it, Gen. Has Pap seen it yet?” leading Geno to the sofa—the only thing not drowned in flowers—he took a seat with Goth on his lap and gently tugged his husband close. “I bet he loved it too.”

Geno shook his head though. “Papyrus sent me a message saying the ‘Big Brother’s Day’ meal he was making at Undyne’s wasn’t done yet, so he won’t be back for a while. Before you ask: He’s making it at her house because she promised to show him a new recipe. I love your brother, I do, but...”

“You didn’t want them blowing up our house.”

With a sheepish expression, the other nodded. “These things took forever to make. I wasn’t going to risk Paps setting fire to them.”

“Mmm, so we have the house to ourselves?” Letting a purr seep into his voice, Reaper lightly tugged at the hem of Geno’s shirt. Goth was busy fiddling with the mini blaster he wore around his neck and remained oblivious to his father’s actions. “Wanna show me something special?”

“You’re making this sound dirty, asshole.” The error complained with a bright blush. Pushing Reaper’s hand away, he lifted his shirt just enough so that the god could see what he wanted.
“Bruder!” Goth screeched, taking notice of his mother’s stomach being shown. Squirming until he was shifted around on his father’s lap enough to face Geno, he pointed at the little SOUL visible through the error’s ecto and clapped. “Goth’s bruder!”

Smirk softening into an adoring smile, he pressed a kiss to his oldest son’s head and nodded in agreement. “Yeah, little guy. That’s your baby brother. Wanna say hi to Raven?”

As his firstborn scrambled to get close enough to his mother to place a hand on Geno’s stomach, Reaper found himself taking a moment to simply gaze around the flower filled room. Slowly, his eyes returned to his husband and children and his smile somehow grew even softer than before as he caught of the blossoms they wore.

Reaper definitely liked flowers…

“Hi bruder.” The littlest skeleton whispered. Carefully, he plucked the flower from his socket and placed it on Geno’s tummy. “Gots you ah f’ower!”

…but he found that he loved his family a lot more.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, Raven definitely wasn't meant to sneak his way inside of this story. I mean his name was dropped but he wasn't supposed to be a thing!

Also, this chapter didn't want to be written. I have like four different drafts with four different plots and this was the best one I came up with. Not entirely happy with it, to be honest.

By the way, if Geno's threat to Reaper didn't make sense: Reaper gets nervous when Geno uses the stairs while he pregnant.

Only two more chapters after this, folks!
Doing Something Hot (NSFW)

Chapter Summary

In which the author told herself she wouldn't write filth but still ended up writing filth.

Chapter Notes

Everything before the bonus takes place before the events of Date!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Geno couldn’t do it.

He couldn’t look him in the eyes.

“Uh, sir…?”

Eye light averted and face red, Geno shakily held up two fingers and quietly requested, “T-two nice creams, please.”

“Oh! Sure, what flavor?”

“V-vanilla. Both of them.”

“Do you want a cup or a cone? Oh! We have popsicles—” Geno flinched. “—too!”

“Two…t-two cones…please…”

“Two vanilla cones coming up! That’ll be 24g!”

Quietly placing the correct amount of coins on the nice cream cart and fidgeting in place as he awaited the completion of the cones, Geno nearly jumped out of his skin (oh, wait…) when the sweet, frozen desserts were thrust out at him. “T-thanks…” he uttered, taking one in each hand. Just as he was about to turn away, he made the mistake of glancing up.

Their eyes met.

“Have a nice day!” A Nice Cream Guy said. “It sure is hot today so I help the nice cream helps cool you down!”

“Why don’t you let me cool you down?” A familiar voice echoed through his mind and, reflexively, Geno squeezed his thighs together before a shock of pleasure shot through him, causing him to realized what he was doing. Embarrassed, he forced his legs to relax.

He had to get out of here.

Mind already a mess of a pleasure he was trying to ignore and a strong mortification from the
interaction he was having, the skeleton found that he couldn’t think of a decent response and simply blurted out something along the lines of “thanksgottagonowbye” before spinning on his heel and bolting back to his boyfriend with a cherry red skull. “I hate you!” he hissed in a whisper the moment he was at the taller’s side. Roughly shoving one of the cones into the god’s hand, he risked a glance back at the nice cream cart. When his eyes accidentally met the Nice Cream Guy’s curious gaze again, he flushed darker and whipped his head around to glare up at Reaper. “I want to break up! Right now!”

“Aw, why would you want to do that?” Reaper whined in a purposely annoying tone. The bastard was grinning like an idiot. “All I did was ask you to get some nice cream. It’s pretty hot out today, ya know? You’ve been sweating and panting for a while now and I was starting to get concerned. Something cool will do you some good.” Despite teasing Geno for his flustered appearance, the god himself was unusually blue in the face. He pretended not to notice; however, and switched the cone to his other hand so he could wrap arm around Geno. Grinning charmingly, the god winked at his lover; sockets heated. “Try not to make a mess, baby.”

Trying very, very hard to just focus on his nice cream, Geno scowled. “You m-made me talk to s-someone! No, not just someone! You m-made me talk to a Nice Cream Guy! You know I haven’t been able to look any of them in the eye since...since…” Cutting himself off by biting into his nice cream (like a heathen), the smaller skeleton turned his gaze downwards in embarrassment. “...since w-we did that with those damn popsicles.”

Reaper didn’t say anything at first. Actually, he didn’t say anything for quite a bit as they continued their walk through the park together, Geno munching on his frozen treat quickly while the god slowly ran his tongue across the cream with a thoughtful gaze. When his teeth bumped into the cone, the god frowned and, instead of biting it, plunged his tongue deep into the cone to seek out more sweetness. Upon finding what he was looking for, the blue muscle curled and Reaper made a noise of pleasure as it retreated back into his mouth with its sugary boon. Sweat was sliding down his skull but the taller didn’t acknowledge it and merely played it cool. “Sweet.” he purred deeply, swallowing the little mouthful before diving back in for more.

Beside him, Geno stared; legs shaking.

“Forget l-looking Nice Cream G-Guy in the eye...” Geno whimpered, struggling to continue walking forward. His thighs twitched and he had to violently beat down his body’s wish to tense up. “...I’m n-never going to be a-able to look at nice cream again. Y-you’re tainting one o-of my favorite desserts!”

Sighing sadly when he saw that only the cone remained, Reaper flicked it into a trash can as they passed it by. It was a little wasteful, yes, but the cone wasn’t as tasty without the sweet. Oh well, at least his hand was free. “Doesn’t look like the snack helped you out, Gen.” The taller said, completely bypassing everything his boyfriend had been saying. Sliding his free hand into his pocket, he shot the other a pointed look. “Shame, it looks like it’s about to get hotter, too.”

Geno’s socket grew wide. “N-no!” he whispered, looking around them with a flustered expression. There was some kind of small fair going on today so the park was pretty full. “Reaper! You s-said I could have a b-break!”

“You just had a snack break, didn’t you?” The taller skeleton teased. His dark gazed burned hotter than the sun above them and heat seemed to flare between their bodies. “If you need to, Gen, you can always go back for another treat. I’m sure they’ll have something blue, if you need it. I won’t mind.”

