BEatingU

by CuddlyCorpse

Summary

Teaching at a new school was a promising prospect for you. You'd already been a teacher for two years at this point, and you were overqualified for your position. Excitement and dread settles in when you learn you may have to teach monster children.

Not that you have a problem with that, but you're suddenly feeling like your 'overqualified' praise is misplaced. Each of your students shows up, none of them are monsters, but that doesn't mean that one student doesn't have a monster parent.

Sans the Skeleton is Francine's father, and he seems very interested in you. You only hope that's not a bad thing, because you know who he is.... and what he's done.

*Note: The tags can be intimidating, but note the only really bad one that applies to the Reader is probably gonna be stalking.*

*Note 2: Updates are random. Some days I feel like writing, some days I don't. Right now updoots seem to be daily, but I'll update THIS if that is to change.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
You had been teaching for about two years now, and it was one of your passions. With your added degree in Child Psychology, you found it a lot easier to deal with certain 'problem' children, and their even more problematic parents in that time. Now, you were starting a new year, and in a new grade. Third Grade couldn't have been much different than Kindergarten or First; which were grades you both taught and sat in on during your 'teacher's assistant' days. Truthfully, it was a new chapter in your life and you were tickled to start it!

When visiting the school for Teacher Orientation, you got to see your class. Just walking in you could tell the place was laid back with the intention of comfortable learning. The school itself was prestigious and very expensive for parents to have their little ones attend. Due to this, there were four other classrooms on your hall, all dedicated to the third grade. While touring your classroom, you were unaware of the visitor that had come to drape herself against your doorframe. She was a tall, slender woman with brunette hair that had signs of her age here and there— the majority of her grey was situated at her temples. She was conventionally attractive, and you found yourself hoping you looked quite as glamorous as she did when you got to be her age.

You hadn't noticed her lingering in your door at first. Her tall, lanky frame pressed against the door in a manner that could have been drawn up like a pin-up poster with the right artist. Her hair was down and curled in elegant spirals around her face. When your eyes landed on her, it was because you finally looked up from one of the books on the shelves of your room. She noticed she startled you and flashed a sweet smile to you. Wearing a red blazer that stuck out against her otherwise black clothes, she kind of made you think of a friendly looking Cruella DeVille. Strange how that would have come to mind over everything else.

“Oh, I'm sorry, sweetie, I didn't mean to scare you!” she said while pushing herself away from the wall and drifting her way over to you. You made a note of just how lanky she was, and with the padding in her blazer, she was also broad-shouldered in appearance. Her hands were capped with red-painted nails that added to the odd glamour about her. You thought at first this was your boss's wife, and your hesitation said so.

“I'm Mrs. Eddie Jones, I teach the class across the hall from you,” she opted to introduce herself, much to your relief. You rested a hand on the Hello Kitty of your t-shirt and let out a sigh.

“Oh, thank GOD!” you said with a little giggle, “I thought you were someone higher up and that I should be worried. You look amazing.” Alright, so what if she was attractive? The gleam in her eye suggested she knew and she appreciated the praise. “I'm Y/N, it's a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Jones.”

“Now, now, we're going to be neighbors this year, you can call me Eddie, you know, dearie. I'm very happy to have a new one on the block, the last teacher we had here was... absolutely dreadful,” she uttered while resting her hip against your desk.

“Dreadful?” you asked.

“Oh, yes, several of her students last year were absolutely terrified of her. A real dictator. I'm glad to have someone with such a sweet face, and,” a pause as she looked you over.

It was then that you became acutely aware that you were NOT dressed to impress, and this probably gave off the worst possible impression to a colleague. Since it was orientation, you had come in something of a casual get up; this was how your last school did things, but this school was far more prestigious. You found yourself panicking a bit, and as though realizing it, she finished her train of
thought, “precious sense of fashion.”

Oh, that didn't sting quite as much as it could have.

“I probably should have worn a suit, huh?” you said sheepishly, and she chuckled softly in response while shaking her head.

“Mr. Franklin, he teaches Fourth grade a hall over, he came in wearing cargo shorts, a Hawaiian shirt and flipflops. I think you're fine,” she said with that pleasant, lyrical voice. “I want to escort you to the assembly hall, so you don't get lost.” She was a very nice lady, and it warmed your heart a bit. She sort of reminded you of your foster mother. She had always been such a sweet heart, looking out for you and ensuring your comfort for any little thing. She offered her hand to you and, gently, you took it. This tall, model-looking woman (who by the way had no right to be this attractive and also work as a teacher) lead you out of your class. You paused only long enough to cut out the lights and close the door before you were once again being whisked off to assembly.

The rest of the day was fairly nice. You made a few friends, though it was clear that Eddie was making absolutely positive no one made a bad impression on you. Protective? Maybe. You were cute, with wide eyes and a constellation of freckles on your face. A cinnamon roll, was what you'd been called growing up, and apparently it stuck.

During orientation, you learned that your class was only going to have twelve students attending. That seemed small to you, but when you realized that there were four other classes at your grade, with a similar number in each class, it seemed about right. You were excited for the school year to start, excited to guide the next generation to greatness. Your passion must have been contagious, because after Orientation was all over and done with, Eddie and the other Third Grade Teachers asked you out for dinner and drinks. You were happy to join them, if only to make more friends, and hopefully learn a bit more about how the school ran.

Unfortunately, you didn't learn much about school and learned that Mr. Wilkins, the tall red headed Phys. Ed teacher, had something of a drinking problem. Eddie ended up taking you home before he could 'browbeat you for your number,' as Mrs. Jones pleasantly put it. She paid for your meal and welcomed you to the team with a hug and promised she'd bring coffee for your first day.

This was great, you already made a great friend and some...strange acquaintances, but you found it a win either way.

The rest of the weekend was spent prepping for your first day. The whole of Saturday was spent writing up a syllabus for the following month, and Sunday was making sure your clothes were ready. When Monday rolled around, you woke up early, and after taking a shower and fixing your hair and makeup, you found yourself dressed and ready to go. You didn't eat breakfast, simply because you ran out of time. Besides, Eddie was bringing you coffee! You were set for that.

It was when you were leaving your apartment in the dark hours of the morning that you felt it. The fine hairs on the back of your neck rose on end with tension that you weren't aware was there until you left your home. Whipping your gaze about, you saw nothing, but that didn't shake the sensation. You were being watched. Swallowing the knot that formed in your throat, you got into your car and quickly drove to work. It was still early, but Ms. Sweeney was in her classroom, next-door to Eddie's class. She said a timid 'hello' to you while she cleaned up the dirty drawings on her chalkboard. Someone had vandalized it. You returned her greeting in kind and offered her a smile before drifting to your class. It was dark, and that feeling had come back. Looking back and forth down the gradually lighting hallway, you saw nothing, but you still felt watched, like the back of your head were being bored into. Even going into your class didn't make it stop...
You tried to ignore it, though, figuring it was just your subconscious trying to psyche you out for the day you were going to have. You knew you might have a few teachers coming in to greet you since you were new, and some children had allergies and needed special treatment. You weren't worried, you just hoped that forty-eight children plus their parents didn't clog the hallway too badly.

Eddie drifted in with the promised coffee and smiled to you. “Ready for your big day, sugar?” she cooed while placing the coffee down before a small, paper bag. Looking into it you found a cinnamon roll. Yup, the name stuck.

“Oh! You didn't have to get me this!”

“I wanted to, sweetie. I know the first day is sorta intense, but y'know if you need help with anything I'm just across the hall. Have you read your student roster yet?”

“I was about to, actually.”

“How many monsters?” She tipped her head to one side and watched as you hesitated to get the clip board.

Monsters had been in the public eye now for about three years, though they had been out of the underground for longer. The first year after their emergence had been spent in medical camps. All of them had been emaciated and it came out what they had to do to survive down there. Truly gruesome. Most had been frayed mentally, enough so that they were offered quite a lot of help in that area. These days, Monsters were as common as anyone else, and their numbers were multiplying. You had studied some monster psychology in college, but you had a feeling if you had monster students, you might not be fully prepared.

“You know the young ones weren't down in that hell, right?” you were pulled out of your thoughts by these kind words. You hadn't realized you'd teared up.

“R...right. Right of course!” you whispered while dabbing the corner of your eyes. “I'm sorry, I just... I get a little choked up, they've had it so rough.”

“ Took a while for the school to allow them to enroll, but you might have a couple on your list.”

But, you didn't. You weren't sure whether to be disappointed or relieved. You made a vow to add to your work load and take monster classes on the weekends so as to make up for the space in your resume.

When parents started showing up, Eddie left you to your coffee. A few kids came in without their parents, which wasn't a shock to you. But a few did. Little Kevin had a nut allergy and by no means was he allowed to eat near anyone that had food with his allergin in it. You were given a spare epipen and were told that he has one on him at all times, too. His overbearing mother kissed his face and left a big, ugly lip print on his face before letting him go. She gave you her number and demanded that you call if he made any noise in the way of coughing. Hypochondriac? You didn't want to assign that label, but the lady seemed frazzled. A few more parents came to simply say hello and good luck, and those were easy enough. You saw a few monster children in the hallways, which was nice, and sort of cute, really.

Things were slowing down and you were assuming you could get started, but as you were closing the door, a long, clawed hand stopped it and in stepped a tiny girl with strawberry blonde hair. She was wholly human, but her parent... was not. “HI!” she pipped up at you, grinning wide enough to show the missing tooth in her mouth. “I'm Francine, this is my daddy, Sans.”

Your eyes lifted up to look at the skeleton-- no that wasn't right. Normal skeletons didn't look like this. He was a good bit taller than you and was broad in the shoulder. He damn near took up the entirety of your door frame. His sharpened phalanges gave your door a little push and you realized that you were holding it still. “Oh! I'm so sorry,” you uttered, stepping back.

“you miss y/n?” his baritone was so deep you could have sworn you felt it in the base of your spine, somewhere in your gut. Taking in his face, it showed the kind of rictus grin that you expected to be on old cadavers, but his eyes--- eye--- looked tired. It was a deep red, far deeper than anything you
could put a title to. The pupil of this eye was shrunk so small it made it seem like even after all of the years of being on the surface, this set of bones was not accustomed to light- much less the florescent bulbs in your room.

“Yes!” you said sweetly, leaning on the door now that it was open. The skeleton passed the girl her backpack and the two of you watched her bounce off with no other fanfare. When you looked up, that eye was staring at you again. Feeling watched. That feeling...

“my daughter is a bit rambunctious,” he said, almost as though to warn you of what you might have had to deal with in the very near future. “she has a bunch of band-aids in her backpack, and doesn't tend to react if she falls and skins something- which, by the way, she does a lot.” He was giving you the low down of what to expect. So she was a reckless girl? You'd have to curb that. You briefly wondered if she caused that crack in his head, but you remembered you'd heard that name before. He was one of the ones who had been incarcerated for a long time after the break from the underground. Sans the Skeleton. Killer of humans. Yet here he was, standing in front of you now, dressed as if he'd just rolled out of bed- judging by his fluffy house shoes, that was the truth. He actually didn't seem so bad, more so as he jutted a slip of paper to you. Carefully, you took it and recognized it as his number. Before you could assure him she'd be fine, he was gone, leaving you blinking and confused.

You were stuck with the adopted child of a former killer. Boy, you didn't want to screw this up...
**Daddy- Some Backstory**

Chapter Summary

Sorta-semi a backstory from Sans' perspective. Kinda.

Paps is okay (he's not okay)
Sans is NOT okay (he's REALLY not okay)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#).

Coming out of the underground was hell on the vast majority of monsters. That was to be expected, given how skittish humans were, and just how many humans had fallen to the cleaver of the Underground's most renown providers. Sans and Papyrus had been incarcerated damn near immediately once they met with the sunlight. They traded one prison for another. Sans hated it. He hated feeling like he was in a zoo, he hated being poked and prodded by doctors who didn't know any better, and especially hated the lights they shone into the crack in his skull. He was a combative, but Papyrus...

Papyrus had cooperated. It was almost a betrayal to Sans, but when they were alone in their cell, sitting across from one another, they had a chat. Skeletons were bizarre creatures in that they could speak in ciphers to one another. To the human ear, it was a bizarre mess of guttural noises, clicks and trills. But, Skeletons were named after fonts for a reason, weren't they?

"IF WE DON'T AT LEAST PRETEND, WE'LL BE IN HERE FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES. I KNOW YOU CAN BE AT LEAST SUPERFICIALLY CHARMING."

Papyrus was a lot smarter than anyone gave him credit for, and after those extra years in the underground, the starvation, he'd become dangerously clever and, more than that, manipulative. At the time, Sans must have had a stunned look on his face, because his sibling had uttered something of a laugh that was a lot like a cello having it's strings caressed. "that's perfect, bro, you're a genius..."

And so, with this in mind, Sans became less combative. He went through the psychological tests, was honest about what happened and no one could really fault for them what happened. Being trapped in a mountain, out of food, humans had apparently resorted to cannibalism in lesser situations. Lost in the woods? The Donner Party should have been ashamed. The key thing was pretending to be remorseful. Sans had always been a good liar, he had to be for his job, and he knew how to be unassuming. Deciding that putting them in prison for murder would have been unfair, they ended up having time served, but had a few requirements.

Requirement One: Establish a homestead.

This was easy enough, and after their currency was translated into the Good 'ol US Dollar, their pockets were heavy. They could afford to buy a nice house in a nice neighborhood, or, they could opt to build one. Sans opted to build one, most neighborhoods weren't so welcoming to monsters, and as such, living surrounded by temptation wasn't a good idea.

Requirement Two: Acquire a Job.
For skeletons as broken up as Sans and Papyrus, this was easier said than done. So, with their accumulation of wealth, Papyrus was the one to decide to get 'work' done. After getting braces to straighten his teeth, a grand deal of his outward appearance changed. A few other doctor visits had him wearing glasses to aid his somewhat poor vision. By the end of it, he had a job at a dentist. Over the years he'd become highly fascinated with teeth, maybe due to how far his had gone. Still, it was a well paying job, and he was happy to have it.

Requirement Three: Attend Monthly Probation.

Sans had originally had something of a problem with this. He didn't like the idea of going in every month to express how GOOD LIFE WAS on the surface. Papyrus made it clear that he was living it up on top, but Sans had gotten the house build and a job at home. He was stagnating, according to his Probation Officer and doctor. So, he upped his game and got a secondary job- again, from home- but they couldn't clock him for not trying. At least he didn't leave the house to go kill folks, right? Right...

So long as they kept up this act, they managed to gain their Citizenship- not that they had anywhere to deport them to in the first place. What were they gonna do, toss them back into the underground? Please.

So, for a while, things had gotten better. The two had settled into a familiar routine, and things started feeling normal. Hell, even Papyrus was behaving more like his 'old self'. Before the famine started, before the menu changed. They could afford to eat again, and Papyrus had even opted to take proper cooking classes! The two might have been somewhat obsessive about avoiding the whole food-wasting thing, but that was to be expected. Things were getting better...

For Papyrus, anyway. Sans was finding it hard to cope. The act was easy, but forcing his old habits to die was not exactly something he was keen on. He waded his way through the world of man, like a wolf among sheep, and his thoughts weren't too far from that, either. His hunger wasn't simply satiated by what his brother cooked anymore. Sure, it helped at first, but the first time Sans had been given the important task of grocery shopping for the week, he found himself drooling at the various scents of the meat that were just... allowed to walk around freely. He had imagined imprisoning a few of these pigs, breeding them for slaughter and replacement, but Papyrus said that he would rather they not end up dusted because Sans had an itch to scratch... And oh, that was a nasty itch. He'd have to come up with something to deal with this all-new hunger, eventually.

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He stirred out of his memory with a bit of a struggle. Had he been dozing? He knew he'd been outside of your apartment off and on all night. Why was that? Well, his daughter was scheduled to be in your class for the following year and he wanted to know what he was getting in to. Sans had trust issues a mile long when it came to humans, and he had no time to take on new projects because you were some kind of psychotic child abuser. He'd know. He made it his job to know. The CIA had nothing on his information gathering skills.
Sans had been stalking you since Orientation when he had finally laid his eye on you. He couldn't see sins quite as clearly as he could in the underground, but you seemed...clean. Startlingly so. His eye bore into your soul, trying to read it, but there were simply too many people around you. Like filthy insects surrounding a bug zapper. This little excursion would have to be prolonged. Was that the case, or was he giving himself excuses to be near you? It was hard to say for certain- but Papyrus asserted he was giving himself reasons. Clever bones thought he knew everything.

Now, however, he sat on your fire escape in the shadow of your building. He could hear one of your neighbors crowing from their apartment, though if it was pain or pleasure, he wasn't sure. The two coincided for him, so he wasn't at all positive. You were more interesting, though. Even through the sealed window, he could smell the various things you used to make yourself smell nice. Beneath that, though, your more natural tones hid away. Floral and sweet, he found himself obsessing over what kind of soul you had. He debated it's color with himself, but without knowing YOU and who YOU were, without seeing it for himself, he'd never know.

While he listened to you sleep through the baby monitor he'd hidden somewhere discreet in your bedroom, he fingered through his phone. No criminal record, and your medical records... well they'd be at his house tomorrow so that wasn't something he was worried about. You were sane- or as sane as an adult taking on other people's brats could get. But you were going to be keeping an eye on HIS brat, and that was what he was concerned about. Your background was flawless in his eyes, and judging by your resume, he felt you were qualified to deal with his child.

Francine wasn't a name he'd chosen for her- but she'd come to him when she was just six years of age, so that was to be expected. Sans would have preferred a font. Occasionally Pap called her his little Verdana, and she was always tickled by it.

For the first year that the brothers had had her, while Papyrus was immediately attached, a good part of Sans had convinced himself this was a Hansel and Gretel deal. He was fattening her up for slaughter. Unfortunately for him, she held very little fear of him or any other monster that she laid eyes on. A strong Orange soul prevented that. So, eventually, the hunter softened for her and they kept her for good. Papers Signed, obligatory 'Sorta Ok Dad' and 'COOLEST UNCLE' t-shirts bought. They had a kid now. How weird and unexpected...

She was more important to him than you were. The hell she had gone through in her short life was not unlike their own in the underground. It just happened when she was far younger than they were. Her trauma more potent. Her comfort, like his brother's, was most important to him, and anyone to threaten that comfort was disposable. This, you see, included you. He was convinced you weren't a threat to his child at this point, but he wondered if you could handle her level of Post Traumatic Stress; hell he'd had a hard time dealing with it at first.

He was still there when you woke and started your daily routine, and even watched from his perch as you made your way to your car and off to work. He checked the clock on his phone. Five. He had an hour before Papyrus woke Fran, so he needed to shortcut his ass home, but before that... he let himself into your home... Time to snoop.
Chapter End Notes

How did Sans and Papyrus end up with a kid, and how were they able to adopt her legally?

Expect another chapter today; I'm kinda excited about this now.

So, hey! Tell me in the comments; Should I draw Pap for upcoming chapters?

Should I draw the Reader?

HEY, HO, LET ME KNOW!
Despite the butterflies in your stomach and your overall nerves after meeting the skeleton and his 'accident prone' daughter, you found yourself relaxing. When your class had settled into their chosen seats, you approached the chalkboard and happily wrote your name across it in big, bubbly letters. Your handwriting, otherwise, was chickenscratch, so you might as well make it nice to look at.

“Hello, class! I'm your teacher Y/N L/N, and I'm so thrilled to be your teacher this year! You know, Third grade is very, very important. This year we're going to be expanding on things you might have learned last year, like math and science,” you paused and listened to the groans of some of the students, and it made you laugh a little. “But, if anyone's having any trouble at any time, they can come to me and I'll help you with the solution. But only enough that you learn how to do it, okay?” that seemed to brighten them up a bit. Good. Good.

You couldn't help your eyes drifting over to Francine, who was lazily kicking her legs under her table. She'd taken a seat next to Kevin- the boy with the nut allergy, and was currently ignoring his attempts at getting her attention. It was almost as though the boy didn't even exist, despite his intentions to play Tic Tack Toe with her while you spoke to them as a whole. First day of class was always the easiest, right? Of course it was.

You decided to let it lie for the moment, you didn't want to make a bad impression with these kids, the last teacher had apparently been hell in heels. That was not the experience you wanted your kids to have. Yeah. Your kids. Once you had their attention solidified on you, you called roll, which was more for your needs to put names to faces than it was to see if everyone was there. Satisfied that had worked, you turned on your heel and wrote the day's assignments on the board. “We're going to start off easy, okay?” you said while writing, able to hear a bit of rubber-necking going on behind you as students tried to see what you were putting on the board. The day's syllabus. “First assignment, I want you all to get your notebooks out and write me an essay on your summer. No set length.”

A hand raised, it was Kevin. He lifted a shaking hand to fix his thick glasses and offered a nervous smile, “But what if we didn't do nothin’?”
“Didn't do anything,” you gently corrected, “if you didn't do anything this summer, write what you could have done, or what you hope to do for your next vacation. If that's the case, I don't mind if you use your imagination a little,” you winked to the class, and a few people giggled. One little girl-Kenzie Miller- squeaked that she had ridden a unicorn over the summer. With a little laugh, you shook your head and went back to writing on the board. “Save it for your essay, sweetie.”

It didn't take too terribly long for the sound of pencils scratching at paper to hit your ears. This was nice. Just what you wanted. You felt the odd sense of being stared at, however, and glanced over your shoulder to find Miss Francine staring you down. Her face was lit up in a tiny smile, like she knew something you didn't know. She maintained eye contact while she pulled out her pretty, pink, Hello Kitty notebook. It wasn't unusual, but you did wonder where she got it. You had had a hard time finding one yourself when you went to the supply store- and you LOVED Hello Kitty. Her eyes finally dropped once she got to a page and started to write. And so, back to the board you went.

The hour went by smoothly, there wasn't a lot that would come of creative writing, and it gave you time to eat your breakfast and drink your coffee- which was unforgivably cold at this point. You drank it anyway, not minding the cold, bitter flavor that hit you like a freighter at top speed. Okay you hated it, you hated how bitter it was and how there was very obviously no cream and sugar inside, but you hid it inside the fact that you were grateful to have it in the first place.

You weren't surprised to find Fran at your desk while you went through the day's lesson plan to double check on the math lesson that would be coming up when everyone was finished with their writing. Up close you could see that she was a chubby faced little girl, with big, bright green eyes and hair that curled about her face in ringlets. It made you wonder if her father curled her hair for her, and the very idea of the massive fellow doing such a thing made your soul buzz a little. How cute. “I finished,” she announced while offering you her notebook. You weren't sure why you were a bit nervous to read this, maybe it was seeing what her dad looked like that put that fear in the back of your head. You took the notebook, but gently caught her before she could go anywhere. “You need your notebook, sweet heart,” you announced to her, and she seemed perplexed.

“That would mean you would haveta tear it out though,” she countered with a tiny, bandaged finger pointing at you in a manner that suggested she wasn't about that life.

“Well, yes, I would.”

“But then, why would we put this in our notebooks if you was just gonna rip it out?” she continued with confusion on her face. “I woulda wrote it on loose paper if I--” she was getting nervous. “I wanted to be sure daddy could read it.”

“OH! Oh, honey, no, I'll read it and give it back to you in your folder at the end of the day,” you express to the girl whose nerves were only just bubbling to the surface. Where was that bizarre
“Daddy likes to read, so I write a lot,” she explained to you, reaching to wipe her face. “He told me when he was in the underground, he ran out of books to read and it blew his mind, s’why he’s got the hole,” she said, tapping her temple as if to explain. You were sure there was more to it than that, but you weren’t about to pry into an eight year old. You look into her notebook and sure enough, she’d written three pages in handwriting that was so pinched it made you wonder if she had a future in writing contracts with ‘fine print’ hidden inside. This would take you a while to read. Gingerly you pulled the pages free from the notebook, and you realized she was holding her breath. To make her feel better, you stapled the pages together so they made a mini book, and that seemed to do the trick.

“There, see? Now they’re all together for when you go home today.”

“Thank you Miss Y/N,” she said with a smile causing a crease in her nose and dimples to pinch her cheeks in. Good GOD this girl was adorable. “What’s next?” she asked, catching you off guard.

“Math.”
“C...can I start looking at my book now?”
“Sure can, but read quietly, okay?” She gave you a firm nod and a tiny salute, which was no doubt something she’d seen someone in her family do before she slipped away to her table to tug out her workbook. The My Summer essays came in one after the other, and you made a note to read them while they were in P.E. later in the day.

From there, you worked them through a lesson in their math work books, and before long, they were being lined up to ship off with the other classes to go to their Physical Education class down in the gym. Eddie swept by when everyone was gone and gave you a comforting smile. “How was it?”

“I might not have monsters in my class, but I have a little girl who was adopted by some.” The face you made brought a laugh to Eddie. “You mean Sans, right? He was with us last year, not too shabby, right?”

“If by ‘not too shabby’ you mean ‘not falling apart before my eyes’, then, I agree.” The two of you shared a laugh before you realized you needed to be looking at these essays. “I gotta get back to work. Uhm... talk more about this later?”

“Oh, of course, hon, just give me a knock if you need anything.” Eddie was nice, you liked her a whole lot. She was more accommodating than the bitchy teachers at your last place. You thought you could be close friends in the future, and she knew stuff about Fran's dad, so that meant that she could enlighten you on her behavior too?

You moved back to your desk and rustled through the various essays. Most were single page works, there were a few that were 'cheat' two pages, which just meant double spacing in the lines and little
comments in the margins. And then there was Fran's...

You were a little nervous to see what a Monster Vacation looked like, so, taking a deep breath, you leaned back and started reading. The first few paragraphs were cute enough. She wrote how she went to cooking classes with her Uncle Pap, and that she learned how to make her very own pasta. Then she wrote about going camping with her dad and how he taught her how to 'survive the wilds'. It was in the following paragraph that you learned that she had found a flip-lighter somewhere during one of her hikes in the woods. Because it was without kerosene, Sans had let her keep it. Something about the 'novelty' of it. She made a passing comment about how she wanted to light it, just once. She liked fire.

The last bits of the essay was talking about how she wanted to go to Disney to see the lighting of the lights for Christmas. None of what you read was particularly bizarre, but you were concerned about that lighter.

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The rest of the day went off without a hitch, though at some point at the end of the day you had gotten a lot of your classwork done, so you allowed them all to socialize. That's when you saw it for the first time. Fran's Lighter. She was showing it to Kevin and holding it not unlike Gollum held The One Ring. She gave it a story while letting Kevin see it, talking about how it was a great knight's lighter and he dropped it when traversing the crooked landscape of the woods of Mt. Ebbot. Was that where they had gone camping? Wouldn't that bring up trauma for Sans? It was a curious thing to overhear, but you made a note to slide a note into her Folder she was to go home with. Sans would see it. He had to see it.

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End of the day; Sans' POV:

He stood outside the school with his hands in his pockets. Most parents showed up in the car queue, but he...wasn't too fond of tin cans. Sure, Pap loved them, and he tolerated Pap's car, but Sans didn't get a license in protest. He had an ID, had to have one, but he refused to get a driver's license. Another parent was standing about five feet away and watching him with the intensity of a bird interested in it's own reflection. Bravery wasn't her strong suit, but she eventually meandered over and cleared her throat. His eye slowly rolled in it's socket to look down at this woman, who gazed up at him with a less than pleased expression on her face. “Excuse me, don't you have to be like, a thousand yards away from a school?”
“are you accusing me of being a predator?” he questioned her bluntly while he stared into her big brown eyes. She suddenly looked like a deer in headlights with the weight of what she'd just said. “because, it would be a crying shame if you were calling me a predator when i am, like you, here to pick up my daughter.”

“Who would have a daughter with the likes of you?” She questioned, wincing when his grin tightened.

“why, no one would, you silly sausage. she's adopted.” He wasn't angry at this human, in fact the look on her face was tickling him. He liked playing with some of these idiots who thought themselves high and mighty. Above him. He'd knock this one down a few pegs. She leaned back as he leaned into her atmosphere, his eerily straight teeth gleaming in her face.

“You're that Sans person, aren't you?” she squeaked as if realizing the fumble she'd just made. Really, he wasn't surprised his name got out there. With how humans covered mass murderers, it was absolutely not shock there were a few documentaries on him. And how he'd been allowed to adopt a child of his own. More than that. Why.

“i am, and i would very much appreciate if you didn't give me shit while i'm just doin' what you're doin', ma'am,” he was tired, he'd been up all night stalking a teacher, he didn't need this bullshit too. Both of their attentions were shaken away from one another as Fran barreled down the sidewalk to throw herself at her father. She was more than happy to see him again. “good day?”

“GREAT DAY! I made new friends! And Kevin's back in my class again!”

“really? mmmh, no more peanut butter for lunch for you, then. don't wanna kill your boyfriend.”

“HE'S- oh my gosh, daddy, he's not--”

“can't convince me, it's already been published in the news.” He smirked at her stomping and hoisted her up to rest her on his hip. He dropped his eye on the woman again. “nice talking to you, helen,” he said, watching her eyes widen as he meandered away with his kid.

“how was your teacher?” he questioned Fran as he walked along, feeling her arm coiling about his neck and gripping at the sleeve of his other shoulder to hold herself even.

“She's great! I showed her my magic lighter.”

“oh, bet she wasn't a fan.”

“She told me I had to be very careful cause fire was dangerous and I told her you already gave me this speech when we went camping.”

“pff, smart girl...”

He'd have to watch you again soon, it was... fascinating how much you cared. He didn't think humans were capable of giving a damn. Not after what they'd done to Fran.
“What's for dinner?”

“i think pap's doin' chicken piccata or somethin' tonight.”

“YAY! Noodles!” no one could say no to Pap's noodles.

---

You were more than a little happy to get off of work. You hadn't worked too hard today, hadn't even given up any homework, but you were glad that you got to know your students. When you got home, you took a shower and ordered take-out from your favorite Chinese place, and spent the night watching Netflix. It was deep into the night when you felt it again, that 'being watched' sensation. Nervous, you got up to look out your window. In the bleak blackness outside, you saw nothing but fog. Was it going to storm? You hoped not. You went back to your sofa and tugged up your phone along with the few slips of papers that you'd been given for phone numbers. You entered Kevin's mom as 'smother', and another mom as 'barbie', and when you got to Sans....

Voorhees.

Y/N: Hey, I wanted to shoot you this text so you'd have my number too.

What the hell were you doing? This was fraterni-

Voorhees: sure thing, teach. thanks for backing me up on the fire safety thing.

He'd answered. He'd answered really fast, too.

Y/N: LOL, no problem. She's really cute, but she didn't have any falls today.

There was a long delay where it showed he was typing, then nothing, typing, then nothing.

Voorhees: i don't mean to be forward, teach, but you wanna go get drinks sometime? i wanted to talk to you about fran. last teacher was kind of rough on her and she's had some...issues.
He was worried about his daughter... You could respect that.

Y/N: Saturday?

Voorhees: good for me.

Y/N: See you then, then, Mr. Skellington.

Voorhees: lol

Well that was...nicer than you thought it was going to be! And you got to learn about this kid who apparently had problems with another teacher? You needed to talk to Eddie about it tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

Helen's lemon squares are absolute trash, by the way.

I'm having a lot of fun writing this stuff for y'all. It's kind of babby's first fic, so I'm actually tickled I'm getting the feedback I am.

Thanks a lot for your support and comments <3

Also, apologies if reading this one is odd; my mother wouldn't stop talking to me the last little bit of the chapter :/
Dinner with The Toothfairy

Chapter Summary

I had one version of this chapter written but I decided it was a bit early to show off that hand. For those of you who read it, keep it secret for now.

This one's a Sans POV, if you don't like these, let me know and I'll cut back on them.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Sans POV;

The first day of school had, apparently, gone fairly well according to Fran. The next day had been interesting, too, and Sans got to hear all about it. She'd talked all the way home about Kevin and how things were for him. It was when she started talking about you that he wondered if she was speaking specifically to see if he was listening because, according to her, you'd come in dressed so casually you couldn't be considered a teacher. Babysitter, sure, but not a teacher at a school like St. James. He thought about what this weekend had in store. When he'd met you, you seemed totally oblivious about what kind of school you were teaching in. But he knew. That's why he'd picked it. Fran would be safe there, and they could handle any... panic attacks she might have had.

“DADDY,” she screeched suddenly, causing him to shake out of his own thoughts. “Did you hear what I said?”

“miss y/n had on a pair of bedroom shoes?” he questioned tiredly, his arm curving around the girl's bottom. She instinctively curled her arms around his neck because she knew his grip meant he was about to shortcut home.

“No, and if we take a shortcut you can't help me with my Math homework!” she was protesting, quietly, but protesting none the less.

“i'll help you even if i'm fallin' asleep, hon. repeat what you said?”

~~

He sat in the kitchen, watching as his brother cooked, entirely detached from the world around him but the actions of his sibling kneading dough for tonight's big meal. Marsala or something. Fran would be getting 'mac n cheese' apparently, because marsala was soaked in enough wine that, well, if Sans could smell it, it was too much. Papyrus lifted his black-charred hands so that he could push his glasses up with his wrists before glancing back to Sans, who was clearly not there despite the
lights being on. “NOT TAKING YOUR VITAMINS, BROTHER?” he said it in such a loud voice that it snapped Sans out of it.

That was the second time today he'd been caught thinking too deeply about you. About the way your hair fell about your face and shoulders when you slept, about the way your apartment smelled when you weren't there. A ghost of perfume was all that let him know you'd been there at all. Papyrus was giving you a look that suggested he knew that Sans was mentally off on a hunt again. “sorry...”

“You MUST Take Them, Sans,” he said in a more quiet tone while Francine worked on her math, occasionally making Sans check her work. It wasn't a request, his daughter was demanding it of him to keep him awake. She wasn't onto him like Papyrus was.

“What Troubles You?” his brother mused while he cut the noodles down and let them hang for a little while he worked on the sauce and the chicken cutlets that everyone was getting. Sans was starving, but it wasn't for this. He glanced briefly to the basement door, eyes hazy with the thought of the project he had down, waiting in a panic for him to show up again.

“nervous about something stupid.”

“What? What's Stupid?” he blinked while he measured some wine to throw it in with the mushrooms and tomatoes he was already simmering away in a pan on the stove.

“i'm taking Fran's teacher out this weekend to... explain some things so that we don't have a repeat of last year.”

“You're Not Going To Tell Her EVERYTHING, Surely....” Papyrus had turned to face him now, leaning on the table. Sans never got over how cute those glasses made his sibling look. Those normally tiny, squinty sockets were large behind those glasses, thick like the bottoms of glass soda bottles. It made him look like a total nerd, with his braces.

“while i may look and act like an idiot, pap, i'm not going to stick a foot in my mouth, okay?” Sans uttered finally, finding himself being slapped with the workbook again. He looked it over and saw an error in her multiplication, and so he stood behind her to explain how double digits worked. “here's a trick, if there's a zero, put it off to the side here... and then just drop it down. yeah, like that...” He rested a hand atop those strawberry locks and ruffled her hair before he meandered out the door. That was the last of her homework.

“Where Do You Think You're Going?”

“just to get ai-”

“I Wasn't Born This Morning,” Pap countered with a finger waving at him before beckoning him back inside. “Sit.”

“you're the boss,” Sans groaned, sinking back into his seat.

Dinner was served in no time, but he couldn't stop thinking about you. You had gotten your hooks in
deep and he'd barely even touched you save for the day in class your fingers brushed his when he gave you his number. But you were kind, sweet, and you smelled nice. Even while he was tucking Fran into bed later that night, he found himself thinking about you. He was somewhat disgusted with himself, but he couldn't help it.

Tiny hands slapped his cheeks and pulled him in so that Fran could plant a wet kiss between his eyes. “Love you, daddy,” she said simply while rolling over to coil herself like an octopus around the entire collection of plushies that Pap had gotten her over the years.

“You too, kiddo. door's open, light's on, ok?” he uttered.

“uhuh,” she was already out before he got out the door. His phone buzzed in his pocket, and glancing down to it he was surprised to see your number.

Peaches: Hey! Just wanted to let you know, Fran was great today. One fall, but Kevin caught her. I think he likes her a lot. Watch out!

Yeah, Kevin liked her a lot, and Sans hated that. That was going to be a big problem when Frankie was old enough to care. He drifted down the hallway, thumbs tacking away at the screen.

Sans: yeah, he's a little romeo. i don't think i'll have much to worry about for now, she doesn't seem interested in boys.

He unlocked his basement door and shouldered his way inside, closing it up and locking it behind him. Pap was watching one of his shows, something with Gordon Ramsay screaming at someone based on what Sans heard. He moved down the firmly built stairs and gazed down at his project. The man was strapped to a table, and was very much awake. He looked to be middle aged, and based on the nasty things Sans had found in his history, he was a very, very bad person. When Sans approached, the man tensed up, tears squeezing from the corners of his eyes. Sans removed his gag and leaned heavily on the table he was strapped to. “hello, mr. gibbs... i've seen your internet history...”

“I---I can explain...”

“no, i don't think you can, mr. gibbs. you live alone, you don't have ghosts that just put them there, do you?”

“Wh-”

“didn't think so,” Sans purred to the man while he moved away and out of view. The man struggled to keep an eye on him, gritting his teeth. He felt the icepick trailing along the top of his head before to his temple and settling at his earlobe. “ready for a bad time?”

“N-”
Before he could answer, that pick was driven roughly into the muscle of the man's shoulder. He howled in pain, but years of soundproofing the basement wouldn't disturb anyone in the house. Fran went on sleeping, Pap went on watching his show. “that was... a rhetorical question, mr. gibbs...” Sans heard the door creak upstairs, and so he leaned back to see Papyrus meandering down the stairs with a tiny smile and a jar in hand. He set it on the file cabinet and stared at Mr. Gibbs on the slab.

“Hello!” he said pleasantly, waving his hand. “I Am Your Dentist For The Evening,” he cooed while holding up a pair of pliers.

“really?”

“YOU OWE ME! You Buried The Last One Before I Got My Teeth!”

“fine... take your damn teeth, he's nice and wide for you,” Sans said, sliding a finger into the wound he'd made simply to make the man's open mouth widen in a silent scream of pain.

Just like old times. Occasionally, though, they paused to check on Fran's monitor. Still sawing logs. Well, that was nice. Needless to say... Mean Old Mr. Gibbs, snatcher of children and hoarder of child redroom footage.... was never seen again.

Chapter End Notes

He's obsessing. I think he likes you.
Killer Eats

Chapter Summary

Your week goes a little bumpy. How were you so silly as to not research your place of work?

Silly reader.