Whimpering under his breath, Geno slowly shook his head. He...he was enjoying this. It was
embarrassing to admit, yes, but it was thrilling and it was also helping out Reaper. He didn’t want to stop, even if he was a little mortified.

Praying that any passersby that may glance at them took his red face and sweating as a reaction to the heat, the smaller skeleton shook Reaper’s arm off his shoulders in favor of wrapping his own two around it in a tight embrace. His boyfriend wasn’t wearing his usual long sleeved clothing so he settled for simply biting his tongue and pressing his face against the god’s arm. Upon catching the scent emitting from his lover, he purred a bit and pressed his face closer. Hiding as he was, it probably looked like he was a shy, flustered date out for a walk with his boyfriend. Good. That lie was easier to go with than explaining the truth.

Trying not to tremble, he glanced up at the other, taller skeleton watching him with a scorching gaze and slowly nodded in a silent go ahead.

Wicked smirk settling across his grin, Reaper found the switch on the little plastic control he was fiddling with inside his pocket and switched it on.

Instantly, the glitchy skeleton’s legs buckled.

“Careful, honey!” The god chirped, pausing long enough to help his lover stand straight. When someone glanced their way curiously, he grinned and, just loud enough for them to hear, said, “You know you’re clumsy!” Appeased, the bystander looked away and continued on walking pass them; oblivious. Pulling his boyfriend closer by the arm he had in a death grip, Reaper leaned in a bit and purred, “Feeling good, baby?”

“...A-ah...ah...” Geno moaned, voice high but quiet as he muffed it against Reaper’s arm. “...Hah...”

Plastering on a concerned look for any nosy ease-droppers, the god nodded understandably. “Let’s find you somewhere to sit down. You’re really looking hot.”

With a lot of DETERMINATION, the smaller skeleton was able to get his legs working enough so that he could be led further down the path they were walking on. Every step was torture; however, and Geno found himself leaning against his lover heavily as the taller skeleton expertly weaved through the innocent, unknowing crowd. Whenever he began to falter and trip, Reaper would catch him with a fake look of concern and a loudly exclaimed excuse of how the sun must of been too much for him to handle or how his clumsiness seemed so much worse today.

Annoyingly, everything he said had a pointed word or two thrown in just to tease him. Geno couldn’t glare at him in retaliation though. Not when it was on, at least. The rule was he had to be good when it was on and they were walking. He was struggling enough as it was and knew that Reaper would take the first sign of attitude as a reason to hike up the speed on him. If that happened, then what little control he had over himself would shatter into itty bitty pieces and Geno would be a humiliated mess on the floor.

Suddenly, someone on a bike rushed passed him and Geno, having been lost in thought, jumped in surprise. The device jolted at the sharp movement; however, and burning pleasure shot up and down his spine like electricity, causing him to mewl at the sensation. Horrified, he slapped a hand over his grin and looked around fearfully. Thankfully, no one was looking but...but...

There was something sticky trickling down his thighs.

“R-Reaper...” He whimpered desperately, turning a wide, hazy socket to his lover. “I-its...it’s g-going to s-show!” Clamping his legs together tightly and trying to bite back his moans, the smaller
skeleton tugged on his lover’s arm pleadingly. “P-please, you s-said you wouldn’t l-let anyone see!”

Looking around to make sure no one was watching them and spotting a path branching off into a darker, forest area of the park, Reaper quickly urged him away and into the cover of the trees. The fair was in the other area where things were far more open and the two were lucky to find that no one else was around. Careful not to touch anything that would wilt, the god backed his smaller lover up against a tall, thick tree and gripped the hem of the knee-length skirt Geno wore. A bright, vibrant red, the skirt did well to hide the glowing red ecto Reaper revealed as he lifted it.

“Hold it up for me, baby.” The god instructed, waiting until Geno shakily gripped the fabric before releasing the bit he held. View remaining unobstructed, he nudged the smaller’s legs open and carefully slid the panties his boyfriend wore down to Geno’s knees. Like the skirt, they were red and acted as a method of hiding the other’s ecto and were meant to be a barrier against any... leaking.

“Shit,” He whispered roughly, digging through his inventory for a rag and trying not to drool. No wonder the underwear wasn’t doing it’s job anymore. “you’re soaking, Gen.”

A little more daring in the cover of the forest, said skeleton let his head fall back against the tree and panted. “A-ah!” Geno cried out, still quiet but louder than he would have allowed himself to be in the crowd. “Ah, ah! A-ah!”

Pausing with the wipe held inches from Geno’s flesh when the smaller began thrusting his hips a bit, Reaper growled and tilted his head to watch his lover writhe with a lustful gaze. “You look like a work of art.” The taller skeleton complimented in a deep, rumbling voice, admiring the filthy view of his red faced lover with his skirt lifted and panties pushed down. “Stars, I could look at the pretty picture you make for the rest of my life and never get tired of this sight.”

Overcome by pleasure, Geno didn’t answer beyond a few whimpered moans and heavy breaths of air. At one point, he tried to utter Reaper’s name but it was lost somewhere between a gasp and a keen when the god dragged the rag against his burning flesh and jostled the handle of the device buzzing within Geno’s dripping sex. Despite very clearly watching his lover, the god pretended not to notice Geno’s reaction as he slowly cleaned the other’s wetness from between his thighs and down his legs. When more of the smaller’s pleasure began creeping down, he merely wiped it up again.

“R-Reaper...” Geno moaned, needy. “P-please, please t-take me home. I...I n-need...” his words broke off into a ragged cry when fingers teased his stretched entrance. “Please, p-please, please!”

“We didn’t get to finish our walk though~” Reaper complained, not really caring about that but finding pleasure in the desperate way Geno stared down at him when it sank in that he wasn’t planning on taking them back just yet. An instinctual haze was attempting to fog over his mind but he fought it off for now and continued his teasing. “We haven’t gone on the Ferris wheel they set up, either.”

“P-please!” The smaller skeleton begged. “I—”

There was snap of a twig from the distance followed by nearing laughter.

People were coming into the forest area.

Luckily for Geno, Reaper was a possessive bastard.

Unluckily, for Geno, Reaper was a possessive bastard.

With a flare of power concentrated around him and into the pendant hidden beneath the smaller’s
scarf, the two vanished from sight just as an adult couple walked by. They were safe from being seen or heard, but the two would have to keep an eye out for anymore passerbys that may get close enough to touch them.

Uncaring of the small group of young adults that began making their way down the path on the other side of the tree Geno was up against, Reaper dropped the dirtied rag back into his inventory and stood from his crouch. The grass beneath his feet was blackened with death but he didn’t pay it much attention as he focused on turning his boyfriend around. As long as he didn’t touch the tree, things would be fine. The grass would regrow.

“Reaper…?” Geno whined questionably. Reaper needed him to brace himself against the tree, so he took the hem of the skirt his lover was holding and tugged it free of the smaller’s hands in order to lift it even higher. When the other, smaller skeleton unsealed his grin with another moan, he stuck the fabric between Geno’s teeth and waited for the smaller to understand what he wanted before letting go. “I w-want to g-go home.” The smaller whimpered around the skirt in his mouth. “R-Reaper, please? I’ve b-been good for y-you!”

“You have.” The god agreed, adjusting his lover’s freed hands so they were flat against the tree. Placing a hand between Geno’s shoulders, he began pushing down firmly until the smaller was bent over. To relieve some discomfort, Geno himself shifted his legs so that they were spread open to take some pressure off his spine and Reaper purred approvingly. “Being good for me doesn’t mean you’ve been good in general though, Ge~no~” Admiring the smaller’s pretty, tight ass, he hummed thoughtfully and palmed the soft flesh. Amusingly enough, he could hear the vibrations driving his lover insane with how quiet the forest area was. “Do you know what you’ve done that’s bad?”

“No!” The smaller cried. “I...I’ve b-been good!”

“So you say.” Giving a light swat to his lover’s bottom before leaving it alone for the moment, the taller skeleton instead trailed his fingers down between slick thighs to find the toy buried deep within the other. “You don’t think walking around with this,” he performed a quick pull-push motion. Geno squealed at the sensation and he had to raise his voice just to talk over the pleasured cry. “counts as being bad? You’ve been getting fucked silly throughout our entire walk where anyone could catch you and you’re soaking from it. Did you want to be caught, Gen? Did you want someone to hear you moaning and catch you acting like a whore in public with a toy shoved up your pussy?”

“No!” Geno denied, pushing his hips back onto the toy desperately when Reaper withdrew it again. “Y-you know I- ah!” he cried, thrusting back harder onto the toy. The god wasn’t even bothering to push it back into him anymore. Instead, he was watching Geno fuck himself back onto it with a heated gaze. “A-ah, ah! I...I— ah! A-ah! Ah!”

“You what?” Reaper growled, feeling his magic stir and rise with interest. “You said ‘no’ but it’s not very convincing with the way you’re crying out. I think you did want to be caught, Gen. You look so pretty that it's hard not to stare. I bet you liked the attention. Wanted it, so someone would look closer and noticed something strange. Is that why you went to get the nice creams? Were you hoping the guy selling them would notice the state you were in and offer you something nice? Something thick and hot? A fake cock isn’t good enough? You had to have his too?”

“Y-you made m-me talk to him!” Pleasured tears filling his socket when pressure began building his stomach, Geno shook and rode the toy harder. “R-Reaper, I...I’m going to…”

Another small group of people began walking by.

“If you cum before I say you’re allowed to, then I’ll drop the magic and let everyone see.”
Against every instinct flaring up in his body to keep moving, Geno stilled. “No, n-no, please! Please d-don’t let them see!”

“No?” The taller teased. “I thought you wanted to be caught though?”

Trying to hold himself back when the toy was slowly slid back into him up to the hilt, the smaller whined. “Y-you said t-that! I s-said n-no! I…” Free hand in his pocket, the god blindly turned the dial on the control and the buzzing of the vibrator grew louder; faster. “A-ah, ah, I… a-ah! Don’t l-let them see.” Geno sobbed, drool sliding down his chin from his gaping mouth. The group had paused nearby and were sitting on the ground, laughing and chatting without seeming as though they planned to leave anytime soon. “D-don’t…dont w-want anyone to s-see but y-you…”

“Are you sure?” Reaper questioned, delighted by the other’s words but wanting to press just a little more. “Convince me you don’t want to be seen, baby. Prove that you don’t want anyone to see you being fucked by a toy in the open like a dirty. Little. Slut.”

Each word at the end of the taller’s sentence was punctuated with a jab into Geno’s g-spot with the vibrator. Reaper was twisting the dial on the control in each direction it turned and the small, glitchy skeleton struggled against his body as he jerked in place from the jumps in speed. High, low, medium, low, high, low, medium, low, high, medium…. He crying, the smaller noticed. Hard. The longer he fought to keep himself from climaxing, the more it hurt, yet the more it hurt the more it felt good and Geno found himself trapped in vicious cycle of pleasure-pain-pleasure; completely at his lover’s mercy.

When the dial settled on the highest speed—and remained there—and Geno began shaking so hard with his restrain that the poor skeleton began looking like a vibrator himself, the other, taller skeleton finally decided to take pity on him. “Aw, I think I’ve been mean long enough.” he cooed, searching out Geno’s clit and grinding into it with a finger. “You know I won’t actually let anyone else see you, honey. People can see you all dolled up and admire but this pretty sight is mine. If you can’t hold back any longer, then you can go ahead and cum. I won’t punish you.”

“N-not here!” The smaller begged, thighs pressed together tightly as he trembled and cried with his pleasure. “Not…n-not here!”

”Aw, but it’s so nice out, Gen. A little hot, yeah, but the sky is so blue.” Chuckling when Geno whined but didn’t repeat the magical word, Reaper pinched his clit harshly, earning himself a mewl that made his cock throb in desire. “Why don’t you just forget about that little group of people and let yourself go, baby? I already told you I won’t let any of them see.”

Geno was being driven insane. The toy buzzing within him, Reaper’s abuse of his clit, and now the curious finger attempting to slide in along the device…it was too much. Paired with his lover’s deep, seductive voice, the weight of the burning gaze on his back, and the heat he could feel seeping into him from his lover’s body, Geno found that it was far too much to handle and just barely kept himself from tipping over the edge.

Digging his fingers into the bark of the tree and soiling his skirt with his saliva, Geno whined; high and needy. It felt so good! It felt too good. He was going to...going to… “N-no!” the smaller cried, curling into himself the best he could when he was bent over and trying so, so hard to hold himself back. “N-not here! Not a-ah! Ah! Not here, p-please! There’s p-people!”

When the toy was removed, the smaller skeleton nearly melted with relief even while his body betrayed him and attempted to clamp down on it to keep it inside. He didn’t want to cum when there were people around. That was supposed to be private! Even if they couldn’t see, it was embarrass—
His relief didn’t last.

Seconds after the vibrator was removed, Geno screamed with a burst of unexpected pleasure at the feel of something so much hotter being thrust deep inside him; Reaper gripping onto him with one hand as he drove his cock into the smaller’s pussy while the other brought the buzzing toy to Geno’s clit. Already teetering on the edge, the glitchy skeleton was helpless against the pleasure burning through his veins and came with a tortured cry of his lover’s name.

Gritting his teeth at the rush of hot, wet fluid around his cock, Reaper groaned lowly but kept thrusting himself inside; each harsh push pressing Geno’s clit up against the vibrator he held in place. “So good for me, Gen.” he growled over the high, keening wails of his lover. “You’re so fucking good for me, baby. Fuck, you sound so pretty when you cum.”

Sensitive from his orgasm and feeling mortified when a giggling, unaware couple took a seat on the other side of the tree he was being fucked against, Geno sobbed when the god’s hips didn’t still and his pleasure continued to burn through him; sharper after his completion. “I h-hate you!” Stars spotted his vision for a moment when the sweet little spot within him was drilled into. “A-ah, ah! H-hah ah! Ah!” Geno moaned. “I h-hate you! I ha-Ah! I hate y-you!”