Oh, also, you have a date.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The week had gone by a lot smoother than you had thought. The kids were absolute angels, though it was Wednesday that you realized why the school had such a deep need for people with a medical background. While your major had been psychology in that area, Mrs. Eddie Jones qualified as a Registered nurse. This was discovered when, during Recess, one of your students fell off the swing-set and went into a seizure that sucked the life out of you. You panicked and rushed over to get the students away, Mrs. Jones on the other hand, did not. She moved over and let the seizure ride out, only turning the student on her side to prevent her from aspirating her lunch that had decided to come back up. When it was all over, the girl looked a little bewildered at the two of you standing over her. You hadn't realized you'd been crying, but in a moment, Eddie was gently helping the girl up. “Miss L/N, I think you should probably get her to the office and call her parents to come get her for the rest of the day,” she said this calmly, but seemed to realize that you were about to break down. You leaned down to wrap your arms around the girl, who pat the back of your head as if she was more worried for you than herself. These children were absolute angels, weren't they?

Later, when the kids had gone home, Eddie dropped by your room to check on you. You'd never seen a child have a seizure before and it was clear you were shaken up. “Sweetie, are you aware of what kind of school this is?” she questioned.

“I didn't realize, to be honest. I didn't know it was a school for the infirmed...” You wiped your eyes, remembering the deer in headlights look the girl had given you when she snapped out of it. It wasn't a long seizure at all, in fact it barely lasted two minutes, and while she did have a moment where she was sick during it, she seemed okay after.

“Have you had the chance to read over your students' files yet?” Eddie said gently while resting her hip against the desk. You nodded some. After the incident in the yard, you had put two and two together. The epilepsy, the horrible allergies. This was a safety school, one where rich parents let their children be to keep them away from the crazies that might put their child at risk. Some of these children couldn't bear to be sick, some of them were immuno-compromised. None of them deserved this, you reasoned. It made your soul hurt. “One of my students has an empty file,” you said
suddenly, as though the realization hit you a little late.

“Really?” she seemed surprised by that. You slid Francine's file to her and she opened it up. All it had was a basic physical deeming her healthy, but Eddie had worked this job for well over five years now. She knew the call signs of a sick child, and while Fran was physically healthy, some of her behaviors suggested that she had had some sort of trauma in her young life. “We'll get you a new copy, I'm sure the school's system has what you're looking for.” Although, she looked a bit disturbed by this. She knew that the last class Fran had been a part of had been...rough. The teacher took it upon themselves to try and cure their students, and, well, that wasn't kosher with anyone at the school, or even the parents. They'd skipped town before any charges could be brought against them.

“What if I asked her dad?” You asked thoughtfully.

“Asked her dad... The next PTA meet isn't until next month, that's a long time to wait,” Eddie reasoned.

“He uhm... we're going to get a coffee or something this weekend, he wanted to tell me about last year.” The look on Eddie's face was NOT one that you wanted to see, mostly because it made you think she was worried for your safety. You didn't want to worry anyone. “It'll be fine, Eddie.”

“I know, he's a decent guy, just, don't make it obvious you're digging for info.”

“I know, I know.”

Before you ended up leaving school for the evening, you went to the office. They had a copy of Fran's file, and so, tucking it into your bag, you went home. You'd read it and put it in your cabinet at school tomorrow.

You wanted to do your best for these kids.

~~

Francine's diagnosis wasn't near as bad as you thought it was going to be. She suffered from a few phobias (which she was luckily unable to be hit on at school), severe anxiety (that you wondered how severe, you recalled the notebook incident), and post traumatic stress disorder. There was no history on where these issues came from, but based on her history, she had been in public school for all of one month before she near clawed the eyes out of one of her peers. So, with a 'doctor's note', she ended up here. Given a basic understanding of how the girl worked, you figured that you'd learn more on your not-date with her dad.

Which wasn't a date.
You swore...

....Was it?

~

Saturday rolled around and you found yourself a bit nervous. All week you'd been giving Sans status reports on his daughter, mostly because he seemed the paranoid type when it came to her health. To be fair, you were doing the same with Kevin's parents, along with your epileptic, Isabel. Maybe you should reach out to all of the parents to do this?

An email chain! That was a good idea, you'd see about that next PTA meeting, though you imagined you needed to get permission for that. That was fine. It was a good idea, and worrisome parents didn't have to worry anymore. You were on the case!

You were sitting, watching something on Netflix when your phone buzzed and scared you half to death. Cutting off the movie, you leaned to grab your phone to look at the text you'd just received.

Voorhees: i know it's a little early, but fran's at a friend's for the night, dance class buddy. want to grab lunch instead of drinks?

You couldn't help but to think of the little girl in a tutu. The idea was sort of funny to you because she struck you as an aggressive little tomboy. It made you wonder why Sans of all people would put her in dance. Unless it was this infamous Uncle Pap that the girl kept telling you about in the little creative writing projects you gave. You learned a lot about Fran just through her writing, pinched and tiny though it was. It was like she was afraid she'd run out of paper even though she had plenty.

Right. Lunch. You turned your head and saw it was...well past lunch.

You: Sans, it's like, four o'clock, I think we're a bit late for Lunch. Dinner?

Voorhees: it's twelve o'clock somewhere. for me this is gonna be breakfast, i only just woke up.
You couldn't help but to snort and laugh at this. It was a bit late to wake up for someone who was a dad. You imagined that he was napping, though, even if he reasoned it was 'breakfast'.

**Voorhees:** if you'd prefer dinner, though, guess i'll have to gussy up and put on my girdle, huh?

Okay, that was funny. And, as if he knew you were laughing,

**Voorhees:** wouldn't want you to be disillusioned by my girlish figure by showing up in sweats.

Stars, you couldn't breathe. Giggling you got up and moved to the kitchen to get some water. Eventually, you started typing again, shaking your head while you did.

**You:** Yeah, bruncher sounds great. and if you wear your spanks, I'll wear my good tux, okay?

**Voorhees:** be still my beating heart.

**You:** PFFF, how does that work?

**Voorhees:** that's awfully personal; not on the first date, peaches. do you like barbecue?

Peaches? You thought about that for a few moments and shrugged, you decided you didn't mind it. The other part of his text made you think about it a little. Yeah, you did.

**You:** There's a place called Gentry's in town that has the best pulled pork I've ever had. Meet you there?

**Voorhees:** you got it.

This was...nice. It was really nice. And it wasn't until you were reading through the texts again you realized it. HE had called it a date. That made it a date, right? You were nervous, but that was to be expected, he kinda surprised you with this.

After a shower, you dug through your closet. It was barbecue so you weren't going to dress up, but you were going to try and make yourself look nice anyway. The tank-top you'd thrown on was red and had some logo for a zombie game on it. It was one of your favorites and it showed due to the fact that the logo was damn near washed off. Made it spookier, in your opinion. With that, you
tugged on some jeans, but hesitated in buttoning them. You knew Gentry's had a huge portion, and you'd be popping those buttons before you were even done eating. The idea wasn't to stop when you were full, the idea was to stop when you hated yourself. That's how Gentry's was. You opted for fake-jeans instead and a pair of over-worn tennis shoes before you headed out.

Summer was dying slowly. Middle of September in this area, it did get cooler at night, so you had wizened up enough to grab a loose sweater to throw on should it get cooler than you expected it to. Still, the cool air of the day's end was enough to give you a moment to stop and smell the roses. It was nice out today, and you'd regretted spending most of it inside. Maybe tomorrow you'd go swimming....

Or maybe you'd spend another day cramwatching American Horror Story. Who knew?

~~

When you arrived at the restaurant, Sans was already there. He seemed to have wanted to dress to impress just as much as you did, which kind of made your chest hurt. Why did you feel the need? Why did he? He was hard to miss, mostly because people gave him a wide berth. He was sitting on a bench wearing a pair of slacks that covered the whole of his skeletal legs. His shirt was a button up, and it almost looked like someone else had dressed him completely. The way his head hung on his shoulder made you think he was sleeping, so when you got out of the car, locked up and meandered over, you weren't expecting his eyelight to switch on.

It made you think of an outside security system. Those motion sensor lights. But it had been triggered by you and not by the other people skirting by him as if he were a snake coiled to bite.

“Hello, Sans. You look comfy, there. I thought your spanx would be choking the life out of you.”

“i managed to get myself into a position that it didn't pinch my curves,” he said with that crooked smirk coiling his face. He took a moment to stand up, a few of his joints popping in a manner that screamed he had arthritis. That engorged, red eye looked you over for a moment, though locked on your sweater as if he wasn't expecting it. “feelin' cold, peaches?”

“Nope, this is a safety precaution, just ignore it,” you teased while taking his arm to lead him inside. The action seemed to throw him off his game, he wasn't expecting you to touch him, but he wasn't complaining. You took charge of the situation and asked for a booth somewhere where he wouldn't be bothered. As tense as he was, you imagined that a whole lot of humans put him on edge. Monsters, you had learned, weren't all powerful. A Human's Intent would be enough to dust one, and that wouldn't make for good dinner conversation. The waiter was a cat monster who looked a little too happy to be there. You could tell it was forced, and more than that, you could tell the two recognized each other.
Once you were both seated, the cat moved away, and a waitress came to take your orders. Sans seemed more interested in steaks than pulled pork, because he asked for something on the rare side; no shock after his ordeal. Old habits, right? What you didn't expect was him not to eat it when it came, opting instead to watch you eat.

“You wanted to tell me some things about Fran?” you said between bites, deciding that if you reminded him of that he would decide to eat; he didn’t.

“Oh, that's right. you'll have to forgive me, my memory has... holes all in it,” he smirked when he caught you looking at the wound in his head after his joke. You had to put your fork down and cover your mouth so as to not spit your food out while you chuckled away.

“Ok, ok, serious talk,” you said once you managed to swallow.

“Alright... this is serious sans,” he uttered, leaning forward to rest his elbows on the table. “it was really, really hard to adopt fran, monsters, humans, y’know that sort of thing.” That was to be expected, humans were more likely allowed to adopt monsters than it was the other way around. He scratched under his lightless eye, almost as if it were a nervous habit, “it was more difficult because she had gotten out of an abuse situation, one that i pulled her out of.”

“How'd you manage that?”

“Well...”

Chapter End Notes

Well, what, Sans?
Bad Memories

Chapter Summary

*BIG FAT WARNING* This entire chapter is not for the faint of heart; there IS a child predator, and reference to the bad things that he has done. There is a lot of bad things implied here, and while that's so, I will not do anything more than allude to the bad that's happened. There will NEVER be graphic depictions of violence against children in my fics, but if the mention of it bothers you, best skip.

Sans POV Chapter: How Fran became his child... Also Sans finds a hobby.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ebott City; Two Years Ago...

Sans could never get over the fact that it rained so much on the surface. It was a lot different from the dripping ooze in the Underground. Sure, it had changed over time, Waterfall had nearly completely dried up by the time they'd all gotten out. Still, it was strange how...relaxing this was for the old bonehead. Simple pleasures like this, he realized, humans took for granted. Things that they got to experience every day, they had been without for damn near eons at this point. The sun, the wind, the rain, all of these things were old yet familiar experiences to many monsters- at least those that were old enough to remember. Sans had seen pictures in books when he was a baby bones, but it didn't hold a candle to the real thing.

Nothing did.

He had been sent out on errands today. Paprus usually did the grocery shopping, but the fact of the matter was he was tired of Sans doing nothing. He was wasting away because all he did was sleep. So, Pap had put his foot down and gave Sans a new chore. Groceries. He didn't mind it, especially lately due to the rain. Sure, he had to wear a cap on his head to prevent the water from getting into his skull, but that didn't mean he wasn't able to enjoy the weather. Getting the groceries was the easy part, and while normally he'd just... shortcut home, the weather was so nice that he opted to walk.

It was a long walk, but he didn't mind it. Wasn't like he didn't have temperature stable bags anyway. Paprus was... particular.

He was making his way away from the store, trailing along the sidewalk that lead back to the outskirts where he'd had the cabin built up. He wasn't paying attention to much aside from the way
the water felt against his bones as he walked. His hazy fugue state was interrupted, he was violently yanked back down to earth by a tiny hand grabbing at his own, and a body tucking itself against his side. That was weird. He didn't remember coming here with anyone. He looked down and saw her. The little girl couldn't have been but about six, with wide eyes and next to no hair. She gripped him so tightly he thought he was going to lose his hand to her. “Don't move,” she squeaked out, pressing herself closer to his leg as if she were trying to disappear into him. Unfortunately, she was trying to hide behind a skeleton, and while he was a big, hefty thing, he was still just that, a skeleton. He craned his head to look at this girl, realizing she held no fear of him, especially when she looked up at him in a betrayed fashion. “I told you not to move!” she hissed, and of course, he lifted his head back up to stare into space. Did this mean stop walking? He was still somewhat hazy, his mind was drifting to the woman across the street who was eyeing him strangely. Why? Because the kid ran up to him? This brat was going to get him in trouble, he realized. Humans were bigots, always had been and they'd endured enough suffering underground and above ground to know that was the gospel.

“why aren't we moving?” he finally gurgled out, which didn't surprise her as she tucked her face into his palm as though that would hide her. This was bizarre and it reminded him of Papyrus trying to hide after a nightmare. It hurt his soul to remember old, old memories. “kid.”

She didn't get the opportunity to answer. She tightened her grip on that bony hand when a man drove up and stepped out of his car. “Alice!” he called out. Sans squinted a moment before looking down to the girl. The man wandered up, slicking back his comb over as the rain started to die down. Another car passed, witnesses. Sans didn't like this.

“Sir, that's my daughter, I'm so sorry she's accosted you like this. Alice, we talked about thi-”

“is this your dad?” she shook her head at him.

“No.”

“is your name alice?” again, she shook her head. She was shaking as the man grew closer. Sans knew opportunity when he smelled it. Sweet, delicious opportunity. This man was going to die. Maybe not now... but he was going to.

“Alice...” the man hissed, coming closer. As he reached out for her, though, Sans gripped her hand and shortcut back with her a few feet. In the meanwhile he was tugging out his cellphone.

“kid, did this man hurt you?”

“Y...yes.”

“say no more,” Sans uttered while holding his phone to his head. “hello, yes, i'd like to report an attempted kidnapping.” Sans hated the police more than he hated psychiatrists. “corner of fifth and elm. oh, yes, i'd be happy to wait, but the culprit's running.” Sure enough, this strange man was fleeing back to his car. Sans clicked a photo on his phone. He'd remember that license plate. “i'll stay here with the kid. thanks a bunch...”
The police showed up with EMT, taking the girl away from Sans to make sure she was alright. She didn't let him go at first. The police officer had to tell her that he wasn't going anywhere, that her hero had to make a statement, then she could tell him goodbye if she wanted. She didn't want to, though. Still, after assuring the kid that he wasn't going anywhere, she shuffled away with the EMT to get checked out. She was covered in bruises and scars, as if she'd been mauled and battered by someone, something.

“You did a good thing today, Mr.... uh...”

“sans.”

“Sans. She looks pretty rough,” the officer said softly while flipping out a notebook to take a statement. “What would you say this man looked like?”

“i don't have the best vision,” Sans lied, tapping his eye with his free hand. “weather makes it harder on me. she'll have to fill you in there.”

“So, what happened, then?” the cop seemed a bit confused, and Sans gave her the run down of what happened. He'd been walking home from the grocery store, kid runs up and grips him like a vice, then the man in the car. That was that. It hadn't been a drawn out process, the coward ran, but he could run to the ends of the earth and never escape Sans.

Not this opportunity.

“Okay, well, do you want to say goodbye to her?” It was clear that they'd wished he had more information, but Sans kept his winning hand close to his chest, and his poker face was astonishing.

“sure...” Sans followed the officer to the back of the ambulance and saw the girl getting stuck with a needle. She was fighting the EMT, slapping and kicking angrily, though it all ended when she saw him again.

“They want to take me to the hospital,” she informed him.

“well, you look how i feel, kiddo, maybe you should go to the hospital,” he reasoned.

“Will you be there?” Had this kid really attached to him? His rictus grin faltered for a moment before he forced it to be sweeter.

“dumplin', i got groceries i gotta get home, but tell you what, if your mom lets me, i'll come make sure you're still with us, okay?” Sans expected her to be compliant to that. The cop was looking between them, bewildered. None of them expected what happened then. She shrieked. She shrieked in such a way that it made everyone present jolt.

“NO. NO I DON'T WANT HER THERE. I WON'T GO IF SHE'S THERE.”

“Hey, hey, it's okay,” the EMT reasoned, trying to calm her down a little.

“I WON'T.”
Sans leaned back to the police officer, looking down his nasal ridge to her, “looks like you better look into the mom.”

“Yeah... that's ... Sweetie, if you don't want your mom there, she won't be there.”

“Promise!”

“On my badge, sweetie.”

“What about you?” a tiny, thin finger thrust in Sans' direction. He lifted a hand in mock surrender. “You'd better come visit me.”

“i will, dumplin', i will. scout's honor.”

But he hadn't.

No, he went straight the hell home and intended to wash his hands of the kid, but he was going to deal with CombOver for sure... He just... had to work a little on where to put the guy. Papyrus wasn't suspicious that he started working in the basement, having explained he was going to make an office down there. The only thing was Pap wanted him to not spend all of his time down there. That...would be hard. “it's a project,” he told his brother, “which means i'll be out of the house more, so uhm... leave a list every day, ok?”

“OH! A HOBBY? OKAY! HOBBIES ARE HEALTHY, SANS. AND WE HAVE TO SHOW THE HUMANS WE'RE HEALTHY OR WE'LL--’’

“i know, bro, we'll go back to the cage. don't worry. healthy as a horse and twice as hungry, what's for dinner?”

~~

It had worked, it had placated Papyrus enough that Sans could feed his old needs. Hunting. He missed it so much that when he finally got back into it, he felt it in the magic around his bones. He learned CombOver's name by doing a little...research in between renovating the basement. Funny how easily one could find out everyone's information by a little searching on the web.

Mr. Kenneth Higgins lived at 504 Maplewood in East Ebott, on the far side of the mountain. The area was known to house the uppercrust rich people. The sort who bought a new Mercedes to match their current underwear. Staking out his house, Sans learned a lot about the man, mostly that he was a dangerous man in a dangerous position; he was a lawyer that worked with Child Services, and recently spent a whole lot of money on something. His bank statement said he'd drained his account of four thousand dollars and what he spent it on? Well it wasn't a brand new car. Sans had snuck in while the man was out and about, more likely doing whatever it was that Child Service Lawyers did.
when they weren't- apparently- buying children. The man lived in a massive house and had no family to speak of. He was in his forties and spent a lot of his time out of the house, but while snooping, Sans found it. The secret room.

The kid wasn't the first.

He was in the process of going through the man's computer when his own phone rang. He didn't recognize the number, but realized it was the cop from a week ago. “yeah?” he uttered while looking through the encrypted garbage on the man's hard drive. Easy for him to crack, he'd done it before.

“Mr. Sans?”

“one in the same, who's this?”

“I'm Martha Aims with the EPD, I was hoping you had a minute?”

“just workin' on a few things, what can i do for you?” he didn't like how businesslike that had come out, yet, it had. He cracked the key and stared at the man's dirty secret. Hundreds upon hundred of photos of children, and all of them black and blue. Humans were disgusting, doing this to their own. These photos made him think they were professionally taken, and with some more digging, he found a roster of names. At first, he thought the names were the kids, but when he realized they were all men and had phone numbers?

He found his kill list. He leaned back in the seat, feeling satisfied with what he found. He decided to re-encrypt the computer to make it impossible to hide this stuff so that when this man went missing, he wouldn't be missed.