“Aw, a-are you embarrassed you came when there w-were people around?” Reaper panted with a teasing tone. “Fuck, you’d look like s-such a slut if they could see you all bent over with your panties around your knees while you take my cock.” Without stilling his hips, the god slowly slid the toy from Geno’s clit down to his stuffed entranced. When the head of the toy probed at him andGeno began wildly shaking his head, he waited for the real denial he needed. “Colors, Gen. Magic if you can’t speak. You gotta give me one of those.”

“C-c-can’t fit both inside!” Geno whimpered through his moaned out cries. “A-ah, ah, ah!”

“Sure you can, darling.” The god cooed, not yet easing in the device but still prodding at the smaller’s entrance. Every delicious thrust back into Geno’s heat had him groaning as his cock scraped against the rumbling toy. Stars, it was going to feel amazing pressed up against him. “We’ve d-done this before, baby, so y-you know it’ll fit. If you don’t want it this time though, you have to use the right words.”

A few minutes passed and aside from the lewd squelching of their joining and each skeleton’s sounds of pleasure, neither glitch nor god made a sound. Reaper gave his lover a little longer to see if magic would wrap around his SOUL and send him flying but Geno simply remained quiet and submissive before him, so he continued on with his plans. Using the smaller’s own fluids to slick the toy, he eagerly began pressing it inside his lover’s wet heat; admittedly a little rushed by the haze forcing its way into his head.

The god was moving too quickly; however, and, with a noise of pleasure-pain, Geno gripped the tree harder and whined, “ R-red!”

Tensing and gritting his teeth against his body’s desire to continue chasing his pleasure, Reaper stilled the instance he heard the color being shouted. The god didn’t pull his length from the other, smaller skeleton; however, nor did he remove the bit of the toy penetrating Geno’s body. Instead, he released his bruising grip on the other’s hip and quickly fumbled for the control in his pocket to switch the vibrator off. “Better?” he questioned with a pant, slowly pushing the toy a fraction of an inch further.

Face flushed and a mess of saliva and tears, Geno nodded; his toes curling as he took another inch. Without the rush from the vibrations and the jolting around from Reaper’s thrust, Geno found that there were less sensations overwhelming him, allowing him to relax easier in order to take in the toy.
“A-ah, I…” Stars, the stretch felt impossible but he was taking it. Geno was…he was…. Trembling, he let his forehead fall against the tree. “T’m d-doing good…?”

At that high, whimpering tone of voice, Reaper groaned. Fuck, he was starting to remember why he usually pushed himself in second. Remaining still was killing him and so was that needy voice. “Yeah, honey, y-you’re doing good.” The god praised lowly. “Stars, you’re so wet that it’s going right in, baby. You’re t-taking it so, so well, Gen. It’s almost in, okay? Just g-gotta keep being good and take a little bit more.” Fuck, he wanted to move.

At that moment, the couple on the other side of the tree stood. It was something Geno only distantly acknowledged at first, until they began walking around the tree instead of continuing down the path. Suddenly very, very aware of them, the smaller skeleton tense and began squirming against the tree trunk.

“R-Reaper!” He cried, voice strangled as the rest of the toy was seated within him. “T-they’re—Ah!” Biting down on his skirt harshly, Geno reminded himself that moving when you were full was a bad idea and tried to keep still. “T-they’re getting c-close!”

“Yeah, they’re not the only ones.” The taller skeleton moaned. Despite being stretched around two lengths, Geno felt even tighter than before and was clenching around him and the toy so nicely. “Just d-don’t let t-them touch you, baby.” He was quickly losing his ability to think rationally. If anyone touched his little mate…. “Mine.” Reaper growled, twisting the toy inside his lover. “You’re mine!”

“Reaper!” Geno shouted, louder. The couple was right there, leaning against the tree not even an arm’s length away. Mortified, he twisted around the best he could to stare at the god pleadingly. “P-please, please not here! M-move somewhere else!”

“Move?”

“Y-yes!”

The vibrator clicked on.

Simultaneously, Reaper and Geno moaned at the fast speed of the vibrating toy; the smaller’s pleasured sound hiking up into a wail when the god pulled himself out nearly all the way and slammed back in.

“N-not what I meant!” The glitchy skeleton shrieked between moans. “A-ah, ah! R-Reaper! T-this…this I isn’t w-what I meant!”

Having been keeping an eye on the couple since they first arrived, the god wrinkled the ridge of his nasal bone in distaste when he noticed them getting a little frisky. How rude of them, he mentally grumbled, gripping Geno’s hips and thrusting into the smaller harder. Sure they didn’t know they were there but that didn’t change the fact that he and his boyfriend were there first! Scowling a bit when he heard a breathy, feminine moan, the god glared with a dark expression. He didn’t want their noises mingling with his lover’s.

The woman’s boyfriend shifted and his arm nearly brushed Geno’s.

“M i n e!” Reaper snarled. Keeping a firm hold on Geno, he dove back into that slick heat…

…and they went tumbling onto a bed.

“G-gah!” Geno yelped, the skirt falling from his mouth and teary socket wide in surprise when he
found the tree no longer supporting him. Flailing, he landed face first and just barely managed to push himself up onto his elbows before a harsh thrust sent him falling back onto the bed. No time was given for him to adjust to the new surrounding. Reaper was simply plowing into him with hard, fast thrusts from behind. “T-too fast!” Trying and failing to push himself up again, the smaller eventually settled for clutching at the sheets when he realized he wouldn’t be able to hold himself up with the onslaught of punishing pleasure. “Too much!” He cried “Too m-much!”

Standing just before the edge of the bed with his hands on Geno’s hips, Reaper was really the only reason the smaller was able to remain on his knees; the god supporting his lower body to ensure his lover wouldn’t topple over completely. The noises emitting from the taller skeleton were something you’d expect from an animal instead of a man and the smaller all but shrieked when Reaper’s tight hold grew even firmer in order to pull him back to meet another forceful push. Stars, it was rough. Good, yes, but so, so fast and so, so hard. It was driving him crazy.

Without the fresh, open air to dilute it, a thick, tangy scent was starting to fill the air. Had he the mind to describe it, Geno would have called it spicy; like cinnamon.

Eye light hazing, he unconsciously breathed in deeper and keened when the scent made his head cloud. “T-too much…” he repeated in a loud, drawn out moan. Tongue lolling out, the smaller skeleton nearly purred when he found that the scent was so strong he could almost taste it. “Reaper!” Geno mewled.

Encouraged by the pleased cry of his name, said god went harder and harder and pushed himself to work faster. Geno was so tight and wet and felt so good wrapped around his cock. Fuck, those hot, slick walls were clamping down so tightly that the vibrator driving him insane wasn’t even budging whenever he dragged his cock out. Chest rumbling with a pleased growl, Reaper trailed a hand from the bruises on his lover’s flesh down to just above the hole he was fucking. “You’re o-okay, Gen.” he purred, circling the smaller’s clit with a finger. “Fuck, you’re d-doing wonderfully, baby. You wanna t-take more?” Just the thought of pushing more into that delicious little cunt had flames licking at his bones. Geno always looked so divine when he was stuffed… “Want my fingers, too?” Pinching the smaller’s clit and twisting it, he chuckled deeply at the echoing squeal he earned himself. “C’mon, a-answer me, baby.”