“Sir?”

“oh, sorry, i was reading something,” which he was now writing down.

“Francine's missing,” she said softly. “She left a note saying she was looking for you.”

That made him stop writing for a moment. Why were they calling him about this? Wasn't it their job to make sure that she wasn't lost? What the hell was with this place and their inability to track anyone? Hell, humans were idiots. “looking for me, huh? so i'm going to just assume you want me to look for her.”

“No offense, sir, but everyone knows who you are and what you've done. I'm not holding you accountable for your murders because you did what you had to do, but I imagine you're better at hunting down a lost kid than we are.”

She had no idea. She had no idea what he was doing at present, and that was fine by him. Hell, based on what she just said, she might have known. Maybe she did, maybe she didn't. “martha?” he uttered lowly.

“Yes?”
“if i do this, i want a favor.”

“Sure.”

“that kid's been through hell, in the worst way. i saw it in her face when she ran at me. if her mother put her in that situation, she's going to end up in the system.”

“Right, she'd end up in foster care.”

“i know what that system does to people, i had a friend at one point who was in foster care,” he mumbled, remembering Frisk and how they'd been running away when they ended up in the underground so long ago. He missed the kid sometimes, thinking of better times.... but they never came back.

“I can't do anything until you ask me the question, Sans.”

“i want a recommendation. this kid wants me so bad, let her have me, if she wants a dad, i'll take care of her, and you know i can do that,” it was irritating as hell that this was happening, but... well, Pap would be better at this than him. So long as he played guard dog, that's all that was needed, right?

“....Alright, I'll do what I can, but you're going to have to paint yourself the model citizen, now go find your kid, Sir.”

He got the last name and number when the woman hung up and slid his phone into his pocket. He cut off the now corrupt computer before he set a lovely trap for the man for when he came home. He'd check back here later.

~~

It wasn't hard to find the kid. Francine, right? Right. Sometimes his memory was terrible, and names were forgettable. Francine was tucked in a bush on the sidewalk she'd met him at, her knees to her chest and her scratched up hands holding them in place. She jolted when he appeared to her with a crackle of magic. She looked up at him as he looked down to her. The moment was weighted, and in a moment she flung herself at him, arms wrapping around his middle. “You lied! You said you'd come visit!”

“i'm sorry, kid, i thought you'd forget about me, honestly...”

“How am I supposed to do that? YOU SAVED ME!” she screamed at him and it took him offguard. He stared at this child who stared back up at him with a mix of fury and sadness in her face. Defeated, he lowered down to her level, finding her arms flinging around his middle. “You lied! You said you'd come visit!”

“My you don't think i'm scary?”

“I think you're stupid,” she said softly, clinging to him tightly. “I don't wanna go back, he'll get me. He's everywhere.”

“ok, alright, well, uh...” awkwardly, he picked her up, ignoring the nagging groan in his non-existent
stomach. Gretel was gripping him for dear life and he realized he'd gone without eating. She was too skinny, so he couldn't do that to her. Had she jumped from the fryer in to the fire?

Turned out, no she didn't. Papyrus loved her immediately, and that took the wind out of his sails. He couldn't eat the kid that his brother immediately started planning a life for. Fantastic. Well, there was still Mr. Higgins...

Chapter End Notes

Sans has a date with Mr. Higgins...

But YOU don't need to know that, do you?
Parenting

Chapter Summary

Your date's goin' pretty good!
You learn about Fran's problems and flirt with her dad.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“so, when i was walking down the road this kid runs into me,” Sans was telling the story with a sort of tired expression on his face. You knew that it had to be hard to recall all of this, and as he went on, you realized that, yes, it was a traumatic experience. It had to be rough, realizing that you were taking on a kid that had been physically abused, and who knew what else.

Of course, you were unaware that Sans was omitting some rather important stuff. Like the whole fact that he had stalked Mr. Higgins before he became plant food, but that was neither here nor there in his opinion. It was information you didn't need to know right now, as it would only put a damper on your evening. And seeing as this was a date, he wanted this to go as smoothly as possible. When he finished speaking, expressing how difficult it was to get through all the red tape to finally adopt Fran, you reached to give his hand a tiny squeeze. He hadn't been expecting it, judging by how his eye radiated light for a brief moment. He looked from your linked hands to your face and then watched as you retracted across the table.

You shouldn't have touched him, but you didn't know any better. While he stared at you in shock, his mind was giving him conflicting thoughts. One, you were warm, two, you smelled nice and you had enough meat to last him throu--- no. None of that. He had a project at home.

“You went through a lot for her, I know she appreciates it. She loves you a lot,” you commented, causing him to utter a low laugh. “Why did you want to give me the backstory?”

“Well i would think that's obvious. not a lot of teachers know how to handle her particular brand of anxiety, or her weird quirks and fears,” he explained with a shrug. “i wanted you to be prepared because last year, her teacher tried exposure therapy.” There was a bite to his tone that suggested that he had not been asked for this, nor were any of the other parents. “so, to prevent that from happening again, i figured we'd have a chat about it.”

“Oh, I would never put a child through something like that. That's terrible,” you uttered, setting your fork down for a moment. He'd still not touched his food, and for a moment, you wondered about it. “Not gonna eat?”
“force of habit, I forget that humans like to eat together, I tend to wait until the other party's done. Papyrus hates that I haven't dropped the habit.” Of course, he didn't go into why that was, but while you thought it was a cultural thing, you realized that it couldn't be if his brother hated it.

“That's terribly old fashioned of you,” you teased him, watching a hint of a flush across his cheekbones. You were curious about that, how did bones blush? You didn't have time to ask because he was chuckling at the idea.

“I'm not as young as my girlish figure would allow you to think, miss y/n,” he purred to you in a tone that was so deep that you felt it in your spine again. It was like listening to the strings of a bass being plucked. Something you could feel at your very pit. Was he flirting with you? Nah, couldn't be.

“I know you're not supposed to ask, but,” you uttered.

“Pff, you're not supposed to ask women that, so I'm told,” he teased right back, leaning back in his seat a bit. He was ignoring the child in the booth behind him trying to look into his head. And he was doing a good job of it... But you could tell he knew by the tightening of his smile.

“Well, then how old are you?”

“If I had a proper answer, I'd give you one,” he answered, tapping his temple near the wound in his skull, “you could say my memory isn't all it's... cracked up to be.”

You tried your hardest not to laugh, but in the end, it was impossible, and he grinned at you. When he saw the last of your food was gone, he did, in fact, start eating, which meant you were now waiting on him for the moment.

“So, what are Fran's issues? I mean, what causes her to go into panic attacks, her phobias and such,” you asked while sipping at your soda, watching him eat. You wondered where it all went but realized that the answer was probably magic. Did food fuel his magic? And if so, did he need specific kinds of food? If they'd endured famine in the underground you imagined that something had to have messed up, but you weren't going to outright ask him. That was his trauma, not the subject at hand.

“Well, she's not entirely keen on dogs, or rather, big dogs,” he explained at length while tucking a piece of the near-raw meat into his mouth. He had ordered it rare, but you wondered if it had become horribly cold at this point. “so, things like german shepherds, labs, pit bulls...”

“Why?”

“According to her, her mother would watch the neighbor dogs and she got mauled by one,” he mumbled, looking grim for a moment. “so, big dogs scare her,” he shrugged, tucking another bite into his mouth as if trying to distract himself from the first time she'd met the dog soldiers that Papyrus worked with at one point.

“That's terrible,” you were horrified, and when his eye looked up to you, he seemed to realize that perhaps giving you brutal details wasn't the best of ideas.
Didn't stop him from it though.

“she's a little better about the dog monster folk now, when she first started living with us, though, she couldn't tell the difference. a dog was a dog was a dog, y'know?”

“Yeah,” you felt your heart breaking bit by bit and jolted slightly when he sat up a little straighter.

“while i know it's hard not to, don't pity her. she can tell and she doesn't like it,” Sans said to you, and you lifted your gaze to meet his. He was serious, this wasn't an attempt at your feelings. Gradually, you nodded in agreement, and before long, the entirety of his plate was so clean you could have someone else eat off of it.

Yet, something told you he was still hungry, maybe it was how he was looking across the way at a table needing to be bused where there was enough food to feed a small family. You imagined wasting food wasn't a good thing to him, or any other monster for that matter. “Anything else I need to know?” he snapped his eye back to you, briefly appearing embarrassed that he'd been caught staring. “I don't think we're going to have to worry about the dog thing, there are a few canine students, but they aren't in our class, and you said she's okay with monster dogs now.”

“she told me you know about her lighter,” he said softly. You nodded in response, leaning forward to rest against the table. “it doesn't have kerosene in it, as i imagine you're aware.”

“Are you about to tell me she likes playing with fire?”

“she's fascinated by it, but not to the point of setting things alight.”

“Yes.”

“yes, yet. just... keep an eye on that and if she starts fiddling with it too much, she's about to go into an attack. think of it as a safety blanket, it's one of her tells.”

“Why'd you let her keep it?” you questioned, and he shrugged.

“she felt safer keeping it. she made this story up that a ghost lives in it and protects her or something. it changes every other week...like i said, it's a safety blanket-- kind of.”

The rest of dinner went rather smoothly. He managed to coax you into dessert, though it seemed that he wanted an excuse to eat more. While you had a little, you eventually let him eat the rest of the chocolate cake you'd ordered. He seemed pleased that his ploy worked, even though he was an adult and if he wanted cake he could buy it. This was his treat, after all. He was funny, you had to admit, even if it was just his quirks and not his less than stellar puns.

He wasn't trying, though, and you could tell.
Between going back and forth flirting, trying to outdo one another by striving for the deepest blush, you didn't realize how late it had gotten. You had ordered a coffee at some point and by now it was ice cold. A waitress drifted over when the place was wholly empty save for the two of you and cleared her throat. It startled you out of your mad giggling, and of course, it irritated Sans. He wasn't ready for this to be over just as much as you weren't.

“Sorry, guys, we're closing up,” she said sweetly. Sans paid, trying to stifle his irritation, but it showed on his face as easy as any of the blushes he'd had that evening. He got up first and helped you, mostly because you realized all too quickly that your legs had fallen asleep. He didn't mind the closeness, and you were somewhat surprised by the fact that he felt so solid.

“Need a ride?” you offered, and he seemed to be seriously thinking about it when you both stepped out onto the sidewalk. The parking lot was empty, and for a moment you realized how creepy it seemed. Funny, considering you were glued into Sans's side, and he was more intimidating than the dark you were surrounded by.

“yeah,” he finally decided, which caused a tiny smile to coil your face and heat well in your chest. Why did that make you happy? Well, you weren't ready for all of this to be over, it was more fun than you'd had in a while... Even if it was wholly inappropriate. His kid was in your class. This was wrong, right?

Maybe being wrong was fun sometimes.

You lead him to your car, the only one in the lot and let him in. When you got in, you realized that he was a little on the cramped side in his seat. It took you everything not to laugh, mostly because his face was so screwed up with discomfort it was comical. “how do you survive this coffin on wheels?” he questioned, and it broke your nerve.

You laughed and leaned across the center console to dip your hand between his knees. His face lit up like Christmas lights at the closeness, though he noticeably jolted when his seat slid back. Your hand had pulled the trigger beneath his seat, and now he had room. His eyelight disappeared in shock for a moment, as though he realized that you weren't getting fresh. Oh, that was embarrassing.

He was quiet the ride back to his place, aside from occasionally giving you directions. His home was out in the boonies, and while that was alright- didn't he walk everywhere? How did he manage to get to the restaurant before you if it took you half an hour to drive to his house? “that's the place,” he said softly as you pulled up a long, winding dirt road. The house was nestled within some trees and looked somewhat homey, but when you got to a certain point, he nudged you. “stop the car, i can walk from here.”

“Don't want to be seen with me?” you teased.
“it isn't that, there's a security system your tires wouldn't appreciate,” he said with such a casual air that it startled you. He had spikes in his road? Why? Why would anyone need security like that when one could hardly be bothered to drive out this far? He waited for you to stop the car before resting a hand on the door. Sans was hesitating, like he still didn't want this to be finished. He shouldn't have told you about the spikes, if you had a flat, it'd give you reason to stay until morning.

But he didn't want to be that person. Maybe another time. This was a fun game to play.

A nice distraction.

“we should do this again sometime.”

“Oh, for sure, you're a blast,” you said, lightly slapping his arm.

“whenever you want, just throw me a text, alright, peaches?”

“Ah, sure. Why Peaches, by the way?” you questioned with a little smirk.

You'd caught him, and as such, the door opened. “i like to keep some secrets to myself, that's second date info.”

“OH! THAT'S NOT FAIR.”

“aw, peach, it's okay, life isn't fair,” he teased with a wink before closing the door. Your headlights lit up his back as he trudged up the hill into the blackness of trees and up to the house. Before you could pull out, however, you heard your phone go off. You reached for it and had a peek at the message screen;

Voorhees: let me know when you make it home so i don't worry.

He worried about you? That was... cute. Shrugging, you shot an 'ok mom' back to him before pulling out of his driveway and heading home. Of course, once you returned to your apartment, you dropped heavily onto the sofa to shoot him a 'home' text before you conked out. It was damn near two thirty in the morning and you were simply not making it to bed tonight.

At least the date was fun...

Chapter End Notes

Well, now you know he worries about you. Good job!
Ebott City; Two Years ago

Sans arrived at Mr. Higgins's house after he made absolutely certain that Fran was asleep. Papyrus had already slipped into the role of 'uncle pap' and it sort of made Sans wish he hadn't. It meant he was attached. Attached meant that the kid got to live. Still, could have been worse, he guessed. That cop, Martha, she was going to help with this red tape bullshit, but so was Mr. Higgins... The only thing was; Mr. Higgins didn't know it yet.

He'd find out soon enough.

The sound of a rope swinging told Sans that the trap had been a success, but he wasn't entirely sure how long the man had been suspended by his broken leg from the upstairs railing. Higgins was not a fit person, though he might have looked it on their first meeting. When the door opened, the man called out for help, but he was unaware that the one who set the trap was coming to check on it.

“HELP! Help! You can have anything you want, just cut me down!” he screeched.

Sans came over, his slippers making his steps silent as he rounded the gradually spinning man. He tipped his head slightly to make his face known to the man, and he watched as his poor victim tightened up. “hullo, again, mr. higgins. didn't expect to have me as a visitor, huh?” Sans took a sick pleasure in the expression of fear on the man's face.

“So are you going to call the police on me? You're in MY house, skeleton,” he barked, redfaced. “Cut. Me. Down. And maybe I won't call the police myself!”
“poor choice of words,” Sans murmured, producing a long, sturdy axe he hadn't gotten to use since the last he'd been hunting in the underground. He'd sharpened it before he came, and so the elegantly curved blade glimmered with it's own sort of hunger. Sans could hear a pin drop as the man drew in a breath in some attempt to avoid screaming. “still want me to cut you down, mr. higgins? it can be arranged if you ask a little more nicely. but, so you know, flies aren't just attracted to honey,” he uttered with a warning tone. Flies also liked fat, bloated, rotting corpses, after all.

“Please let me down, skeleton,” the man uttered fearfully. He jolted at the strange staccato clicking that Sans made, looking up to the set of bones as it happened again. It sounded like the clicking of a metronome, something to keep beat to a piano lesson.

The blade was pulled out of view for a moment, and it made Higgins nervous. Sans dipped his digits into his empty socket, pulling lightly to get himself straightened out. “if i miss, sorry,” he said suddenly. “my aim isn't what it use to be.”

“What do you mean?!” Higgins screeched, but before he could ask it again, he found white hot pain shooting up his leg from where the blade connected with his ankle. Through his shocked screaming, he heard a low, unamused 'whoops' from the skeleton. With the cut to his leg, and the gravity around him, he found his foot detaching with a painful rip as the noose tightened around his leg. He fell, and so, too, did his foot, right next to his face. He screamed in abject terror and pain as the skeleton stood over him, smile glinting in the dim light of the foyer.

“wow, that looked like it hurt. i'd offer you a hand up, but, you only have the one leg to stand on,” he said, sockets bending upward with glee as he viciously spit jokes on the man. “with all of the crap i have on you, ken, even barbie couldn't bail you out of prison.” He ran a thumb over his blade, humming under his breath while the man gurgled. He rolled onto his stomach to release it's contents on the hardwood floor. “you couldn't stand up in court if you wanted to, though, huh?”

Sans stepped on the wound, causing the man to gag in pain, tears streaming down his face. The pain soon became too much and he passed out, dropping face first into his vomit. “shame, you're pretty weak, higgins... that's okay, though,” Sans purred while hoisting him up. “we're going to have a nice little play date, you and me,” and with a crackle and spark of magic, he disappeared, leaving only the severed foot in his wake.

~~

Ken woke strapped to a table in a room cold enough that it could have kept a cadaver fresh. He looked around fearfully, confused as to why he felt numb around his wounded leg. He knew it hadn't been a dream, he could taste the bile on the back of his tongue. There was music coming from a baby monitor on a tool chest near by. He recognized it as 'baby shark' which made him groan inwardly.

“don't like that song, huh?” that voice brought the realization back to the forefront of Higgins's mind. He lifted his wide eyes to see the shadow of the skeleton settled in a chair in the corner of the room. He was running a whetstone over the axe, though once he was satisfied it was sharp enough after
going through bone, he set it on the wall. “baby shark do do do do do do,” he hummed while hoisting himself up to venture over to the man, leaning heavily on the table. “now, my set up is a lot cleaner than yours, less implications of safety,” he cooed while toying with a bit of Ken's curly brown comb over.

“I don't kno-”

“oh, don't play dumb, kennyboy, i've been on your computer, through your safe. did a thorough snooping, understand? i know all about you and your little group of friends and the 'toybox','” Higgins's eyes widened in horror as he felt those phalanges rake across his scalp. He thought he'd done a well enough job hiding evidence. And the safe? Where'd he even find the safe?! He'd buried it! This monster was crazy, had to be.

“You're insane,” Higgins uttered lowly.

“now, see, normally i'd be inclined to agree with you, but the difference between you and i is my crazy came out of necessity. what's your excuse?”

“How is THIS necessary?”

“oh, i didn't imply that this here was necessary, what i said was, my crazy came from necessity. big difference. another difference is, i hunt those who can put up a fight. while i didn't let you have a fighting chance this time, i felt you kinda didn't deserve one. francine told me what you did.”

“Kid's delusional. Her mother's the abuser, I RESCUED he-”

“don't. don't pretend you were doing her a favor. i'll get to mommy dearest eventually, but if you lay here and lie to me like this, i'll be inclined to go slow with you.”

“Slow?”

“oh, yes, very slow.”

“Let me go, skeleton, I won't tell anyone about this.”

“no, 'fraid not,” he leaned back and moved to the tool chest. Sans turned the baby monitor on full volume and set it right next to the man's head so that he could hear that horrible, mind numbing tune while he withdrew a long, thin, and curved knife.

“What's that?”

“brand new fillet knife,” was the simplest answer. He turned close and loomed over the man with that smile only widening over his face. “i'm sure you know what it does. and by that logic... you should know what i'm about to do...”

“I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT, PLEASE.”

“mm, bet that sounds familiar to you, huh? frankie say something similar to you while you had her tied up?”

“I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THE OTHERS! I'll tell you about her mother!”
“go on...” Sans had paused, going as far as to rest the knife down next to the man, close enough he'd be able to feel the cold steel against his skin.

“Her...mother has been trying to auction her off for a while, it wasn't just me who showed interest.”

“a ring of pedophiles?”

“We don't like that ti-”

“that's what i'm going to call you, ken, don't correct me or i'll cut your dick off first.”

“OKAY!!! OK, alright, uhm...” he was shaking, looking more and more fearful as the moments passed.

“names.”

“Names... you were on my computer, you should know some of them,” Higgins reasoned.

“some of them, yes, who wasn't on the list?”

“Th...the rest are on a site on the dark web. Kaitlyn's Red Room,” the man said softly, looking away.

“oh, so you liked watching and comparing notes, too? and you thought i was crazy? Cute.”

~~

Sans sat at the computer in his office in the basement. He could hear Ken groaning in the background, still bleeding from the cuts and slices across his body. Sans had lied, he wasn't going to go quick with this man. Sure, he'd be dead in a month when all of the good bits of meat were gone. This man was meticulously clean, his medical records told Sans that much. He went through TOR and leaned back to take a bite of the meat he’d skinned down to the muscle. The whole of Higgins's thigh was marred, but he'd been healed up enough that he wasn't going to bleed out. Not yet anyway.

The site had a log in, and he decided that he was going to register for shits and giggles.

BEatingU has logged in.

CherryPopper: Hey, a new face! How's it goin'?

BEatingU: decent, friend of mine told me about this place...

And so the games began. Much of his night was spent talking to these people, and over time, he was going to happily hunt each and every one of them down. Each and every one would end up just like
Kenneth...

~~

Higgins didn't last very long, sadly. He'd ended up suffocating on his own vomit one night when Sans wasn't paying him any mind. Oh well, there would be others. For now, he was better off as Plant Food, and the garden had never looked better. Papyrus was going to catch on soon, but, for now, this was his own private hobby...

Chapter End Notes

Well, now you know what happened to Higgins and where Mr. Gibbs came from.
Chapter Summary

Requested Sans POV for date time

Obligatory Warnings: Get stalked.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sans had figured you'd be surprised to find him waiting there before you showed up. The restaurant had quite a number of people coming and going, the place was packed. Usually that was a sign that the place had great food, but he wasn't going to make any assumptions. People gave him a wide berth, and given that he had one of those faces you recognized, he wasn't too shocked by that. What he was shocked by was watching you step out of your car wearing clothes that hugged your frame in such a fashion that it very well may dust him. You had some dangerous curves, and he was crashing and burning before he even spoke to you.

Casual flirting back and forth over the phone for a week had endeared him to you, and given that Fran had the habit of telling him that you tended to dress like a frumpy thing that just woke up, he didn't expect you'd dress up. For him, no less. Were you excited about this date? Shit, here he was just expecting to tell you about his kid, now suddenly he realized how you might have felt for this. His eyes were out when you came up, and as though he realized it, they kicked back on when you got closer. He'd been staring, and the best way to do that was to, more or less, play dead. He was good at it, at least, and it prevented too many questions from being asked.

The date went well and he took his time with you. Much of the time, if he wasn't speaking or asking you to speak, he was watching you. Sure, he might have been staring just a teensy bit, and it was a little more obvious this time. Something about watching you eat was overly fascinating to him. He'd gone so long, giving his rations to others and gradually dying, that the sudden abundance of food did things to him. Watching you eat was slowly becoming a new fetish, and he wasn't okay with it. Food shouldn't have been this erotic to him, and yet watching your pillowy lips pinch your fork with each bite made his mouth water and heat building in places he forgot existed.

And then you called him out on it. He felt like a hot coal just slammed it's self into his middle and his bones were burning away. Still, he managed to play it off, and you ended up thinking it was a cultural thing. That was fine. It hadn't been a lie, he watched his own kid eat fairly often to make sure she had enough; and if she couldn't finish it, he'd finish it for her. That didn't get the response out of him that watching you eat did, though. It was confusing to him, and he found himself pointedly
looking away from you when you took on a piece of chocolate cake the size of Mars.

Obsessing over your mouth aside, you seemed interested in Fran, and he was alright with letting you know A LITTLE about what happened. He wasn't so stupid as to let you in on his little hobby when you'd only known each other for about a week now. Hell, it was a day short of being a week, now that he thought about it.

So why was he obsessing like you were the first female he'd ever seen? It made his teeth hurt and his socket itch trying to wrap his head around it, but his focus was always shifting.

The waitress wanted you both to leave. It was late, but he wasn't ready to go. He wanted to protest, but eventually paid the lady and reached to help you up. Why? Sans didn't know. He felt like he was sweating at this point, but he managed to keep a cool face over the whole thing. He wanted to drop dead right then and there, but, alas... He held on.

For you.

“My leg fell asleep, would it be okay if I leaned on you?” the question had taken him by surprise. He wasn't expecting you to so meekly ask him that, but he relented, going as far as to guide your arm around his. With your body pressed to his, he helped you walk out of the closing place. He realized how dry his mouth was suddenly, mostly because, once again, he was getting the opportunity to touch you. You radiated heat and that revived the hot coal that reacted to his magic. His soul ached, and it took him a moment to realize what this was.

And he didn't like it.

He was realizing how much he didn't like in life, and it was all because you were leaning on him right now. The cool air of oncoming autumn struck him and made his head ache. You shivered against him, and before he could say goodbye to you, you spoke.

“Need a ride home?”

No. No he didn't need a ride home, but the more he thought about it, the more he realized you didn't want this to end, either. He grit his teeth while weighing his options. He could just...shortcut home and it wouldn't matter.
That was not what he ended up doing, however. You unlocked the car and rounded to your side while using the car itself as a brace. He eased into his side and felt as if he were in a car too small for someone that was his height. His knees pinned to his chest as he found himself damn near tucked against the front console. It must have looked funny to you because you laughed, and in a moment leaned across to slide your hand between his thighs....

Stars in HEAVEN you were going for--- wait... Your hand went right past his hips and down beneath the seat. He tightened up greatly and in a moment found his seat slamming back. His clawed digits gripped the door like a vice, as though the action made him feel as if he were about to fall out of the car completely. Another laugh from you. Boy, you sounded cute when you were laughing. He wondered what other cute noises you made, but stopped himself short. He had to stop creeping, he was already low key stalking you after Fran's first day of school and this was getting ridiculous. Your wrist bumped the inside of his thigh when you pulled back and he felt a surge of magic he didn't know he even had anymore.

He felt high. Drunk. A combination of the two, maybe.

He was quiet the car ride save for occasionally nudging you in the right direction towards his house, and you'd settled into a comfortable silence yourself. In the dark, he could stare at you without a second thought. Even with the light coming from the dash, you had an odd beauty to you he wasn't accustomed to. Each blink made your long eyelashes pat your freckled cheeks. He watched you, and you didn't even know he was doing it. That in and of itself gave him a sick pleasure. You didn't know anything. You were wholly unaware he'd been watching you for longer than just this week. You didn't know he knew your name before you introduced yourself. You were even unaware that he knew your last medical check up. He'd been digging deep, but you didn't know.

And that was fine. You didn't have to know. You'd never have to know if he was lucky.

He stopped you before you could speed up the drive way towards the cabin. He didn't want you to hit the spikes in the road, set there to keep people out. Sure, in the day he had to move them so Pap could go to work- first time he'd hit them and had to replace his tires, Sans had endured the shouting match of a lifetime. There were traps in the woods, Pap reasoned, they didn't need extra spikes.

Yes they did. Papyrus didn't know any better.

“we should do this again sometime,” he mentally kicked himself because it came out before he had the chance to button it up. But he would be lying if he told himself he didn't want to see you again; and he would, too, later that night. She wouldn't know he was watching, though.
“Oh, for sure, you're a blast,” you agreed and it made his soul hurt again. Damn it. Damn. It. Why was this happening now of all times? He was supposed to be focused on raising his kid and keeping his house under control, this was a chaos factor he hadn't calculated.

“whenever you want, just throw me a text, alright, peaches?” he did it again. He was running off at the mouth and letting you know too much. So, to avoid this, he began the arduous task of unfolding himself out of your car.

“Ah, sure. Why peaches, by the way?”

Fuck him dead, you'd focused on it. You were smirking. You caught him. He stared for a few moments while he got out of the car.

“i like to keep some secrets to myself, that's second date info.”

“OH! THAT'S NOT FAIR.” Your protesting made a chill run down his spine, but he hid it well with a smile that wrapped so far across his face he imagined he looked comical.

“aw, peach, it's okay, life isn't fair.” Before you could cause another reaction in him, he shut the door and started his way up the winding dirt road to his house. His hands jammed into his pockets as he went, feeling the beams of your car on his back. He was so screwed, he realized, especially when he subconsciously pulled out his phone to tell you to text him when you got home. You'd think it was to make sure it was because he wanted to know you made it safely. The real reason was because he wanted to watch you drift to sleep watching netflix again.

Peaches: OK Mom.

Real cute.

When he stepped into the house, he could see Papyrus in the living-room, watching television while he wrote something on a yellow note pad propped against his long leg. Sans knew it was probably a new recipe, judging by the fact that it was Good Eats he was watching.

“how's alton?”

“Mr. Brown Is Fine, How Was Your Date?” of course that was going to be shot back at him. Sans locked up the house and moved to sink into his chair. It was quiet when Fran went to visit friends. He didn't like it. Maybe he'd pop by there to check on her before he showed up at your place.

“went great.”

“You're Going There Tonight, Huh?” Papyrus read him like a book and didn't even have to look at
him.

“you really shouldn't do that, one of these days you're going to hurt--”

“Don't.”
“my...”
“SANS.”

“feelings.”

Papyrus flipped his pad away from him and turned to look at his brother fully. Sans smiled at him broadly, and it only served to annoy the slender skeleton. “Why Are You Like This?”

“somebody has to be. but yeah, i'm going to go see her later...” Sans shrugged at him and heard his brother huff softly.

“You're Going To Get Caught.”

“nah.”

“You're Going To Get Caught.”

“Yeah.”

“we can go on like this, or we can agree to disagree, yanno, like adults.”

The two stared each other down in silence while Good Eats played in the background. Eventually, Papyrus broke into laughter. He shook his head and slouched his long, lanky body against the sofa.

“You've Been Thinking About Her A Lot Lately. Must Be Special...”

“i feel old magic coming back around her.”

“Strange. I'll Take Fran To School Monday.”

“What? why?”

“I Want To Meet The Mystery Woman. Your Object Of Obsession.”

“I hate you.”

“Liars Go To Hell, Sans,” Papyrus said slyly while his blackened digits lifted to pluck off his glasses. He squinted at Sans while he cleaned the lenses, unable to truly see the look on his face.

“yeah, you're right, we do. ok, fine, you can take her in on monday. Just don't be... obvious.”

“I Shall Resist The Urge.”

His phone pinged to get his attention, and he looked down at it. “she's home,” he uttered.

“See You At Breakfast, Then,” Papyrus teased while hoisting himself to his feet. “I'm Going To Retire,” he waved a hand while he moved to the stairs and scaled them three at a time. What was the point of stairs when Papyrus could technically just scale all of them in three steps if he wanted.
Oh, right, Sans was shorter, and Fran was even shorter than that.

With a crackle of magic, he disappeared and reappeared outside your window. It was so dark outside your apartment that you didn't even see him. That made life easier for him, too, because it meant no one else could see him, either. He reclined on the stairs of the fire escape and watched you move around your apartment. He didn't spare himself the pain of watching you undress and clothe yourself in your pajamas. He'd seen this show before, memorized every inch of your curves and every little extra bit of pudge you had. It always brought heat to his core, but he dared not do anything too bad while here. He didn't leave evidence.

You settled in and he found himself watching as you flipped through Netflix. You liked horror movies. He didn't know why he liked that about you, but as you sank against the pillows and watched Freddy slashing some poor teenagers, he watched your face.

Before you knew it, you were falling asleep, and the peace that slid across your face was enough to make him want to come and touch your face. He refrained... but the desire was there. He was gone far before morning, before you could find him outside. Since Fran was out, he got to sleep all day, so he'd... been out late.

Pap didn't get to see him for breakfast, mostly because he was face down in the couch, asleep. Bless his cotton socks.

Chapter End Notes

Will you ever learn the reason behind Peaches?

Probably not.

And now Papyrus wants to meet you. Oh dear!
The Toothfairy

Chapter Summary

It's been a month. You've learned more about your fellow teachers, and more about your students.

Oh, by the way: Pap comes to visit

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Your first month with your children was enough to endear you to them in a way you hadn't expected. Despite all of their needs, they were good kids, and they were horribly sweet. Over time you realized that the colleagues you had on the Third Grade block worked together when there was a situation that was out of the ballpark. A prime example of this was when Eddie stepped in as nurse when the epileptic episode happened, or when you stepped in when Ms. Sweeney had a kid going into a full blown panic attack when she heard her abusive father was 'out of prison.' You all worked together for the sake of your kids, and you found out a few things about each teacher.

You already knew that Eddie had once been a nurse, that was something you could strike off your list. Ms. Sweeney was a speech therapist, and you found that most of her class, in some way, had a speech impediment that she was helping them work through in a positive manner. All while teaching them their subjects, too. You were impressed when you learned about this, hell, even watching her with her kids was sort of cute in a way. She seemed nervous a lot, however, and one day you saw her come in with a bruise on her arm so large that, when you noticed it, she yanked her sleeves down. You decided not to pry, even if you wanted to help in some way. One day, maybe, she'd come to you.

Mrs. Thomas was the fourth teacher on your block, and she was more of a sweetheart than you originally thought. First of all, Mrs. Thomas was a very large woman, not large in the sense that she was fat, but large in the sense that she worked out. You'd never seen arms so thick on a woman before, and it was a little intimidating when you'd met her at Orientation. Her job explained this, in her youth she was a physical therapist, aiding people walk again. Now, however, when she wasn't teaching she was a certified EMT. This was helpful for everyone because each class had at least two or three students that suffered from illnesses that, at any point, could send them to the hospital. You were especially thankful for her, because you were convinced that by the end of the year you were going to have a few students go DEFCON 1.

You found that the parents were quite supportive, too, and you'd met a few of them when they came to eat with their kids sometimes. It was nice to see, since you hadn't exactly had the best family life growing up.
Today, Fran was excited because, while her dad didn't get to come eat today, her UNCLE did. She was more than a little stoked by this, and you had to wonder what was in store for you. You knew Sans had a brother, hell, everyone did, but he had changed so much since the documentaries on the Underground's Hunters were aired. But you hadn't seen how much he changed, and you doubt he had changed much at all given the fact that Sans still looked the same after being out of the underground for almost ten years now. Half of you wondered why he hadn't worked to make himself who he use to be, and you wanted to ask him, but based on how he acted... it was a reminder. To never forget where they came from, maybe?

You weren't going to psychoanalyze Sans while he wasn't even there talking to you. You had all the time to do that when you next went out with him- which was up in the air. No, your subject of curiosity for the day was Papyrus. Your morning lessons went by fast, you were teaching the kids how to add and subtract fractions, and they weren't about it. Well, Kevin was about it, but no one else was fond of it. Once the lesson was over, you could hear the sigh of relief from your students. Kenzie was asking Fran about her uncle, since all of them had, by now, met Sans. You decided you were going to eavesdrop while everyone got ready to head to the lunchroom with their packed lunches, or money for the cafeteria. “Well, he's a little loud? Not in a bad way but he makes his voice where you can hear him. I think it's cause he's got bad ears ca-”

“Your skeleton family don't have ears,” one of the boys hissed at her from across the room. “Your family is fr-”

“Bobbie Daniels, you stuff it or I'm going to have a conversation with your mother at the PTA this weekend,” you butt in immediately and he wilted under your glare.

“Sorry, Miss Y/N.”

“Say you're sorry to Fran, not me,” you insisted. He bit out a semi-aggressive sorry to the girl, and she shrugged at him. Francine was interesting in that she didn't get mad very easily. You half thought she felt herself to be above that sort of thing, but truly she probably didn't care enough about Bobbie to consider his opinion.

Finally, you got up with your lunch and moved to stand by the door, and as if on cue, the whole of the class lined up behind you. You glanced out into the hallway and saw Eddie was doing the same. When she caught you looking at her, she turned and crossed her eyes at you playfully. When everyone was all lined up, you moved out and allowed them to go the way of the lunch room while you crossed to speak with Eddie, while her kids followed yours.

“Meetin' the family today, huh? Must be serious,” she knew about your date with Fran's father and had been teasing you about it since. You were redfaced in a heartbeat and it made her laugh while you both followed the kids towards the cafeteria.

“Don't bully me,” you whined to her, finding her hand rubbing along your upper back.

“It's not bullying, it's a --- gentle ribbing,” she teased with a sort of delighted glee in her face.

“THAT'S TERRIBLE! I have to deal with that from him, I didn't expect it from you, Eddie!” you
whimpered, much to her humor. She had somewhat adopted you as her little sister, and as playful as she became around you, that wasn't too shocking.

“Ohhh, c'mon, I can joke with you a litt—le...” her eyes wandered from you to the massively tall skeleton waiting by the cafeteria. Fran looked back at you from her place in line as if to make sure you were looking at her. When she got a nod from you, she broke line and ran her way towards the slender set of boned. You worried she was going to bowl him over and the lot of you would hear a strike noise, but no. He seemed to be a firmly rooted tree, because she collided with him solidly. His long, darkened phalanges spread out and picked her up under her arms. He was so large, so much so that you found yourself staring just as much as Eddie, just as much as your students.

“This is Sans's brother?” you heard Eddie whisper to you. The skeleton was so tall, that if you and Eddie agreed to stand one on the other's shoulders, you wouldn't even be close to looking him in the eye. On top of being, damn near ten feet tall, he was very thin. Sans, by contrast, was almost as wide as he was tall (though that might be an exaggeration when you thought about it). This skeleton was well dressed. There was no 'just rolled out of bed' feel to him. Dressed in a set of wine-colored slacks that matched the vest that draped itself over his light orange button up, you could dare to call this man handsome. You focused on his face for a moment, and how the girl's jostling made his glasses near fall off his face, at least until one of those charred-black hands lifted to right them on his face. He had a lot of teeth... Like, a lot a lot. Top and bottom, those teeth were covered in braces, which made you wonder how bad off he'd been. You could tell, even behind his glasses he had small sockets, somewhat squinty- if at all possible.

“You must be Papyrus?”

“You Would Be Correct,” he said in a tone that projected itself through the entire school. “And You're Y/N, Right?” he said with an air that suggested he was smiling at you. You weren't sure why he was causing your face to redden up. Not quite the shade of his necktie, but enough that you could feel the burning in your ears. The way he almost purred your name shot lightning through your head, and it was an odd sensation. Fran would have been choking him if he needed air, she was gripping him so tightly. “I've Been Told A Lot About You From Multiple Sources,” he said with a rumbling chuckle. You glanced feebly to Eddie. She was equally as red-faced as you, and as wide as her eyes were, you wondered if her thoughts mirrored your own. Could he sit with you?

No that would be bad, he came to sit with and eat lunch with Fran, after all. Realizing that you were all still surrounded by children, you coughed and lifted a hand to whistle to the group. They lined up as if on cue and headed in to go to the lunch line or to take their packed meals to their seats. “Mmh,” you heard him utter from behind you. Glancing, you saw a rather perplexed expression. He seemed to just realize the seats in the cafeteria weren't exactly made for him. “This Could Be Troubling, Frank,” he mumbled to the girl in his arms.

“I can getcha a big people chair,” she mused happily while hanging off his neck. He took her choking like a pro.