“I can’t! I c-can’t!” Geno sobbed, weakly pushing himself back against his lover. “I-it’s already t-too much! I c-can’t!” When fingers continued abusing his swollen clit and that cinnamon scent grew stronger, the smaller skeleton found himself unable to think clearly as every burning sensation turned his thoughts to ash. “A-ah, ah! Ah! I...I c-ca -Ah! AH! R-ReeEApEr!” The god was driving into his g-spot and the vibrator was being cranked higher and a finger was teasing at his— “C-can’t” he moaned desperately. “Ca- ah! Ah! Ca—an’t f-fit! ”

“You c-can take it.” Reaper insisted as he slicked his finger up well. There was a heat coursing through his veins and thinking was so incredibly difficult, but he didn’t want to hurt Geno. As he ensure the digit was soaked, he began slowing his thrust until his cock was sliding in and out of the other slowly; a contrast to the fast, buzzing toy pleasuring them. “If y-you don’t give me another color, baby, you’re going to take it.”

Geno couldn’t take it! He couldn’t! He...he...

...he wanted it.

Stars, he wanted it so badly,

Pressing his face into the sheets and gripping them hard, the smaller skeleton purposefully remained
Praises fell from Reaper’s mouth the moment he understood his lover’s silence, compliments and encouragement washing over the smaller soothingly as he wormed his finger in as deep as it could go. Instead of starting everything up right away, the god climbed up onto the bed and sank his cock back in to the base alongside his phalange and the buzzing toy. Remaining still for a few moments, he slid his free arm around Geno’s trembling form and leaned over him until the smaller was completely enveloped by his body; almost as if trying to hide Geno from the world. Pressing his grin against Geno’s scarf, the god braced himself on his knees…

…and began to fuck his lover into the bed.

It wasn’t soft. It wasn’t sweet.

It was ruthless.

Reaper drove himself into the smaller’s pussy with the single mindedness of a man completely drowned by his own desire. No matter how many times Geno’s body jerked forward and slid across the sheets due to a harsh thrust, the arm around his mate would simply yank him back into place so that god could plunge himself back inside. The single digit he had inside of his chosen was joined by a second when that pretty, cherry wetness began slicking his hand and the other’s echoing moans and mewls only convinced him to keep the phalanges inside. With a little difficulty, he managed to find enough purchase against the slick vibrator with them to twist and turn the buzzing toy and growled in approval whenever a thrust from his cock or the vibrating from the toy made the other screech in pleasure.

His little mate felt so good. Stars, he was being so good; all full of fingers and cock and buzzing with a toy. Such a good mate, he was. That’s why Reaper had to show him off earlier. He wanted everyone to see his pretty little mate all dressed up and flustered and know they’d never have him because he was his. He was—

“Reaper!” Geno screamed, eye light burning out and cunt clenching tight, tight, tight around the god as he arched into the other’s front and came.

Dragging the bright scarf around his mate’s neck away with his teeth so that he could sink them into the pretty bone, Reaper pushed his cock into the other as far as he could go and released wave after wave of thick, hot cum into the smaller’s dripping pussy. When the other, smaller skeleton began twitching and crying desperately at the over stimulation, he absently tore out the vibrator with the magic-coated fingers inside his lover’s heat and removed his teeth from the smaller’s neck; yet remained hilted with his magic.

Finally, there was nothing left to give and he carefully withdrew from the hot, sensitive mound with a pleased sound. He was a little unhappy to find his essence trailing out the other’s used hole but didn’t bother attempting to push any of it back in. His little mate had gone limp and needed to be checked on.

“Reaper…” The smaller whimpered when he was gently rolled onto his back. Little aftershocks were making him twitch and feel a little tingly, but Geno ignored them as he shakily reached up to cup the taller’s cheek. “…Y-you back with me?”

The god blinked a bit, confused. Leaning into the soft touch and purring happily, he eyed his little spent mate and lazily fiddled with the smaller’s skirt. Stars, Reaper felt so hot…. Too hot. Whining in discomfort, he tugged at the red fabric and looked at his mate pleadingly. Please, his gaze said.
“N-no toys.” Geno mumbled, spreading his shaking legs and hiking up his skirt despite the exhaustion creeping into his bones. “No f-fingers, either. Just…” Already hard again, Reaper began nudging up against him with the head of his cock. Moaning weakly, Geno shakily finished with, “you” just as the god slammed inside.

Around them, the scent of cinnamon became overwhelming.

This was going to be a long heat, wasn’t it?

“How many times did I bite you?” Reaper muttered worriedly as he carefully slid a soft, damp cloth over the teeth-shaped grooves on his lover’s neck. “Stars, there has to be at least ten marks...and that’s only your neck. Baby, you really should have stopped me.”

“It felt good…” Geno whispered, unable to speak any louder with how raw his throat felt. Relaxing further into his lover’s hold, the smaller released a pleased little hum when he was adjusted so that more of the bath water encased his body and closed his eyes. The water was so warm…. “M’okay.” he mumbled sleepily.

“You’re covered in bites and finger shaped bruises.” The god argued with a scolding tone. “Gen, you know how bad I get during my heats. If I pushed you too hard—”

“Felt good.” The glitchy skeleton insisted with a slight grumble. Tilting his head to the side to provide better access to another set of marrow-crusted bite marks, he grumpily demanded, “Clean me.”

Chuckling a little in disbelief, Reaper obeyed. “My adorable, cranky masochist.” He said fondly, remaining gentle as he cleaned up every mark he found. They’d have to change the water after this so that they wouldn’t be relaxing in filth. “Took good care of me, didn’t you? Let me parade you around no matter how embarrassed you were and then you turned around and took everything I gave you until my heat broke. You’re so, so good to me.”

Pleased, Geno smiled. “...Shut up.”

“Never.” Reaper refused, kissing the side of his head and lowering the cloth to his rib cage now. One or two bitten ribs needed to be cleaned so he took care of those before carefully washing out the smaller’s large cut. Geno was thankfully too tired to react to the tingly pain and merely dozed on and off against his lover, feeling safe and warm and very, very sated. Noticing this, the god chuckled and whispered, “I love you, Geno.”

“Love you too, Reaps.” Geno murmured, finally drifting off for good.

It took quite a bit of time to finish cleaning his slumbering, snoring boyfriend but that was really only because Reaper was being a worrywart and wanted to ensure his boyfriend was all set. The bath water definitely had to be changed afterwards but he was able to get away with using magic so he didn’t have to risk waking Geno by moving; though the smaller did briefly blink open his socket to complain he was cold some time between the tub being emptied and refilled. Once new, fresh hot water began pouring over them, Geno curled back into the taller skeleton and returned his nap; content.

Watching him with a soft, loving gaze, the god smiled.

“...M’sorry…” Geno muttered in his sleep. “...didn’t mean...to taint...the nice cream...”
Stars, he loved this dork.

---

**Bonus!**

It was such a nice day. A little hot, yeah, but nice overall.

Walking alongside his husband with their hands intertwined, Geno smiled pleasantly and leaned into the taller skeleton as he watched his son trot around happily. **“Careful, Gothy.”** He called out with a small chuckle when the littlest stumbled. Goth had taken to stealing his scarf lately but it was far too long for the toddler. **“Do you want Mama to hold onto the scarf for you so you can play?”**

“No!” Goth shrieked, scampering away.