“I Don't Know That They Make Them So-” he paused, glancing to you as you set your usual seat at the head of the table and offered a smile. It was a taller chair and you'd chosen it because it usually made your legs dangle, but you figured you could sit on the stool with Eddie today. “Oh, Thank You, Miss Y/N,” he offered you an apologetic smile as he set Francine down. She settled on one of the chairs nearest the one you'd given him and he meandered over to fold those long legs of his to sit.
It was still not quite large enough, and you watched him sit somewhat akimbo in the seat. He must have felt as awkward as he looked.

“What'd you bring?” you heard Fran ask as you settled down at the Teacher's Table. You were amazed to see him withdraw what you knew to be a bento box out of his breast pocket. This shouldn't have shocked you like it did, considering how large he was he could probably smuggle in people under his clothes.

“What Do You Suppose?” he asked lightly, setting the box down in front of her. He leaned on the table, his chin resting on the back of those charred knuckles of his. You wondered what happened to cause such discoloration in his bones, and you figured you'd ask Sans at another time. You weren't the only one watching this unfold. Mrs. Thomas dropped onto the bench next to you with a huff and leaned on the table, scratching along her jaw. “He's a big one, huh?” she whispered to you. You were pinned between this woman and Eddie, and you knew what was coming.

“Wonder if he's single,” you heard Eddie comment, and Mrs. T's snorting laugh suggested she was thinking the same thing.

“Guys, c'mon,” you murmured softly, and the teenage giggling from the two older women made you feel like you were back in school yourself. “Y'all are terrible,” you whispered while looking back to see what Fran was brought.

There were noodles, that much you could see, but squinting, you could barely make out what it was.

“PAD THAI!” you heard Fran exclaim excitedly, but she almost immediately realized why that was bad. “You didn't- uh..”

“No Peanuts. Dad Told Me About Your-”

“SH!!” she hissed, placing her hands on that braced up mouth.

“Oh, I See, Kevvie Doesn't Know, Huh?” he said in utter amusement. You wondered why he didn't produce himself anything to eat, but you realized he might be like Sans in that... he didn't eat until he was sure that Fran had what she needed.

That was cute, and while you ate, you watched and eavesdropped on them. You couldn't help it, really. It was...really, really cute. You almost hated to see it end, and how sad Fran seemed when she had to hug her uncle goodbye. He planted a kiss atop her head, as best he could given his braces, anyway, and she scuttled off with her friends while he tucked the box into his pocket again. You offered to help him up, and he accepted. You wished you hadn't offered, because you found out why Fran couldn't bowl him over; he was skinny as sin, yes, but he was heavy. He had to weigh over two hundred pounds, maybe more, and you wondered how someone could get to be this way.

“That Was More Trouble Than It Was Worth, I Apologize,” he said with a soft laugh, holding your shoulders once he was upright so that you didn't go toppling into the ground. “I Was Happy To Finally Put A Face To A Name, Ma'am. I Imagine You'll Be Seeing More Of me.” What did that mean? He saw your confusion and chuckled, giving you a light nudging. “There Is A PTA Meet This Weekend, Sans And I Are On The Committee,” he explained, and it all came back to you.

“Oh!” you said, a little louder than you intended to. Must have surprised Papyrus, too, because he noticeably jolted. “That's this weekend? Jeez, the time flies, doesn't it?”

“Oh, It Does,” he agreed while walking with you to the door of the cafeteria. It was humorous to
watch him stoop to avoid hitting his face on the frame, but you sort of felt bad for him. As stooped over as he was, you had to wonder if that was his typical posture, or if he was compensating for how short the building was. “Shall I See You, Then?” he said kindly while, once again, lifting to fix his glasses.

“Oh, of course, I look forward to it,” you said, much to his glee. He offered his massive hand to you, and you took it intending to shake it, but instead, he turned your palm skyward before he kissed your wrist. That was awfully old fashioned, and in a moment, he pulled away, leaving you standing there, stunned and watching him leave.

What was that?

No... but really, what was that?

Chapter End Notes

No, but seriously...

How bout that Pap, tho?
Your week, after meeting Francine's uncle, had been... interesting. It wasn't so much that it was hectic as much as it was interesting to watch the teachers prepping for a Parent Teacher Conference with members of the PTA. The other teachers on your block, when they weren't busy with the whole teaching thing, were scuttling around like roaches trying to escape the light of a dangling bulb. At the end of Friday, especially, you noticed this headless chicken behavior, mostly in Eddie. She was vacuuming her classroom with the gusto of a full blown germophobe in a panic. For a while, you stood and watched her, almost tempted to remind her that there were janitors that would do this. But then, you saw the other two teachers on the block doing it and anxiety settled into your shoulders. Was it really this bad? Sure, this was a high class school for students with very particular needs. To your knowledge, no one had an imunnocompromised student, but there was no doubt that there were parents who didn't care if that was the case or not.

“Hey, Eddie?” you finally gained the courage to interrupt her once you drifted back from Ms. Sweeney's room. “Do you reckon I could borrow that when you're done? My class doesn't have one...”

“OH! Oh, sure, sweetie, yeah,” she said while she hurried to get all the nooks and crannies of her classroom. “I know this probably seems maddening to you, being the new girl and all,” Eddie uttered and shut the machine off. It was a heavy duty vacuum, no doubt meant to get up any trace of allergens that might linger in the carpeted areas of the room. “I assure you, once the event starts, it's not so bad.”

“It's tomorrow, though, I would think that the janitors would have this covered?” You asked, taking the machine once it was passed off to you and unplugged from the wall.

“If I'm being honest, sweetheart, the janitors are only good for cleaning the halls and bathrooms. They really have no place in disinfecting your classroom,” she expressed. In a way, she was doubting whether or not the cleaners could do their jobs, and you wondered if this was more of a good luck ritual than anything else.

She walked you back across the hallway to your classroom and watched as you set about cleaning in a less panicked state. She wondered how you could remain so calm, but given your previous curiosity, she shouldn't have been so surprised. “If the event is tomorrow, why are we cleaning today?”

“It's best not to question it, sweets,” Eddie uttered, scratching along her hip quietly. She'd worn
slacks today, not like the skirts she usually wore. She looked exhausted, and truth be told, she was. “Have you ever had PTA stuff at your last school?” she asked, soon letting her arms cross over her middle while she leaned on the door frame.

“Well... no, not exactly. I wasn't privy to that sort of thing because it was usually held by one teacher and it was not me,” you expressed with a frown on your face. There was a hum from the woman behind you as you cleaned, and after a moment, she came in to do it for you. She wasn't impressed by your sweet vacuuming skills. Her expression was screwed up into that of intense concentration, and you couldn't help but to be concerned about this.

“Are the parents that bad, Eddie? You look absolutely terrified, and this isn't like you.”

“It's... well, you'll understand. These are the people responsible for our pay, they pour money into the school to have a safe space for their sickly or otherwise troubled children, and so they expect certain things. I expect you'll be getting the third degree from the majority of the parents that show up to your class, but I sense that it won't be as bad as it was with the last teacher.” This was still a mystery you intended to solve, but you had a sneaking suspicion that wasn't going to happen.

“So, how many of my students' parents should I expect?” you questioned, watching her turn her hazel eyes towards you. There was a long bout of silence that hung like a fog between yourself and Eddie, as if you were an ocean apart, and yet it was only about five feet.

“Well, the skeletons are members of the PTA, I recall, but only Sans ever shows up, I remember that, I know your boy Kevin's mother will be around, she's kind of a harpy. Kenzie and Bobbie's folks might show up, but Bobbie's is a big maybe,” she expressed as if she had read these names off of an RSVP list. You blinked a few times before watching her get the corners and under your desk. She didn't linger in here, however. She was finished in no time at all and was wiping a bit of sweat from her face. “Basically, expect a good chunk of the parents to come to you to discuss each of their kid's issues, whether it's health related or school related. Take notes on what they tell you, and be clear and concise with the issue their kids are facing in class. Ah... let's see, after the sort of meet and greet there's an assembly in the cafeteria where the parents can discuss concerns with the school, blah blah.”

“Will the kids be there?” you asked with a tip of your head.

“Heavens! NO! No they will NOT be here during the conference,” she laughed a bit, leaning on her heels a moment. “No, there would be too many kids and too many parents, and it would just be a complete mess. Don't worry about them,” she assured while leading you out of the room and cutting the lights off.

Don't worry. Easier said than done...
Saturday night rolled around and you found yourself dressing more to impress the parents than anything else. You decided to try and keep it a little more laid back, it was the weekend, after all, and the parents didn't need to feel like they were going to work. Right? Right. Still, you felt your heart in the back of your throat, throbbing like an uncomfortable rock you couldn't swallow back down. After slipping into a pair of dress-slacks, you tugged on a loose fitting button up and a lengthy sweater that would battle off the cold October evening.

As you sat in your classroom, listening to the hallway as it gradually filled with parents, you felt that familiar sting as if you were being watched. When you turned to glance, you saw nothing, no one, nada. It was spooky, how this odd sensation kept happening to you, but you managed to bite it back for the moment as Kevin's mother arrived. Right on time.

“Miss Y/N?” she said with a feeble smile on her face, “My husband couldn't make it, he had to pull a late shift at the hospital, so you're stuck with me,” she teased sweetly. She seemed much more relaxed with her son not around. You had heard rumors from the other teachers that they thought she was a smidge on the crazy side. She smothered her son, not literally, of course, but figuratively. Half of the teachers thought that she was making up her son's illnesses, and that she herself was a hypochondriac. Something told you, however, by the dark rings under her eyes that wasn't the case. She actually lost sleep over this, she wasn't doing it for attention. You smiled to her sweetly and moved to give her hand a gentle squeeze.

She asked you questions, just as Eddie warned you, while other parents came in to look around at the various things on the corkboard. Each child had done a drawing for their parents to see when they came in, so of course a few were admiring the artwork. More parents arrived than you thought you had students in your class, and things seemed to be going well...

Until they arrived.

The dull chatter of a room full of people died down when Papyrus dipped his head in, hunched over awkwardly due to his height against the low roof. He seemed embarrassed, but he managed to make himself appear smaller by folding in on himself slightly. The amount of stares he got alone told you how many of these parents were bigoted. But the utter hiss of silence that came when Sans entered the room solidified it for you. Sure, these two were notorious human killers, but that was in the past, and people did worse to each other than monsters could do to them. The silence was awkward, and you felt it weighing on you like a hot, wet blanket. It was suffocating, and you found yourself feeling anxious and claustrophobic.

The Father who had been speaking to you- you thought it was Kenzie's dad- moved quickly out of your way as the skeletons approached you for their turn to speak with you. Everyone else already had, after all.
“tough crowd, huh?” at least Sans had an odd sense of humor about it. You couldn't help the faint snort that passed you, which brought a sense of smugness to Sans's features. He had done everyone the favor of covering the gaping maw of a wound in his head. The ballcap looked like something you would get in a gas station, and as you squinted you felt a grin pass your features. It read Camp Crystal Lake and you found yourself tickled, considering his name in your phone. “how's it goin', peaches? givin' you too much hassle?”

“I Should Say Not, She Seems To Have Them Under Control. No Keg Stands, Yet,” Papyrus commented, much to his sibling's delight. So they were both joking at the class parents' expense. Sans's bloated red eye fell on a familiar face, his expression becoming wicked as he gave Helen a wave of his fingertips. The woman looked horrified and looked away in an apalled fashion. You noted the movement and wondered what that was about. She didn't seem too keen on Sans, and you wondered what the history was there.

You had no idea he'd low key threatened her by automatically knowing her name.

“I Would Like To Know What Francine Needs Help With. My Brother May Make Jokes, But This Is Important To Us,” he expressed with a small frown while he lowered into a kneel at your desk. There was no way he was fitting into one of those low-seated kiddie seats. No chance.

“She's having issues with fractions at the moment, but aside from that her grades are rather outstanding. I, ah, noticed she's a little combative with a few of her classmates.”

“Combative How?”

“that's odd,” the two skeletons looked to one another before sharing a shrug.

“She keeps asking certain people who, ah, bully Kevin if they 'want to have a bad time,' for starters. It's like she's looking to fight someone,” you explained while leaning on your desk a little. You heard a snort from Papyrus, yet Sans looked a bit embarrassed.

“Oh, aheh, well--”

“Let's Just Say The Apple Doesn't Fall Far, Miss Y/N,” Papyrus interjected, cutting Sans off completely, mostly because he could see his sibling was about to start floundering in his own head if he didn't take some kind of control. He'd been raised by his brother, and now he was taking care of him in his... ill state. That was putting it lightly.

“So you're combative, Sans?” you weren't making it easy on Papyrus.

“No, not...exactly. Ah, i may have told her about some of the good memories i have about the underground, what few there are,” he explained while scratching the back of his neck nervously. “she won't fight, she's using it to try and intimidate people off her little boyfriend. i wouldn't worry about it, but, uh... we'll talk to her...”

At least he was taking responsibility for it, which was respectful. A dull murmur set about the room, and of course it was due to the fact that they were all listening in. Kevin's mother mouthed a 'thank
you' to Sans, and he offered a weak smile and a shrug to her. He couldn't help who his kid attached to, after all. He just... really didn't want that to persist until she was old enough for it to bother him.

Why couldn't she stay a kid forever? He thought that a lot, he could handle her being just the way she was now, into everything, combative, and shit with fractions. When she grew interested in boys, though, that was going to kill him. He dreaded his daughter growing up to get married and----

His mind had gone off on a nervous tangent that he hadn't heard you, so when you touched his hand, it scared him. He jolted back and away from you slightly, eye wide and zeroed in on your hand. He realized he was embarrassing himself, and calmed immediately. "Sorry."

"Lost in your thoughts?"

"Happens a lot, actually," he mumbled this while rubbing along his head where the hole was under his cap. You felt bad for him and wondered just how bad his PTSD was, and what kept sending him back there.

The announcement came across that the meeting was moving to the Cafeteria, which meant that the teacher portion was up. That was fine. You could handle that. Before you could stand, though, Papyrus reached across your desk to keep you rooted. The other parents left and once they were gone, you were alone with both of them. This was... startling.

"Has she struck anyone?" his voice was serious, and it was clear Sans was a bit worried about it too. Less so than the taller skeleton, but the last thing they needed was for it to get out they were training her to be hostile. Monsters dealt with enough shit as it was.

"Oh, no, no, she's just... threatening bullies with a bad time, I don't think it's all that bad, she's just defending her friend," you said sweetly. "I did think it held enough to merit me bringing it to your attention, though.

The sigh of relief that passed them both suggested they might have been holding their breath. "Is she prone to violence?"

"When she's having an anxiety attack, maybe, but she'd never assault someone," Sans uttered.

Papyrus was satisfied with your answers, and as such, left the room to head for the cafeteria without a second thought. You watched him, remembering how he'd kissed your hand. It still tingled, and that was... jeez, beginning of the week. You didn't realize you were flushing until Sans brought it up.

"Hot under the collar, teach?" Your face went crimson as you lifted to head for the door, though Sans caught your hand. "After this is over... want to go somewhere?"

He was asking you out...
During the middle of a parent teacher conference.

“Yeah,” you said it before you could stop yourself, and he seemed satisfied, so, he let you go. Another date... You were so getting fired, you just, had a feeling.

Chapter End Notes

Good LORD Fran needs to not do the thing she do.

Forgive if this reads odd, I haven't slept in about 24 hours. Bout to somersault into my nest. I'll fix any errors when I wake up.

So, on an unrelated note: I was thinking about opening a secondary tumblr for my fics. Not so much to post my fics there, but to put art and maybe have a more interactive thing. Dunno

How would you guys like an 'ask the skeles' thing?
The Date; The Sequel- Part 1

Chapter Summary

Sans POV, lovelies!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A month had prepared him for this. Sure, he'd known you longer than you'd known him, simply because he had to feel you out and make sure you were safe for his kid to be around, but now, you were getting to know him, and he had every intention of asking you out. The plan was set in motion, and Papyrus knew better than to 'wait up'. Sure, it was just the second date, but Sans intended to use that superficial charm that Papyrus claimed he had so much of. He wanted to try this, maybe it would make him gradually start feeling... normal.

Well aside from his projects.

Papyrus was always very supportive. He wanted more than anything for his brother to be happy, and as such, no matter what it was he chose to do, he always backed him a hundred percent. It didn't matter that some of those little things that made Sans happy involved whittling down his kill list until there was none left.

You gave him something else to fixate on aside from Katelynn's Red Room. He was still hunting everyone he found, and had even put a tracker on the site that, as of yet, the owner of the site was wholly unaware of. Sans was smart, and one could argue he was too smart for his own good.

But this wasn't about the red room. Tonight was about you. Fran got to go and visit a friend from her dance class, which was fine because she was supposed to have a private the day before. The friends' mother had a huge crush on Papyrus, so anything he asked her to do, she'd do it happily. And that meant tending to Fran while they dealt with school business. With his kid out of the way, Sans found himself emptily staring at his reflection in the cracked mirror of his bathroom. The gaping hole in his head was something that caused him to be self conscious, but he seldom showed that. In fact, much of his time spent was blatantly ignoring it, but he always remembered when he saw his reflection. He was lost in his head, gripping the sink while he stared at his own bloated, bloody red eye.

He felt Undyne's spears skewering him all over again, and it made his bones ache in the worst possible way. He closed his sockets, forcing the memory back down where it belonged, closed away in the back of his mind. He hadn't realized that Papyrus was watching him until he focused on his reflection in the mirror.
“Please Don't Tell Me You're Wearing That,” he uttered lowly, arms crossed over his middle. Sans was dressed in a pair of dark-colored slacks that, if he wasn't mistaken, was corduroy. Papyrus was fine with his pants, it was the baggy, novelty shirt that he wore over it, along with that 'favorite' hoodie of his. He looked like he had been trying to look impressive and gave up halfway.

“wait, you haven't seen the piece de resistance,” he pulled the hat out of nothing and peeled the sticker off before he settled it on his head, fixing the brim so that it looked more like the ball-cap it was meant to. He watched with a smirk as his sibling leaned in to look the writing over.

“Camp Crystal Lake.... Is This An In-Joke?” he questioned, voice full of judgment.

“she had me in her phone as 'Voorhees'.” he expressed while tucking his hands into his hoodie's pockets.

“Apt Comparison. I'm Not Letting You Out Of Here Until You Change That Shirt,” Papyrus was being demanding, and Sans knew why. He didn't want to be made to look like a slob just because Sans dressed like one. Guilt by association and all of that. “You Want To Ask Her Out, Right? Look Impressive.”

Sans sighed and tugged off his hoodie and cap, setting them both against the sink before he pulled on a button-up shirt. He looked at Papyrus while he did this, looking irritated that he had to do it in the first place. “hate when you're right.”

“One Of Us Has To Be,” Papyrus countered.

“yeah, well, a broken clock is right at least twice a day, pap,” he said while tucking his shirt into his pants and moving to pull his jacket on once again. “better?”

He waited patiently as Papyrus looked him over. He was looking for stains and any kind of nasty smell that might linger to his favorite clothes. For a moment, he lingered on the vague copper smell, but he realized in short order that was just Sans. “Cologne,” he said lowly, and begrudgingly, Sans complied. This was a lot of work to try and impress you, but he had a sense that it was worth it. Utterly worth it. His soul ached at the idea of failure, so he simply concluded not to fail. Simple as that.