Beside him, Reaper smiled in amusement and waved his hand when the small child got a little too far away. A cheerful ping and a surprise squeal later, he had his son grumbling on his hip. “Don’t give me that grumpy face, Mister.”

“No!”

Ah, the joy of the terrible twos.

Suddenly, Goth gasped. “Want!”

Looking at what his son was pointing at curiously, Geno froze.

His worst enemy (aside from murderous children and laundry):

Nice cream.

Huh, that...that was a familiar looking Nice Cream Guy. Where had Geno seen him before-

Wait.

Feeling a little horrified, he slowly looked around the park they were walking through. A little further down, there was a path branching off into a forest area.

“You want some nice cream, Gothy?” Reaper cooed, already leading them towards the cart. He caught Geno’s gaze…

…and grinned deviously.

Why did Geno marry this asshole?!

---

**Chapter End Notes**

I was eating ice cream earlier and nearly choked on it when I recalled the "Eating Ice Cream" chapter. Just like the author, Geno is horrified of how he tainted the delicious frozen dessert.

Also, I really like the idea of Reaper being totally cool and level-headed during Geno's
heats but turning around and completely losing himself to his own. Geno gets cuddly and needy, Reaper gets possessive and wild and also weirdly adoring in the sense that he thinks Geno is pretty and wants to show everyone just HOW pretty; hence the reason Geno is wearing a skirt (well, that, and for easier access).

One more chapter, guys!!!
Epilogue

Chapter Summary

And the story comes to an end.

Chapter Notes

Last chapter for THIS story, everyone. Please enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Large, pink sockets with mismatched pupils blinked at him.

Geno blinked back.

Held within the arms of the small, inky child, an infant with wide, curious starry sockets stared.

Gene stared back.

“Error…” The red-blue eyed skeleton slowly called out. “...When did this happen?”

Looking extremely uncomfortable, his pseudo-brother shifted in place nervously before defaulting into anger. “None of your business, glitch!”

Geno turned to him with a flat expression. “A child holding another child just walked through the door, called you Daddy, and then looked at me and called me uncle. I think that’s my business.”

“Brat.” Error grumbled annoyingly. At the tone, the small child deflated and looked down sadly.

Seeing this, the dark skeleton looked up at the ceiling as though begging for death before actively trying to soften his voice. “...Paperjam.” He tried again. “Why are you here?”

At the softer tone, the kid—Paperjam, apparently—looked up and beamed. “Mommy told me to make sure you weren’t breaking things!”

Geno’s lips twitched upwards. Mommy, huh?

Error sighed in annoyance. Damn Ink. “...And why, exactly, do you have,” he twitched “your...brother...with you?” Seeing Geno’s eyes widen at the infant that clearly looked nothing like the darker skeleton, Error scowled. “The squid’s ink is magical and gets everywhere. There’s been accidents, okay?” A little distasteful, he eyed both children. “...Multiple accidents.”

“Daddy!” Paperjam whined, too young to understand the implications of Error’s words but looking upset again at the tone. He could tell he was being insulted in some manner. “You’re ‘pose to be nice to me!”
Shooting his brother a disappointed expression that made Error stiffen—he was really good at the mom face—Geno turned to the child and smiled. “It’s nice to meet you, Paperjam.” He said pleasantly, kneeling down to wiggle a finger at the baby. “And you too…?”

“Palette!” The older child beamed, holding the baby up higher. “Mommy is his Daddy.”

Not confusing at all. Still, Geno smiled wider at the baby even as the voices in the back of his head began squealing. He didn’t know what the hell a Poth was so he chose to ignore them. “Are you two going to be in the wedding, little guy? I see you’re wearing a fancy suit.”

Looking excited, Paperjam nodded. “I get to throw flowers! And hold rings!”

Geno gasped dramatically. In the background, Error rolled his eyes but smiled a bit at the bright gaze of his son. It was obvious the kid was soaking up the positive attention Error wasn’t always great at giving. “That’s two very big jobs! You sure you can handle it?”

“I can!” Puffing out his chest and adjusting his hold on his brother when the baby began slipping, Paperjam grinned. “I’m a big kid, ya know? Seven! I can do lots of things.”

When the baby began slipping again, Geno chuckled. He was probably a bit too heavy for the kid to hold too long. “Want me to hold your little brother, kiddo? I wouldn’t want your arms to get tired when you have such an important job to do!”

Looking a little unsure, the seven year old turned to his father. Seeing this, Error rolled his eyes a bit and nodded. “You called him uncle, kid. I think you can trust him to hold your brother.”

Grinning brightly, he cheerfully passed the baby to Geno. Expression curious, the tiny little babybones smacked a hand against the glitching skeleton’s face. Despite the finger smudges it left on his glasses, Geno chuckled. “Hi, Palette. I guess I’m your…step-uncle? I only know your Daddy though.”

“His Mommy is in the wedding, too!” Paperjam informed his uncle cheerfully. Huh, that...was a little weird, wasn’t it? “Mommy said that’s he’s the maid a horror!”

“Ooo, maid of horror. I like that.” Error chuckled with a grin. “Good job, kid. I’m calling that sunshine bastard that to his face.”

When the little kid turned to beam at his father, pleased with the praise, Geno shot Error a slightly threatening look over his head. In his arms, Palette cooed and attempted to eat his tie. “It’s maid of honor, kiddo. Please don’t give your dad more ways to be a jerk.”

“Mommy likes it when Daddy is a jerk!” Expression completely innocent, the child cheerfully added: “Last night, he told Daddy to jerk him!”

Both adults immediately began choking on air, their sockets wide in horror as they stared at the innocent little beam.


“Okay, Daddy.” Paperjam said with a confused nod. Taking advantage of his father’s closeness, he happily wrapped his arms around Error’s neck. “Promise hug!”
Stiffening at the touch, Error’s eyes flashed a blank red before returning to normal as he fought off his natural instinct to just crash. Catching Geno’s intent stare, he slowly wrapped his arms around his son. “...Promise hug.”

“Want to help your dad get ready, little guy?” Geno asked with a grin. It was clear these two needed some bonding time. “Your uncle Fresh is gonna be here soon and I think you’d be a big help.” There’d be less of a chance of Error trying to murder the colorful skeleton if he had to hold his son. “It’s not as fancy as throwing flowers or holding rings, but think you’re up for the task?”

Looking ecstatic to help, Paperjam nodded enthusiastically.

“My beautiful little Genocide,” Reaper began, amused. “Correct me if I’m wrong, but I could have sworn I only got you pregnant twice.”

Grinning a bit as he bounced the giggling baby in his arms, Geno glanced at Reaper with a mirthful twinkle in his eyes. “Oh, he’s definitely not yours.”

“Bruder?” Goth murmured, staring between the slumbering infant his father held and the bubbly baby in his mother’s arms with confusion. “Two bruders?”

Laughing at his son’s confusion, Geno smiled and carefully kneeled down to show off the baby in his arms. Starry eyes met a curious, half void gaze. “This is Palette, Cinnababy. He’s your uncle Ink’s son.”