The two had expected the humans to go silent upon their arrival. Sans didn't care, he made a joke about it, you laughed, and he felt a peace rolling through his soul, along his magic. You even liked his hat, and he was more than happy about that. He'd be lying if he said he was ungrateful for Pap to take the reigns. Sure, he commented here and there as need be, but it was mostly a lot of him staring at you, listening to your concerns.

When you brought up 'bad time fran', he felt a swell of pride in his chest. His little girl was a little judge, it seemed, but it seemed she was on the mindset of 'go ahead and pick a fight, I wish you
would.’ He had to hide the fact that he was, in fact, proud of this behavior, because if either Papyrus or You knew, he’d be in trouble. He wanted to make sure that you were impressed by him, and this pride was not impressive to a teacher. Or to a Dentist. He caught Papyrus shooting him a dirty look and he knew the slender skeleton knew. He hated how easy it was for Pap to read him, it was tiresome. You, though, you were oblivious and he was fine by that.

When all was said and done in the classroom, he finally popped the question, “after this is over... want to go somewhere?” He hadn’t realized that he’d been holding his breath until you said yes and he released it. He followed your lead out of the classroom and never once released your hand. It was at the cafeteria that he released you, but truthfully, holding your hand had made his night thus far. He hadn't been smitten like this in a long time, back when he was... normal.

You made him feel normal.

You beckoned him to follow you to sit down in the back, and he did. Back here, the both of you wouldn't have to listen to Helen bitch and moan about Gluten or chocolate milk being hyper fattening. “God, she's crazy,” he heard you utter softly to him, and he chuckled in response. You were leaning in so that the two of you could gossip while people spoke about their menial concerns, none of them were quite as important as Kevin's mother's request for a better equipped infirmary on the premises. This was a good suggestion, but it was an expensive one, and a few people booed her down. They did need more than just a nurse in the sick wing, Sans thought, especially with how most of the kids here were physically ill in some fashion.

It was brought up that Mr. Wilkins had been fired for drunken, disorderly conduct during a school day, and Sans sniffed out an opportunity. He felt his natural smirk tighten as the idea bubbled away in his head. “mm, what do you know?” he uttered, and it caused you to look at him.

“What's up?”

“well, i've been needin' a new job for a while, probation needs. my last one was a temp,” he explained at length. “i'll get an application before we leave tonight,” and he'd work some serious strings if it meant to be able to hang out here with you all day.

“Oh, that sounds great! Bet you're overqualified, though,” you sounded concerned, and he simply shrugged to you, elbowing you gently in the ribs.

“don't worry, i'm sure i'm a shoe-in to be the next coach. it's now my goal in life,” he teased further, and you snorted with laughter.
He had you giggling to the point where you both had to be excused early from the debate going on by a few of the mothers, bitching about extra curricular activities and filed trips. Both were 'important', one argued, while the other said some of the kids couldn't go on trips due to being as ill as they were. The place got a little too tense, and so, together, you and Sans walked to your car.

“Where did you wanna go?” you turned to face him, a few of your loose locks of hair blowing with the wind that trickled between you. He wanted to touch you, brush your hair behind one of your ears, but he wanted to go slowly.

“burned out on barbecue,” he expressed with a sly smile, recalling your last date.

“Do you like Chinese?”

“never tried it, but i’m willing to.”

“You've been out for how long and you've still not had the chance to eat Chinese?” you sounded surprised, and he laughed a bit at that.

“papyrus is kind of, uhm, he doesn't like grease, and he read somewhere that there's a whole lot of oil used in chinese food. probably something he learned back in school, to be fair. me, though, i could eat and eat and eat, no matter what.”

“I like that you're a waste not, want not kind of guy. Ok, door's unlocked, let's go get some Chinese!”

He slipped into the car once again, taking in a deep breath of your smell, far before you had the opportunity to catch him doing so. To you it seemed like a sigh, but you didn't know what you did to him, so it was fine. “my seat,” he uttered.

“Yeah, I left it back just for you! You're the only biggun I have in the car ever so I just leave it back now.” You didn't notice him flushing in the dark of your vehicle. This was going to be a good one, he thought, he just hoped he didn't blow it...

Chapter End Notes

Will he fuck it up?

Nah.

Join me at my tumblr! Love hearin' from you guys <3 <3
https://www.tumblr.com/blog/ahouseinthewoods
Sans had hesitated before getting into your car, somewhat surprised that you'd kept it a certain way because of him. That was something that had taken him off guard, but after a moment, he got into the seat and settled in. You felt his immense bulk make your car sag a bit, and you made a note to get your suspension checked eventually. “we haven't even gotten anywhere yet and your car's already sounding tired, peach,” he commented while you turned the engine over. Your giggle of delight made his smile a little softer. You were getting rather fond of this rough-looking softy.

“Ah, just you wait, Sans, by the time I drop you off at home, I think it'll be utterly exhausted, y'know? But that's okay, it acts how I feel sometimes.” You were pleased when he laughed at your pun. You'd learned over your texts that he was kind of a funny guy. Sometimes he took a while to think of what to say, but when he was on a roll it was hard to hold him back. When you were around him, you didn't really feel the need to have the radio on. Mostly because, if he said something you might damn well miss it, he wasn't exactly a loud speaker. “Your brother's all business, isn't he?” you questioned, hearing him scoff a bit.

“understatement of the year. he bullied me until i got myself a job, y'know,” he said while resting his head against the window. The cool from the chill autumn air outside made him feel calm, and his feverish need to stare at you unblinkingly until you noticed him was abated for the time being. “he went and did the school thing for dentistry, even did some apprentice work under the orthodontist who did his braces.”

“People accept apprentices for that sort of thing?” you were a bit surprised at that. It wasn't like carpentry, or cooking, you usually didn't hear of people apprenticing under a medical deal.

“oh, it wasn't anything big like the braces thing, and it was technically during his schooling so it acted as sort of an internship?” he scratched his cheek while he thought on it. “he'd have to explain it, but i think his main job at the place was making porcelain teeth, veneers n shit like that, y'know?”

“Oh, so he was a smile maker,” you commented with a tiny grin passing your cheeks. You didn't notice Sans taking in the curves of your face, moreso the dimples that appeared in your chubby cheeks. God, you were cute, and he was thinking it loudly enough that you were able to sort of...feel better about yourself for a while.

“i think he'd like being called a smile maker. frankie calls him the toothfairy,” he said with a snort.
“Frankie, I notice Fran's got a few nicknames,” you changed lanes and moved onto the interstate. You had a specific place in town you wanted to go to that had the best food, and the very idea of it made your mouth water significantly.

“oh, yeah she does. when we first got her, she couldn't decide if she wanted to be fran, frankie, or francine. pap just calls her verdana most of the time,” Sans smiled fondly at the font name his brother chose. It suited her to some degree, he guessed, but his own opinion had been something along the lines of Impact or Boli. They were both bold fonts, loud fonts, and Francine was, in fact, both of those things.

“Man, I know that feeling, my parents had a bunch of nicknames for me growing up, but it was when I got the full list that I knew my ass was to be toasted, roasted, and put up for leftovers,” you teased.

“your parents harsh or somethin’?” Sans leaned forward a little, and as you drove, you gave him a brief glance.

“I wouldn't say they were harsh, but if I did something stupid, my full name would fly out of their mouths at top speed and I'd usually end up going to bed without supper or somethin'. I used to get spanked when I was younger, but like, they stopped when my aunt got huffy about it.”

“pff, what'd they use to spank you?” he wondered, briefly, if you liked being spanked, after all it had been a while. Why was he thinking like this? He shook his head a bit, closing his sockets to try and force that thought out.

A scoff escaped you, “My mom used a sandal on me, like one of those flipflop things you see in the summer.”

“foot thongs?”

“Yup.” You smiled when you heard him laughing at your expense. Shaking your head, you pulled off at your ramp and moved into the plaza the restaurant was at. It was well known, namely because it was one of the only places in the county that gave out duck. They were apparently rewarded for their 'authentic peking duck,' so you were all about this place. Hell, even in the parking lot you could smell the delicious food from inside and it made your stomach audibly growl. Your face was plunged into a scarlet color as you parked and caught him laughing a bit at you. “Aheh, sorry, I haven't eaten since this morning.”

“why?” he seemed to be shocked at this revelation, and as you put the car in park and shut the engine off, you thought about it.

You usually didn't like talking about your insecurities with people, but Sans... you weren't sure, he had just been really supportive in the time that you'd known him. Being near him put you at ease, though you couldn't say that a month ago when you first met him when he entered your class. But, you found yourself quiet for a few minutes longer than you had intended, feeling heat in your face and nerves tightening in your shoulders. “I, uh...” shrugged, “I'm trying to lose weight,” you said finally, looking at him dead in the face.

To say he looked insulted was an understatement. He looked at you with such an expression it was hard to tell what he was thinking. Eye wide, pupil blown, he looked like a crazed madman for a
moment, but realizing he might have been scaring you, he looked away. “why?” he uttered, and to your surprise, continued, “you don't need to lose weight, you're...”

You felt your heart slam dunk itself into your throat quite suddenly, it blindsided you. “I'm not as pretty as my coworkers, I think I'm pretty... bland.”

“oh please,” he uttered, elbowing you firmly to make you look at him again. He stared you down with that wild eye of his, shining light into your already red face despite the dimness of your car, or the lights outside of it. “if you think you're not pretty just because you have a bit more to grab onto in comparison to your colleagues, then you need to stop and re-evaluate your life a bit.”

“I'm fat.”

“no, you're not. you're... pff, fluffy at best,” he flapped a hand at you, starting to get a little frustrated with your self deprecating words.

“I mean, I've never really had anyone be interested in m-”

“i am,” he cut you off on purpose, and you felt your heart hitting you in the worst way possible. He stared you down as if to challenge you to say he didn't. God, Fran was JUST like him and it was scary in a way. Stubborn wasn't the word for it, this was downright bull headed. “i'm not the best flirt by any means, but... i dunno, being without skin, i like the way yours feels,” he mumbled that last bit out and it stunned you.

“How... how mine feels?” had he touched you and you hadn't realized it? You thought back to the first date and how you'd leaned on him. Oh.

“you're really soft, and your hands are really soft too. sure, yeah, you can be skinny if you want to, but i'm... not exactly attracted to skin and bones people, considering i'm a bone person, Y/N.” Before you could respond, he pushed his door open and got out. He crossed in front of the car and leaned on your side, waiting for you to unlock your door so he could open it for you. His hand was outstretched to you, and after a brief hesitation you took it. His long, clawed phalanges curled around your hand and gently pulled you out, making sure you had your keys in hand before he shut the door behind you. You were about to move to head for the restaurant when he pinned you to the door, elbow against the roof of your car as he leaned into your atmosphere. You could smell soap on him, but there was something else. Maybe it was just his natural smell, but he kind of made you think of rain. As close as he was, he felt your heat radiating against his face and, gradually, he leaned in. You thought he was going to kiss you, but he surprised you further when his mouth came to your ear.

“please don't insult yourself anymore, okay?” his breath was hot against your neck and ear and blossomed in your chest and further in your belly. That deep, earth quaking baritone made you weak in the knees, to the point that you were glad to be leaning on your car.

“I'm...sorry, I didn't mean t-”

You felt his teeth on your cheek, breath warm on your skin as he gave you something of a kiss there. “stop apologizing,” he ordered firmly, pulling your frame flush against his. Your fingers found his
shirt, gently curling in it to hold yourself up because if you didn't, you were going to go down. What was he doing to you? It was chaste, but, it made your body long for less savory things.

“Okay,” came out a little too late, and you found yourself wanting to die as your stomach gurgled angrily for you both to hurry the hell up and feed it. He laughed against your skin and pulled back.

“so can we please pig out?” he teased, taking your arm to lead you inside carefully.

“I mean, if I got the all clear to make a total oinker of myself, I sure in the chucklefuckle will,” you assured. The laugh he barked out made you grin a bit, especially since he had to stop to process what you said for a minute.

“chucklefuckle, that's a new one,” he said between laughs once his feet started working again. He opened the door for you and in you stepped into the pleasant warmth of the restaurant. Oh, this was nice. The woman at the counter smiled at you, glowing with the gold and red that decorated the place. “Two?” she questioned, earning a nod from the two of you. The woman lead you back towards a booth and slid you both menus before she slid away and back to her post at the front. It wasn't a busy night, but there were a few full-tables that suggested the place might have been bought out for a party or something.

“what's good to eat, here? like i told you, ain't had chinese before,” he leaned back in his seat a bit, lazing to one side while he read over the menu quietly. There were a few things he thought he'd like based on what was written about the dish, but he wasn't entirely sure. “anything with rare meat?”

“Uhm, I don't know if they'll do you up rare unless you get duck and request for it that way,” you uttered while looking it over yourself. “Their meat's always really tender, though, like cutting butter with a hot knife. I really like their beef curry, but uh, don't... don't eat that if you don't like spicy things.”

“i like spicy things okay,” he uttered while looking for what you suggested. Curry didn't sound up to his speed, though, because he wasn't a big fan of bell peppers, and the dish apparently had a load of them in it. “so this place is known for their peking duck, what's that like?”

“It's uh... kind of sweet and it's really, really rich in flavor,” you explained, going through detail about what it came with despite the fact that he was clearly reading it while you spoke to him.

“have you had it before?”

“Oh, yeah, it's a big portion so when I come here with Eddie, it's usually split between us,” You watched his eye flare at the name 'Eddie' but he seemed to realize all too quickly that it was one of your colleagues.

“if i'm being honest, could probably eat a whole one on my own, wanna get two?” he teased with a broad grin coiling his face.

In the end, he did get himself a duck, and you got yourself a dim sum of sorts. You requested chef's choice, and when the waitress left, you were left with him. Your mind drifted back to how he held you against the car and found yourself flushing heavily at the sense it gave you. You looked at him quietly and reached out to snag his cap off of his head, much to his shock. He watched you as you
placed it on your head, slouching a bit to bob your eyebrows at him. He snorted some and shook his head. “Why’d you wear this today?”

“didn't want to leave my head open around a bunch of parents that don't like me,” he commented while rubbing at the side of his skull. You suddenly felt bad, sitting up a little and tugging the hat off. He took your hands, however, when you tried to give the hat back. “nah, keep it. looks way better on you anyhow.”

“It's funny, when we first met I put you in my phone as Voorhees,” you uttered softly, unaware that he already knew that. He snorted at you regardless, pretending to be surprised.

“really? do i look as bad as jason?”

“Nah, I was calling you Voorhees because of Pam, you looked at me like you coulda killed me when we first met so, I like to think you'd probably murder for your kid. It's admirable.” You had no idea.

“i just have one of those faces, i guess,” he joked.

~~

Dinner was great, and between the two of you cracking jokes and talking about this and that, you got to know him a little better. It was right about when you had finished your meal for good that you remembered, this was your second date. “Ok,” you said, sipping at your tea and then setting it away so you could get a refill. “You gotta tell me about the peaches thing,” you said, brows arching. He was caught offguard, and had a long set of noodles being slurped into his mouth. He'd decided these were way better than the Italian stuff his brother cooked nightly, he'd tell him about them, sure.

“Oh, right, i promised you this was date two info, huh?” he said once the noodles had been slurped past his teeth. He thought about it for a few moments before he leaned forward, voice dropping. “ok, peach, here it is. it's pretty simple, think you can handle it?”

“Hit me with it, daddy,” you said, and watched in shock as he choked on his food. “OH SHIT! I'm so sorry!”

When the choking passed, he burst out laughing. It was a deep, booming laugh that came from his non-stomach and radiated in his chest. “holy shit,” he crowed hoarsely, leaning on the table and holding his chin in his hand. “hey, peach, you can call me that all you wanna, but probably not around my kid,” he winked and you snorted at him. “but, no, uh... honestly, i'm uh...” he shifted a bit, sinking in his seat as if he were suddenly embarrassed. “i really like the mario bros. games... and uh, fran told me you like to wear pink a whole lot,” he commented while drumming his fingers against the table top. “so you made me think of princess peach.”

Oh god, that was cute. You were not prepared at all.

“that and you look like a ripe one when you get really embarrassed. like, i could take a bite outta you,” he teased, which, of course, sent red across your freckled cheeks.
“ASSHOLE!”

“almost did take a bit outta you back at the car,” he said with a sly, smug smirk. You darkened and had to lift your cold glass to your face to settle down.

“Can't take this flirting, you're bullying me, now.”

“i'll kick my ass over it later, i promise. that or let fran do it for you.”

~~

You drove him home again tonight, but you almost didn't want to. The whole time he'd tried poking at you to see where he could land a remark that would have you glowing like a lit Christmas tree. You almost went up his driveway again, but he stopped you, hand on yours. You remembered about the security, and put the car in park, settling your hands in your lap.

“so uhm...” he didn't want to go, either.

“Want me to walk you to your door, lil lady?” you said in your best attempt at a man's voice. You failed, he laughed.

“gonna kiss me goodnight, young man?” he countered, and watched you pause. You both stared at each other in the dark for a long while, your face illuminated by the red, glowing orb of his eye. He took initiative at your pause, leaning forward to press his teeth to your lips. He lingered a moment, and when he felt you sheepishly part your lips, he deepened it.

You hadn't expected to feel his tongue playing along your lips, or how his teasing made your toes curl in your heels. He tipped his head, lifting a hand to cup the back of yours to better guide you into something far deeper that made your heart swell. Your eyes fluttered shut, but he remained watching you, the sweet hue rising back into your cheeks. He realized he was falling for you, and the way your soul sang to him made him want to let you take him up to the house.

But he couldn't, he had a project in the basement.

He broke the kiss and you found yourself swallowing thickly when you felt him pulling back a little. “gotta do that again sometime...”

“Y...yeah...”

“when are you off next?”

“We...well you know we don't do school on Thursday and Friday, and this next week I'm not...doing anything like I've been doing.” Was he going to take you out again? Hell yes he was. He squeezed your hand, thumbing along the backs of your knuckles tenderly as if you were made of some fine
silk from across the world.

“pap's got a lot to do this week, and fran's going to stay with a friend this weekend... so, if you'd wanna come over,” y'know, when his project was being used as fertilizer in his garden... “that's be pretty great.”

“Sure! You'll have to get rid of the spikes though, or I can't drive up there!” you teased him, leaning to peck his teeth with your lips one more time, but it only initiated him in pressing you back into your seat. One more taste of your mouth, one more hot and heavy smooch and he excused himself with a faint 'goodnight.'

You made sure to text him when you got home, like the last time, and he sent you a photo of something interesting. A heart, glowing and crackled in places, but it was there. Did he make that? Was it a lamp he was fixing? The text that came with it was 'u'.

Heart You.

Oh....Sans. You gotta stop bein' cute...

Chapter End Notes

/tiny scream/ THIS BOY.

He gettin' somewhere!

Look forward to a POV 'project' next chapter, loves.

AS PER THE USUAL;
https://ahouseinthewoods.tumblr.com
Dumbl; come talk to me. I love you guys more than you know. Stay safe, stay happy.
Kisses >;3
Chapter Summary

Monday Morning, and you're still flying high from your date in the weekend.

Spoiler: There's a Fran POV in here somewhere!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Monday morning rolled around and you'd found yourself slipping into your routine fairly easily. You'd been feeling like floating since you shared that steamy make out session with the skeleton dad, and so the weekend seemed to go by at a snail's pace... and finally your work week started again.