Reaper startled, nearly jolting his youngest. “That kid looks nothing like Error.”

Watching his oldest push his face closer to Palette’s with an interested expression, Geno chuckled weakly. “Error said something about magical ink so I’m pretty sure sex wasn’t involved if that’s what you’re thinking.”

“Huh, remind me to step around those puddles next time the guy comes over.” Reaper said. “Why, exactly, do you have the kid though?”

“Because Error’s kid looked like he was struggling to hold him. Also, his mom is apparently the maid of honor and I’m not sure who else is responsible for him, so I’m just...kind of on baby duty now until someone notices a stranger is holding Palette and comes to take him.”

“Wait, wait, wait. Error’s son?!?”

“Oh, yeah! His name is Paperjam. He’s a little cutie.”

“Babe,” laughing a bit and leaning back into his seat, Reaper shook his head in his disbelief. “You were gone for a hour . How did you meet your nephew, acquire a baby, and get one of the grooms into their suit all within that time?”

“Magic. ” Geno said seriously before cracking a grin. “That and DETERM— Gothy!”

Pulling away from the giggling baby, Goth blinked up at his mother, confused by Geno’s tone. “Mama?”
Looking a little surprised himself, Reaper blinked at his eldest while Geno stared incredulously. Shoot, he wished he had gotten that on camera.

“Goth,” Geno said weakly “Why did you just kiss the baby?”

The three year old grinned. “He has pretty eyes!” He announced, beaming at the baby who blinked at him curiously before beaming back. “I love him now!”

No!

No, no, no!

“No falling in love until you’re older!”

“No! He has pretty eyes and I love him!”

“Cinnababy, you’re too young!”

“He’s got pretty eyes!” Goth shouted, drawing the attention of the other guest. Stomping his foot, the three year old pointed at the baby who was now flailing his arms in his direction. “I love him!”

“Awww.” Someone cooed.

Reaper, meanwhile, was eagerly digging through his pocket for his phone. Quickly pulling up his camera, he began recording.

“Gothy, you’re just a baby yourself!”

“I love him!” The child screeched before leaning in and plastering a big, wet kiss on the tinier skeleton’s grin. All around, the crowd awwed. “Mine now!”

When Geno protested, he just kissed the giggling baby again.

“Seems like we’re at risk of having a double wedding.” Reaper chuckled.

Geno shot him a glare.

“Gonna marry him!” Goth cheered, not all that sure what weddings were even for.

Stars, where was this baby’s guardians?!

“Thanks for watching him.” Palette’s mother said, taking the baby from his arms. “I’m not really sure how he ended up with you but I saw him on your son’s lap during the ceremony and he seemed happy. Oh!” Smiling sheepishly, he waved. “I’m Dream, by the way!”

Trying to ignore the intense stare the skeleton with the red scar under his socket was shooting him from where he loomed behind Dream, Geno nodded in greeting. “Geno.” Hearing a sulky whine, he sighed good-naturedly and turned to lift Goth in his arms. “And this is Goth. Apparently, he’s your son’s future husband.”

“I love him!” Goth informed Dream, looking downtrodden now that Palette was leaving. “He’s got pretty eyes!”
“Awww,” Dream cooed. “you look like a very good husband for my little Pally.”

Behind him, the skeleton’s stare got darker. Palette’s other step father, maybe? He was starting to give Geno the creeps. “C’mon, Gothy. We need to find your uncles so that we can give the happy couple congratulations. Mama wants to tease Error about the face he made when he saw Ink in his dress.” Turning to Dream and the other skeleton, he smiled and pulled an arm from around Goth to wave. “It was nice meeting you!”

The moment he took a step away, Palette burst into tears.

Seeming startled, Dream quickly began bouncing him and rubbed at his little back when the baby’s shrieking only got worse. “What’s wrong, little Pally?” he cooed in a soft tone. A little bit of golden light shown from his fingertips as he attempted tickling the small child, but the babybones merely screech and cried harder; tiny hands reaching out for…

Gene mentally groaned.

“Mine!” Goth shrieked, reaching out in return while attempting to struggle free from his mother’s arms. “Mine!”

A little lost, both mothers met each other’s eyes.

“...Want to trade numbers?” Dream asked hesitantly. Was...was the skeleton behind him carrying a giant knife now?! “Palette is a little too young to do, well, anything, but I think a play date may be in order.”

Sighing a bit and attempting to soothe his son, Geno nodded. “Yeah,” he agreed, relaxing when Reaper appeared behind him to stare menacingly at the knife wielding skeleton, Raven still dozing in his arms. “I think our boys would like that.”

He had a feeling he’d never get any peace if he didn’t accept the offer.

“Mine!!!!”

Damnit, Goth was too young to be falling in love!

“You look like shit.” Error snorted.

Geno raised a brow. “I could say the same of you, buddy.”

After a moment of silence, Error grumbled and shifted Paperjam on his hip. The seven year old was out cold, sockets closed and head on his father’s shoulder as he slept. “...He fell asleep and Ink made me hold him.”

“Goth cried himself to sleep because his boyfriend had to go home.” Geno sighed, adjusting the tear-stained child in his arms. “Reaper is off changing Raven so holding Goth is up to me.”

Both errors shared a tired, understanding expression. The wedding had gone off without a hitch and, hours later, the after-party was finally winding down. Although his fine, blue suit had been immaculate before the wedding ceremony, Error’s clothing was now rumpled and skewed and slowly being dirtied by his son’s drool. Similarly, Geno’s once tidy tux was an utter mess of tears
and oddly wrinkled. Actually…

Both skeletons squinted through their glasses at one another.

“Did you really sneak off and sex?!” They shouted, simultaneously, before freezing and casting the slumbering children a panicked look. When neither awoke, they sighed in relief.

“Papyrus took over watching the kids for a bit so Reaper and I could dance.” Geno mumbled, slowly turning red. “We…may have taken advantage of that when we found a convenient closet.”

“You two are disgusting.” Looking away from the smaller’s stare, Error scowled. “…Okay, fine, we did it in a closet too. Did you not seeing that fucking dress though?”

Unable to help himself, Geno laughed.

Everyone that knew Ink in the slightest had been expecting the protector to appear in some sort of colorful monstrosity, Error included. Throughout the entire struggle to get him into his suit, the darker skeleton had grumbled about how he was probably going to go blind by the end of the wedding due to whatever bright, rainbow outfit his fiancé had chosen. That being said, no one was more surprised than the destructive groom when Ink first stepped onto the aisle.

His dress had been absolutely stunning; tight fitted yet not clunky or angular on his skeletal form with long, solid sleeves covering his arms and decent train dragging behind him. The dress was backless, too, and did well to show off the interesting black patterns tattooed across Ink’s ribs. Overall, it was very, very lovely and looked stunning with the flowing veil the painter had worn. What surprised people; however, was the color.

The dress was completely white …

…well, almost completely white, that is.

You see, wrapped around Ink’s waist and trailing behind him with the train of the dress had been a long, hand-crafted sash made out of some very familiar blue threads.

Error’s blue threads, to be exact.

The strings forming the impressive sash had been carefully woven together and not only matched the pretty blue bouquet Ink had carried perfectly, but Error’s suit as well.