You woke, tangled in your sheets and blanket, the powder blue fabric over your head and causing your hair to puff out with static when you sat up. Your sleepy thoughts drifted to the fact you'd need to be swapping out for flannel soon, as it was steadily getting colder and colder as the leaves changed and Autumn started to fully take hold. Your feet rested on the floor as you lifted out of bed and wandered your merry way towards the bathroom. Nature heeded and a shower taken, you brushed your teeth vigorously in spite of the coffee you were going to get on your way to work. Your routine barely changed over the course of your life, and as the saying went, when you hit the floor, you didn't stop until the day was over.

Maybe that's why you felt so exhausted by the end of the day. Maybe that's why you spent most weeknights on the couch, falling asleep into whatever you'd gotten for dinner. Was that burning the candle at both ends? Probably. You didn't doubt that you were going to be the death of yourself, working as hard as you did for as long as you did. But in this age, you couldn't slack off or someone else would take the job off your hands.

As you were getting dressed, you heard your phone go off, and, curiously, you moved to go over to grab it off the charger to have a look. Sans had texted you a photo of...shoes? They weren't very expensive looking shoes, and they clearly weren't for you as the size was way too big. They were sneakers with tread on the bottom that was clearly anti-slip.

Voorhees- hey, do these look right for the gym?

The question was a bit odd for you, and for a moment you wondered what the hell he'd need to be doing working out. You leaned on the wall and buttoned up your shirt while looking the sneakers over. They looked good enough, especially if the gym he'd decided to go to was hard floored. Most
places were carpeted. Still, the fact he thought he needed to work out despite telling you on Saturday you didn't need to go on a diet?

It was funny.

XX- Yeah, hey! They look great. When are you starting?

You decided that you were going to be supportive, even if it didn't make sense to you. He was already huge, the idea that working out might thicken his bones made you—wait was that how that worked even? No, surely not.

Monster anatomy was weird, you'd have to ask him about it when you went to see him later in the week.

Voorhees- today. wanted to make sure i didn't bust my ass.

XX- Man, you and I both know you don't have an ass to bust, Sans.

Voorhees- darn, y'got me. talk to you later, peach.

You rolled your eyes a bit at that and pulled on a pair of deep blue- almost black slacks and pushed on a pair of comfy flats. Seldom did you wear heels, mostly because you didn't really know how to walk in them. Sure, you'd given it a shot when you were a teenager, but you'd also fallen off the heel and broken your ankle. Never again. Besides, you looked better when you were comfortable. Your smile was more genuine, for one— and not everyone could look as glamorous as Eddie Jones. After a little while of debating, you opted to let your hair remain down. You didn't think any of the teachers had seen you with your hair falling naturally about your face— and you rather liked this natural look.

Where was this confidence coming from? Maybe it was actually getting a compliment from someone you liked. You felt like nothing could bring you down from Cloud 9, not even if you were to get rained on today! God, you hoped you didn't get rained on today.

You pulled on a cream-colored sweater, pulling it over your pastel blue button up. It was getting colder out, and while the sweater was light, it still made you look cute. Satisfied that you were ready for the day, you grabbed hold of your phone and tossed it into your purse. After getting your school-bag and draped it on the same shoulder with your purse, you nabbed your keys and headed out, making sure the door locked on your way out.
On the drive, you found yourself thinking about Sans, and quietly thanked him for the little confidence booster he'd given to you. You felt pretty for the first time in forever in spite of yourself. You got yourself a coffee, and one for Eddie too, you owed her. Your thoughts had strayed onto what you had to do today. It was math-quiz day, much to the chagrin of your students. But, you were confident they'd be able to pass. They were working so hard, after all.

Your mind had wandered so far away from the skeleton, that you almost dropped your coffee when you saw him sitting with Fran in your classroom. IT occurred to you that it was extremely early, but he...wasn't dressed like he usually was. Not at all. When Fran saw you, she lit up, giving an excited wave as you set the two coffees down. “Bit early, isn't it? Didn't think you'd need to drop her off to go to the gym,” you said with a laugh.

You eyed him, taking in the fact that he was wearing sweats and those shoes that he'd texted you earlier. His bulky frame was bound up in a white shirt that was actually tucked in, and it only served to make him look bigger- if at all possible. He had another novelty ball cap on his head that read 'Dance Mom' which made you blink a few moments. It didn't suit him, mostly because it was such a bright, vivid shade of magenta it was almost comical. He flashed you a grin and hoisted himself to his feet and out of the kid-sized chair he'd more or less been squatting in while he helped Fran finish up a tiny bit of English work that she'd neglected to finish before this morning.

“Oh, you thought I was going to start going to the gym,” he said with an amused tone in his voice. His grin widened when he saw you nodding.

“Yeah, I thought you were going off to start working out or something? Why, is that not the case?” you asked, clearly not putting two and two together. To be fair, you'd still not had a sip of your coffee so you were still lost in a haze of semi-asleep. You set your things down and briefly glanced across the hall to see the lights were out in Eddie's classroom. She wasn't there yet. You hoped her coffee didn't get cold.

“Well, uh, remember how we were all told about Wilkins?” he said slyly. You had thought he'd been shitting you when he said he was going to put in an application.

“Uncle Pap thinks he's too lazy for the job,” Fran mused with a grin on her face. Her new tooth was growing in, that was good, you caught yourself thinking off hand. “He thinks that daddy will last all of a week and decide that it's too much work.”

“Oh, yes, because sitting on my back end shouting orders is gonna be hard. the main deal is i gotta keep you from breaking your face on the gym floor,” he teased, ruffling his girl's hair, chuckling when she swat him away to try and preen her hair back into it's neat fashion.

“That's pretty quick to get a job,” you pointed out suddenly, and he seemed surprised.

“Well you said yourself i was over qualified. my uh... probation officer kind of stressed that i needed
the job since the last one's over,” he explained with a rub to the back of his neck.

You had known that all monsters had Probation Officers, which you found to be a little racist, but it was more to keep tabs on their mental health than it was to keep them out of prison. Still, this was the first time he actually looked guilty about something. He didn't have anything to feel guilty for, you thought, but after a few moments, you offered him a smile. “So, what, did you go to an interview yesterday?”

“yeah, actually,” he said with a small shrug, tucking his hands into his pockets. “they decided that since i've been such a big help to the school before now- because, y'know, want what's best for my kid- that it would make sense that i come to work. it was pretty easy, although i'm kinda volunteering until they figure me out, i suppose.”

You smiled at him a bit wider, and he seemed to relax a little. He must have thought that you weren't happy to see him, but the fact was, your heart was doing radical kickflips off your rib cage. “That's great, Sans! That means you get to eat with us at lunch,” you said with a wink and watched as his cheeks took on a faint blue hue. Was he... blushing? Was that his color? You would have thought red with the eye, but--

Looking to the extra coffee on your desk, then over to the classroom behind you, you thought that since Eddie was running late today, you'd pass him the extra coffee. “Congratulatory liquid breakfast,” you teased with a wink.

–

Suddenly: Fran POV;

Daddy had been acting weird all morning, and up until now, Fran didn't think much of it. He was shaking a bit at breakfast, and Uncle Papyrus had to tell him things would be alright, and it made her wonder if he had to go to the doctor or something. He didn't like doctors, he never had. To be fair, doctors were evil what with their needles and white coats and---

The whole morning, she'd watched him and how he got ready. His routine was hardly a routine at all. Sometimes she got out of bed and he wasn't at breakfast but he'd come in at the very end to sort of sit and watch to make sure she ate everything. If not, he ate what was left over, because daddy wasn't too keen on waste. Frankie never knew why that was, and there was no doubt in her mind they'd never tell her. It was like how she had to learn that Santa Claus wasn't real because Bobbie in class told her. Maybe the butthole would tell her why her family watched her eat as if they worried she wasn't going to get enough food. She hated Bobbie. One of these days he was gonna slip up and have a real bad time.
But that was neither here nor there. Right now, Daddy was acting funny. He had gotten up BEFORE her today, he had showered and brushed his teeth before she even sat down to breakfast. He was dressed in something that DIDN'T smell like ketchup and she was positive it was new stuff because she’d watched Papyrus snip the tags out while Daddy took his medicine with hands quaking so bad it was like he'd had a lot of Uncle Pap's wake up water. She'd never, ever drink coffee, she decided a long time ago, because daddy was scary when he quaked like a spooked cat.

She was almost positive that it had to be a doctor's appointment, or a monthly with Ms. Darleen with the state. Daddy got nervous with that, but this was different. So imagine her surprise when daddy stayed to help her with her homework? How he had calmed significantly when they'd come into Miss Y/N's class, and how much calmer he became when you showed up.

She supplied a bit of information to you, and you lit up, but it wasn't you she was watching. She wasn't worried about you, after all. Her big, green eyes were glued to daddy, and how he casually spoke, how his posture shifted, how he rubbed his neck. He told you about Ms. Darleen, and that he'd gotten a job here. She knew about that, but she thought it was just going to be seeing daddy at school, now she realized that it was serious.

But, as he took the coffee you offered him, as she watched his cheeks flush, it all became obvious to her. Eyes widening, lips slacking, it dawned on her like the sun rising in the east and the seasons changing.

Daddy.... Liked you. Her shocked expression shifted into something of a grin, though her eyes remained locked to the two of you while Sans made a soft pun to make you laugh. It worked.

Daddy had it bad, Fran thought, biting her lips in thought. She decided then and there...

She was going to help, because Daddy was hopeless and could barely take care of himself. She was going to be the best match maker ever.

Chapter End Notes

Daddy's hopeless. Fran's gonna help. She's an expert, y'know.
Midnight Swim

Chapter Summary

Sans POV for you lovelies.

Trigger Warning: Beware, there’s some brutalizing and bone breaking.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

First day at work? Easy. It was easy to appease kids, but it was the tweens that he hit a snag with. They got to play dodgeball... His way. The entire class against him. Of course, he let them clench it in the last, but hey, they had fun, got the exercise the school required of them. Easy. Here he thought this would be challenging, but he knew that it was going to be more difficult when he was expected to come up with something else for his classes. Fran and Pap had been right about a few things, ultimately he was lazy, and he was going to start half-assing eventually. Maybe.

He couldn't like that, though, he wanted to keep the job to stay close to you, and of course, he was going to maintain this sense of normalcy even if it killed him.

After school, he brought Fran home long enough that he could let her change for her dance class, she seemed to realize that he was getting tired, but he put on a brave face for her regardless. He took a moment to sit down so as to tie her short curls into a braid before he shortcut them off to Miss Jameson's dance academy. Now, it was always sort of amusing to come to dance, and it was less about the kids flopping around uselessly like fish out of water, it was the entitled parents he had to sit with. Out of the group in the booth over the studio, watching their kids, he was the only father that came to class. He was also the only single parent, and definitely the only monster.

He remembered when they first started here, how these women hated him, but now they'd grown to love him because, well, usually he brought food. Today was not the case, nothing in the fridge and Papyrus hadn't been doing his experimental baking lately. He sank into his usual perch and slouched enough that his feet almost brushed against the glass. The mothers around him exchanged looks and then crowded him. Amy stooped over him and flicked his Dance Mom hat back out of his face, seeing that he was TRYING to go to sleep.

“What's with the sweats, daddy? New job?” she teased him with a cheeky grin.

“I was hoping his brother would come in today, he's much more handsome,” cooed Alice from the side while she worked on stitching a costume for the competition next weekend.
“unfortunately, ladies, papyrus had to work late today, somethin' about three root canals and some extractions,” he said through a yawn. He stretched a moment and lifted a hand to wave at Fran when she craned her head back to look at him. “What's jameson on about today, she looks pissed.”

“Oh, y'know, she hasn't been laid in about twenty years, but aside from that, the usual,” Amy said as she flopped down beside Sans, looking at him from the side. “No offense, buddy, but you look like shit. Like, more so than usual. You have a rough day?”

“You guessed it the first time, new job. Fran's school was hiring a gym teacher,” which caused the entire room to burst out into an uproar of laughter.

“You barely have the where with all to put on normal shoes, much less exercise a class full of rowdy kids,” Melinda crowed from the end of the row, looking up from the costume she'd been working on. “They must have been stupid to hire you, no offense, hun. But Pap's told us about the sock.”

“It's there for decoration at this point.”

“Oh please,” Amy teased him, nudging him in the ribs. “It's about that girl Fran keeps talking about, isn't it? Her teacher?”

“Ladies, he's been taken off our hands, it's terrible,” Alice said sadly, only to have the rest of the mothers screech that she was married.

When Miss Jameson came up to scold them, the mothers tried to defend themselves, saying Sans started it, but alas, the skeleton was dead asleep.

–

Sans was happy to get home, and it was obvious to Fran. She hugged him and scuttled off to her room so that he could figure out supper. Papyrus didn't come home until later on, and when he showed up, he was unamused by the greasy pizza that had been ordered. The two helped Fran with her homework, though there wasn't much due to the fact that there had been a quiz today. Papyrus went to go and relax for a bit in his room, which left Sans to deal with Fran's nightly needs. He stood at the sink of the bathroom, washing her hair, because she hadn't gotten the hang of that yet. Showering was fine for her, that was easy, washing her hair? Not so much. When he got that done and dealt with the arduous process of drying and combing it out, she was brushing her teeth. Soon enough she was being tucked in as was the usual and he was feeling like he was going to drop at any moment.

“Daddy, are you gonna come back to school with me tomorrow? I bet Miss Y/N will like that. She was real happy all day today,” Fran said, watching her dad's face go from tired to wired in a heartbeat.
“yeah, kiddo, of course i'm comin', it's my job, right?” he said with a smirk and settled down at the foot of her bed to whip out the book Papyrus bequeathed her with. She loved hearing about the fluffy bunny just as much as her uncle had, and it was nice to relive that part of the underground, when things weren't...crazy.

She was asleep before he got to the end of the story. He kissed her forehead, and moved to set up her baby monitor before he left her to sleep. If he thought he was going to get sleep tonight, he was sorely mistaken.

He had a project to finish.

He meandered down the stairs, tugging his keys out of his pocket as he ventured to the basement door. He unlocked it and moved inside with ease, closing the door behind him and locking it so that even if Papyrus wanted in he'd have to knock. Given that Pap's lights were off, though, he didn't think he'd run into that issue tonight. Must have been a long day of screeching about teeth.

“PLEASE!” a shaking voice quivered up the stairs as Sans came down. “PLEASE, SOMEONE HELP!”

Sans stopped at the foot of the stairs and gazed at the man strapped to his table. Wilkins had finally sobered up. Took him long enough. When he got fired, Sans had done a little digging as to why that was. Lo and Behold, he was part of the red room under the name 'firecrotch'. How pathetic was that? He stared at the man as he shook under the weight of that bloody eyed stare.

“Sans, Sans, please, buddy, you know me,” he pleaded as the skeleton moved closer and closer to the edge of the table. He leaned against the steel top and looked down his nasal ridge at the man who had once been drunk.

“yanno, you're gonna be a challenge for me, coach,” he said lightly, pressing a long finger into his shoulder. “i mean, i gotta be clever and make this look like an accident, you're gonna be the first one i don't serve up for supper,” he said while holding his chin up in his palm. “also, scream all y'want, we're in the middle of the fuckin' woods and the basement's soundproofed. by all means, cry yourself to sleep if it helps.”

“I knew you were a freak, you gatdam psychopath!” Wilkins spat at him angrily, much to the amusement of his captor.

“i'm the freak? says the guy who got fired for inappropriate conduct with a minor. don't think i didn't go through all of your gritty kitty you call a computer, man, i saw everything. i don't do this for just no reason. can't, that'd be sloppy,” Sans's grin only served to grow sharper as he moved away to flick on some music. Some old garbage that he'd gotten attached to since he was on the surface. Lovin' Spoonful or something like that. He disappeared from Wilkin's view for a few moments before he reappeared to him, zooming by on a rolling computer chair. “so, what'll it be, buddy ol' pal? wanna
“Sans, look, I'll... I'll give you names!”

“i mean you could if you wanted to, but higgins gave me the toy box a long time ago,” dropping that name always caused his victims to blanch as if they had just heard about something very bad. Very, very bad.

“You.... you got Higgins?”

“yup, first one down,” he said with a small smirk. “you're number...twenty-four on my list,” he commented with a shrug of his shoulders. “now, since you're kind of one of those people who is sorta in the limelight, i made sure to leave your shit up so that the people comin' to look for your missing ass will see what you got up to before now,” he said keenly. “learned your handwriting, forged a little suicide note, that kinda thing. so, here we are, and you've got options.”

Wilkins stared at him feebly, looking away after a few moments. “Why are you giving me options?”

“because i know you didn't touch my kid. But that's not gonna keep me from what i'm going to do. can't abide you touchin' kids at all. and watching a redroom? c'mon, man... you know why i'm doing this.”

He took a breath, staring blandly up at the ceiling as if he'd resigned himself to what was coming. “Ok, I guess I can respect your reasoning, but can I make a final request?”

“sure can, bud,” Sans leaned back out of his face and disappeared for a moment, “keep talkin', gotta get somethin.'”

“I do have a name you're gonna want to look into, s'where I learned about the red room,” Wilkins swallowed thickly and looked over when Sans came back. He looked at the tumbler of amber liquid in one of those bony hands. He'd brought him scotch? Oh... he wanted to make him look liquored up, okay. That made sense, he guessed.

“oh, wantin' to point me in the direction for a vengeance after death deal?” he questioned while thunking a straw into the cup to hold it to Wilkins. He took that shot of liquid courage....and then another... and another.

“Yeah, his name's Philip King. We use to be drinkin' buddies and then he went off the grid. You think I'm gonna be a challenge? Good luck finding that nutcase,” he said hollowly.

“he on the toybox?”

“Yeah, I think he's Kingslayer or some bullshit like that.”

“easy to find...”

“What do you mean?” Wilkins lifted his head to watch Sans pick up a block of wood, placing between the man's legs at the knees, and another between his ankles, still strapped to the table. A sinking feeling occurred in his gut.
“aside from the fact that you work at my daughter's school-- excuse me, worked-- how do you think i found you? a VPN only does so much to keep me out, bud.”

“You're on the toybox...” it occurred to him finally as a sledge hammer lifted to his vision and rested on Sans's broad shoulder. “B... Before you do what you're going to do, tell me which you are? You're Beating You, aren't you?”

“it's actually be eating you, but, yeah, that's me,” he said, winding up for the swing. “you've got deductive skills, coulda been great if you didn't go and fuck it all up, man.” The crack that sounded the air, followed shortly after the man's screaming was masked by the sound of Yellow Polka-Dot Bikini playing in the background.

And to add insult to injury, literally, Sans was singing along. He had broken the man's lower leg, right side, and he had to do the upper and then start on the left. Each thud and crack was enough to send a new cacophony of pain and anguish into the air. It was when Sans turned to smashing his arms that it became too much and Wilkins passed out. Sans shortcut him to throw him off the local bridge. Unable to swim, he'd drown, and he made sure of it, too.

Needless to say, the next morning Wilkins's body was found, washed up and battered 'from the fall and the subsequent current' of the river. The baggy they found in his pants with the suicide note sent an investigation to his house.

At least Sans had gotten SOME sleep, as Papyrus did find him asleep sitting at the kitchen table with a bottle of pills tipped over next to his hand.

Chapter End Notes

LOL YOU THOUGHT THIS WAS GONNA BE A WHOLLY WHOLESOME CHAPTER?
You guessed wrong.

Love ya, babes <3

End Notes

This fic has pics! I've got art of both Francine and Big ol Daddy Sans. Gimme a bit and I'll draw up Eddie, too.

Follow me for more doodles for the fic, I'll more than likely slap 'em on and updoots as I go.

/gonna try and updooot twice a week, working on a secondary fic, too/

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