Sockets wide and jaw slack, Error had gaped at his husband-to-be the entire walk down the aisle, stunned by the restraint shown in the dress and the sentiment of Ink wearing his signature attack on his wedding gown.

“You looked like you wanted to eat him.” Geno chuckled, recalling the way the flabbergasted expression had slowly turned to want halfway through the vows. “I’m pretty sure I saw you drool.”

“I have a picture of you checking out that damn god’s ass during your wedding.”

“…Reaper looks unfairly attractive in a suit, okay?” The smaller skeleton grumbled.

Error made an expression of disgust. Unable to help himself; however, he added his own input. “The fucking squid looks stupidly good in dresses.”
“Aw, thanks, babe~” / “Ruru, that’s so nice!”

Jumping, both errors spun around and gaped at their respective grinning husbands.

“Reaper?!” Geno hissed, blushing madly upon realizing that the god had heard his compliment.

Error looked seconds away from throwing himself into a fire. “Rainbow bastard?!”

“I didn’t know you liked me in dresses, Error!” Ink chirped as he stepped up to his husband. Grinning wildly, he pecked the taller, darker skeleton on the cheek before peering at his sleeping son’s face curiously. “Aw, he looks really comfy! I’m kind of surprised you didn’t put him down.”

“You threatened to shove that damn brush of yours up my ass if I did.”

Looking amused at the threat, Reaper drifted over to his own and stole himself a kiss. “Unlike the protector over there, I knew you liked me in suits.” Smirking, he leaned in closer to purr into Geno’s ear. “I remember the first time you saw me in one very well.”

“Shush!” Geno whispered fiercely, giving Goth a little bounce to get him back into place when the snoozing three year old began sliding off his shoulder. “I told you to never bring that up.”

“You also told me you’d never have sex in a closet but guess what we did today?”

“Oh! We did that too!” Ink grinned. “The one by the back entrance!”

Reaper blinked. “With the red door?”

“Yup!”

“With the poster of a dog with creepily knowing eyes?”

“Yeah!”

“Huh,” Slowly, the god’s smirk turned to an amused smile. “Guess the four of us did it in the same closet at different times. Did you get there first? There was a weird stain on one of the walls.”

Horrified, Geno and Error stared at their husbands as they began an in-depth conversation about their individual experiences of having sex in the same closet a mere hour apart. When the details began getting graphic and Ink pulled out a sketchbook to sketch what Reaper was describing, they slowly met the other’s gaze, a single question clear in their eyes. Why did they marry those bastards?!

Later, once Reaper and Ink were done establishing a new, terrifying friendship and each little family went their separate ways, Geno crawled into bed next to husband with an exhausted groan. The kids were both in bed, he was out of his suit and freshly showered, and Uncle Papyrus was taking his nephews out tomorrow morning which meant he could sleep in after the long day the wedding ended up being. Great. Yawning, he pressed himself close into Reaper’s side and smiled when an arm immediately came around to pull him even closer.

“Ready for bed?” Reaper murmured, pressing a kiss to the top of his head.
Very, very tired, Geno nodded. “If Raven wakes up, you’re in charge of checking on him tonight.”

“I don’t think it’s Raven we need to worry about, love.” The god chuckled, glancing at the socket peeking in on them through a crack in the door. “Hey, Gothy. Didn’t Mama just tuck you into bed not too long ago?”

Sniffling, the small child pushed the door open further. Tired as he was, Geno couldn’t help but sit up when he saw the tears running down his oldest son’s face. “Baby, what’s wrong?”

“Miss Pally.” Goth sobbed, trotting over the moment his parents motioned him closer. “Wanna see my Pally.”

Stars, romantic drama at three years old.

Once Reaper lifted Goth and settled him between them on the bed, the error gently wiped away his babybone’s tears and began pressing little, loving kisses to his skull. “Mama is going to call Palette’s mama and set up a playdate for you two first thing in the morning, okay? You’ll get to see Palette very, very soon, sweetie.”

“Wanna see now.” Goth whined.

Chuckling, Reaper gently smoothed a hand over the little guy’s skull. “Aw, we know, little guy. Don’t cry over it though, Gothy. Your friend will be over in the blink of an eye!”

Quickly, Goth blinked. He scowled at his dad when he found his friend still gone.

“Daddy was using an expression, sweetie. He means that Palette will get to come over quickly. Just not right now, honey.” Coaxing the unhappy child to lie on his back and snuggling up to him, Geno lovingly pressed a kiss to his son’s little skull. “Don’t be sad, baby. You’re going to get to have lot’s of fun with your uncle in the morning, you know. Aren’t you excited for that?”

Sniffling, Goth nodded. “Goin’ get books!”

Before Geno could respond, crying began to ring out from down the hall. “It’s not Raven we have to worry about, huh?” He chuckled at Reaper.

Sighing with a fond smile, the god went to fetch their littlest. A few minutes later, he returned with the whimpering infant and carefully slid back into bed, his back propped up against the headboard as he carefully rocked the baby. Adjusting his eldest and himself, Geno pressed his weight against the taller skeleton while Goth settled down on his lap.

“Our two little babies look so unhappy.” He murmured worriedly, eyeing Goth’s teary face as he listened to Raven’s tiny whines. “Should we try a story?”

For a few moments Reaper was quiet, his expression thoughtful. Then, voice soothing, he began to recite the books he had come to memorize when Goth was still an infant.

“Fluffy Bunny had a favorite game that he loved to play on his favorite day….”

Smiling softly at the familiar lines, Geno rested his head on his husband’s shoulder and let the words wash over him as he continued to comfort his oldest. Every now and then he’d pipe up for a few of the other characters and, eventually, Goth’s tears dried and Raven’s sad noises faded to a happy silence. When both boys fell asleep; however, Reaper didn’t stop telling the stories. He went through
every line in every book in the series until he ran out of stories to tell and Geno himself was dozing off against him.

“Love you, Reaper.” Geno whispered, sockets closed but distantly recognizing the lack of the god’s voice.

Teeth lightly clanked against his head. “I love you too, Geno.”

Surrounded by the warmth of his husband and lulled by the soft breathing of his children, Geno smiled as he drifted off into a deeper sleep, one last thought lingering in his head before he was gone:

*This really was the best.*

End.

Chapter End Notes

So...that was it! This 30 day prompt story is done! I'm a little bummed that I wasn't able to post it all in thirty days but I'm proud I got well into the twenty-something chapter before my posting streak broke.

That being said...THANK YOU, EVERYONE! All my readers, everyone who presented me art and those who just stopped by for a glance...thanks so much for reading and giving me your support! SO many of the comments were just wonderful and chatting was fun. I hope that you all enjoyed what I had to offer here and that none of you are crying as hard as I am now that it's done!

If are though...

Don't worry! I'm planning to post the first chapter of a sort-of continuation to this fic in just a few minutes! It's called 1E99 (Infinity) and, yes, I know that's a weird title but please feel free to check it out if you're interested in more Afterdeath!

Thanks again, everyone!

End Notes

-Geno is 4'9
-Reaper is 5'5

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://www.fanfiction.net/r/1E99/Infinity) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!